

The Death of Lovers

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from Les Fleurs du Mal (1857)

We will have beds filled with light scent,
and couches deep as a tomb, and strange
flowers in the room, blooming for us under
skies so pleasant.

Vying to exhaust their last fires our hearts
will be two vast flares, reflecting their double
glares in our two spirits, twin mirrors.

One evening of mystic blue and rose we'll
exchange a single brief glow like a long sob,
heavy with goodbye,

and later, opening the doors, the angel who
came faithful and joyful, will revive the
lustreless mirrors, and the lifeless flame.