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Poems in Various Meters

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Abstract: *I am a pseudo-intellectual, an ex-hellenophile, a washed out poet.*

Lexical Assistance

Keller, Andrew, and Stephanie Russell. Learn to Read Latin. New Haven: Yale University Press, 2004.

Simpson, D. P.. Cassell's Latin Dictionary. New York: Macmillan, 1977.

A Broken Windshield

Soli, quae fuerit ratio, “Adcoitum,” libuit mi,

Nostro in amore, praedicere, percapimus.

We’re the only ones who will ever know

Why we went out at all,

Though I used to boast to my friends

That I did it just to get laid.

Thunderbird Ave.

Se lectum adposita futuendam ea operta mihi ulla

Non vesti, sed non adrigeretur mihi:

Quare, vae mi lumbi, abs vobis traditus? Dicunt:

Esse etenim fellatrix ea non voluit.

Although she had lain herself on the bed, unclothed, so I could get it in,

I simply couldn’t get it up:

Wherefore, alack my loins! have I been betrayed by ye? The reply:

Because she wouldn’t suck.

Annuntiatio

Portento mihi, si illis sit mens iudicium sat
Quaedam agnoscando, rogitur dense ex meo uti qui
Hi obsecrantes donem essent proavo. Genera essent,
Tempore eius procul, ex Iove per quibus Tantalon avum
Lata tenacia sic deduxisse. In Sicilorum
Insula oblitis, qui ignoti sunt mihi et etiam
Prolibus, est natus. Dicebatur mihi, quando
Essem adulescens, lingua nec latia ex labiis dum
Mi lapsaverat, ad patrem eius matremque quiete
Molli, resurgere imaginem ab infernis ululantem et
Vocem resonare intra aures (quae paene quibus non
Linquat ea ullos auditus): "'Maculans,'" quatientes
"Appellabimini," ipse ad eos dixit, "tibi natus
Quod generascet mox qui pars mihi ademptus erit – nunc-
Corpori huic, sed se maculabit crimine vosque."
Dictis rebus, Tantalus etiam ex pectore abrupit
Cor pulsantem nutrivitque matrem; tum ea alruit.
Sanguine is maculato cordis labra, "Propest, non
Umquam sanguis mentitur, genesem augurat illud;
'Nuntio' ergo adpellandumst pro nuntio," dixit.
NB: Haec merda tam duras.

I am continually asked to bestow upon they who beseech me

The story of mine ancestor, if perchance there is a certain kind of mind in them

Capable of understanding such things. My insatiable kin were said, in his far-off time,

To have descended directly from Jupiter through their forefather Tantalus.

He was born, though, on the island of the Sicilians to unknown parents, that is,

Unknown both to me and to posterity. Yet I used to be told, when I was a young man,

Nor yet had the Latin tongue slipped from my lips, that to his father and mother in the quiet

Hours of the night had appeared a shade from the infernal,

His moaning and voice resounded within their ears (a deed which left them near deaf):

"'Defiled,'" spake he to those quaking in fear, "shalt ye be called. For there shalt be a son

Born unto ye soon who wilt have been wrent from this, my flesh – now –

But he will stain himself by his crime…and ye as well." After he had said these things,

Tantalus then plucked out his still beating heart and fed it to his mother; she ate of it.

He, seeing that the blood of his heart had stained her lips, spake,

"It is nigh, not ever doth blood lie; that thing forebodeth his birth:

Wherefore must he be called Nunzio on account of this announcement."

NB: [One ought not to translate.]