

6. FLAVIUS'S GIRL: TO FLAVIUS



lavius [p. 211], unless your delights
were tasteless and inelegant,
you'd want to tell, and couldn't be silent.

Surely you're in love with some feverish
little whore: you're ashamed to confess it.
Now, pointlessly silent, you don't seem to be
idle of nights, it's proclaimed by your bed
garlanded, fragrant with Syrian perfume,
squashed cushions and pillows, here and there,
and the trembling frame shaken,
quivering and wandering about.
But being silent does nothing for you.
Why? Spread thighs blab it's not so,
if not quite what foolishness you commit.
How and whatever you've got, good or bad,
tell us. I want to name you and your loves
to the heavens in charming verse.