

51. AN IMITATION OF SAPPHO: TO LESBIA



e seems equal to the gods, to me, that man,
if it's possible more than just divine,
who sitting over against you, endlessly
sees you and hears you
laughing so sweetly, that with fierce pain I'm robbed
of all of my senses: because that moment
I see you, *Lesbia* [p. 218], nothing's left of me.....
but my tongue is numbed, and through my poor limbs
fires are raging, the echo of your voice
rings in both ears, my eyes are covered
with the dark of night.

'Your idleness is loathsome Catullus:
you delight in idleness, and too much posturing:
idleness ruined the kings and the cities
of former times.'