

"Ver tu cuerpo": Embodiment, Suffering, and Salvation
Jenny Webb

Soneto a Cristo crucificado (Anónimo)

No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte
el cielo que me tienes prometido,
ni me mueve el infierno tan temido
para dejar por eso de ofenderte.

¡Tú me mueves, señor! Muéveme el verte
clavado en una cruz y escarnecido;
muéveme ver tu cuerpo tan herido;
muévenme tus afrentas y tu muerte.

Muéveme, en fin, tu amor, y en tal manera
que aunque no hubiera cielo, yo te amara,
y aunque no hubiera infierno, te temiera.

No me tienes que dar porque te quiera,
pues aunque lo que espero no esperara,
lo mismo que te quiero te quisiera.

To Christ Crucified

I am not moved to love Thee, O my
Lord,
By any longing for Thy Promised
Land;
Nor by the fear of hell am I unmanned
To cease from my transgressing deed or
word.

Tis Thou Thyself dost move me,—Thy
blood poured
Upon the cross from nailed foot and
hand;
And all the wounds that did Thy body
brand;
And all Thy shame and bitter death's
award.

Yea, to Thy heart am I so deeply
stirred
That I would love Thee were no heaven
on high,—

That I would fear, were hell a tale
absurd!

Such my desire, all questioning grows
vain;
Though hope deny me hope I still should
sigh,
And as ray love is now, it should remain.

Trans. Thomas Walsh, 1920

To Christ Crucified

Heaven that you have promised me, my
God,
Does not move me to love you.
Nor does hell so dreadful move me
To leave all that offends you.

You move me, Lord. It moves me to see
you
Mocked, nailed to that cross.

It moves me to see your body so
wounded.
Your dishonour moves me, and your
death.

You move me to your love in such a way
That —even if there were no heaven— I
would love you;
And —even if there were no hell— I would
fear you.

You do not have to give to gain my love;
For —even if what I hope for becomes
hopeless—
In the same way I love you, I would love
you still.

Trans. Stacy Shoop, 1996