

45. A PASTORAL: TO SEPTIMIUS



Septimius holding his beloved Acme
in his lap, said: 'Acme, mine, if I
don't love you desperately, and love forever,
continually through all the years,
as much as he who loves the most,
in empty Libya and scorched India,
I'll fight against some green-eyed lion.'
As he spoke, Love, to left and right,
sneezed his approbation.
But Acme lifted her head slightly
and her charming red lips spoke
to her sweet boy's intoxicated eyes:
'So, Septimius, *mea vita*,
let us always serve this one lord,
that more deeply and more fiercely
the fire will burn my tender marrow.'
As she spoke, Love, to left and right
sneezed his approbation.
Now profiting from these good omens
their mutual spirits love and are loved.
Septimius sets his little Acme,
above the Syrians or Britons:
faithful Acme makes Septimius
her one darling and desire.
Who might see more blessed creatures
who a love more fortunate?