

Pour Your Showers, Magdalene

Szakadj, Magdolna-zápor

Pour your showers, Magdalene
(Till your skirts are all a-swim)
On acacia Jesus Christ.
Weeping, bathe the feet of Him,

While the billows of your hair
Spread upon his sweating back,
And He feels Good Friday dawn
In the blood that floods your cheek.

Pelt down! If this miracle
May spring from sufferings like these,
Jesus' wounds will blossom forth
On the twigs of cherry-trees.

Now I see it and rejoice,
I who have awaited you
So long. Let your body now
Wrap me round and soak me through.

Pour your showers, Magdalene,
Till your skirts are all a-swim.
Let your weeping bathe me now,
As it bathed the feet of Him.

Translated by Peter Zollman

From **Selected Poems** by István Baka

[←](#)
[Previous page](#)
[Next page](#)
[→](#)