

44. HIS ESTATE



my estate, whether you're *Sabine* [p. 231] or *Tiburtine* [p. 236]

(for they call you Tiburtine, who don't wish to wound

Catullus: but those who wish to do so say

that whatever the bet is you're Sabine),

but whether you're Sabine or Tiburtine,

I willingly inhabit your suburban villa,

and shake off a bad bronchial cough,

given me by a stomach chill, my own fault,

while stuffing extravagant dinners.

For I wanted to be a guest of *Sestius* [p. 232],

so I read the oration in *Antius's* [p. 198] case,

full of legal poison and pestilence,

it weakened me even to the extent

of watery colds and frequent coughing,

till I fled to your bosom, and restored

my health, with rest and nettle-soup.

Refreshed by which, I give you great thanks,

who take no revenge on me for my error.

Now I don't care, if I take up that heinous

script again, if it's not me but Sestius himself,

wheezing and coughing, who takes a chill,

who invited me only after I'd read that vile work.