

PAUL VERLAINE:
CLAIR DE LUNE

Your soul is an elaborate estate
Peopled with strolling harlequins and jesters
Plucking the lute and capering and yet
Somber somehow beneath their motley vestures.

For even as they chant in minor keys
Of love triumphant and life opportune,
Their own good fortune leaves them ill at ease,
Until their song is mingled with the moon,

Is mingled with the moonlight white and solemn
That brings a dream to birds on shady limbs
And puts a tremble in the water-columns,
The slender columns high above marble rims.