Theoremes Spirituels, A Poem by Jean de la Cepp

Clinton F. Larson

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My victorious King receives his vestments from mocking
Men at arms, but he is dressed inwardly
In a red royal tunic—so as conqueror
Of evil, prince of right, he stands in glory.
May I cry for him, for the purple and red,
That they might flow from me as tears
Yielding meaning, distilled from my contemplation
So that my being becomes a spring of his mystery.
Our sins are his color, lamb’s wool
Stained red by the Father,
And so as Christ takes him as prince, he takes us,
And suffers them. O Christ, Holy Lamb, please hide
My red sins, hell’s faggots for fire.
In my King’s redeeming royalty.

—Translated by Clinton F. Larson from
"Theoremes Spirituels" by Jean de la Ceppède