

LUXORIUS

A LATIN POET AMONG THE VANDALS

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*TOGETHER WITH A TEXT OF THE POEMS
AND AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION*



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LIBER EPIGRAMMATON
VIRI CLARISSIMI
LUXORI ET SPECTABILIS

1. *Metro Phalaeccio ad Faustum*

Ausus post veteres, tuis, amice,
Etsi iam temere est, placere iussis,
Nostro Fauste animo probate conpar,
Tantus grammaticae magister artis,
Quos olim puer in foro paravi 5
Versus ex variis locis deductos
(Illos scilicet unde me poetam
Insulsum puto quam magis legendum),
Nostri temporis ut amavit aetas,
In parvum tibi conditos libellum 10
Transmisi memori tuo probandos
Primum pectore; deinde, si libebit,
Discretos titulis quibus tenentur,
Per nostri similes dato sodales.
Nam, si doctiloquis nimisque magnis 15
Haec tu credideris viris legenda,
Culpae nos socios notabit index—
Tam te, talia qui bonis recenses,
Quam me, qui tua duriora iussa
Feci nescius, inmemor futuri. 20
Nec me paeniteat iocos secutum
Quos verbis epigrammaton facetis
Diversos facili pudore lusit
Frigens ingenium, laboris expers.
Causam, carminis unde sit voluptas, 25
Edet ridiculum sequens poema.

THE BOOK OF EPIGRAMS
OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED
AND EMINENT LUXORIUS

1. *In the Phalaecean 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.

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? 5
 An forte doctis illa cara est versibus,
 Sonat pusillo quae laboris schemate,
 Nullo decoris, ambitus, sententiae?
 Hanc tu requiris et libenter inchoas,
 Velut iocosa si theatra pervoles. 10

3. *Asclepiadei ad librum suum*

Parvus nobilium cum liber ad domos
 Pomposique fori scrinia publica
 Cinctus multifido veneris agmine,
 Nostri defugiens pauperiem laris,
 Quo dudum modico sordidus angulo 5
 Squalebas, tineis iam prope deditus,
 Si te despiciet turba legentium
 Inter Romulidas et Tyrias manus,
 Isto pro exequiis claudere disticho:
 "Contentos propriis esse decet focis 10
 "Quos laudis facile est invidiam pati."

4. *Epigrammata parva quod in hoc libro scripserit*

[Parva quod exiguo sint scripta epigrammata libro]
 Si quis hoc nostro detrahit ingenio,
 Adtendat modicis condi de mensibus annum,
 Et graciles hiemis, veris et esse dies;
 Noverit in brevibus magnum deprendier usum. 5
 Ultra mensuram gratia nulla datur.
 Sic mea concinno si pagina displicet actu,
 Finito citius carmine clausa silet.
 Nam, si constaret libris longissima multis,
 Fastidita forent plurima vel vitia. 10

2. *Iambics to the Reader of His Work*

Although, dear reader, you had the works of writers of old whom you esteemed highly and who could please you with their excellent harmonies, why do you turn the pages of my little book, pages filled with trifles and frivolities that I wrote as a novice when my talents were undeveloped?

Can it be that you are fond of that kind of book whose versification is skillful but whose structure is limited, with not a whit of elegance, ostentation, or serious thought? This book of mine is what you are looking for and eagerly begin to read, as if hurrying to a theater dedicated to fun and laughter.

3. *Asclepiads to His Book*

When you, my little book, have come to the homes of the great and to the public bookshelves of the stately Forum, so that you are surrounded by a multifarious throng, after fleeing from the poverty of my household, where for a long time you lay covered with dust in a tiny nook and almost completely devoured by bookworms,—if the multitude of readers looks down upon you with scorn among the crowd of Romans and Carthaginians, end your days with this distich as your funeral oration:

"Let those be content to stay at home who easily endure their envy of fame."

4. *On the Reason Why He Wrote Short Epigrams in This Book*

If anybody belittles this talent of mine [because short epigrams are the material of my slender book], let him consider that the year is composed of short months and that the days of winter and spring are brief. Let him take notice also that great use is found in small things. No pleasure is given beyond measure. If, therefore, my book displeases anybody because of its brevity, the sooner the poem is finished, the sooner the book is shut and silent. If, on the other hand, the work were very long and contained many parts, it would be an exceeding bore and numberless would be its faults.

5. *Trochaicum de piscibus qui ab hominibus cibos capiebant*

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

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6. *Archilochium de apro mitissimo in triclinio nutrito*

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

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7. *De auriga Aegyptio qui semper vincebat*

Quamvis ab Aurora fuerit genetrix creatus
 Memnon, Pelidae conruit 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 Memnon facie es, non tamen es genio.

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8. *Sapphicum in grammaticum furiosum*

Carminum interpres 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 Memnon 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 Memnon 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

Audiunt verbis veluti disertum
 Cur in horrendam furiam recedis
 Et manu et telo raperis cruentus?
 Non es, in quantum furor hic probatur,
 Dignus inter grammaticos vocari
 Sed malos inter sociari Orestas.

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9. *Glyconeum in advocatum effeminatum*

Execti species viri,
 Naturae grave dedecus,
 Usu femineo Paris,
 Foedae cura libidinis,
 Cum sis ore facundior,
 Cur causas steriles agis
 Aut corrupta negotia
 Et perdenda magis locas?
 Agnovi. Ut video, tuo
 Ori quid bene credier
 Non vis sed, puto, podici.

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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 cuius oberret,
 Atque sonum alterius corporis esse putant.
 Miramur, tantum capiant qui membra furorem,
 Cum sit forma levis, clamor et ira gravis.

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11. *Phalaeceum in moechum quod debriatus plorabat
 cum coitum implere non posset*

Saepius futuis nimisque semper,
 Nec parcis, nisi forte debriatus
 Effundis lacrimas quod esse moechus
 Multo non valeas mero subactus.

fall into a horrifying fit of madness and why are you carried away with your hand and weapon bloodstained? To the extent proved by this insane raging, you are not fit to be enrolled among teachers, but you should rather be put into the company of evildoers like Orestes.

9. *Glyconic Poem to an Effeminate 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. *Phalaecean 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

Plura ne futuas, peto, Lucine,
Aut semper bibe taediumque plange,
Aut, numquam ut futuas, venena sume.

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12. *In spadonem regium qui mitellam sumebat*

Rutilo decens capillo
Roseoque crine ephebus
Spado regius mitellam
Capiti suo locavit.
Proprii memor pudoris,
Bene conscius quid esset,
Posuit, cogente nullo,
Fuerat minus quod illi.

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13. *Anapaesticum in magum mendicum*

Tibi cum non sit diei panis,
Magicas artes inscius inples.
Ire per umbras atque sepulcra
Pectore egeno 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 orbem,
Mage, si posces membra perempta.

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14. *In acceptorarium obesum et infelicem*

Pondere detracto miseras, Martine, fatigas
Pressura crudelis aves. Pinguetudine tanta
Ut tu sis, frustra maciem patiuntur iniquam.
Debuerant, fateor, magis has tua pascere membra,
Ut numquam possent ieiuna morte perire.

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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.

15. *In vetulam virginem nubentem*

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
 Grandaeva in Libycis novo sub orbe,
 Olim quae decuit marita Diti
 Pro nata Cereris dari per umbras—
 Quis te tam petulans suburit 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?

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16. *In medicolenonem*

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

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17. *In diaconum festinantem ad prandium cauponis*

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

15. *To an Aged Virgin Who Is Getting Married*

Virgin whom Phlegethon calls his sister, you who are probably old enough to be the mother of Saturn, you whom Night and Erebus and Chaos brought into the world, you whose deep wrinkles are as numerous as your years, you to whom an elephant gave his looks and his hide, you whose mother was an aged ape that gave birth to you in Africa when the world was young, you who long ago could fittingly have been given instead of Ceres' daughter to Pluto as his bride among the dead, with what impetuous passion do you now burn when you are on the point of death?

Can the reason be that you crave the following epitaph so that widespread report will speak of you thus:

"Old lady raped by a sex criminal"?

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.

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 turre in viridario posita, ubi se Fridamal
aprum pinxit occidere*

Extollit celsas nemoralis Aricia sedes,
Sternit ubi famulas casta Diana feras.
Frondosis Tempe cinguntur Thessala silvis
Pinguiaque Nemeae lustra Molorchus habet.
Haec vero aetherias exit quae turris in auras,
Consessum domino deliciosa parans,
Omnibus in medium lucris ornata refulget
Obtinuitque uno praemia cuncta loco.
Hinc nemus, hinc fontes extructa cubilia cingunt 10
Statque velut propriis ipsa Diana iugis.
Clausa sed in tanto cum sit splendore voluptas
Artibus ac variis atria pulcra micent,
Admiranda tuae tamen est virtutis imago,
Fridamal, et stratae gloria magna ferae,
Qui solitae accendens mentem virtutis amore 15
Aptasti digno pingere facta loco.
Hic spumantis apri iaculo post terga retorto
Frontem et cum geminis naribus ora feris.
Ante ictum subita prostrata est bellua morte,
Cui prius extingui quam cecidisse fuit. 20
Iussit fata manus telo, nec vulnera sensit
Exerrans anima iam pereunte cruor.

19. *De avibus marinis quae post volatum ad domum remeabant*

Felix marinis alitibus Fridamal,
Felix iuventa, prosperior genio,
Quem sponte poscunt aequoreae volucres.
Nec stagna grato frigida concilio
Pigris strepentes gurgitibus retinent, 5
Sed quo tuorum temperiem nemorum
Monstrent, volatu praememores famulo
Pro te relictam non repetunt patriam.

temple benches, not tavern bars, so that you may carry the will of
heaven, not bottles.

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 Molorchus holds the rich woods of Nemea.

But truly this tower rising into the very heights of heaven, a delight-
ful 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 whirr about in
joyful flocks, but in order that they may show to the world the coolness
of your 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,
 Crimine victores polluis et populos.
 Non visum quereris senio languente perisse
 Castigasque tuae tarda flagella manus. 5
 Sed quod in alterius divulgas crimina nomen,
 Cur non illa magis credis inesse tibi?
 Es meritis inpar, virtute, aetate relictus.
 Haec cum habeant alii, crimina vera putas.
 Sola tamen falsis surgat tibi poena loquellis, 10
 Ut victus semper nil nisi crimen agas.

21. *In podagrum venationi studentem*

Apros et capreas levesque cervos
 Incurvus rapidis equis fatigat.
 Tantum nec sequitur capitque quicquam.
 Esse inter iuvenes cupit, vocari 5
 Baudus, dum misero gemat dolore
 Et nil praevaleat. Quid ergo gestit?
 Mori praecipiti furit caballo,
 Cum lecto melius perire possit.

22. *In supra scriptum, quod multa scorta 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 Iuppiter ex famulis. 5
 Si nihil ergo vales, vanum cur arrigis inguen
 Et facis ignavus mentis adulterium?

23. *Anacreontium in medicum impotentem 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 besmirk 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,

Et funerum catervas
 Ac dispare maritos
 Rugosa quos peremit
 Fatis anus sinistris, 5
 Tu nunc, chirurgi, quartus
 Coniunx vocate plaudis.
 Sed vivus es sepultus,
 Dum parte qua decebat
 Nil continet mariti. 10
 Iam nosco cui videtur
 Nupsisse Paula rursus.
 Nulli! Quid ergo fecit?
 Mutare mox lugubrem
 Quam sumpserat cupivit 15
 Uxor nefanda vestem
 Ut quartus atque—quintus
 Possit venire coniunx!

24. *In pantomimam Pygmaeam quae Andromachae fabulam
frequentem saltabat et raptum Helenae*

Andromacham atque Helenam saltat Macedonia semper
 Et quibus excelso corpore forma fuit.
 Haec tamen aut brevior Pygmaea virgine surgit
 Ipsius aut quantum pes erat Andromachae.
 Sed putat illarum fieri se nomine talem, 5
 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 satiaris horis
 Et tibi munus Cereris resordet
 Ac nihil curas nisi ferre Bacchum,
 Nerfa, iam te non hominem vocabo, 5
 Sed nimis plenam et patulam lagonam.

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 exer-
 cise 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. *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 pictor stabulis formavit equorum
 Talem te nostris blanda referto iugis.
 Semper et adsiduo vincendi munera porta
 His quorum limen fortis amica sedes.

27. *Aliter*

Verum, Fama, tibi vultum pictura notavit,
 Dum vivos oculos iuncea 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 aspici.
 Contingat—quesumus, numina,—quod cupis!
 Te solum ut videas, Marcie, dum vivis.

5

29. *In gibberosum qui se generosum iactabat*

Fingis superbum quod tibi patrum genus,
 Nunc Iuliorum prole te satum tumens,
 Nunc Memmiorum Martiique Romuli,
 Prodesse gibbo forte quid putas tuo?
 Nil ista falso verba prosunt ambitu.
 Tace parentes, ne quietos moveas.
 Natura nobis unde sis natus docet.

5

30. *De eo qui se poetam dicebat quod in triviis
cantaret et a pueris laudaretur*

Conponis fatuis dum pueris 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

Zenobi, et trivio carmine perstrepis,
 Indoctaque malis verba facis locis,
 Credis tete aliquid laudibus indere
 Famamque ad teneros ducere posteros?
 Hoc nostrae faciunt semper et alites.
 Ni rite institues, sibila tum canunt.

31. *In puellam hermaphroditam*

Monstrum feminei bimembre sexus,
 Quam coacta virum facit libido,
 Quin gaudes futui furente cunno?
 Cur te decipit inpotens voluptas?
 Non das, quo pateris facisque, cunnum.
 Illam, qua mulier probaris 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—sis vel ut inde, redi!

33. *De sarcophago ubi turpia sculpta fuerant*

Turpia tot tumulo defixit crimina Balbus,
 Post superos spurco Tartara more premens.
 Pro facinus! Finita nihil modo vita retraxit!
 Luxuriam ad Manes moecha sepulcra 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-organged 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 reddita nympha loco
 Quam cingunt variis insignia clara metallis
 Crispatumque super scinditur unda gradum.
 Excipit hanc patuli moles miranda sepulcri, 5
 Corporibus vivis pocula blanda parans.
 Nec iam sarcophagus tristis sua funera claudit,
 Sed laetos dulci flumine conplet equos.
 Fundit aquas duro signatum marmore flumen,
 Falsa tamen species vera fluenta vomit. 10
 Plaudite vos, Musae, diversaue, plaudite, signa,
 Quae circum docili continet arte decor,
 Et dum palmiferis post praelia tanta quadrigis
 Garrula victores turba resolvit equos,
 Praebete innocuos potus potusque salubres, 15
 Ut domino proprius gaudia circus agat.

35. *In cinaedum bona sua corruptoribus dantem*

Divitias grandesque epulas et munera multa,
 Quod proavi atque atavi quodque reliquit avus,
 Des licet in cunctos et spargas, Becca, maritos,
 Plus tamen ille capit cui dare saepe cupis.
 Nescio quid miserum est quod celas, Becca. Talento 5
 Vendere debueras, si bona membra dares.

36. *De eo qui uxorem suam prostare faciebat
 pro filiis habendis*

Stirpe negata patrium nomen,
 Non pater, audis; carus adulter
 Coiugis castae viscera damnas,
 Pariat spurcos ut tibi natos, 5
 Inscia quo sint semine creti.
 Fuerant forsitan ista ferenda
 Foeda, Proconi, vota parumper,
 Scire vel ipsam si tuus umquam
 Posset adultus dicere matrem.

remarkable location to adorn a stable and to beautify a circus. Resplendent statues of different metals surround this fountain and the fall of the water is broken over a curving step. A marvelous massive 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 its waters; although its appearance is artificial, 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-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 pretio lenocinii ludente*

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

5

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 cupit insolitis nescius ire plagis.
 Tu quoque confractis defectus in aequore pinnis,
 Icare, Phoebeo victus ab igne cadis.
 Digna his ergo tibi praebentur nomina fatis,
 Per te iterum ut pereant qui periere prius.

5

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

Disce pium facinus—percusso, Romule, fratre,
 Sic tibi Roma datur. Huius iam nomine culpet
 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

37. *About a Diceplayer Gambling with Pandering as the Stakes*

You play at dice, Ultor, but you do not win and you never lay any bet on the board except a girl, pledging caresses and intercourse with her at the same time.

Why do you give away to others what you could have had for yourself? Can it be that the thrill of gambling is more pleasant? Or is such a vice useful to you because you get what you want? If you should win, I do not think that you desire the girl for pleasure but rather for sale.

38. *On the Name of an Egyptian That Brought Misfortune
to the Horses of the Circus*

With the Blues in opposition you are called Icarus and Phaethon and Speedy, although you tread on everything with sluggish feet. However, even Phaethon fell in flames through the upper air when in his ignorance he wanted to traverse unaccustomed regions. You also, Icarus, with your wings broken and yourself exhausted in the sea, fall, conquered by the sun's fire.

Therefore, names fitting the fate of these are being given to you so that in your own person those who perished before may perish once again!

39. *About a Painting of Romulus Showing Him Killing
His Brother on the Walls*

Realize that yours was a virtuous crime, Romulus. When you struck down your brother, Rome was given to you by that act. Let no one now accuse you of this deed as murder, if the omen of the walls proves that what you did was right.

40. *About a Man Who Used to Invite His Friends to a Meal
That He Might Ask for Many Gifts*

I am happy that you feast me sumptuously and frequently with proud extravagance, Blumarit. But what am I to live on? Whatever I own has been scattered among your guests. I did not want you to feed and

Pasceres quemquam peteresque mecum,
 Ne tibi quicquam detur unde pascas.
 Hoc tamen sed si vitio teneris,
 Me precor numquam iubeas vocari.

5

41. *De auriga elato frequenter cadente*

Pascasium aurigam populi fortem esse fatentur
 Ast ego non aliud quam turgida membra notabo
 Inflatumque caput papulis et amica ruinis
 Brachia quae numquam recto moderamine frenant.
 Mox cadit et surgit, rursum cadit, inde resurgit
 Et cadit ut miseris frangantur crura caballis.
 Non iste humano dicatur nomine natus;
 Hunc potius gryphum propium vocet Africa circo.

5

42. *De laude aurigae Prasini*

Iectofian, prasino felix auriga colore
 Priscorum conpar, ars quibus ipsa fuit,
 Suetus equos regere et metas lustrare quadrigis
 Et quocumque velis ducere frena manu,—
 Non sic Tantalides humero stat victor eburno.
 Una illi palma est, at tibi multa manet.

5

43. *In eum qui foedas amabat*

Diligit informes et foedas Myrro puellas.
 Quas aliter pulcro viderit ore, timet.
 Iudicium hoc quale est oculorum, Myrro, fatere,
 Ut tibi non placeat Pontica, sed Garamas.
 Iam tamen agnosco cur tales quaeris amicas.
 Pulcra tibi numquam, se dare foeda potest.

5

44. *De simiis canum dorso inpositis*

Reddita post longum Tyriis est mira voluptas,
 Quem pavet ut sedeat simia blanda canem.

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*

Myrro loves hideous and ugly girls. On the other hand, he fears any beautiful girls he sees. In this way, Myrro, 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 fertur primordia prolis
Ursa ferox, placido cum facit ore genus.
Expolit informes 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.

5

46. *De laude horti Eugeti*

Hortus quo faciles fluunt Napaeae,
Quo ludunt Dryades virente choro,
Quo fovet teneras Diana Nymphas,
Quo Venus roseos recondit artus,
Quo fessus teretes Cupido flammas
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.

5

10

47. *De tablista furioso quasi tesseriis 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 skillful tongue gives birth to the cub's shape.

46. *In Praise of the Garden of Eugetus*

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

Tum verbis manibusque furens miserandus anhelat, 5
 De solitis faciens proelia vera iocis.
 Effundit tabulam, mensam, subsellia, pyrgum,
 Perditaque Harpyacis aera rapit manibus.
 Hic si forte unam tabulam non arte sed errans
 Vicerit aut aliam, nil bene dante manu, 10
 Mox inflat venas et pallida guttura tendit
 Plusque furit vincens quam superatus erat.
 Non iam huic ludum sapientum calculus aptet,
 [Qui possit potius ludere cum furiis.]

48. *De venatore picto in manibus oculos habente*

Docta manus saevis quotiens se praebuit ursis,
 Numquam fallentem tela dedere necem.
 Hinc etiam digitis oculos pictura locavit,
 Quod visum frontis provida dextra tulit.

49. *Aliter unde supra*

Venatori oculos manibus pictura locavit
 Et geminum egregia lumen ab arte manet.
 Hic quocumque modo venabula fulgida pressit,
 Signatum veluti contulit exitium.
 Naturae lucem vicerunt fortia facta. 5
 Iam visus proprios coepit habere manus.

50. *In aurigam effeminatum numquam vincentem*

Praecedis, Vico, nec tamen praecedis,
 Et quam debueras tenere partem,
 Hac mollis misero teneris usu.
 Umquam vincere possis ut quadrigis,
 Corruptor tibi sit retro ponendus. 5

51. *De paranymphe delatore qui se ad hoc officium
 omnibus ingerebat*

Hermes cunctorum thalamos et vota pererrat,

pale, grumbles, and rages. Then his tongue and hands become abusive and the miserable wretch puffs hard, making real battles out of normal games. He overturns the diceboard, table, chairs, and dicecup, and seizes the lost money with Harpy-like hands.

If he happens to win a game or two, not by skill but by mistake, while his hand does nothing well, he soon puffs up with pride and stretches out his pale neck, and he becomes more violent as a winner than he had been as a loser.

No longer should the game of Wise Men be suitable for him, [but he can rather play with the Furies.]

48. *About the Painting of a Hunter Having Eyes
 on His Hands*

No matter how many times his skilled right hand opposed savage bears, his weapons never failed to deal out death. Therefore the painting has put eyes even on his fingers because his all-seeing right hand had his forehead's power of sight.

49. *Another Poem on the Same Topic as Above*

The painting has put eyes on the hunter's hands, and his two eyes remain there because of remarkable art. In whatever way he held the gleaming hunting spear, the hunter dealt out death as if it were fore-ordained. His brave deeds outshone natural vision and now his hand has begun to have its own power of sight.

50. *To an Effeminate Charioteer Who Never Wins*

You go ahead to the races, Vico, but you never go ahead in the races. By the part over which you should hold the reins tight, you are held back, made soft through wretched abuse. In order that you may ever be able to win with your four-horse team, you must put your corruptor on his back.

51. *About an Attendant at Weddings, an Informer Who Used to
 Offer Himself to Everybody for This Function*

Hermes flits to the marriages and wedding ceremonies of everybody

Omnibus ac sponsis pronubus esse cupit.
 Hunc quisquam 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 sortitur te qui facit auspice vota,
 Sed tua, cui multum conferet ut taceas.

5

52. *De funere mulieris formosae quae litigiosa fuit*

Gorgoneos vultus habuit Catucia coniunx.
 Haec dum pulcra foret, iurgia saepe dabat.
 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.

5

53. *De duobus qui se conpedibus quibus vincti erant ceciderunt*

Conpedibus nexi quidam duo forte sedebant
 Criminis ob causam carceris ante fores.
 Hi secum subitae moverunt iurgia rixae.
 Ebrietatis opus gessit iniqua fames.
 Nec caedem pugnis aut calcibus egit uterque;
 Vincla illis telum, vincla fuere manus.
 Nemo truces posthac debet pavitare catenas,
 Si reus e poenis ingerit arma suis.

5

54. *De causidico turpi qui concubam suam Charitem vocabat*

Esset causidici si par facundia nervo,
 Impleret cuncti viscera 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. *In ministrum regis, qui alienas facultates vi extorquebat*

Bella die nocteque suis facit Eutychus armis,
 Divitias cunctis e domibus rapiens.
 Huic si forte aliquis nolit dare sive repugnet,
 Vim facit et clamat, "Regis habenda," nimis.
 Quid gravius hostis, fur, aut latrunculus implet, 5
 Talia si dominus atque minister agit?

56. *De eodem aliter*

Cum famulis telisque furens penetralia cuncta
 Eutychus inrumpit divitiasque rapit,
 Hunc nullus vetat ire parens, non forsitan amicus;
 Deterior precibus redditus ille manet.
 Quae sunt ergo manus aut ferrea tela ferenda, 5
 Quisve aries talem quodve repellat opus?
 Huic si nemo potest ullas opponere vires,
 Obvia sint illi fulmina sola dei.

57. *In eum, qui, cum senior dici nollet, multas sibi concubas faciebat*

Accusas proprios cur longo ex tempore canos,
 Cum sis phoenicis grandior a senio,
 Et quotiens tardam quaeris celare senectam,
 Paelicibus multis te facis esse virum?
 Incassum reparare putas hac fraude iuventam— 5
 Harum luxus agit, sis gravior ut senior.

58. *Item in supra scriptum quod se mori numquam diceret*

Quantum tres Priami potuissent vivere mundo
 Aut quantum cornix atque elephans superest,
 Tantam dum numeres longaeva aetate senectam,
 Te numquam firmas Tartara posse pati
 Et credis Lachesim numquam tua rumpere fata 5
 Aeternoque putas stamine fila trahi.

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.

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. 10

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 offuscant iucundum tristia lumen! 5
 Nemo rosam albentem, fuerit nisi quae bona, carpit.
 Haec parvam aetatem cuncta cum laude ferebat.
 Grata nimis specie, verecundo garrula vultu
 Naturae ingenio modicos superaverat annos.
 Dulce loquebatur, quidquid praesumpserat ore, 10
 Linguaeque diversum fundebat mellea murmur,
 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, 15
 Audivit subito defunctam funere natam.
 Nuntius hic gravior cunctis fuit hostibus illi,
 Ipsaque 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
 Nautaque de pelago gaudia mixta videt.
 Fecundus nil perdit ager, plus germina crescunt, 5
 Dum metuunt omnes hic sua fata ferae.

61. *De sigillo Cupidinis aquas fundentis*

Ignem salutifero Veneris puer omnia flammans
 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 tridente 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 Cirmensibus*

Ardua montanos inter splendentia lucos
Culmina et indigenis nunc metuenda feris,
Quo deserta prius solum nemus atra tenebat
Tetraque inaccessam sederat umbra viam, 5
Qua vos laude canam quantoque in carmine tollam,
In quibus exstructa 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.] 10
Innocuos fatus membris parit intima tellus
Naturamque pio temperat igne calor.
[Et cum sic rigidae cautes fervore liquescant,
Contentis audax ignibus herba viret.]

65. *De sententiis septem philosophorum distichi*

Solon praecipuus, fertur qui natus Athenis,
Finem prolixae dixit te cernere vitae.
Chilon, quem patria egregium Lacedaemona misit,
Hoc prudenter ait te ipsum ut cognoscere possis.
Ex Mitylenaeis fuerat qui Pittacus oris, 5
Te, ne quid nimis 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. 10

Urbe Periander genitus, cui fama Corintho est,
 Omnia constituit tecum ut meditando revolvās.

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

66. *De Ianuario mense*

Lucifer annorum et saeculis Sol, Iane, secundus,
 [Principium faciens, omnia tu renovas.]
 Est rota certa tui tecum sine fine laboris;
 Itque reditque tibi, quidquid in orbe venit.
 Omnia perpetuis praecedis frontibus ora; 5
 Quae necdum venient quaeve fuere vides.

67. *De Olympio venatore Aegyptio*

Grata voluptatis species et causa favoris,
 Fortior innumeris, venator Olympie, palmis,
 Tu verum nomen membrorum robore signas,
 Alcides collo, scapulis, cervice, lacertis,
 Admirande, audax, velox, animose, parate. 5
 Nil tibi forma nocet nigro fuscata colore.
 Sic ebum pretiosum atrum natura creavit;
 Purpura sic parvo depressa in murice fulget;
 Sic nigrae violae per mollia gramine vernant;
 Sic tetras quaedam commendat gratia gemmas; 10
 Sic placet obscuros elephans inmanis ad artus;
 Sic turis piperisque Indi nigredo placecit;
 Postremum tanto populi pulcrescis amore,
 Foedior est quantum pulcher sine viribus alter.

68. *In epitaphion supra scripti Olympii*

Venator iucunde nimis atque arte ferarum
 Saepe placens, agilis, gratus, fortissimus, audax,
 Qui puer ad iuvenes dum non advixeris annos,
 Omnia maturo complebas 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,
 decided that you can settle all things by thought.

Cleobolus, 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 Olympius, an Egyptian Hunter*

Pleasing sight of joy and reason for popular acclaim, stronger by your
 countless victories, animal fighter Olympius, 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 please 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 Olympius*

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, 5
 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 peremtum 10
 Iste capit 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 reddita marmore
 Veram se exanimis corpore praebuit.
 Infudit propriis membra caloribus,
 Per florem in statuam viveret ut suam.
 Nec mendax locus est. Qui violas feret, 5
 Servabit famulas inguinibus rosas.

71. *In caecum qui pulcras mulieres tactu noscebat*

Lucis egenus, viduae frontis,
 Iter amittens, caecus amator
 Corpora tactu mollia palpat
 Et muliebres iudicat artus
 Nivei cui sit forma decoris. 5
 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 everlastingly 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.

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 simulas modestum
Nec die quaeris coitum patrare 5
Ne capi possis lateasque semper.
Fervidus sed cum petulante lumbo
Nocte formosas subigis puellas.
Incubus fies subito per actus,
Qui Cato dudum fueras per artes. 10

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 monstrosum aliquid membris gerit illa decoris; 5
Omnibus exiguo corpore visa placet.
Mollior huic cibus est somnusque in stramine molli.
Muribus infensa est, saevior atque catis.
Vincit membra nimis latratu parvola torvo.
Si natura daret, posset ab arte loqui. 10

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

Cessit Lyaei sacra fama numinis
Lynces ab oris qui subegit Indicis.
Curru paventes duxit ille bestias
Mero gravatas ac minari nescias
Et quas domarent vincla coetu garrulo. 5
Sed mira nostri forma constat saeculi;
Pardos feroces saeviores tigribus
Praedam sagaci nare mites quaerere
Canum inter agmen et famem doctos pati,

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

Quidquid capessunt ore ferre baiulo. 10
 O qui magister terror est mortalium,
 Diros ferarum qui retundit impetus,
 Morsum repertis ut cibis non audeant!

75. *In psaltriam foedam*

Cum saltas misero, Gattula, corpore
 Hoc cuiquam libitum est, horrida, quod facis,
 Insanam potius te probo psaltriam
 Quae foedam faciem motibus ingraves 5
 Et, dum displiceas, quosque feras iocos.
 Credis quod populos cymbala mulceant?
 Nemo iudicium tale animi gerit
 Pro te ut non etiam gaudia deserat.

76. *Item de ea quod ut amaretur praemia promittebat*

Quid facis ut pretium promittens, Gattula, ameris?
 Da pretium ne te oderis ipsa simul!
 Praemia cur perdis? Cur spondes munera tantis?
 Accipe tu pretium ne mihi dona feras!
 Non est tam petulans pariterque insanus amator 5
 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 meientem*

Quod bibis et totum dimittis ab inguine Bacchum,
 Pars tibi superior debuit esse femur.
 Potabis recto—poteris, Follonia,—Baccho,
 Si parte horridius inferiore bibas.

78. *In mulierem pulcram 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 quali naturam laude gubernes
 Moribus ut Pallas, corpore Cypris eas.
 Te neque coniugii libet excepsisse levamen;
 Saepius exoptas nolle videre mares.
 Haec tamen est animo quamvis exosa voluptas:
 Numquid non mulier conparis esse potes?

5

79. *De eo qui, cum Burdo diceretur, filiae suae
 Pasiphaae nomen inposuit*

Disciplinarum esse hominem risusque capacem,
 Quod nulli est pecudi, dixit Aristoteles.
 Sed cum Burdo homo sit, versum est sophismate verum.
 Nam et ridere solet vel ratione viget.
 Surrexit duplex nostro sub tempore monstrum:
 Quod pater est burdo Pasiphaeque redit.

5

80. *De laude rosae 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.

5

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.
 Priamidæ 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 ars mira potest legem mutare barathri.
 Sed si horum nihil est, certe extat marmore Hector
 Testaturque suam viva formidine mortem.

5

all the rules of chastity. It is wonderful how gloriously you controvert nature, inasmuch as you pass for a Minerva in your way of life and for a Venus with your body. You find no happiness in taking to yourself 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 it 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 been turned about by a fallacy, for he can laugh and waxes strong in reasoning.

A two-fold monstrosity has arisen in our time—a mule is a father 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 its own rising or has wished it to be one of its own rays. But if it is also the rose of Venus with a hundred leaves, Venus has entirely flowered into it with her blood. This is the star of flowers; this is the gracious morning star over the fields; its fragrance and hue are worthy of 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 of Hector, and a likeness of Hector dreads a make-believe Achilles. Tartarus has wrought a strange wonder in this age. I believe that either the immortals restore dead souls to life after death or a wondrous art can change the laws of the lower world. But if neither of these is true, it is a fact that Hector stands there in marble and attests his death by his living fear.

82. *De muliere Marina vocabulo*

Quidam concubitu futuit fervente Marinam;
 Fluctibus in salsis 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.
 Iam puto quod caeli locus est ubi numina regnant,
 Cum datur his herbis vincere mortis onus.

5

84. *De pica quae humanas voces imitabatur*

Pica hominum voces cuncta ante animalia monstrat
 Et docto externum perstrepat 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,
 Inridens tali vulnere flere virum.
 Nil falsum credas artem lusisse figuris:
 Viva minus speciem reddere membra solent.

5

86. *De colocasia herba in tecto populante*

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

Extendens colocasia ampliores
 Ramos, per spatium virens amoenum,
 Haec nostris laribus creata frondet.
 Naturam famulans opaca vertit
 Plus tecto ut vigeat solet quam horto.

5

87. *De eo qui podium amphitheatri saliebat*

Amphitheatralem podium transcendere saltu
 Velocem audiui iuvenem nec credere quivi
 Hunc hominem, potius sed avem, si talia gessit.
 Et posui huic, fateor, me Dorica vina daturum
 Conspicere ut possem tanti nova facta laboris.
 Aspexi victusque dedi promissa petenti
 Atque meo gravior levis extitit ille periclo.
 Non iam mirabor sumtis te, Daedale, pinnis
 Isse per aetherios natura errante meatus.
 Hunc magis obstipui coram qui plebe videnti
 Corpore, non pinnis, fastigia summa volavit.

5

10

88. *De Diogene picto, ubi lascivienti menetrix barbam
 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.

5

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

Inmensi soricis cattus dum membra vorasset
 Deliciis periit crudior ille suis.

colocasia, 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.

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

90. *In Anclas; in saluatorium domini regis*

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

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91. *Epithalamium Fridi a
LUXORIO,*

viro clarissimo et spectabili, dictum centone

Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustrat,
Extulit os sacrum caelo tenebrasque resolvit.
Laetitia ludisque viae plausuque fremebant,
At Venus aetherios inter dea candida nimbos
Aurea subnectens exertae cingula mammae,
Dona ferens, pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos
Atque omnem ornatum, Capitolia celsa tenebat,
Punica regna videns, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem.
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades et bona Iuno.
Incedunt pariter pariterque ad limina tendunt.
Tectum angustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis,
Hae sacris sedes epulis, atque ordine longo
Perpetuis soliti patres considerare mensis.
Una omnes, magna iuvenum stipante caterva,
Deveniunt faciemque deae vestemque reponunt.
Dant signum, fulsere ignes et conscius aether
Conubiis, mediisque parant convivium tectis.
Fit strepitus tectis vocemque per ampla volutant
Atria, ubi adsueta biforem dat tibia cantum.
At tuba terribilem sonitum procul aere canoro
Increpuit molliorque animos et temperat iras.

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

90. *About Anclas; about the Audience Chamber of the King*

The remarkable edifice of King Hilderic gleams, erected with skill, toil, 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 resplendent among the clouds of heaven, binding a golden belt beneath her naked breast and bearing gifts, everlasting peace and the marriage covenant 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 pectine pulsatur eburno.
 Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes
 Convenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis. 25
 Tunc Venus aligerum dictis affatur Amorem:
 "Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus,
 "Huc geminas nunc flecte acies, illam aspice contra. 30
 "Quae vocat insignis facie viridique iuventa,
 "Iam matura viro, iam plenis nubilis annis,
 "Cui genus a proavis ingens clarumque paternae
 "Nomen inest virtutis et nota maior imago.
 "Hoc opus, hic labor est; thalamos ne desere pactos!
 "Credo equidem, nova mi facies inopinave surgit. 35
 "Nonne vides, quantum egregio decus enitet ore?
 "Os humerosque deo similis, cui lactea colla
 "Auro innectuntur, crines nodantur in aurum,
 "Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.
 "Qualis gemma micat, qualis Nereia Doto 40
 "Et Galatea secant spumantem pectore pontum.
 "Cura mihi comitumque foret nunc una meorum!
 "Hanc ego nunc ignaram huius quodcumque periculi est,
 "Cum tacet omnis ager, noctem non amplius unam
 "Conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo. 45
 "Hic Hymenaeus erit monumentum et pignus amoris.
 "Incipe si qua animo virtus, et consere dextram.
 "Occultum inspires ignem paribusque regamus
 "Auspiciis: liceat Frido servire marito,
 "Cui natam egregio genero dignisque hymenaeis 50
 "Dat pater et pacem hanc aeterno foedere iungit."
 Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis et alas
 Exiit et gressu gaudens sic ore locutus:
 "Mecum erit iste labor; si quid mea numina possunt,
 "Cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet 55
 "Inmiscentque manus manibus pugnamque lacessunt,
 "Nusquam abero, solitam flammam (datur hora quieti)
 "Desuper infundam et, tua si mihi certa voluntas,
 "Omnia praecepi atque animo mecum ante peregi.

The din rises to heaven; long-haired Iopas accompanies their measures on his lyre, using the intervals of the seven strings; now he strikes the notes with his fingers, now with his ivory pick. In great numbers also came the Carthaginians throughout the joyous palace, invited to sit down on the embroidered couches.

Then Venus speaks to winged Cupid:

"My son, my strength, the only source of my great power, now turn your eyes this way and look straight at her who is calling, so beautiful to look at, so young and blooming, now ripe for a husband, now of the right age for marriage. Her lineage is mighty, her father's reputation for valor is renowned, her appearance is greater than usual.

"This is your duty, this your task: do not forsake the plighted nuptial chamber! I believe indeed, a strange and unexpected shape is appearing before me. Do you not see what great beauty shines from her wonderful face? Her face and shoulders are goddess-like, her milk-white neck is entwined with gold, her hair is knotted with gold, and a golden brooch binds her purple dress. She glitters like a jewel, like Doto, daughter of Nereus, and like Galatea, who cut through the foamy sea with their breasts. Would that she were now dear to me and one of my band! In a single night, when all the world is still, I shall unite her now unaware of peril, whatever it may be, in a firm marriage and declare her his own.

"This marriage will be a testimonial and a pledge of love, Begin, if there is any courage in your heart, and come to close quarters; breathe hidden fire into her and let us rule with joint power. Let her be obedient to her husband Fridus, a splendid son-in-law to whom her father is giving his daughter in just and proper marriage and is confirming this peace with an everlasting compact."

Cupid obeys the commands of his dear mother, and taking off his wings he walks joyously forth and says:

"That task will be in my hands; if my divine powers can accomplish anything, when he embraces her and gives her sweet kisses and they battle hand-to-hand and begin the fray, I shall never be away from them and I shall pour over them the wonted fires of passion (the hour is given to rest) and, if I am sure of your good will, I have anticipated everything and gone over it in my mind. She will feel it!" And he cheers her spirit by his ready pledge.

The bride, however (for there is no longer any escape from her

"Sentiet!" atque animum praesenti pignore firmat. 60
 Illa autem (neque enim fuga iam super ulla pericli est)
 Cogitur et supplex animos summittere amor.
 Spemque dedit dubiae menti solvitque pudorem.
 Illum turbat amor; ramum qui veste latebat
 Eripit a femine et flagranti fervidus infert. 65
 It cruor inque humeros cervix conlapsa recumbit.
 His demum exactis geminam dabit Ilia prolem,
 Laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes.

peril), is compelled humbly to submit her pride to love and she gave hope to her wavering mind and cast away her chastity.

Love arouses the groom; he pulls from his thigh the bough concealed in his cloak, and heated with desire he takes it to his passionate bride. Blood flows, her neck droops and sinks on her shoulder. When this is over, Ilia will bear twins and she will rejoice in the divine family to which she has given birth, embracing her hundred grandsons.