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# L'AMOUR ET LE CRANE.

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

LOVE is seated on the skull  
Of humanity;  
And the mad, malicious fool,  
Laughing brazenly,  
Gaily blows his bubbles high  
In the air space.  
Will they reach the stars that lie  
At the end of space?  
The shining globe—O fragile veil!  
Gives one leap supreme,  
Breaks and spits its soul out, frail  
As a golden dream.  
Groans the skull at every puff:  
“Peace, I pray thee, peace!  
The game is fierce and fond enough—  
Will it never cease?  
“That which thy babe’s mouth, cruelly fain,  
Squanders in the scud,  
Monstrous assassin! is my brain,  
My flesh, and my blood!”

*Translated by Aleister Crowley.*