

From Horace

What richly perfumed boy with a good figure
flirts with you in an arbour of roses,
for whom do you now bind up
your yellow hair?

How often will he repine,
for broken faith and fickle gods
and harsh waters in dark winds—
unused as he is to them—
who now thinks you all pure gold
and hopes you'll always be there,
always ready for love.

How unaware he is of the treacherous breeze! . . .
Wretched are they
who never tried you out,
for whom you are still glittering
As for me, I have hung up my soggy clothes
votive to the God of the Sea.

EUGENE DUBNOV