

## NIT SEEKERS

As the child's brow with torment flushing red,  
Implores dreams to shed their white swarm of veils,  
Two older sisters, tall and fair, approach his bed  
With frail fingers glinting silver-pointed nails.

They seat him by an open window, where cold blue  
Air bathes a sheaf of flowers: with candid calm,  
Into his heavy hair where falls the dew,  
Prowl their fine fingers; a torture and a charm.

He listens to their timorous breathing in long sighs  
Flowering with ghostly pollen, plants and roses  
As moisture on the lips suppressed, where dies  
The kiss's longing, time after time.

He hears their black feathered lashes flick  
The perfumed silences; through drifting veils  
Making their soft electric fingers click,  
They kill tiny nits, with their regal nails.

Drowned in the deep wine of drowsiness  
Delirious harmonies his spirit hears,  
Sensing the rhythm of their slow caress,  
Rising and dying, on the verge of tears.

From *Premiers Vers* (1870-1872)  
Arthur Rimbaud

Translated by Salvador Ortiz-Carboneres