

7. HOW MANY KISSES: TO LESBIA



Lesbia, you ask how many kisses of yours
would be enough and more to satisfy me.

As many as the grains of Libyan sand
that lie between hot *Jupiter's* [p. 216] oracle,
at *Ammon* [p. 197], in resin-producing *Cyrene* [p. 209],
and old *Battiades* [p. 202] sacred tomb:
or as many as the stars, when night is still,
gazing down on secret human desires:
as many of your kisses kissed
are enough, and more, for mad Catullus,
as can't be counted by spies
nor an evil tongue bewitch us.



'Head of the god Zeus Ammon'
Anonymous (engraved gem, 1st century A.D.)
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