

SENSATION *par Arthur Rimbaud*

Par les soirs bleus d'été j'irai dans les sentiers,
Picoté par les blés, fouler l'herbe menue :
Rêveur, j'en sentirai la fraîcheur à mes pieds.
Je laisserai le vent baigner ma tête nue.

Je ne parlerai pas ; je ne penserai rien.
Mais l'amour infini me montera dans l'âme ;
Et j'irai loin, bien loin, comme un bohémien,
Par la Nature,—heureux comme avec une femme.

SENSATION *an interlinear translation*

The blue evenings of summer I will go on the paths,
Stung by the wheat-grains, to mill [trample, crush] the tiny herb:
[A] Dreamer, I will feel the coolness [freshness] at my feet.
I will let the wind bathe my bare head.

I will not speak; I will think nothing.
But love infinite shall mount in my soul;
And I will go far, very far, like a gypsy,
From [By, In, Through] Nature,—happy as with a woman.

SENSATION

a translation by Gregory Campeau

Summer's deep-blue evenings I will go down the lanes,
Tickled by the wheat-berries, trampling the short grass:
Dreaming, I will feel the coolness at my feet.
I will let a northern wind bathe my bare head.

I will not stir my tongue; I will think of nothing.
Yet love infinite shall at once mount in my soul;
And I will go far, very far, like a gypsy,
Through Nature,—enchanted as with a woman.

—Arthur Rimbaud

Translator's Note: Rimbaud's original is in a syllabic meter, with twelve syllables occurring in each line (with the exception of line eight, which has "eleven and a half" syllables). I have here remained true to that pattern.