

THE VAMPIRE.

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

O THOU, who like a dagger-stroke
Art planted in my plaintive heart,
Who art come hither, like a flock
Of fiends by mad and gilded art

Come, of this dark soul and discrowned
To make thy bed and thy domain—
Vile wretch to whom my life is bound
Even as a convict to his chain,

Even as a gambler to his game,
Even as a drunkard to his thirst,
Even as an harlot to her shame—
Be thou accurst, accurst, accurst !

I prayed the falchion's fiery craft
To win my freedom in a trice ;
And called the treacherous poison-draught
To master me my cowardice.

Alas ! Alas ! disdaining me
Both sword and poison mock my mood :
“ Unworthy ! how deliver thee
From thine accursed servitude ?

“ Imbecile ! vain thy manhood's boast !
Slew we the fiend and broke thy chain,
Thy kisses to its bleeding ghost
Would bid thy vampire live again ! ”

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY,