

*El dios del siglo**

Jorge Isaacs

No temáis de otro Dios la omnipotencia:
danzad en torno del Becerro de oro,
y ahogad, ahogad en estruendoso coro
la impertinente voz de la conciencia.

La virtud no es virtud, es impotencia;
humo el Dios de Israel a quien adoro:
bien en la faz del pobre sienta el lloro;
solo un crimen es crimen, la indignancia.

Amad a vuestro dios, que sin medida
envidiados honores os concede
y con bellas esclavas os convida:

si de la tumba alzaros él no puede,
bastante es ya que de vosotros quede
bajo mármol aquí... carne podrida.

*Isaacs, Jorge. *Poesías completas*. Barcelona: Casa Editorial Maucci, 1920. 76.

*The god of This Age**

Jorge Isaacs

Don't fear the omnipotence of another God:
Dance around the Golden Calf,
And drown, drown the impertinent voice
Of your conscience in a thunderous chorus.

Virtue is not virtue, it is impotence;
The God of Israel, who I worship, is smoke;
Crying looks good on the face of a poor person;
Only one crime is really a crime, destitution.

Love your god, because he grants you
Coveted honors without measure,
And offers you beautiful slaves:

If he is unable to raise you from the dead,
It is more than enough that you remain
Here, under a marble stone... rotten flesh.

© Translated by Héctor Contreras López and Hershel Weiss