

Classic Poetry Series

**Rémy De Gourmont**  
**- poems -**

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# Rémy De Gourmont((-))

# Hair

THERE is great mystery, Simone,  
In the forest of your hair.

It smells of hay, and of the stone  
Cattle have been lying on;  
Of timber, and of new-baked bread  
Brought to be one's breakfast fare;  
And of the flowers that have grown  
Along a wall abandonèd;  
Of leather and of winnowed grain;  
Of briars and ivy washed by rain;  
You smell of rushes and of ferns  
Reaped when day to evening turns;  
You smell of withering grasses red  
Whose seed is under hedges shed;  
You smell of nettles and of broom;  
Of milk, and fields in clover-bloom;  
You smell of nuts, and fruits that one  
Gathers in the ripe season;  
And of the willow and the lime  
Covered in their flowering time;  
You smell of honey, of desire,  
You smell of air the noon makes shiver:  
You smell of earth and of the river;  
You smell of love, you smell of fire.

There is great mystery, Simone,  
In the forest of your hair.

translated by Jethro Bithell

Rémy De Gourmont