

## In San Pedro

Old woman kneeling in a Lima church  
among the Christianized gold loot of past centuries,  
among the sacred hearts and the vulgarities,

staring through tears at examples of bad art:  
Catholic in a Catholic country  
in a no-longer-Catholic world.

The candles flicker, a priest intones, a youth  
waits his turn at the confessional. All this  
is beyond theologies of faith (or doubt);

God is here because the old woman  
sees him, she has chosen  
angels rather than angst, and they answer her.

Her paradise is not lost; her dying god  
lives in her wonder. As the sparks fly upward,  
as incense rises, she dreams (creates) heaven.

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