



Other than this sweet nothing shown by their lip, the kiss  
 That softly gives assurance of treachery,  
 My breast, virgin of proof, reveals the mystery  
 Of the bite from some illustrious tooth planted;  
 Let that go! Such the arcane chose for confidant,  
 The great twin reed we play under the azure ceiling,  
 That turning towards itself the cheek's quivering,  
 Dreams, in a long solo, so we might amuse  
 The beauties round about by false notes that confuse  
 Between itself and our credulous singing;  
 And create as far as love can, modulating,  
 The vanishing, from the common dream of pure flank  
 Or back followed by my shuttered glances,  
 Of a sonorous, empty and monotonous line.

Try then, instrument of flights, O malign  
 Syrinx by the lake where you await me, to flower again!  
 I, proud of my murmur, intend to speak at length  
 Of goddesses: and with idolatrous paintings  
 Remove again from shadow their waists' bindings:  
 So that when I've sucked the grapes' brightness  
 To banish a regret done away with by my pretence,  
 Laughing, I raise the emptied stem to the summer's sky  
 And breathing into those luminous skins, then I,  
 Desiring drunkenness, gaze through them till evening.

O nymphs, let's rise again with many memories.  
*'My eye, piercing the reeds, speared each immortal  
 Neck that drowns its burning in the water  
 With a cry of rage towards the forest sky;  
 And the splendid bath of hair slipped by  
 In brightness and shuddering, O jewels!  
 I rush there: when, at my feet, entwine (bruised  
 By the languor tasted in their being-two's evil)  
 Girls sleeping in each other's arms' sole peril:  
 I seize them without untangling them and run  
 To this bank of roses wasting in the sun  
 All perfume, hated by the frivolous shade  
 Where our frolic should be like a vanished day.'*

I adore you, wrath of virgins, O shy  
 Delight of the nude sacred burden that glides  
 Away to flee my fiery lip, drinking  
 The secret terrors of the flesh like quivering  
 Lightning: from the feet of the heartless one  
 To the heart of the timid, in a moment abandoned  
 By innocence wet with wild tears or less sad vapours.  
*'Happy at conquering these treacherous fears*

*My crime's to have parted the dishevelled tangle  
Of kisses that the gods kept so well mingled:  
For I'd scarcely begun to hide an ardent laugh  
In one girl's happy depths (holding back  
With only a finger, so that her feathery candour  
Might be tinted by the passion of her burning sister,  
The little one, naïve and not even blushing)  
Than from my arms, undone by vague dying,  
This prey, forever ungrateful, frees itself and is gone,  
Not pitying the sob with which I was still drunk.'*

No matter! Others will lead me towards happiness  
By the horns on my brow knotted with many a tress:  
You know, my passion, how ripe and purple already  
Every pomegranate bursts, murmuring with the bees:  
And our blood, enamoured of what will seize it,  
Flows for all the eternal swarm of desire yet.  
At the hour when this wood with gold and ashes heaves  
A feast's excited among the extinguished leaves:  
Etna! It's on your slopes, visited by Venus  
Setting in your lava her heels so artless,  
When a sad slumber thunders where the flame burns low.

I hold the queen!

O certain punishment...

No, but the soul

Void of words, and this heavy body,  
Succumb to noon's proud silence slowly:  
With no more ado, forgetting blasphemy, I  
Must sleep, lying on the thirsty sand, and as I  
Love, open my mouth to wine's true constellation!

Farewell to you, both: I go to see the shadow you have become.