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Horreur Sympathique

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by Clark Ashton Smith

“From this bizarre and livid sky,
 Tormented like your doom and mine
 On your void spirit passing by,
 What thoughts descend, O libertine?”

—Athirst for mortal things unsung,
 In shadowy realms of lone surmise,
 I will not whine like Ovid, flung
 From out the Latin paradise.

Skies torn like strands of ocean-streams,
 In you is mirrored all my pride!
 Your slow, enormous clouds abide

The dolent hearses of my dreams;
 Your glimmers mock with fluctuant lights
 The hell wherein my heart delights.