

TOUT ENTIERE.

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

THE Devil in my lofty vault
This morning came to talk with me,
And (ever trying to find fault)

Said " I should like to know, pardie !

" Of all the beauties that compose
The enchantment of her darling breath,
The black seductions and the rose
Wherewith her body glittereth.

" Which is the sweetest ? " O my soul !
Thus didst thou answer the Accurst :

" In her, since all's divine control,
There cannot be or last or first.

" Since all transports me, how shall I
Aught of one thing affirm aright ?
She dazzles like the morning sky
And soothes my spirit like the Night.

" Too exquisite the music is
That all her lovely shape affords
For impotent analysis
To mark how every bar accords.

" O mystic metamorphosis !
Silk woven in the senses' loom !
Her voice the soul of music is,
Her breath the spirit of perfume ! "

Translated by Aleister Crowley.