

Interior

By Paul Verlaine

With large and somber folds an ample tapestry
Descending with a sheer and stately emphasis
Along the four great walls of a retreat—abyss
Mysterious of shadows wed with luxury.

Old furniture and dazzling stuffs that faded be;
An ancient bed, half-seen, and vague as a regret;
And over all the seal of age and secret set—
Some allegory through whose depths one cannot see.

No pictures, books,—no piano or blossoms light;
Only in the deep gloom upon the cushions, dumb,
A ghostly woman sitting, clad in blue and white,

Who sadly smiles—witness disquieting—where join
Slow echoes of a song, epithalamium.
In an obsession made of musk and benzoin.