

BRING ME A DREAM

*It was a vision, it was the vision of a dream, pink flower,
grown in white earth, beautiful star that fell from the sky.
It was a prize of God, to hear your tears, joy, finding you,
even without sores.*

*Blessed is your body, how many wounds?
O nun of sores, I had a dream, on which a Galician said: I
am your father, and I've been looking for among the Earth
because a baby was crying tender tears that, wounded,
ascended into the heaven.*

*And from the sanctuary, from heaven, they saw lots of blood,
many wounds, crowns with thorns, grief, cries, elevated
towards God, loving dream.
Elevated in your light, flame on Earth, you announced your
votes to God, The Father.*

*And the Lord accepted you, as his father, Sister Patrocinio,
mother, work of the heaven, spring of mercy, holy on Earth,
wonders of God were your sores, rosettes in your hands, it is
not a dream, rosettes in your feet, pain, not grieves.*

*Beauties are your sores, they aren't cries, blood that leaks is
form The Father, look at them all together was a dream, a
brightness, a crystal, a joy, a sky, I invoke your piety, feel
your sores, send away from me Satan on Earth.*

*It afflicted you the evil here on Earth, He is bad in my eyes
that keep crying, give me a little bit of blood from your sores,
and light flowing from them is light of The Father.
Raise me towards you, Mother, there in heaven, I wrote this
poem, it was in a dream.
Wounds in the Earth, love without tears, pink clouds of the
Father for the heaven.
Let me see your sores, bring me a dream.*

Vicente Piñeiro

Sistine dedicated to Raúl Armando Sandoval López

SOR PATROCINIO

