

50. YESTERDAY: TO LICINIUS CALVUS



esterday, *Calvus* [p. 204], idle day
we played with my writing tablets,
harmonising in being delightful:

scribbling verses, each of us
playing with metres, this and that,
reciting together, through laughter and wine.
And I left there fired with your charm,
Calvus, and with your wit,
so that, restless, I couldn't enjoy food,
or close my eyes quietly in sleep,
but tossed the whole bed about wildly
in passion, longing to see the light,
so I might speak to you, and be with you.
But afterwards I lay there wearied
with effort, half-dead in the bed,
I made this poem for you, pleasantly,
from which you might gather my pain.
Now beware of being rash, don't reject
my prayers I beg, my darling,
lest *Nemesis* [p. 221] demand your punishment. She's
a powerful goddess. Beware of annoying her.



'Nemesis'
Albrecht Dürer (German, 1471 - 1528)
The Rijksmuseum