

32. SIESTA: TO IPSÍTHILLA



lease, my sweet *Ipsíthilla* [p. 215],
my delight, my charmer:
tell me to come to you at siesta.

And if you tell me, help it along,
let no-one cover the sign at your threshold,
nor you choose to step out of doors,
but stay at home, and get ready
for nine fucks, in succession, with me.
Truly, if you should want it, let me know now:
because lying here, fed, and indolently full,
I'm making a hole in my tunic and cloak.