
COLLOQUE SENTIMENTAL,

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

IN the ancient frozen solitary park
Two figures passed anon—now mark !

Their eyes are dead, their lips are soft and grey,
One scarce can hear the words they say.

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two ghosts evoke the past—oh hark !

“ Dost thou remember our old ecstasy ? ”

“ Why do *you* wish to remind *me* ? ”

“ Does thy heart beat still at my name, and glow ? ”

“ Seest thou my soul in dreams, dear ? ” “ No. ”

“ Ah ! the fair days of joyaunce and of glee ”

“ When our mouths kissed, ah kissed ! ” “ Maybe ! ”

“ How blue the sky was, as our hope was clear ! ”

“ Hope has gone down to Hell’s nadir. ”

So in the foolish alleys they conferred,
And only midnight overheard.

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY.