LUXORIUS

A LATIN POET AMONG THE VANDALS

BY MORRIS ROSENBLUM

TOGETHER WITH A TEXT OF THE POEMS
AND AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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LIBER EPIGRAMMATON
VIRI CLARISSIMI
LUXORI ET SPECTABILIS

1. Metro Phalaecio ad Faustum

Ausus post veteres, tuuis, amice,
Etsi iam temere est, placere iussis,
Nostro Fauste animo probate compar,
Tantus grammaticae magister artis,
Quos olim puero in foro paravi
Versus ex variis locis deductos
(Illos silicet unde me poetam
Insulsum puto quam magis legendum),
Nostri temporis ut amavit aetas,
In parvum tibi conditos libellum
Transmissi memori tuo probandos
Primum pectore; deinde, si libebit,
Discretos titulis quibus tenentur,
Per nostri similis dato sodales.
Nam, si doctiloquis nimisque magnis
Haec tu credideris viris legenda,
Culpae nos socios notabib index—
Tal te, talia qui bonis recenses,
Quam me, qui tua duriar iussa
Feci nescius, inmemor futuri.
Nec me paeniteat iocos securum
Quos verbis epigrammaton facetis
Diversos facili pudore lusit
Frigens ingenium, laboris expers.
Causam, carminis unde sit voluptas,
Edet ridiculum sequens poema.

THE BOOK OF EPIGRAMS
OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED
AND EMINENT LUXORIUS

1. In the Phalaecan Metre to Faustus

Daring, after the poets of old, to obey your orders, even if it is now
a rash act, dear friend and comrade Faustus, great teacher of literature
and grammar, whose friendship has long been tested in my heart,
I have collected the poems which I wrote on different occasions as a
youth in the Forum. They appealed to the tastes of our generation but
actually they are such as to make me think of myself as a bungler
rather than as a poet worth being read.

I have gathered them into a little book and sent them on so that
remembering the past you may be the first to judge them with your
knowledge and understanding. Then, if such is your pleasure, pass
them along distinguished by the titles attached to them among friends
like ourselves. For, if you believe that they deserve to be read by
learned and eminent men, evidence will be given equally against us
as partners in guilt—against you, who class such trifles with good
poetry, and against me, who in my ignorance and lack of regard for the
consequences carried out your commands that were so difficult to
fulfil.

I hope I shall not regret having aimed at a variety of jokes, which,
with little effort and light morality, my frozen wit has playfully
uttered in the humorous words of epigrams.

The following piece of light verse will reveal the source of pleasure
to be found in my poetry.
THE POEMS

2. Iambici ad lectorem operis sui

Priscos cum haberes quos probares indices,
Lector, placere qui bonis possent modis,
Nostri libelli cur retexis paginam
Nugis refertam frivolisque sensibus,
Et quam tenello tiro lusi viscere?
An forte doctis illa cara est versibus,
Sonat pusillo quae laboris schemate,
Nullo decoris, ambitus, sententiae?
Hanc tu requiris et liberter inchoas,
Velut iocosa si theatra pervoles.

3. Asclepiadei ad librum suum

Parvus nobilium cum liber ad domos
Pomposique fori scrinia publica
Cinctus multiforme veneris agmine,
Nostri defugiens pauperiem laris,
Quo dudum modico sordidus angulo
Squalebas, tineis iam prope deditus,
Si te despiciet turba legentium
Inter Romulidas et Tyrias manus,
Isto pro exequiis claudere disticho:
“Contentos propriis esse decet foci
“Quos laudis facile est invidiam pati.”

4. Epigrammata parva quod in hoc libro scripsert

[Parva quod exiguo sint scripta epigrammata libro]
Si quis hoc nostro detrahi ingenio,
Adtendat modicos condi de mensibus annum,
Et graciles hiemis, veris et esse dies;
Noverit in brevibus magnum deprendi usum.
Ultra mensuram gratia nulla datur.
Sic mea concinna si pagina displicet actu,
Finito citius carmine clausa sit.
Nam, si constaret libris longissima multis,
Fastidita foret plurima vel vitia.
5. Trochaicum de piscibus qui ab hominibus cibos capiebant

Verna clausas inter undas et lacunas regias
Postulat cibos diurnos ore piscis parvolo
Nec manum fugit vocatus nec pavescit retia.
Roscidi sed annis errans hinc et inde margine,
Odit ardui procellas et dolosi gurgito,
Ac suum quo libet esse transnatans colit mare.
Sic famem gestu loquaci et mitiori vertice
Discit ille quam sit aptum ventris arte vincere.

6. Archilochium de aper mitissimo in triclinio nutrito

Martis aper genitus iugis inesse montium
Frangere et horrisonum nemus ferocius solens,
Pabula porticus caput libenter aurei
Et posito famulans furore temperat minas.
Nec Parios lapides revellit ore spumeo
Atria nec rabidis decora foedat ungulis,
Sed domini placidam manum quietus appetens
Fit magis ut Veneris dicatus ille sit sacris.

7. De auriga Aegyptio qui semper vincebat

Quamvis ab Aurora fuerit genetrice creatus
Memon, Pelidae conuict ille manu
At te Nocte satum, ni fallor, matre paravit
Aeolus et Zephyri es natus in antra puer.
Nec quisquam qui te superet nascetur Achilles.
Dum Memon facie es, non tamen es genio.

8. Sappicum in grammaticum furiosum

Carminum interpes meritique vatum,
Cum leves artem pueros docere
Diceris vel te iuvenes magistrum

5. Trochaic Poem about Fish That Used to Take Food from Human Hands

A homebred fish enclosed in the sheltered waters of the royal pool asks for its daily food with its tiny mouth. When summoned, it does not fear the hand of the feeder nor does it dread the nets, but wandering here and there along the border of the moist stream, it hates the storms of a swift and treacherous current, and swimming across, it lives in its own sea, where it is happy to be.

So, by an expressive gesture and a gentle movement of its head, the fish learns how easy it is to conquer hunger with craftiness taught by the stomach.

6. Archilochian Poem about a Very Tame Boar
Fed in the Dining Room

A warlike boar, born to live on mountain ridges and accustomed to break down with ferocity the reechoing grove, willingly takes his food among gilded colonnades, and becoming tame, obediently controls his threatening nature. He neither tears down the Parian marble with his foaming mouth nor does he mar the beautiful rooms with his raging feet, but gently taking food from the calm hand of his master, he becomes something more likely to be dedicated to the rites of Venus.

7. About an Egyptian Charioteer Who Always Won

Although Memon was the son of Aurora, he fell at the hands of Achilles. Unless I am mistaken, Night is your mother and Aeolus your sire, and you, their son, were born to occupy Zephyr's cave. However, no Achilles will arise to conquer you. Although you are a Memon in looks, you are not like him in your fate!

8. Sapphic Poem to a Mad Teacher

Interpreter of poetry and of the merits of poets, when you are said to be teaching your subject to tender striplings, and when young men listen to you as if you were a learned teacher of literature, why do you
9. Glyconeum in advocatum effeminatum

Execlt species viri,
Naturae grave dedecus,
Usu feminine Paris,
Fecadea cura libidinis,
Cum sis ore facundior,
Cur causas steriles agis
Aut corrupta negotia
Et perdanda magis locales?
Agnovi. Ut video, tuo
Ori quid bene credier
Non vis sed, puto, podici.

10. In clamosum Pygmaeum corpore et furiosum

Corpore par querulis es vel clamore cicadis—
Hinc potior quod te tempora nulla vetant.
Dum loqueris, quaerunt cuncti vox cuissu obtret,
Atque sonum alterius corporis esse putant.
Miramur, tantum capiant qui membra fuorem,
Cum sit forma levis, clamor et ira gravis.

11. Phalaecium in moechum quod debriatus plorabat

cum coitum inplere non posset
Saepeius futuis nimisque semper,
Nec parsis, nisi forte debriatus
Effundis lacrimas quod esse moechus
Multo non valeas mero subactus.

9. Glyconic Poem to an Efffeminate Lawyer

Likeness of a castrated man, foul disgrace of nature, a Paris treated like a woman, an instrument of shameful lust, although you have an eloquent mouth, why do you by preference plead weak cases or contract to handle debased and desperate affairs?

I know the answer. As I see it, you do not wish anything good to be entrusted to your mouth but, so I think, to your backside.

10. To a Noisy and Raging Dwarf

In size of body and noise you are the equal of chirping crickets, even more so because no seasons restrain you. When you speak, everybody asks whose voice is flying about and everybody thinks that the sound is coming from some other person. I wonder how your body can give vent to so much rage; although your frame is frail, your cries and anger are robust.

11. Phalaecian Poem to a Debauchee Because He Wept

When Drunk Since He Could Not Fulfil His Desire

Too often and always too much you give free rein to your desire and you do not stop unless you happen to be drunk and shed tears because you can no longer play the part of a rake when you are overcome by
12. In spadonem regium qui mitellam sumebat
   Rutilo decens capillo
   Roseoque crine ephebus
   Spado regius mitellam
   Capiti suo locavit.
   Proprii memori pudoris,
   Bene conscius quid esset,
   Posuit, cogente nullo,
   Fuerat minus quod illi. 5

13. Anapaesticum in magum mendicum
   Tibi cum non sit diei panis,
   Magicas artes inscius inples.
   Ire per umbras atque sepulcras
   Pectore egno titubans gestis.
   Nec tua Manes carmina sumunt,
   Fame dum pulsus Tartara cantu
   Omnia turbas, aliquid credens
   Dare quod possit superis Pluton
   Pauperibus. Qui puto quod peius
   Egeas totum semper in orbe,
   Mage, si posces membra perempta. 5

14. In acceptorarium obesum et infelicem
   Pondere detracto miseras, Martine, fatigas
   Pressura crudelis aves. Pinguedine tanta
   Ut tu sis, frustra maciem patiuntur iniquam.
   Debuerant, fateor, magis has tua pascere membra,
   Ut numquam possent ieiuna morte petire. 5

wine. I beg of you, Lucinus, in order that you may never make love
again, either drink all the time and bewail your sickness, or in order
that you may never make love again, drink—poison!

12. About a Royal Eunuch Who Put on a Turban
A youthful eunuch of the royal household, resplendent in his reddish
hair and flame-colored locks, placed a turban on his head. Mindful
of his own modesty, knowing well what he was, he put on, with nobody
forcing him, what had not been appropriate to him.

13. Anapaestic Poem to a Mendicant Magician
Because you do not have your daily bread, you practice the art of magic,
though ignorant of it. Staggering with hunger and need, you eagerly
desire to go among the shades and tombs. But the spirits of the dead
do not listen to your incantations, as, driven by hunger, you throw all
Tartarus into turmoil with your chanting in your belief that Pluto can
give something to the destitute in the upper world.
I believe, magician, that you will always go about in greater want
throughout the wide world, if you demand the limbs of corpses.

14. To a Fat and Unlucky Falconer
By reducing their weight, Martinus, you cruelly torment your poor
birds with suffering. In vain do they endure undeserved hunger that
you may be so corpulent. Your body should rather have fed them, I
admit, so that these birds could never starve to death.
THE POEMS

15. In vetulam virginem nabentem

Virgo, quam Phlegethon vocat sororem,  
Saturni potior parens senecta,  
Quam Nox atque Erebus tulit Chaosque,  
Cui rugae totidem graves quot anni,  
Cui vultus elephans dedit cutemque,  
Mater simia quam creavit arvis  
Grandaea in Libycis novo sub orbe,  
Olim quae decuit marita Diti  
Pro nata Cereris dari per umbras—  
Quis te tam petulans subret ardor,  
Nunc cum iam exitium tibi supersit?  
An hoc pro titulo cupis sepulcri,  
Ut te cognita fama sic loquatur,  
Quod stuprata viro est anus nocenti?

5

16. In medicolonenem

Quod te pallidulum, Marine noster,  
Cuncti post totidem dies salutant,  
Credebam medicum velut peritum  
Curam febris et manum pudicam  
De pactis logicae parare sectae  
Aut de methodico probare libris.  
At tu fornicis turpius vacabas,  
Exercens alis quod ipse possis  
Lenatis melius tibi puellis  
Scortandi solito labore ferre.  
Novi quid libeat tuum, chirurge,  
Conspectos animum videre cunnos.  
Vis ostendere te minus virum esse:  
Arrectos satis est maris videre.

5

10

THE POEMS

16. To a Medical Procurer

Because you look so pale, my good Marinus, when everybody is  
greeting you after an absence of many days, I had the idea that, like  
a skilled doctor, you were busy preparing a cure for fevers or you were  
lecturing to a respectful little group on the principles of the medical  
profession or you were weighing the truth of scientific books.  
But, on the contrary, you were disgracefully loose in a brothel,  
procuring for others something that, because of your long practice with  
courtesans, you could submit to more easily than the prostitutes.  
I know why, my medical friend, you are so happy to look on exposed  
bodies. You wish to show that you are not a man; it satisfies you to  
see men excited with desire.

10

17. In diaconum festinante ad prandium canponis

Quo festinus abis, gula inpellente, sacerdos?  
An tibi pro psalmis poca corde sedent?

17. To a Deacon Hurrying to an Innkeeper's Luncheon

Where are you hurrying, my good priest? Where is your gullet driving  
you? Can it be that cups are on your mind instead of psalms? Frequent
Pulpita templorum, ne pulpita quaere tabernae,
Numina quo caeli, non phialas referas.

18. De iure in viridario posita, ubi se Fridamal aprum pinxis occidere

Extollit celsas nemoralis Aricia sedes,
Sternit ubi famulas casta Diana feras.
Ftfrondosis Tempe cinguntur Thessala silvis
Pinguiaque Nemeae iusta Molochus habet.
Haec vero aetherias exit quae turris in auras,
Consensus domino deliciosa parans,
Omnibus in medium lucris ornatis refulget
Obtinuitque uno praemia cuncta loco.
Hinc nemus, hinc fontes extracta cubilia cingunt
Statque velut propriis ipsa Diana iugis.
Clausa sed in tanto cum sit splendore voluptas
Artibus ac variis atria pulcrâ micent,
Admiranda tuae tamen est virtutis imago,
Fridamal et stratae gloria magna feræ,
Qui solitae ascensus mentem virtutis amore
Aptasti digno pingere facta loco.
Hic spumantis apri fasculo post terga retorto
Frontem et cum geminis naribus ora feris.
Ante ictum subita praestra esse bellua morte,
Cui prius extingui quam cecidisse fuit.
Iussit fata manus telo, nec vulnera sensit
Exerrans anima iam perunde cruor.

19. De avibus marinis quae post volatum ad domum remeant

Felix marinis alitibus Fridamal,
Felix iuventa, prosperior genio,
Quem sponte poscunt aequoreae volucres.
Nec stagna grato frigida concilio
Pigris strepentes gurgitibus retinent,
Sed quo tuorum temperiem nemorum
Monstrent, volatu praememores famulo
Pro te relictam non repetunt patriam.

18. About a Tower Situated in a Pleasure Garden, Where Fridamal Had a Picture of Himself Painted Killing a Boar

Wooded Aricia lifts up its lofty abodes where chaste Diana shoots down wild beasts, her servants; Thessalian Tempe is begirt with leafy forests, and Molochus holds the rich woods of Nemea.

But truly this tower rising into the very heights of heaven, a delighteful place providing a resting place for its owner, is richly adorned and shines out far and wide, excelling all other places in beauty.

On one side a grove and on the other side fountains surround the rooms built there, and a statue of Diana stands just as if she were on her own mountaintops. But, although things that give pleasure have been enclosed in such splendor and although the beautiful rooms are resplendent with varied artistry, yet must be admired the picture of your brave deed, Fridamal, and the great and glorious feat of slaying a wild boar.

Excited by love of your characteristic courage, you set your mind upon picturing your exploits in a worthy setting. Here, drawing back and aiming the spear from behind your back, you are striking the foaming boar straight on its forehead and two-nostriled face. Even before the blow penetrated, the beast was laid low by sudden death and suffered the fate of dying before it fell. Your hand decreed the beast's destiny with your spear and its dripping lifeblood did not feel the wounds as its spirit was leaving its body.

19. About Sea Birds That Used to Return Home after a Flight

Happy Fridamal, happy in your birds of the sea, happy in your youth, fortunate in your guardian spirit!

Of their own accord the birds of the sea come to you. Cool pools and slow-moving waters do not detain them as they whirl about in joyful flocks, but in order that they may show to the world the coolness of their glades, they remember you in their obedient flight and do not head for their native habitat which they left behind on account of you.
20. *In aurigam senem victum crimina in populos iactantem*

Te quotiens victum circus, Cyriace, resultat,
Crmine victores polluit et populos.
Non visum quereris senio languente perisse
Castigasse tuae tarda flagella manus.
Sed quod in alterius divulgas crimina nomen,
Cur non illa magis credis inesse tibi?
Es meritis impar, virtute, aetate relicus.
Haec cum habeant ali, crimina vera putas.
Sola tamen falsis surgat tibi poena loquellis,
Ut victus semper nil nisi crimine agas.

21. *In podagrum venationi studentem*

Apros et capreas levesque cervos
Incurvus rapidis equis fatigat.
Tantum nec sequitur capiteque quicquam.
Esse inter iuvenes cupit, vocari
Baudus, dum miserum gemat dolore
Et nil praevaleat. Quid ergo gestit?
Mori praecipiti furit caballo,
Cum lecto melius perire possit.

22. *In supra scriptum, quod multa scortta habuit et eas custodiebat*

Zelo agitas plures, Incurvus, clune puellas,
Sed nulla est quae te sentiat esse virum.
Custodis clausas, tamquam sis omnibus aptus.
Est tamen internus luppiter ex famulis.
Si nihil ergo vales, vanum cur arrigis inguen
Et facis ignavus mentis adulterium?

23. *Anacreontium in medicum inpotentem qui ter viduam duxit uxorem*

Post tot repleta busta

20. *To a Charioteer Who Is Old and Who Finds Fault with the Spectators When He Is Beaten*

Whenever the Circus resounds with cries that you have been beaten, Cyriacus, you besmirch the winners and spectators with accusations. You do not complain that your eyesight is gone because of your feeble old age and you do not blame the slow whips you hold in your hands. But, as to the faults you impute to the name of somebody else, why do you not rather believe that those faults lie in you? You are not equal to the task of winning prizes, you have been abandoned by strength and youth. When others have these qualities, you consider them real crimes.

However, may this be the sole punishment for your false accusations:

Always a loser, may you drive nothing but charges!

21. *On a Sufferer from the Gout Who Wants to Hunt*

Incurvus tires out boars and does and fleet stags with his swift horses. Yet he neither overtakes nor captures anything. He likes to be in the company of young men and to be called their dashing chief, but in the meantime he groans in wretched pain and accomplishes nothing. What then is he so passionate about? He is in a fever to die on a galloping horse when he could be better off dying in bed.

22. *Written against the Above Because He Had Many Girls and Guarded Them Closely*

Vigorously you make love to many wenches, Incurvus, but not one of them feels that you are a man. You keep the girls shut in and watch them closely as if you were a match for all of them. But within your household there is a Jupiter—one of your slaves. If therefore you get nowhere, why do you heat yourself up in vain and impotently satisfy your desires in your mind alone?

23. *Anacreontic Poem to an Impotent Doctor Who Married a Woman Thrice a Widow*

After so many tombs have been filled, after the horde of funerals,
after so many husbands ill-fatedly brought to their deaths by a wrinkled old woman, you, my medical friend, are pleased with yourself because you are now called her fourth husband. But, although alive, you too have been buried, for you do not possess the power properly to exercise your right as a husband.

But I know whom Paula seems to have married again. Nobody! Why then did she do this? An abominable wife, she wanted to change in a hurry the mourning garb that she had put on so that a fourth husband might come along—and even a fifth!

24. In pantomimam Pygmaea quae Andromachae fabulam frequenter saliabat et raptum Helenae

Andromacham atque Helenam saltat Macedonia semper
Et quibus excelsior corpore forma fuit.
Haec tamen aut brevior Pygmaea virgine surgit
Ipsius aut quantum pes erat Andromachae.
Sed putat illarum fieri se nomine talem,
Motibus et falsis crescere membra cupit.
Hac spe, crede, tuos incassum decipis artus.
Thersiten potius finge, quod esse soles!

25. In ebriosum nihil comedentem sed solum bibentem

Dum bibis solus pateras quot omnes,
Saepe nec totis satiariis horis
Et tibi munus Cericis resordet
Ac nihil curas nisi ferre Bacchum,
Nerfa, iam te non hominem vocabo,
Sed nims plenam et patulam lagonam.

24. About a Female Pantomimist, a Dwarf Who Often Acted the Story of Andromache and the Rape of Helen

Macedonia always dances the part of Andromache and of Helen and of others who had a tall figure. However, she rises up shorter than a Pygmy or than Andromache's foot. But she thinks she can become like them by playing their roles and she wants her body to grow by her make-believe movements.

Believe me, vainly do you deceive your limbs with this hope. Pretend rather that you are Thersites—which is more like you in real life!

25. To a Drunkard Who Eats Nothing but Is Forever Drinking

Since you alone often drink as many bowls of wine as all other men put together, and you never have enough at any hour, and scorn bread and care to take nothing but wine, Nerfa, I am no longer going to call you a man, but a wide-mouthed flagon filled to the brim.
26. De Fama picta in stabulo circi
Qualem te pector stabulis formavit equorum
Talem te nostris blandis referro iugis.
Semper et adsiduo vincendi munera porta
His quorum limen fortis amica sedes.

27. Aliter
Verum, Fama, tibi vultum pictura notavit,
Dum vivos oculos Ianca forma gerit.
Tu, quamvis totum velox rapiaris in orbem,
Pulcrior hoc uno limine clausa sedes.

28. In vicinum invidum
Zeleris nimium cur mea, Marcie,
Tamquam si pereas, limina, nescio,
Cum sis proximior, una velut domus,
Et nostros paries dimidiet lares.
Sed gratum ferimus. Talis es omnibus,
Nec quemquam nisi te vis miser aspic.
Contingat—quesumus, numina.—quod cupis!
Te solum ut videas, Marcie, dum vivis.

29. In giberosum qui se generosum iactabat
Fingis superbam quod tibi patrum genus,
Nunc Iuliorum prole te satum tumens,
Nunc Memmiorum Martique Romuli,
Prodese gibbo forte quid putas tuo?
Nil ista falsa verba prosunt ambitu.
Tace parentes, ne quietos moveas.
Natura nobis unde sis natus docet.

30. De eo qui se poetam dicebat quod in trivis
cantaret et a pueros laudaretur
Conponis fatuis dum pueros melos,

26. About a Painting of Fame on a Circus Stable
Just as the artist has painted you on the horses' stables, in that same
pose alight favorably on our teams. Always and unfailingly carry the
prize of victory to those on whose portal you are seated as such a
powerful friend.

27. Another Poem on the Same Theme
Your true features, Fame, have been delineated in the painting, which
shows your slender body and your sparkling eyes. Although you fly
with speed over the whole world, you are so much more beautiful when
you sit here permanently fixed on this portal.

28. To a Jealous Neighbor
I do not know, Marcius, why you are so bitterly and desperately envious
of my house, although you are my next-door neighbor and we live
practically in one and the same house, with only a wall separating our
homes. But I do not take offense; you are like that to everybody. You
wish, poor man, that nobody but yourself should be looked at. I pray,
O gods, that you, Marcius, should get what you want; that you should
look only upon yourself as long as you live!

29. Against a Hunchback Who Boasted
That He Was of Noble Birth
In what way perchance do you think it helps your humpback to imagine
that yours is a noble line of ancestors, puffing yourself with pride at
one moment as a descendant of the Julii, at another, of the Memmii
and of Romulus, son of Mars? Useless are such words with their false
ambition. Keep quiet about your ancestors lest you disturb the dead.
Your nature tells us from whom you are descended.

30. About a Man Who Called Himself a Poet Because He Sang
in the Streets and Was Praised by Boys
When you are composing poetry for foolish boys, Zenobius, and you
31. In puellam hermaphroditam
Monstrum feminei bimembre sexus,
Quam coacta virum facit libido,
Quin gaudes futuri furentes conno?
Cur te decipit inpotens voluptas?
Non das, quo pateris facisque, cunnm.
Illam, qua mulier probarim esse,
Partem cum dederis, puella tunc sis.

32. Ad eum qui per diem dormiens nocte vigilabat
Stertis anhelanti fessus quod corde, Lycaon,
Exhorrens lucis munera parta die,
Et tibi vigilias semper nox tetra ministrat,
Iam scio te nostro vivere nolle die.
At si tale tibi studium natura paravit,
Vivas ad antipodas—sims vel ut inde, redi!

33. De sarcophaico ubi turpia sculpa fuerant
Turpia tot tumulo defixit criminla Balbus,
Post superos spuro Tartara more premens.
Pro facinus! Finita nihil modo vita retraxsit!
Luxuriem ad Manes moecha sepulcura gerunt.

34. Item unde supra scriptum: ubi equi circi bibebant
Crevit ad ornatum stabuli circique decorem

make a loud noise with your street songs and utter words of ignorance in low quarters, do you think that you are doing anything worthy of praise and that you are establishing your fame among the younger generation? Our birds always do the same thing also; if you do not instruct them properly, they do not sing but merely whistle.

31. To a Hermaphroditic Girl
Two-organed monster of the female sex, whom enforced lust turns into a man, why do you not enjoy the normal way of making love? Why does violent, vain pleasure deceive you? You do not give that with which you are passive and also active. When you offer that part of you which proves that you are a female, then you may be a girl.

32. To a Person Who Slept by Day and Stayed Awake by Night
Because, worn-out and with your chest heaving, you snore and dread the blessings of daylight, Lycaon, and you are always awake during the dark night, I now know why you do not want to live in our daylight. But if nature has given you such a desire, go live in the antipodes; or rather, that you may really be among your own kind, go back to them!

33. About a Stone Coffin on Which Foul Deeds Had Been Sculptured
Balbus had a great many disgraceful deeds carved on his coffin, overwhelming first the gods above and then Tartarus with his filthy way of life. For shame! His recent death altered nothing; his bawdy coffin bears his licentiousness to the very shades!

34. On the Same Theme as a Preceding Poem: Where Circus Horses Drank
A fountain of pure water has been provided and has appeared in a
Purior egregio redditum nymphce loco
Quam cingunt variis insignia clara metallis
Crispatumque super scinditur unda gradum.

Excipit hanc patuli moles miracula sepulcri,
Corporibus vivis poca blanda paramus.
Nec iam sarcophagus tristis sua funera claudit,
Sed laetus dulci flumine complect equos.
Fundit aquas duro signatum marmore flumen,
Falsa tamen species vera fluenta vomit.

Plaudite vos, Musae, diversaque, plaudite, signa,
Quae circum docili continet arte decor,
Et dnum palmiferis post praetia tanta quadrigis
Garrula victores turba resolvit equos,
Praebete innocuos potus potusque salubres,
Ut domino proprius gaudia circus agat.

35. In cinaedum bona sua corruptoribus dantem

Divitiis grandesque epulas et munera multa,
Quod proavi atque atavi quodque reliquum avus,
Des licet in cunctos et spargas, Becca, maritos,
Plus tamen ille caput cui dare saepae cupis.

Nescio quid miserum est quod celas, Becca. Talento
Vendere debueras, si bona membra dares.

36. De eo qui uxorum suam prostrate faciebat
pro filiis habendis

Stirpe negata patrium nomen,
Non pater, audis; carus adulter
Coincis casae viscera damnas,
Pariat spurcos ut tibi natos,
Inscia quo sint semine creti.
Fuerant forsan ista ferenda
Foeda, Proconii, vota parumper,
Scire vel ipsam si tuus umquam
Posset adultus dicere matrem.

remarkable location to adorn a stable and to beautify a circus. Re-
splendent statues of different metals surround this fountain and the
fall of the water is broken over a curving step. A marvelous massi-
ve open coffin catches this water and gives pleasant draughts to the living.
No longer does the grim coffin enclose its dead, but it fills the happy
horses with fresh water. A stream flowing in a channel cut into the
hard marble pours forth itss waters; although its appearance is artifi-
cial, nevertheless real flowing rivulets issue from it.

Applaud, you Muses, applaud, you different statues, surrounded by
beauty wrought with skillful art. And, while the chattering crowd
unhitches the victorious horses from their chariots decorated with the
palms of victory after so many races, supply safe drinks and drinks
that are healthful so that his own circus may bring joy to the owner.

35. To a Catamite Giving Away His Property to His Seducers
Riches and sumptuous feasts and lavish gifts—whatever your great-
great-grandfathers and your great-grandfathers and your grandfather
left you—although you give them away and squander them among all
your “husbands,” Becca, still there is a favorite who takes more and
to whom you often wish to give more. I do not know what foul thing
it is, Becca, that you are hiding; you could have sold it for a talent,
if you were giving away a sound body.

36. About a Man Who Made His Wife Prostitute Herself
for the Sake of Having Sons
Although you cannot sire children, you, without being a father, still
hear yourself called a father. A beloved adulterer, you put the organs
of your chaste wife to illicit use so that she may bear you basely born
offspring, herself ignorant from what seed they have sprung. Perhaps
these shameful pretensions of yours might have been bearable for a
little while, Proconius, if ever your son when grown-up could say that
his mother herself knew.
37. *De aleatore in preio lenocinii ladente*

Ludis, nec superas, Ultor, ad alem,
Nec quicquam in tabula das nisi virginem,
Spondens blanditias et coitus simul.
Hoc cur das alii quod poteras tibi?
An tabiae melius praemia gratia sunt?
Aut prodest vitium tale quod impetras?
Si vincas, ego te non puto virginem
In luxum cupere sed mage vendere.

38. *In nomen Aegyptii quo equi circi infortunium capiebant*

Icarus et Phaethon, Veneto nolente, vocaris
Atque Agilis, pigro cum pede cuncta premas.
Sed tamen et Phaethon cecidit super aethera flammis,
Dum cupid insolitis nescius ire plagis.
Tu quoque contrafractis defectus in aequore pinnis,
Icare, Phoebeo victus ab igne cadis.
Digna his ergo tibi praebentur nomina fatis,
Per iterum ut percant qui periere prius.

39. *De Romulo picto ubi in maris fratrem cecidit*

Disce pium facinus—percusso, Romule, fratre,
Sic tibi Roma datur. Huius iam nomine culpem
Nemo te c(a)edis, murorum si decet omen.

40. *De eo qui amicos ad prandium clamabat ut plura exposceret xenia*

Gaudeo quod me nimis ac frequenter
Ambitu pascis, Blumarit, superbo.
Unde sed pascor? Mea sunt per omnes
Sparsa convivas bona. Nec volebam
invite anybody else with me lest anything be given to you for feeding us. But if you are addicted to this failing, I beg of you never to invite me.

41. About a Much-Praised Charioteer Who Often Falls

People say that Pascasius is a stalwart charioteer, but I shall mention only his bruised limbs and his head puffed up with swellings and his arms that favor falls, arms that never curb the horses that they may go in a straight line. He falls at the very beginning and rises, falls again, then rises again, and falls so that the legs of his unlucky horses are broken. Let it not be said that this man was born a human being; let Africa rather call him her own special circus griffin.

42. In Praise of a Charioteer of the Green Faction

Iectofian, charioteer happy in the wearing of the green, equal to the charioteers of old, who embodied the art of racing, skilled in controlling your horses and in flying over the course in your four-horse chariot, and in guiding the reins with your hand wherever you wish,—not so does ivory-shouldered Pelops stand out as a victor; he won only one prize, but many a prize still awaits you.

43. Against a Lover of Ugly Girls

Myro loves hideous and ugly girls. On the other hand, he fears any beautiful girls he sees. In this way, Myro, you reveal what kind of judgment it is that your eyes have so that a Pontic girl does not please you, but a Garamantian does! Yet I now know why you seek such lovers. A beautiful girl can never give herself to you, an ugly one may.

44. About Monkeys Placed on the Back of Dogs

After a long interval a wonderful pleasure has been granted to the Carthaginians: a gentle monkey is sitting on the back of a dog that it fears.
Quanto magna parant felici tempora regno,
Discant ut legem pacis habere ferae!

45. De partu ursae
Lambere nascentis furtur primordia prolis
Ursa ferox, placido cum facit ore genus.
Expoli labris parientibus artus
Et pietas subolem rursus amore creat.
Attrito truncum formatur corpore pignus,
Ut sculpendo facit crescere membra faber.
Officium natura suum permisit amanti—
Formam post uterum lingua magistra parit.

46. De laude horti Euegeti
Hortus quo faciles fluunt Napaeae,
Quo ludunt Dryades virente choro,
Quo foveat teneras Diana Nymphas,
Quo Venus roscos recondit artus,
Quo fessus teretes Cupido flammans
Suspensis reficit liber pharetris,
Quo sese Aonides ferunt puellas
Cui numquam minus est amoena frondis,
Cui semper redolent amoma verni,
Cui fons perspicuis tener fluentis
Muscoso riguum parit meatu,
Quo dulcis avium canor resultat—
Quidquid per varias refertur urbes,
Hoc uno famulans loco resultat.

47. De tablista furioso quasi tesseris imperante
Ludit cum multis Vatanans sed ludere nescit,
Et putat imperio currere puncta suo.
Sed male dum numeros contraria tessera mittit,
Clamat et irato pallidus ore fremit.

What great things the times presage for the happy kingdom when wild animals learn to observe the ways of peace!

45. About the She-Bear's Parturition
The fierce she-bear is said to lick the shapeless body of her young at birth when she fashions her cub with her gentle mouth. She moulds the formless limbs with maternal lips and her devotion once again creates her offspring with love. An imperfect whelp is given shape by the rubbing of its body just as an artisan makes limbs appear by his sculpturing. Nature has entrusted its own duty to a loving mother. First her womb and then her skilful tongue gives birth to the cub’s shape.

46. In Praise of the Garden of Euegetus
Garden where the wood nymphs gently flit about, where the dryads frolic in a verdant troop, where Diana cherishes the tender nymphs, where Venus hides her rosy limbs, where tired Cupid, now free after hanging up his quivers, restores his smooth flames, where the Muses retreat, Garden whose beautiful foliage never grows thinner, whose spring balsam is always fragrant, whose delicate fountain of clear water gives rise to a spot well watered by a mossy stream, Garden where the sweet singing of birds resounds,—
Whatever is carried to other cities, this garden obediently supplies in this one spot.

47. About an Angry Diceplayer Who Thinks He Can Rule the Dice
Vatanans plays with many other gamblers, but he does not know how to play and he thinks that the points will come at his bidding. But when the die perversely turns up losing numbers, he shouts, becomes
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51. De paranympho delatore qui se ad hoc officium omnibus ingerebat

Hermes cunctorum thalamos et vota pererrat,
Omnibus ac sponsis pronubus esse cupit.  
Hunc quasquam si forte velit contemnere dives,  
Mox eius famam rodit iniqua ferens.  
Nec tutum obsequium nuptis. Famulatur amicis,  
Indicet ut potius quae videt, ille nocens.  
Non sua sortit tur te qui facit auspice vota,  
Sed tua, cui multum conferet ut taceas.

52. De funere mulieris formosae quae litigiosa fuit
Gorgoneos vultus habuit Catucia coniunx.  
Haec dum pulcra foret, iurgia saepe dabant.  
Fecerat atque suum semper rixando maritum,  
Esset ut insano stultius ore tacens.  
Et quotiens illam trepido cernebat amore,  
Horrebat, tamquam vera Medusa foret.  
Defuncta est tandem haec iurgia ferre per umbras  
Cumque ipsa litem reddere Persephone.

53. De duobus qui se conpedibus quibus vincit erant  
cecerunt
Conpedibus nuxi quidam duo forte sedebant  
Criminis ob causam carceris ante fores.  
Hi secum subitae moverunt iurgia rixae.  
Ebretatris opus gessit iniqua famae.  
Nec caedem pugnis aut calcibus eigit uterque;  
Vincula illis reliquit, vincula fuere manus.  
Nemo truces postiac debet pavitate catenas,  
Si reus e poenis ingerit arma suis.

54. De causidico turpi qui concubam suam Charitem vocavit
Esset causidici si par facundia nervo,  
Impleret cuncti visceri negotii.  
Ac tamen invigilat causis quae crimina pandunt—  
Cum Veneris famula iure Priapus agit.

and he wants to be a groom’s attendant at all betrothals. If by chance any rich man should wish to scorn him, he immediately blackens his reputation by bringing false charges against him.
Neither is compliance safe for those who are getting married. He waits upon his friends rather to reveal what he sees in order to do them harm.
The person who pledges his troth with you as a witness does not direct his prayers for his own welfare but for yours, since it will be greatly to his interest to have you keep silent.

52. About the Death of a Beautiful Quarrelsome Woman
A married woman named Catucia had the looks of a Gorgon. Although she was beautiful, she was often involved in quarrels. By her constant bickering she had caused her husband to remain stupidly silent because of her raving talk. As often as he looked upon her with frightened love, he shuddered as if she were the real Medusa.
At last she died, to carry these wrangles into the lower world and to dispute with Persephone herself.

53. About Two Men Who Killed Themselves with the Chains with Which They Were Bound
It happened that two men bound together with chains because of some crime were sitting before the doors of a prison. Suddenly a quarrel flared up between them. Cruel hunger accomplished the work of intoxication. Neither man fought with fists or feet; chains were their weapon, chains were their hands.
Henceforth nobody ought to fear cruel chains, if a prisoner turns his own punishment into weapons.

54. About an Infamous Lawyer Who Called His Concubine Grace
If this lawyer's eloquence equaled his manhood, it would penetrate the vitals of every case. However, he is awake all night on obvious cases. Priapus pleads when he goes courting with the handmaiden of Venus.
55. Against a Royal Official Who Took the Property of Others by Force

Night and day Eutychus makes war with his weapons, seizing property from all homes. If perchance anybody should refuse to hand over anything to him or should fight back, he uses force and shouts in a very loud voice, “All belongs to the king.”

What worse act does an enemy, thief, or highwayman perpetrate, if a lord and his official do such things?

56. Another Poem about the Same Person

With his attendants and his weapons Eutychus madly breaks into all homes and carries away property. No relation, no friend perchance prevents him from going in. He becomes even worse if anybody tries to hold him back by entreaties. What hands, therefore, what iron weapons are to be used against him, what ram or engine of war would beat back such a man? If nobody can oppose him with any force, may the thunderbolts of God alone bar his way!

57. Against a Man Who, Because He Did Not Wish to Be Called an Old Man, Kept Many Mistresses for Himself

Why do you find fault with your hair that has long been white, since you are older than the phoenix, and why, whenever you seek to hide your doddering old age, do you play the part of a man with many mistresses?

In vain do you think that you are regaining your youth by this deception. Pleasure with these ladies reveals that you are a sick and decrepit old man.

58. Another Poem on the Person Mentioned Above, Because He Said That He Would Never Die

While you count off for yourself a prolonged old age which is as long as the time three Priams might have spent on this earth, or as long as the span of life of a crow or an elephant, you declare that you can never suffer Tartarus, and you believe that Lachesis will never break your fates, and you think that the threads of your life are being drawn out with eternal spinning.
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Quamvis tarda, tibi veniet mors ultima tandem,
Cum magis oblitus coeperis esse tui.
Nam poena est potius morbis producere vitam—
Quod non semper habes, tristius, esse diu, est.

59. Epitaphion de filia Oageis infantula

Heu dolor! Est magnis semper mors invida fatis,
Quae teneros artus inimico sidere mergit!
Damira hoc tumulo regalis clauditur infans,
Cui vita innocua est quarto dirupta sub anno.
Quam facile offuscat iucundum tristia lumen!
Nemo rosam albetem, fuerit nisi quae bona, carpit.
Haec parvam aetatem cuncta cum laude ferebat.
Grata nimis specie, verecundo garulfa vultu
Naturae ingenio modicos superaverat annos.
Dulce loquabatur, quidquid praesumpserat ore,
Linguaque diversum fundebat melia murmurus,
Tamquam avium verna resonat per tempora cantus.
Huius puram animam stellantis regia caeli
Possidet et iustis inter videt esse catervis.
At pater Oageis, Libyam dum protegit armis,
Audivit subito defunctam funere natam.
Nuntius hic gravior cunctis fuit hostibus illi,
Ipsoque sub tali flevit Victoria casu.

60. De amphitheatro in villa vicina mari fabricato

Amphitheatrales mirantur rura triumphos
Et nemus ignotas cernit adesse feras.
Spectat arando novos agrestis turba labores
Nautisque de pelago gaudia mixta videt.
Fecundus nil perdit aegor, plus germina crescunt,
Dum metuunt omnes hic sua fata ferae.

61. De sigillo Cupidinis aquas fundentis

Igne salutifer Veneris puer omnia flammanns
Pro facibus propriis arte ministrat aquas.

Although it will come late, nevertheless your death will finally come when you have begun no longer to be aware of your own existence. For it is torture, all the more, to prolong life through sickness; it is sadder for that which cannot last forever to last too long.

59. Epitaph for the Little Daughter of Oageis

Alas, Grief! Death is always envious of those born with promising fates, death which lays tender bodies to rest under an unfriendly star! The royal child Damira lies in this tomb, her innocent life ended in its fourth year. How easily sadness darkens a joyous light! No one plucks the white rose unless it is good.

She fulfilled her short life with every kind of merit. Most pleasing in appearance, chattering, and of modest mien, she had a natural talent far beyond her few years. She spoke sweetly, no matter what she said, and her honeyed tongue poured forth a wealth of sound like the singing of birds in the springtime.

Now the starry realm of heaven possesses her pure soul and sees her dwelling among the just. But while her father Oageis was defending Libya by force of arms, he heard that his daughter had died a sudden death. This news weighed upon his heart more than all the forces of the enemy, and Victory herself wept over such a calamity.

60. About an Amphitheater Built on a Country Estate Near the Sea

The countryside marvels at the triumphs of the amphitheater and the forest notices that strange wild beasts are there. The many farmers look at new struggles while plowing and the sailor sees varied entertainments from the sea. The fertile land loses nothing, the plants grow in greater abundance while all the wild beasts fear their fates here.

61. About a Little Statue of Cupid Pouring Forth Water

The son of Venus, who inflames everything with health-giving fire, provides water in place of his own torches through the medium of art.
62. *De Neptuno in marmoreo alveo aquas fundente*

Quam melior, Neptune, tuo sors ista tridentem est.
Post pelagus dulces hic tibi dantur aquae!

63. *De puteo cavato in monte arido*

Quis hunc non credat ipsis dare Syrtibus amnes,
Qui dedit ignotas viscere montis aquas?

64. *De aquis calidis Cirnensisibus*

Ardua montanos inter splendentia luces
Culmina et indigenis nunc metuenda feris,
Quo deserta prius solum nemus atra tenebat
Tetraque inaccessam sederat umbra viam,
Qua vos laude canam quantoque in carmine tollam,
In quibus extracta est atque locata salus?
Hic etiam ignitus tepet ad praetoria fervor,
Plenior et calidas terra ministrat aquas.

[Quis sterilem non credat humum? *Fumantia vernant Pascua; luxuriat gramine cocta silex.*]

Innocuos futus membris parit intima tellus
Naturamque pio temperat igne calor.

[Et cum sic rigidae cautes fervore liquecant,
Contemtis audax ignibus herba viret.]

65. *De sententiis septicem philosophorum distichii*

Solon praecipuus, furtur qui natus Athenis,
Finem prolixae dixit te cernere vitae.

Chilon, quem patria egregium Lacedaemona misit,
Hoc prudenter ait te ipsum ut cognosceri possis.

Ex Mitylenaeis fuerat qui Pittacus oris,
Te, ne quid nimir ut cupias, exquirere dixit.

Thales ingenio sapiens Milesius acri
Errorem in terris firmat non caelitus esse.

62. *About Neptune Pouring Forth Water in a Marble Trough*

What a better lot is this than waving your trident, Neptune! After the salt waters of the sea sweet waters are given to you here.

63. *About a Well Dug in a Dry Mountain*

Who would not believe that he makes rivers flow through the Syrtes themselves who drew unknown streams from the bowels of a mountain?

64. *About the Hot Springs of Cirne*

Lofty building tops gleaming among the mountain thickets, now dreaded by the wild beasts of the region, where formerly only forests covered the gloomy uninhabited area, and where a dark shadow had settled upon an inaccessible road, with what praise shall I sing about you, with what mighty song shall I extol you, in which a monument to health has been erected?

This glowing heat spreads its warmth in the magnificent palace also, and the rich earth supplies warm waters.

[Who would not believe the ground to be unproductive? The smoking pasture land grows green, the heated flint abounds in grass.]

The bowels of the earth bring forth harmless warmth for the body and the heat regulates nature with nourishing fire.

[And although the hard cliffs boil with heat in this way, the grass, disregarding the fire, boldly flourishes.]

65. *Distichs on the Sayings of the Seven Wise Men*

The renowned Solon, who is said to have been born in Athens, ordered you to look to the end of a long life.

Chilon, a renowned citizen of Sparta, wisely said this: that you can know yourself.

Pittacus, who was from the shores of Mitylene, said that you should seek to wish for nothing in excess.

Thales the Milesian, a philosopher of keen intellect, declared that blind folly on earth is not due to the gods.
Inde Prienaea Bias tellure creatus
Plures esse malos divina voce probavit.

Urbe Periander genitus, cui fama Corinthis est,
Omnia constituit tecum ut meditando revolvass.

Cleobulus, proprium clamat quem Lindia civem,
Omne, inquit, magnum est quod mensura optima librat.

66. De Januario mense
Lucifer annorum et saeculis Sol, Ianu, secundus,
[Principium faciens, omnia tu renovas.]
Est rota certa tui tecum sine fine laboris;
Iteque retinete tibi, quidquid in orbe venit.
Omnia perpetuis praecedis frontibus ora;
Quae needum venient quaeve fuere vides.

67. De Olympio venatore Aegypto
Grata voluptatis species et causa favoris,
Fortis innumeris, venator Olympie, palmis,
Tu verum nomen membrorum robore signas,
Alicies collo, capulis, cervice, laecitis,
Admirande, audax, velox, animose, parate.
Nil tibi forma nocet nigro fuscatula colore.
Sic ebenum pretiosum aetrum natura creavit;
Purpura sic parvo depressa in murice fulget;
Sic nigrae violae per mollia gramine vernant;
Sic tetrasis quadam commendat gratia gemmas;
Sic placet obscuros elephans inmanis ad artus;
Sic turis pipereisque Indi nigredo placessit;
Postremum tanta populi pulcrescis amore,
Foedior est quantum pulcher sine viribus alter.

68. In epiaphion supra scripti Olympii
Venator iucunde nimis atque arte ferarum
Saepe placens, agilis, gratus, fortissimus, audax,
Qui puer ad iuvenes dum non additexis annos,
Omnia maturo complesbas facta labore.

Thereupon Bias, born in the land of Priene, in a divine voice showed
that most men are evil.

Periander, born in the city that bears the famous name of Corinth,
declared that you can settle all things by thought.

Cleobulus, whom Lindus proclaims as her own citizen, said that
everything is great which moderation balances.

66. About the Month of January
Morning star of each year, Janus, second sun of the ages, [who causes
the beginning and restores all things,] the wheel of your toil is fixed
and endless, whatever takes place upon the earth goes and returns
with you.

You go ahead of all other faces with your eternal faces: you see
what has not yet happened and what has already been.

67. About Olympus, an Egyptian Hunter
Pleasing sight of joy and reason for popular acclaim, stronger by your
countless victories, animal fighter Olympus, you bear a fit name
because of your bodily strength, a Hercules by virtue of your neck,
shoulders, back, and limbs. O wonderful, O bold, O swift, O spirited,
O always ready! Not at all does your swarthy body harm you because
of its blackness. So did nature create black precious ebony. So does
the purple deeply placed in the tiny murex gleam, so do violets of
deepest shade bloom in the soft grass, so does a certain grace set off
gems of somber hue, so does the huge elephant pleased because of its
dusky limbs, so do black Indian incense and pepper give pleasure.
Finally, you are as beautiful in the great love the people bear you as
another man, handsome without strength, is ugly.

68. Epitaph of the Above-mentioned Olympus
Animal fighter who brought us great joy and often delighted us with
your skill against the wild beasts—quick, pleasant, most brave, daring
—who, as a boy that had not yet reached the age of young men, used
to perform all feats with mature effort, who gave to others the privi-
 Qui licet ex propria populis bene laude placeres, Praestabas aliis ut tecum vincere possent. Tantaque mirandae fuerant tibi praemia formae Ut te post fatum timeant laudentque sodales. Heu nunc tam subito mortis livore peremptum Iste caput tumulus quem non Carthaginis arces Amphitheatrali potuerunt ferre triumpho! Sed nihil ad Manes hoc funere perdis acerbo. Vivet fama tui post te longaeva decoris Atque tuum nomen semper Carthago loquetur. 

69. *De Chimaera aenea*

Aeris fulgiduli nitens metallo
Ignes pertulit, ante quos vomebat,
Et facta est melior Chimaera flammis.

70. *De statua Veneris in cuius capite violae sunt natae*

Cypris candidulo redditam marmore
Veram se examinis corpore praebuit.
Infudit propriis membra caloribus,
Per florem in statuam viveret ut suam.
Nec mendax locus est. Qui violas feret,
Servabit famulas inguinibus rosas.

71. *In caecum qui pulcras mulieres tactu nocebat*

Lucis egenus, viduae frontis,
Iter amittens, caecus amatort
Corpora tactu mollia palpat
Et muliebres iudicat artus
Nivei cui sit forma decoris.
Credo quod ille nolit habere
Oculos per quos cernere possit,
Cui dedit plures docta libido.

lege of winning with you, although you could give great pleasure to the spectators and win acclaim by yourself—so great were the rewards of your remarkable physique that after your death your companions are still awed by you and praise you.

Alas, now this tomb contains you carried off so unexpectedly by envious death, you whom the walls and towers of Carthage could not bear when you triumphed in the arena! But you lose nothing among the shades because of this bitter death. The fame of your glory will live eternally after you, and Carthage will always say your name!

69. *About a Bronze Chimera*

Shining in gleaming bronze, she has endured the flames that she formerly spewed forth, and the Chimera has been improved by her own fires.

70. *About a Statue of Venus on Whose Head Violets Grew*

A Venus made of bright marble, though lifeless, by her body proved herself real. She spread her own warmth into her limbs so that she came to life through the flowers on her statue.

Neither is the place deceptive. If it bears violets, it will also keep roses to serve other parts of the body.

71. *On a Blind Man Who Knew Beautiful Women by Touch*

Bereft of light, with forehead widowed, losing his way, the blind lover strokes soft bodies and judges the limbs of women, deciding by touch which one has a body of snow-white beauty.

I believe that he to whom skilled lust has given several eyes does not want to have eyes with which he can see.
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72. *In philosophum hirsutum nocte tantum cum puellis concumbentem*

Hispidus tota facie atque membris,
Crine non tonso capitis verendi,
Omnibus clares Stoicus magister.
Te viris tantum simulac modestum
Nec die quaeis coitum patrare
Ne capi possis lateaque semper.
Fervidus sed cum petulante lumbo
Nocte formosas subigitis puellas.
Incubus fies subito per actus,
Qui Cato dudum fueras per artes.

73. *De catula sua brevissima ad domini sui nutum currente*

Forma meae catulae brevis est sed amabilis inde,
Hanc totam ut possit concava ferre manus.
Ad domini vocem famulans et garrula currit,
Humanis tamquam motibus exiliens.
Nec monstrum aliquid membris gerit illa decoris;
Omnibus exiguo corpore visa placet.
Molior huic cibus est; somnusque in stramine molli.
Muribus infensa est, saevior atque catis.
Vincit membra nimis latratu parvolam torvo.
Si natura daret, posset ab arte loqui.

74. *De pards mansuetis qui cum canibus venationem faciebant*

Cessit Lyaei sacra fama numinis
Lynces ab oris qui subegit Indicis.
Curru paventes duxit ille bestias
Mero gravatas at minari nescias
Et quas domarent vincula coetu garrulo.
Sed mira nostris forma constat saeculi;
Pardos feroces saevores tigribus
Praedam sagaci nare mites quareere
Canum inter agmen et famem doctos pati,

THE POEMS

72. *To a Hairy Philosopher Who Sleeps with Girls Only at Night*

Hairy all over your face and body, with the hair of your respected head unshorn, in the eyes of everybody you are a distinguished Stoic philosopher.

You merely pretend to men that you are sexually virtuous and you do not seek intercourse by day in order that you may not be caught and that you may always escape notice. But at night with heat and passion you overwhelm beautiful maidens. By your actions you will suddenly become a lecher, you who in your teachings had long been a Cato.

73. *About His Tiny Puppy That Runs to Her Master’s Bidding*

My puppy has a tiny frame, but she is lovable for that very reason, inasmuch as I can hold all of her in the hollow of my hand. Obedient and chattering she runs toward the sound of her master's voice, leaping with almost human movements. Her body does not have any ill-formed strangeness that passes for beauty; when looked at she pleases everybody by her diminutive size. Her food is soft and so is her sleep on her soft mattress. She is a bane to mice and cruel to cats. By her mighty, fierce barking she overcomes her small body. If nature permitted, she could speak with eloquence.

74. *About Trained Leopards That Hunted with Dogs*

The sacred fame of the divine power of Bacchus, who drove lynxes from the shores of India, has been surpassed. He yoked to his chariot terrified wild beasts that, being overcome by wine and unable to threaten, were held in restraint by the reins, although a noisy team.

But a marvelous sight appears in our times—fierce leopards more savage than tigers become gentle and with keen nostrils hunt their prey in the company of a pack of dogs, and trained to endure hunger
75. In psaltriam foedam
Cum saltas miseris, Gattula, corpore
Hoc cuiquam libitum est, horrida, quod facis,
Insanam potius te probo psaltriam
Quae foedam faciem motibus ingrases
Et, dum displices, quosque feras iocos.
Credis quod popullos cymbala mulecant?
Nemo iudicium tale animi gerit
Pro te ut non etiam gaudia deserat.

76. Item de eo quod ut amaretur praemia promittebat
Quid facis ut pretium promittens, Gattula, ameris?
Da pretium ne te oteris ipsa simul!
Praemia cur perdis? Cur spondes munera tantis?
Accipe tu pretium ne mihi dona feras!
Non est tam petulans pariterque insanus amator
Qui te non credat prodigiale malum.
Sed si forte aliquis moechus surrexit ab umbris,
Cui talis placeas, huic tua dona dato!

77. In ebriosam et satis meintem
Quod bibis et totum dimitis ab inguine Bacchum,
Pars tibi superior debuit esse femur.
Potabis recto—poteris, Follonia,—Baccho,
Si parte horridius inferiore bibas.

78. In mulierem pulcrum castitati studentem
Pulcrior et nivei cum sit tibi forma coloris,

they submissively carry in their mouths whatever they seize.
Oh, what a master is the fear of human beings! It blunts the fierce attacks of ferocious animals so that they do not dare to take a bite when they have found food!

75. To an Ugly Cymbalist
Whenever you dance with your repulsive body, Gattula, and, my frightful one, what you are doing gives pleasure to nobody, I really think that you are a mad musician making your foul face worse by your gyrations. As long as you displease, you would put up with every gibe. Do you believe that your cymbal playing appeases the public? Nobody has such critical judgment that he would not run away from even such pleasures on account of you.

76. Another about the Same Musician Because She Offered a Price to Be Loved
What are you doing, Gattula, offering a price to be loved? Give a reward that you should not hate yourself at the same time. Why do you waste your bonuses? Why do you promise gifts to so many men? Take a present from me, and do not offer me any money! There is no lover so passionate and equally insane who does not believe that you are a monstrous evil. But if it should happen that some debauchee arises from the dead whom somebody like you pleases, give your largesse to him!

77. To a Drunken Woman Who Passes Water Copiously
Because you drink wine and discharge all of it from your loins, your upper region should have been your thigh.
You will drink holding your wine in (you will be able to do this, Follonia), if you should grossly imbibe with your lower part.

78. To a Beautiful Woman Devoted to Chastity
Although you have a beautiful snow-white body, you desire to observe
Cuncta pudicitiae iura tenere cupis.
Mirandum est qui natum laude gubernes
Moribus ut Pallas, corpore Cypris eas.
Te neque coniugii libet excipscisse levamen;
Saepius exoptas nolle videre mares.
Haec tamen est animo quamvis exosa voluptas:
Numquid non mulier comparis esse potes?

79. *De eo qui, cum Burdo diceretur, filiae suoae Pasiphaeae nomen imposuit*
Disciplinarum esse hominem risusque capacem,
Quod nulli est pecudi, dixit Aristoteles.
Sed cum Burdo homo sit, versum est sophisme verum.
Nam et ridere solet vel ratione viget.
Surrexit duplex nostro sub tempore monstrum:
Quod pater est Burdo Pasiphaeaeque redit.

80. *De laude roseae centumfoliae*
Hanc puto de proprio tinxit Sol aureus ortu
Aut unum ex radiis maluit esse suis.
Sed si etiam centum foliis rosa Cypridis extat,
Fluxit in hanc omni sanguine tota Venus.
Haec florum sidus, haec Lucifer almus in agris.
Huic odor et color est dignus honore poli.

81. *De statua Hectoris in Ilio, quae videt Achillem et sudat*
Ilion in medium Pario de marmore facti,
Stant contra Phrygius Hector vel Graius Achilles.
Priamidae statuam sed verus sudor inundat
Et falsum fictus Hector formidat Achillem.
Nescio quid mirum gesserunt Tartara saeclo.
Credo quod aut superi animas post funera reddunt
Aut ari mira potest legem mutare barathri.
Sed si horum nihil est, certe extat marmore Hector
Testaturque suam viva formidine mortem.

all the rules of chastity. It is wonderful how gloriously you contra
nature, inasmuch as you pass for a Minerva in your way of life an
for a Venus with your body. You find no happiness in taking to you
self the comfort of a husband, and you often choose to shun the sigh
of men.

Nevertheless, you have a fancy for this pleasure, hateful though i
may be to you!
Is it not possible for you to be the wife of somebody like yourself

79. *About a Man Who Gave the Name Pasiphae to His Daughter*
*When His Own Name Was Burdo (Mule)*
Aristotle has said that man is capable of learning and laughing, gift
that no other animals have. But since Mule is a man, truth has bee
turned about by a fallacy, for he can laugh and waxes strong i
reasoning.
A two-fold monstrosity has arisen in our time—a mule is a fathe
and Pasiphae has returned to earth!

80. *In Praise of the Hundred-leafed Rose*
I think that the golden sun has dyed this flower with the colors of it
own rising or has wished it to be one of its own rays. But if it is als
the rose of Venus with a hundred leaves, Venus has entirely flowe
into it with her blood. This is the star of flowers; this is the graciu
morning star over the fields; its fragrance and hue are worthy o
heavenly honor.

81. *About a Statue of Hector in Troy*
*That Sees Achilles and Sweats*
Trojan Hector and Greek Achilles, statues of Parian marble, face each
other in the middle of Troy. But real sweat pours down the statue o
Hector, and a likeness of Hector dreads a make-believe Achilles.
Tartarus has wrought a strange wonder in this age. I believe the
either the immortal restore dead souls to life after death or a won
drous art can change the laws of the lower world. But if neither o
these is true, it is a fact that Hector stands there in marble and attest
his death by his living fear.
82. De muliere Marina vocabulo
Quidam concubitu futuit fervente Marinam;
Fluctibus in salis fecit adulterium.
Non hic culpandus, potius sed laude ferendus,
Qui memor est Veneris quod mare nata foret.

83. De horto domni Oageis, ubi omnes herbae medicinales
plantatae sunt
Constructas inter moles parietibus altis
Hortus amoenus inest aptior et domino.
Hic vario frondes vitales semine crescunt
In quibus est Genio praemedicante salus.
Nil Phoebi Asclepique tenet doctrina parandum:
Omnibus hinc morbis cura sequenda placet.
Lam puto quod caeli locus est ubi numina regnant,
Cum datur his herbis vincere mortis onus.

84. De pica quae humanas voces imitatatur
Pica hominum voces cuncta ante animalia monstrat
Et docto externum perstrepit ore melos.
Nec nunc oblita est quidnam prius esset in orbe;
Aut haec Picus erat aut homo rursus inest.

85. De rustica in disco facta, quae spinam tollit de planta satyri
Cauta nimis spinam satyri pede rustica tollit,
Luminibus certis vulneris alta notans.
Illum panduri solatur voce Cupido,
Inredus tali vulnere flere virum.
Nil falsum credas artem lusisse figuris:
Viva minus speciem reddere membra solent.

86. De colocasia herba in tecto populari
Nilus quam riguis parit fluentis

82. About a Woman Named Marina
Somebody made love passionately to Marina in the salty waves. He is not to be blamed but rather to be praised, for he remembers Venus because she was born in the sea.

83. The Garden of Lord Oageis, Where All Medicinal Herbs Have Been Planted
Set among buildings erected with high walls, there is a garden that is beautiful and also useful to its owner. Here from different seeds grow life-giving plants in which there is health dispensed by a guardian spirit.

The science of Apollo and Asclepius contains no recipe that has to be obtained from the outside; from this place the treatment to be followed satisfies all ailments.

Now I believe that this is a heavenly spot where the will of the gods rules, because with these plants it is possible to overcome the burden of death.

84. About a Magpie That Imitated the Human Voice
A magpie imitates the human voice better than all other animals and with its skillful mouth loudly sings a song not native to it. Nor is it now forgetful of what it previously was in the world. Either this bird was Picus or there is a human being inside it again.

85. About a Country Girl Pictured on a Plate, Removing a Thorn from a Satyr's Foot
A country girl is very carefully removing a thorn from a satyr's foot, while peering at the deep wound with great concern. Playing a pandora, Cupid is consoling him but also mocks him because he, a man, is crying over such a wound.

You would believe that art has not given a single false touch to the figures; living beings are usually less lifelike.

86. About a Lily Plant Growing in a House
Spreading its broad branches, flourishing in pleasant surroundings, the
THE POEMS

87. De eo qui podium amphitheatri saliebat

Amphitheatralem podium transcendere saltu
Velocem audivi iuvem nec credere quivi
Hunc hominem, potius sed avem, si talia gessit.
Et posuit hunc, fateor, me Dorica vina daturum
Conspicere ut possem tanti nova facta laboris.
Aspevi victusque dedi promissa petenti
Atque meo gravior levis extitit ille periculo.
Non iam mirabar suntis te, Daedale, pennis
Isse per aetherios natura errante meatus.
Hunc magis obstipui coram qui plebe videnti
Corpop, non pinnis, fastigia summa volavit.

88. De Diogene picto, ubi lascivienti menetrix barbarum

evellit et Cupido mingit in podice eius

Diogenem meretrix derisum Laida monstrat
Barbatamque comam frangit amica Venus.
Nec virtus animi nec castae semita vitae
Philosophum revocat turpiter esse virum.
Hoc agit infelix, alios quo saepe notavit.
Quodque nimis miserum est: mingitur arte sophus.

89. De catto, qui, cum soricem maiorem devorasset,
apoplexiam passus occubuit

Inmensis soris cattus dum membra vorasset
Deliciis perit crudior ille suis.

colosasia, which the Nile gives birth to in its moist waters, puts forth
its leaves when it is planted in our house.
Serviceable and shady, it reverses the laws of nature, in that it
grows better under our roof than it generally does in a garden.

87. About a Man Who Leaped Above the Balcony
of the Amphitheater

I heard that a speedy young man leaped above the balcony of the
amphitheater and I could not believe that he was a man, but I thought
rather that he was a bird if he accomplished such a feat. And I bet him,
I admit, that I would give him Greek wine to see him repeat such a
strenuous and strange achievement. I saw, and, beaten, I gave what
I had wagered when he asked me for it, and though weighed down
by my wager he turned out to be light enough.

No longer shall I wonder, Daedalus, that by putting on wings you
went over the course of heaven through an aberration of nature. I am
more amazed at this man who in front of the spectators flew over a
great height, not with wings, but with his body.

88. About a Painting of Diogenes, in Which a Harlot Plucks His
Beard as He Is Frolicking and Cupid Drenches His Backside

The harlot Lais reveals Diogenes as an object of derision and she,
his companion in love, is plucking his beard. Neither a virtuous mind
nor the path of an upright life deters the philosopher from acting
disgracefully as a man.

The ill-fated Diogenes is doing the very thing for which he often
found fault with others. And, what is most disgraceful—the wise man
is being artistically befouled!

89. About a Cat That Suffered an Apoplectic Stroke
and Died When It Devoured Too Big a Mouse

When a cat had devoured the body of a huge mouse, it suffered a cruel
death because of this dainty morsel.
THE POEMS

Pertulit adsuetae damnum per viscera praedae:
Per vitam morti sancta concipit ore necem.

90. In Anclas; in salutatorium domini regis
Hildirici regis fulget mirabile factum
Arte, opere, ingenio, divitiis, pretio.
Hinc radios sol ipse capit quos huc dare possit.
Altera marmorea creditur esse dies.
Hic sine nube solum; nix inuncta et sparsa putatur.
Dum steterint, credas mergere posse pedes.

91. Epithalamium Fridi a
LUXORIO,
viro clarissimo et spectabili, dictum centone
Sol, qui terrarum flamnis opera omnia lustrat,
Extulit os sacrum caelo tenebraque resolvit.
Laetitia ludisque viae plausaque fremente,
At Venus aetherios inter dea candida nimbos
Aurea subnectens eterneae cingula mammce,
Dona ferens, pacem acetarn pactosque hymenaeos
Atque omnis ornatum, Capitolia celsa tenent,
Punica regna videns, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem.
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oceades et bono Iuno.
Incedunt pariterque ad limina tendunt.
Tectum angustum, ingens, centum sublimis columnis,
Hae sacris sedes epulis, atque ordine longo
Perpetuus solitui patres conside re mensis.
Una omnes, magna juvenum stipante caterva,
Deveniunt facemque deae vestemque reponunt.
Dant signum, fulsere ignes et conscius aesther
Combillis, mediisque parant convivia tectis.
Fit strepitus tectis vocemque per ampla volutant
Atria, ubi adsuetis biforme dat tibia canunt.
At tuba terribilem sonitum procul aere canor.
Increpitum mollitque animos et temperat iras.

THE POEMS

It paid the supreme penalty on account of the vultures of its customary
prey. Dying through the means of living, it met death through its
own mouth.

90. About Anclae; about the Audience Chamber of the King
The remarkable edifice of King Hilderic gleams, erected with skill,
tool, talent, riches, wealth. From it the sun itself takes its rays which
it can spread to this place. Another dawn is believed to arise from
the marble. Here the flawless pavement is thought to be thick snow spread
about. When your feet stand upon it, you would think they could sink
into it.

91. Epithalamium of Fridus Written as a Cento by the
Most Distinguished and Eminent Luxorius

The sun, that with its rays makes bright all the works of earth, lifted
up its sacred head in heaven and dispelled the darkness. With joy and
games and shouts the streets resounded, and Venus, a goddess re-
splendent among the clouds of heaven, binding a golden belt beneath
her naked breast and bearing gifts, everlasting peace and the marriage
coventant and every kind of splendid ornament, stood upon the lofty
Capitol, looking down upon the Punic realm, the Carthaginians, and
the city of Agenor.

All about assemble the Oreads and kindly Juno; they walk side by
side and keeping close to each other they go toward the portals. A
stately and huge house, rising high with a hundred columns—this was
the scene of the sacred feast, and in long array the elders used to sit
at the long tables. With a great throng of youths in attendance, they
all come down together and the goddesses lay aside their divine
appearance and garments.

The signal is given, lightning and the upper air flash, witnesses
of the wedding, and the feast is prepared within the palace. There is
a sound of revelry in the palace and voices roll through the spacious
halls where the double-mouthed flute gives forth music to accustomed
ears. But the trumpet blared forth far and wide its terrifying call with
sounding brass and softens passion and calms anger.
It clamor caelo, cithara crinitus Iopas
Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
Iamque eadem digitis, iam pectunc pulsatur eburno.
Nec non et Tyrrii per limina laeta frequentes
Convenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis.

Tunc Venus aligerum dicitis affatatur Amorem:
“Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus,
Huc geminas nunc flecte acies, illam aspice contra.
Quae vocat insignis facie viridique iuventa,
Iam matura viro, iam plenis nubilibis annis,
Cui genus a proavis ingens clarumque paternae
Nomen inest virtutis et nota maior imagino.
Hoc opus, hic labor est; thalamos ne desere pactos!
Credo equidem, nova mi facies inopinave surgit.
Nonne vides, quantum egregio decus enitet ore?
Os humerosque deo similis, cui lactea colla
Auro inunctatur, crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.
Qualis gemma micat, qualis Nereia Doto
Et Galatea secant spumenam pector pustum.
Cura mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum!

Hanc ego nunc ignaram huiss quodcumque perici est,
Cum tacet omnis aeger, noctem non amplius unam
Conubio iungeo stabili propriamque dicabo.
Hic Hymenaeus erit monumentum et pignus amoris.
Incipe si qua animo virtus, et consere dextram.
Occultum insperses ignem paribusque regamus
Auspicis: liceat Frido servire marito,
Cui natam egregio genero dignisque hymenaeis
Dat pater et pacem hanc aeterno foedere iungit.”
Paret Amor dictis carae generis et alas
Exuit et gressu gaudens sic ore locutus:
Mecum erit iste labor; si quid mea numina possunt,
Cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet
Inmiscentque manus manibus pugnamque lacessunt,
Nusquam abero, solitam flammam (datur hora quieti)
Desuper infundam et, tua si mihi certa voluntas,
Omnia praecipi atque animo mecum ante perieg.
"Sentiet!" atque animum prae senti pig more firmat. Illa autem (neque enim fuga iam super ulla perici est) Cogitur et supplex animos summittere amori. Spemque dedit dubiae menti solvitque pudorem. Illum turbat amor; ramum qui veste latebat Eripit a femine et flagranti fervidus infert. It cruor inque humeros cervix conlapsa recumbit. His demum exactis geminam dabit Ilia prolem, Laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes.