

## 81. STRANGE TASTE: TO IUVENTIUS



an there be no one in all these people, *Iuventius* [p. 215],  
no nice man you might begin to like,  
besides that guest of yours, yellower than a gilded statue,  
from the environs of deadly *Pesaro* [p. 226],  
who pleases you now, whom you dare to prefer  
to me, and do who knows what with?