

TOUT ENTIERE.

By
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

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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.