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# L'ALCHIMIE DE DOULEUR.

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

ONE with his ardour makes thee tender,  
Another clothes thee in his grief,  
“Nature!” saith one “the falling leaf!”  
The other: “Praise October splendour!”  
Thou unknown Hermes that assist  
Me, before whom I crouch and tremble;  
Thou mak'st me Midas to resemble,  
The saddest of all alchemists!

For gold within my crucible  
Turns iron; and heaven turns to hell!  
In cloudland's ghostly napery  
I find a corpse—that I loved well!  
And in celestial gardens I  
Build mightiest sarcophagi!

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY.