35. Cybele: To Caecilius



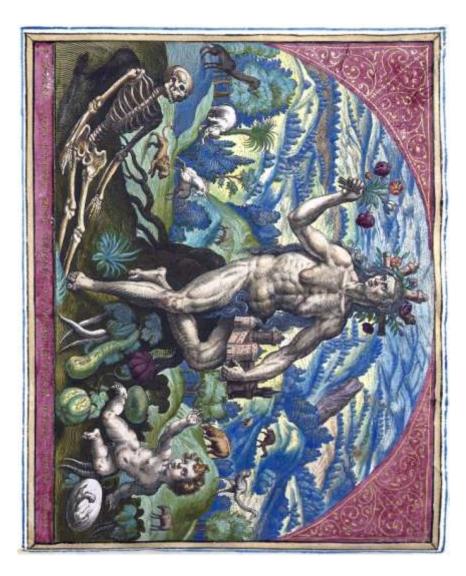
aper, I'd like you to say to *Caecilius* [p. 203], that tender poet, that friend of mine, leave Lake Como, come now to Verona,

abandon the town there and the shore.

Because there are certain thoughts that I want him to hear of, from his friend and yours. So, if he's wise, he'll eat up the road, though some lovely girl calls to him asks his return, clasping both hands round his neck, and begging delay. Who, if the truth's been told me now love's him with violent desire.

For, since the moment she read his unfinished Lady of *Dindymus* [p. 210], the poor little thing has been eaten by fire to the core of her bones. I forgive you, girl, more learned than the *Sapphic* [p. 231] Muse: it's truly lovely,

Caecilius's unfinished Great Mother Cybele [p. 208].



'Earth / Cybele' Adriaen Collaert, after Maerten de Vos (Dutch, 1560 - 1618) The Rijksmuseum