

Your Metaphors Aren't Allegories, Teresa

For from those Divine breasts, where it seems that God is
ever sustaining the soul, flow streams of milk, which
solace all who dwell in the castle.

TERESA OF AVILA, *Interior Castle*

for they just won't serve a teaching,
any teaching,

despite the theologians'
and even your own bold frames.

Silkworm spins out of its crystal palace,
utters and is air.

Christ enters the room
without using a door.

Gender explodes, metaphors meld,
as bridegroom receives the bride

offering her his milky breasts.
But one thing is sure—

all is effortless at the core.
Further down and in

the waters well up
borne without buckets

or handles.