

Illuminations

- That idol, black eyes and yellow mop, without parents or court ...
- Gracious son of Pan! Around your forehead crowned with flowerets ...
- When the world is reduced to a single dark wood for our four ...

A Season in Hell

- Once, if my memory serves me well, my life was a banquet ...
- Hadn't I once a youth that was lovely, heroic, fabulous ...
- Autumn already! - But why regret the everlasting sun if we are ...