

116. THE LAST WORD: TO GELLIUS



I've often been searching around, my busy mind hunting,
as to how I could send you *Callimachus's* [p. 203] poems,
so they'd soften you towards me, so you'd not try
to land your hostile shafts on my head,
now I see I've troubled myself in vain,
Gellius [p. 212], my good intentions were worthless.
I'll evade the shafts of yours you fire at me,
but you'll be punished, fixed for ever by mine.

Note: Fragments I-III are not translated and regarded as spurious.