Fall, Heart, Dream, Necks, Flower, Black, Fire, Eloquence, Empires, London, Poetry, Poet, Break, Mean, Travel, Ducks, Law, Childhood, Music Is, Book

I am the Empire at the end of the decadence.

~Paul Verlaine

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches, and here is my heart which beats only for you.

~Paul Verlaine

Music before all else, and for that choose the irregular, which is vaguer and melts better into the air.

~Paul Verlaine

Tears fall in my heart As tears fall on the town.

~Paul Verlaine

The poet is a madman lost in adventure.

~Paul Verlaine

La musique avant toute chose.

~Paul Verlaine

A poem is really a kind of machine for producing the poetic state by means of words.

~Paul Verlaine

Take eloquence and wring its neck.

~Paul Verlaine

Prends l'e loquence et tords-lui son cou! Take eloquence and break its neck!

~Paul Verlaine

A vast black sleep falls over my life sleep, all hope sleep, all desire.

~Paul Verlaine

I like this word decadent; all shimmering and purple and gold.

~Paul Verlaine

A flat black bug, that is London.

~Paul Verlaine

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