A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



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By CHARLES P. BAUDELAIRE*

Alas for thee, poor Muse! Thy caverned eyes at dawn With visions from the baleful night are peopled still, And I by turns behold, across thy pallor drawn, Thy folly and thy horror, taciturn and chill.

Have the rose goblin and the greenish succubus Poured on thee fear and fearful passion from their um? Or has the nightmare's arm, stubborn and tyrannous, Too deeply drowned thee in some fabulous Minturne?

I would an odor of health and happiness exhaled From out thy breast, whereon strong thoughts alone prevailed; I would thy Christian blood, thy pulses wild or weak,

Ran like the numbered sound of syllables antique, When Phœbus, lord of song, maintained in alternation With Pan the harvest-lord his equal domination.

^{*} Translated by Clark Ashton Smith from the French.