

# THE VAMPIRE.

By  
**CHARLES BAUDELAIRE**

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O THOU, who like a dagger-stroke  
    Art planted in my plaintive heart,  
Who art come hither, like a flock  
    Of fiends by mad and gilded art

Come, of this dark soul and discrowned  
    To make thy bed and thy domain—  
Vile wretch to whom my life is bound  
    Even as a convict to his chain,

Even as a gambler to his game,  
    Even as a drunkard to his thirst,  
Even as a harlot to her shame—  
    Be thou accurst, accurst, accurst!

I prayed the falchion's fiery craft  
    To win my freedom in a trice;  
And called the treacherous poison-draught  
    To master my cowardice.

Alas! Alas! disdaining me  
    Both sword and poison mock my mood:  
"Unworthy! how deliver thee  
    From thine accursed servitude?

"Imbecile! vain thy manhood's boast!  
    Slew we the fiend and broke the chain,  
Thy kisses to its bleeding ghost  
    Would bid thy vampire live again!"

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY.