

LE REVENANT.

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

LIKE angels lion-eyed that rove
I shall return to thine alcove,
Gliding with silent step and light
Like the shadows of the night.

And I will give thee, dusky dove !
Cold as the moon, these lips of love ;
And seek caresses, like a snake
Playing round a crystal lake.

At the pallid moon's disgrace
Empty thou shalt find my place
That shall be cold till night appear.

As others' tenderness and truth
Desire to rule thy life, thy youth,
So will I dominate by fear !

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY.