

L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE.

By
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

*Originally published in the _____
issue of Vanity Fair (UK edition).*

My sister, my child,
How sweet to the wild
To travel and live there together!
At leisure to lie,
To love and to die
In thine own strange native weather!
The watery suns
Of those hot horizons
Have the mystical charm of the years
That mysterious lies
In thy traitorous eyes
As they glitter behind their tears.

There all is peace and ecstasy;
Pleasure, calm, and luxury!

Furniture fine
That the years make shine
Shall stand in our own bedchamber.
The rarest flowers
Shed their scented flowers
To tinge the vague rapture of amber.
Arabesque is the ceiling,
The mirrors revealing
An Orient shining in splendor.
How it all whispers
The Spirit's vespers
In its speech—slow, secret, and tender!

There, all is peace and ecstasy;
Pleasure, calm, and luxury!

The canals? See yonder
Ships (glad to wander)
Sleep sound with their wings close-furled:

It is to fulfil
Thy lightest will
That they come from the end of the world.
The sun as it falls
Clothes the fields, the canals,
The city itself in a robe
Of azure and gold—
The warm light shall enfold
With slumber the passionate globe.

There, all is peace and ecstasy;
Pleasure, calm, and luxury!

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY.