

# L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE.

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

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 showers  
To tinge the vague rapture of amber.  
Arabesque is the ceiling,  
The mirrors revealing  
An Orient shining in splendour.  
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.