

38. A WORD PLEASE: TO CORNIFICIUS



e's ill, *Cornificius* [p. 208], your Catullus,

he's ill, by *Hercules* [p. 214], and it's bad,

and worse and worse by the hour.

Where are you, for whom it's the least and easiest thing,
to bring consolation with chatter?

I'm cross with you. So much for my friendship?

Even a little might comfort me,
sadder than *Simonides*'s [p. 233] tears.