



Sonnet to Our Lord on the Cross

I am not moved to love you, O my God,
That I might hope in promised Heaven to dwell;
Nor am I moved by fear of pain in Hell
To turn from sin and follow where you trod.
You move me, Lord, broken beneath the rod,
Or stretched out on the cross, as nails compel
Your hand to twitch. It moves me that we sell,
To mockery and death, your precious blood.
It is, O Christ, your love which moves me so,
That my love rests not on a promised prize;
Nor holy fear on threat of endless woe;
It is not milk and honey, but the flow of blood
From blessed wounds before my eyes, that
Waters my buried soul and makes it grow