The Cat by Charles Baudelaire

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My lovely cat, come, sheathe your claws;
on my enamored heart lie prone
and let me plumb your gorgeous eyes,
where metal’s sheen meets agate’s stone.

While my fingers leisurely
cress your head and supple back,
sensing your body’s energy
with each intoxicated stroke,

I see my mistress in my heart.
Like yours, my charming beast, her gaze,
profound and cold, cuts like a dart,

and from her, head to foot, there strays
a faint perfume, a subtle hint
of her dark body’s dangerous scent.