

Prologue

By Paul Verlaine

Begone—vile troupe!
Damned children, off with you!
These leisures are your due,—
The chimera lends her croup.

Run, climbing on her back,
As swarms a flight of dreams
That to a sick man seems
Flowers on his curtains black.

This moist hand that is mine,
Feeble, again, but at last
Without fever (that has passed!)
Moves with an aid divine.

My hands bless you, little cares,—
Little flies of my black sun
And my white nights.—Run,
Fly quickly, little despairs!

Little joys, hopes, sad ways,
That only yesterday
Left me for other preys.
Go, *ægri somnia!*