

65. THE PROMISE: TO HORTALUS



though I'm continually worn out by grief's pain,
removed, *Hortalus* [p. 214], from the learned girls,
unable to bear the sweet fruit of the *Muses* [p. 221],
the mind troubled by so many dark feelings
(for lately the flowing water in *Lethe's* [p. 218] depths
washes at my brother's pallid feet,
whom, torn from my eyes, the earth crushes
beneath the shore of Trojan *Rhoeteum* [p. 230].
Am I never to see you hereafter, brother
more lovely than life? But I will always love you,
it's true, always sing your death in mournful song,
as *Daulian Procne* [p. 229] sings in the dense shadow
of branches, lamenting dead *Itylus's* [p. 215] fate)
even in such great sadness, Hortalus, I still send you
these verses in imitation of *Callimachus* [p. 203],
lest you might think your words for no good reason
had been lost from my mind on the passing wind,
as the apple sent as a secret gift from a lover
rolls from the chaste girl's breast,
placed under the soft clothing, sadly forgotten,
until, as she springs up at her mother's approach,
it's shaken out, and rolls down in headlong descent,
leaving a knowing blush on her sad face.