

II. WORDS AGAINST LESBIA: TO FURIUS AND AURELIUS



urius [p. 212] and *Aurelius* [p. 201], you friends of Catullus,
 whether he penetrates farthest India,
 where the Eastern waves strike the shore
 with deep resonance,
 or among the *Hyrcanians* [p. 215] and supple Arabs,
 or *Sacians* [p. 231] and *Parthian* [p. 224] bowmen,
 or where the seven-mouthed Nile
 colours the waters,
 or whether he'll climb the high Alps,
 viewing great *Caesar's* [p. 203] monuments,
 the waters of Gallic Rhine,
 and the furthest fierce Britons,
 whatever the will of the heavens
 brings, ready now for anything,
 tell my girl this in a few
 ill-omened words.
 Let her live and be happy with her adulterers,
 hold all three-hundred in her embrace,
 truly love-less, wearing them all down
 again and again: let her not look for
 my love as before,
 she whose crime destroyed it, like the last
 flower of the field, touched once
 by the passing plough.