

## Windows

by Charles Baudelaire  
translated by Aleister Crowley

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Whoso looks from without into an open window never sees so much as he who looks at a closed window. There is nothing more profound, more mysterious, more fertile, more darksome, more dazzling, than a window lighted by a candle.

Beyond the waves of roof I see a woman, middle-aged, already wrinkled, poor, always bending. She never goes out. With her face, her clothing, her gesture—almost nothing—I have reconstructed the story of this woman—or rather, her legend, and sometimes I tell it to myself, and weep.

If it had been a poor old man, I could have reconstructed his history just as easily.

And I lie down to sleep, proud of having lived and suffered *in others*.

Perhaps you will say to me, "Are you sure that your fairy tale is true?"

What does outside reality matter to me, if my imagination has helped me to live, to feel what I am?