

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE:
MEDITATION

Be good now, O my Grief, and hold your grieving down.
You called for Evening, and already it descends,
And, in the thick obscurity that cloaks the town,
Brings peace to some, to others fear and troubled minds.

Now while the multitude of mortals with no name,
Whipped on by Pleasure, that relentless overseer,
Goes harvesting remorse in fertile fields of shame,
O my poor Grief, give me your hand, come over here,

Away. Look round the sky, how the departed Years
Lean over balconies in robes of yesteryear;
See from the deepest waves smiling Regret emerge;

See the old Sun asprawl beneath a tattered sky;
And, like a shroud trailing beyond the Eastern verge,
Oh hear, my sister, hear the gentle Night draw nigh.