

## L'AMOUR ET LE CRANE

Love is seated on the skull  
Of humanity;  
And the mad, malicious fool,  
Laughing brazenly,

Gaily blows his bubbles high  
In the air apace.  
Will they reach the stars that lie  
At the end of space

The shining globe—O fragile veil!  
Gives one leap supreme,  
Breaks and spits its soul out, frail  
As a golden dream.

Groans the skull at every puff:  
“Peace, I pray thee, peace!  
The game is fierce and fond enough—  
Will it never cease?”

“That which thy babe’s mouth, cruelly fain,  
Squanders in the scud,  
Monstrous assassin is my brain,  
My flesh and my blood!”