

## *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