

WOMAN.

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

THE whole wide world is meat-of-murderess
For thee, foul woman, cruel from idleness.
To whet thy teeth at this ferocious play
Thy rat-trap needs a man's heart every day.
Thine eyes, lit up like shops or booths that flare
When all the world keeps holiday, still glare,
Using a borrowed power with insolence,
Ignoring beauty's law that lent them sense.
Blind wheel and deaf, of Hell in travail curled !
Brave tool that drinks the blood of all the world !
Hast thou no shame ? and hast thou no alarm
Whose mirror shows thee thy decaying charm ?
Hath not the vastness of the evil thing
Thou think'st thee wise of, sent thee shuddering
When Nature—grand, persistent, tenebrous—
Uses thee, woman, thee, princess of pus,
Vile animal !—to slay a genius ?
O golden mire ! fame ignominious !

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

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