Oh paper, tell the tender poet Caecilians, my friend, I wish for him to come to Verona, leaving the walls of New Comi and the shore of Larius. For I want him to receive certain thoughts of my friend and me. For which reason, if he is wise, he will devour the road, even if a fair girl calls him back a thousand times while he is traveling, and both hands throws around his neck asking him to linger. Who now, if what was announced to me is truth, for the time when she read the unfinished Lady of Dindymi, from that time fires eat the inner marrow of the poor girl. I forgive you, girl smarter than a Sappican muse, for The unfinished Great Mother of Caecilius is charming.