**Archilocus**

The fox knows many tricks, the hedgehog only one.

One good one.

**Archilocus**

I never gave a shit what men thought

That way I enjoyed myself

**Archilocus**

I don’t envy God’ power

Who wants to be king?

**Archilocus**

I’m some kind of unknown master of

I really don’t know or care

**Archilocus**

Her breasts and her dark hair

Were perfume, and even an old man would love her.

**Archilocus**

One great thing I know:

How to stick evil up the ass

Of a man who’s done it to me

**Archilocus**

Don’t rejoice if you win

Don’t grieve if you lose

From now on believe nothing except nothing

Let nothing astonish you

Even if horses graze on the sea

And dolphins munch on grass

And the loud sea itself by a farmer who loves hills

Is loved more than those hills

**Archilocus**

I lopped off a soldier’s genitals

I lifted a cricket by the wing

**Archilocus**

Curly-haired idiot, I gobble some bread:

My shield can’t be found anyplace,

Not one dear friend is left to walk with.

**Archilocus**

As the fig tree on its rock feeds many crows,

So this simple girl sleeps with strangers.

**Archilocus**

And to fall upon her heaving belly,

And thrust your groin into her groin,

Your thighs between her thighs.

**Archilocus**

Feeble now are the muscles in my mushroom.

**Archilocus**

His penis is swollen

Like a donkey

Taking his fill of barley.

**Archilocus**

Enormous was the gold he amassed

From many years of work,

But all

Fell into the luscious arms

Of a gold digging whore.

**Archilocus**

I don’t like a general

Who towers over the troops,

Lordly with perfect haircuts

And trimmed mustaches.

Give me a stumpy soldier

Glaringly bowlegged

Yet rock solid on his feet

And in his heart a giant.

**Archilocus**

I want to bone you

Just as when I am thirsty I want to drink.

**Archilocus**

How can I like the way she makes love?

Give me sweet figs before sour wild pears.

**Archilocus**

A life of doing nothing is good for old men,

Especially if they are simple in their ways,

Or stupid, or inane in their endless blabber

As old men tend to be.

**Archilocus**

Broad earth, now you entomb two of my friends

Who were two tall columns of this island.

**Archilocus**

Lady, you are much too old

To rub yourself with perfume.

**Down**

**By Archilocus translated By Stephen Berg**

Wait. Listen. Don’t move.

There’s a girl working in your house

Who’s so beautiful, so alive

Anyone would want her.

We should sit down

Some night over wine and I’ll tell you

How often I’ve seen in my mind

The tight silky hair of her cunt

Glistening beneath the moon

And wanted to ease my tongue in.

Remember that great saying—

Love gives men things other than the pure face of God to enjoy?

I confess

Once, months ago,

I took her into the fields—it was spring: shaggy

Tall red flowers bobbed in the grass everywhere.

I helped her down and slid my hands under her neck

And pillowed her with my wool cloak.

She sat up for a second, afraid

But I kissed her nipples gently, with such tenderness

How could I stop myself

From dropping between her thighs.

She quieted and let me touch her everywhere,

Her firm skin shone, sweating with lust,

I licked her throat, armpits, feet, navel, knees,

And in her for the first time came

The moment my wild cock

Sank halfway in—

To her thick, blond, flowery bush.