

69. ODOROUS: TO RUFUS



'm not surprised as to why no girl desires
to place her gentle thighs beneath you, *Rufus* [p. 231],
not if you were to weaken her with gifts
of rarest dresses, the delights of clearest gems.
A certain evil story wounds you: that they tell
about you: that you've a wild goat under the armpits.
Everyone hates that, no wonder: since it's a truly
evil-smelling beast, not one that girls bed with.
So either kill the cruel plague to their noses,
or cease to wonder why they run away.