

### 23. POVERTY: TO FURIUS



*urius* [p. 212], you who've neither slaves nor cash

nor beetles nor spiders nor fire,

truly have a father and step-mother,

whose teeth can chew like flints:

that's fine for you, and your father

and your father's wooden wife.

No wonder: since you're all well,

good digestion, nothing to fear,

no flames, no weighty disasters,

no wicked deeds, no threat of poison,

no chance of further dangers.

And you've a body drier than bone

or whatever is most desiccated

by heat and cold and hunger.

Why wouldn't you be well and happy?

You've no sweat, no phlegm,

or mucus, or evil cold in the head.

To this cleanliness add more cleanliness,

your arse is purer than a little salt-cellar,

and doesn't crap ten times in a year:

and your shit's harder than beans or pebbles.

So if you rub it and crush it between your fingers,

you can't stain a single finger:

it all suits you so happily Furius,

don't despise it, or consider it nothing,  
and cease to beg for that hundred sestertia  
you always ask for: sufficiency is riches.