RICHARD O'CONNELL

Translations from Catullus

CXII. To a Macho

You're a big he-man, Naso, a real stud
in public,
                but at home you neigh the mare.

XCIII. To Caesar

Caesar, I will not praise your camp,
nor lick the backside of your stamp.

CV. Because It's There

Prick keeps trying to assault the Piplean mount
with his poems. He ought to carry oxygen.

CVI. Going, Gone

You see an apt lad walking with an auctioneer
and right away you know he's bought and sold.

XIVb. Fragment

O you who hold me now in hand,
do not recoil
from these misshapen lines
nor shrink from touching me. . . .