

# The Remorse of the Dead

By Charles Baudelaire

O shadowy Beauty mine, when thou shalt sleep  
In the deep heart of a black marble tomb;  
When thou for mansion and for bower shalt keep  
Only one rainy cave of hollow gloom;

And when the stone upon thy trembling breast,  
And on thy straight sweet body's supple grace,  
Crushes thy will and keeps thy heart at rest,  
And holds those feet from their adventurous race;

Then the deep grave, who shares my reverie,  
(For the deep grave is ever the Poets friend)  
During long nights when sleep is far from thee,  
Shall whisper "Ah, thou didst not comprehend"

The dead wept thus, thou woman frail and weak  
And like remorse the worm shall gnaw thy cheek.