

## Catullus Carmen 7

Quaeris, quot mihi bāsiātiōnēs  
tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.  
Quam magnus numerus Libyssae harēnae  
lāsarpīciferīs jacet Cyrēnis  
ōrāclum Jovis inter aestuōsī  
et Bāttī veteris sacrum sepulcrum,  
aut quam sīdera multa, cum tacet nox,  
fūrtīvōs hominum vident amōrēs.  
Tam tē bāsia multa bāsiāre  
vēsānō satis et super Catullō est,  
quae nec pernumerāre cūriōsī  
possint nec mala fascināre linguā.

You ask, how many of your kisses,  
Lesbia, would be more than enough for me?  
As many as the number of Libyan sands  
in silphium-rich Cyrene that lie  
between the oracle of torrid Jove  
and the sacred tomb of old Battus,  
or as many as the stars, in silent night,  
that witness the clandestine loves of men.  
To kiss you that many kisses  
is more than enough for mad Catullus,  
which neither the curious could count,  
nor the malicious tongue curse.