

## 25. MY THINGS BACK PLEASE: TO THALLUS



*hallus* [p. 234] the sodomite, softer than rabbit's fur  
or goose grease, or the little tip of the ear,  
or an old man's slack penis mouldy with spider-webs,  
and that same Thallus more rapacious than a wild storm,  
when the sea-goddess reveals the yawning breakwaters,  
return my cloak, you pounced on,  
and Spanish napkin, and *Bithynian* [p. 202] painted ware,  
absurd man, that you 'own' openly like heirlooms.  
Now, unglue them from your talons, and return them,  
lest those soft little flanks and tender fingers  
are shamefully written over with the mark of the lash,  
and you toss immoderately, like a paltry boat  
caught in a heavy sea, in a raging wind.