

Catullus Carmen 16

Pēdicābō ego vōs et irrumābō,
Aurēlī pathice et cinaede Fūrī,
quī mē ex versiculīs meīs putāstis
quod sunt molliculī parum pudīcum.

Nam castum esse decet pium poētam
ipsum, versiculōs nihil necesse est,
quī tum dēnique habent salem ac lepōrem,
sī sint molliculī ac parum pudīcī
et quod prūriat incitāre possunt,
nōn, dīcō, puerīs sed hīs pilōsīs
quī dūrōs nequeunt movēre lumbōs.

Vōs, quod mīlia multa bāsiōrum
lēgistis, male mē marem putātis?
Pēdicābō ego vōs et irrumābō.

I will butt-fuck you both and face-fuck you too,
Aurelius you punk, and pretty-boy Furius,
who considered me, from my little verses—
because they are rather soft—to lack restraint!

For to be chaste suits the pious poet himself,
but the little verses need nothing of it—
they then, indeed, possess wit and even charm,
if they be soft and even lack restraint
and by that are able to stir up longing
not in boys, I say, but in these hairy ones
who are unable to raise up hardened loins.

You two, because of the many thousands of
kisses you read, consider my manhood weak?
I will butt-fuck you both and face-fuck you too.