



When in the soul of the serene disciple  
With no more Fathers to imitate  
Poverty is a success,  
It is a small thing to say the roof is gone:  
He has not even a house.

Stars, as well as friends,  
Are angry with the noble ruin.  
Saints depart in several directions.

Be still:  
There is no longer any need of comment.  
It was a lucky wind  
That blew away his halo with his cares,  
A lucky sea that drowned his reputation.

Here you will find  
Neither a proverb nor a memorandum.  
There are no ways,  
No methods to admire  
Where poverty is no achievement.  
His God lives in his emptiness like an affliction.

What choice remains?  
Well, to be ordinary is not a choice:  
It is the usual freedom  
Of men without visions.