

PUERILITIES



Erotic Epigrams



of The Greek Anthology



TRANSLATED BY DARYL HINE

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Erotic Epigrams of
The Greek Anthology

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DARYL HINE

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For Jerry

You mavericks, what language should explain
The derivation of the word makes plain:
Boy-lovers, Dionysius, love boys—
You can't deny it—not great hobblehoys.
After I referee the Pythian
Games, you umpire the Olympian:
The failed contestants I once sent away
You welcome as competitors today.

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INTRODUCTION

THE TWELFTH book of *The Greek Anthology* compiled at the court of Hadrian in the second century A.D. by a poetaster Straton, who like most anthologists included an immodest number of his own poems, is itself a part of a larger collection of short poems dating from the dawn of Greek lyric poetry (Alcaeus) down to its last florescence, which survived two Byzantine recensions to end up in a single manuscript in the library of the Count Palatine in Heidelberg—hence its alternative title, *The Palatine Anthology*, usually abbreviated to *Anth. Pal.* This particular, indeed special, collection contained in Book XII subtitled *The Musa Paedika* or *Musa Puerilis*, alternately from the Greek word for a child of either sex—and girls are not wholly absent from these pages—or the Latin for “boy,” consists of 258 epigrams on various aspects of Boy Love or, to recur to the Greek root, paederasty. Some of these poems are by the greatest poets of the Greek language, such as Alcaeus and Callimachus; many are by less well known but nonetheless polished writers, such as Meleager, Asclepiades, Rhianus, and Strato himself; many, these not the least worthy, are anonymous. Their tone varies from the lighthearted and bawdy to the grave and resigned. The overall effect is one of witty wistfulness rather than rampant, reciprocated lust, of longing—what the Greeks called *pothos*—rather than satisfaction, and also of regret. As happy, let alone domestic, love has occasioned very little poetry at any time, as passion almost always sounds a plaintive note—here at least seldom rising into the desperate wail we hear, for example in Catullus—we might well seek an explanation in the nature of desire itself, on the Platonic model envisaging a forever unattainable, divine object, of which all earthly affection is merely a mirror, however

delightful and sometimes delusive. That this undercurrent of spiritual *pothos* is far from conscious in these poems needs no comment; but it is implicit in the very nature of Love or Eros itself—or, as so often familiarly personified, Himself.

That the objects of such passion were masculine and for the most part at least comparatively juvenile is an historical fact and, like all facts, an accident. The fact that other later poets in another though not wholly dissimilar Christian, heterosexual tradition, such as notably Dante, Petrarch, Chrétien de Troyes, and Goethe, to mention only a few, found transcendence in the eternal feminine instead is also of but incidental interest. Fashions in passion change, like fads in anything else, and while we are given to thinking our own modes and norms of conduct both universal and solely acceptable, the merest glance at history, literature, and anthropology will show us otherwise, as will a peep behind the façade of respectable behavior. The family unit, however defined, is itself a comparatively recent invention or convention; for whereas the bond of mother and child remains for our kind as for each of us the earliest form of attachment, among adults—and we should never forget that adulthood began much earlier in earlier times—it was the group, the horde, or that most decried yet most prevalent group, the gang. Gangs, first I suppose for hunting game, are to be found not only on streetcorners but in board rooms, the most common and powerful type of the gang being the committee. The group for and within which these poems were composed and circulated was neither a gang nor a committee—itsself a martial term originally—but a court, neither an academy nor yet an institute; these rather than those high-flown heterosexual fantasies of the twelfth century represented the first form quite literally of courtly love.

Love, surrounded by the simpering Graces,
And Bacchus are ill-suited to straight faces.

Love, love, love, Eros, personified and impersonal, bitter yet sweet, now an infant on his mother's lap, now an adolescent boy winged with fanciful desires and armed with the playthings of youth, his arrows less fatal than those of Apollo and Artemis but also less painless, inflicting an incurable festering wound, is the paramount deity and pervasive, prevalent spirit of these poems. Even almighty Zeus is seldom mentioned save as the grasping, aquiline lover of Ganymede, the paradigmatic catamite. Eros at this period, always, at least in his origins, physical, figured as Aphrodite's son, fatherless, older in some respects than She, urge or demiurge, impulse and illusion, never absent yet often unnamed in these lines, prevails: *Amor omnia vincit*. Yet love not only conquers; he, she, or it oppresses, teases, and torments. Unfavorably compared by some flattering suitors to certain of his lovelier mortal incarnations, Eros is sometimes also said to suffer from the passion he provokes. From time to time, if only hopefully, the tables may be turned on the mischievous little monster, in a role reversal with obvious implications:

This is the boy to be enamored of,
Young men, a new love superior to Love.

LIX [Meleager]

Thief of hearts, why jettison your cruel
Arrows and bow and, weeping, fold your wings?
Invincible Myiscus' looks must fuel
Repentance for your previous philanderings.

CXLIV [Meleager]

Our modern sense of such things is if anything more graphic, yet we will ask in vain what, exactly, these people did, sexwise. Ambiguous hints and metaphors are all we are given. The divine yet very real generative impulse—for the notion of an immaterial divinity, though hardly unknown, if as mathematically conceived by

Plato, seemed altogether strange to popular religion and our authors alike, at once down to earth and highfalutin—infallibly overwhelms both its object and its vessel, even as it informs its verbal medium. The sentiments of these juvenescent expressions are, within a persistent convention alien to us, as conventional as those on any Valentine card, though more ingeniously and frankly couched.

Besides Eros himself and his mother, the divinized entities most mentioned are Dionysus (Bacchus)—Drink—and the Graces, physical and social, surrounding and supporting Beauty.

Alcoholic beverages, best known in the form of wine to the peoples of ancient Greece (though some, like Callimachus as resident of Ptolemaic Egypt, might have been familiar with the ancient Egyptians' everyday liquid refreshment, beer), were, like everything else important to life, celebrated as the gifts of god and were themselves godly. The ancients had no specific designation, unless Eros himself, for life or the life force. On the other hand they did pay realistic if reluctant homage to the gods of the underworld, beginning with Zeus' brother Hades, once or twice mentioned here with other animistic deities of sea and land. Yet we would be wrong, I believe, in imagining such beings or concepts as wholly allegorical. They were very real, often attached to a real or imaginary place as Zeus was to Olympus or the sky; the Muses, themselves established on or near Olympus as well as on the mountains or hills they were thought to frequent, were, with the Graces and Hours, part of that wider, more ancient, and originally local class of beings, the nymphs who lived in trees and water, and all the other many divine beings of fresh water and salt, Poseidon, Thetis, Amphitrite, and the rest—not all feminine—so that the ancients inhabited a world itself divine where every act and substance had divine import, at a time when Christianity was a cheerless underground sect repudiating all these beings under their accepted names, while retaining in the Sacrament the transubstantial elements of Wine and Bread, Dionysus and Ceres.

Of course gods could be created as well as accepted; the most striking example at the period in question being, perhaps beside the divinized wonderworker from Palestine Himself, Antinous, the beloved of Hadrian, who stood in relation to him as Ganymede to Zeus or Hyacinth to Apollo. Posthumously decreed divine honors, like many of the Roman emperors, and worshipped by imperial decree throughout the empire, Antinous abides as the type of the *eromenos*, absent in name but present by association and implication throughout these pages.

A CONDITION also implicit here though unnamed, slavery, was as universal in the world in question as paederasty. Some but certainly not all of these desirable lads were slaves, as is clear in this verse by the anthologist himself, the least sentimental of boy-lovers:

Were you a novice I'd tried to persuade
To vice, you might be right to be afraid;
But since your master's bed taught you a lot,
Why not treat someone else to what you've got?
Called to your post, your duty done, without
A word, your sleepy master throws you out.
But here are other pleasures, free speech and
Fun by solicitation not command.

CCXI [Strato]

But such are the rules, indeed the reality, of such attachments that it is the lover not the beloved who is enslaved, even when, as often seems to have been the case, the boy is a whore. Strato, again:

What now, my pet, depressed, in tears again?
What do you want? Don't torture me! Speak plain.
You hold your palm out! I'm disgusted at
Your asking payment. Where did you learn that?

Seed cakes and conkers will not make you merry
Now, that your mind has grown so mercenary.
I curse the customer with his perverse
Lessons who made my little rascal worse!

The object of such love is always, his civil state notwithstanding, free and generally elusive. Therefore the character of his actual condition, whether slave or not, is never mentioned, as it is in fact irrelevant. A very great man once said, when asked what he thought of Free Love, that if it wasn't free it wasn't love. And so we find it here; any enslavement is that of the lover and like so much in these poems, half imaginary, even voluntary, willful. A convention as much as a predicament, playful even when despondent, the affection and desire of an older man for a younger though frequently far from hopeless, must be tinged as so many of these poems are with a resigned sadness, sometimes amounting to bitter consciousness of evanescence. As youth is the indispensable desideratum of paederasty—although in several verses the loves of young boys for each other are mentioned—it is naturally fleeting, almost immaterial, while of course evinced by specified physical traits. “Just wait,” the poet-lover seems to say, “soon you will be as old and unattractive as I, but never so clever.” The generation gap will be closed when it is too late. If, as more than one unsympathetic critic has complained, all this is mere “high-school stuff”—surely more current in private than public schools? (though even there such arrangements and derangements are not unknown) and doubtless in other all male institutions—we may be sure that the epigrams, written for boys of school age, were composed rather by their elders, masters, or teachers. Moreover it is also likely that, no matter whom they were ostensibly addressed to, their actual audience would have been the authors' coevals and/or colleagues, other older poets and lovers. The lads here named, many of them not altogether illiterate (cf. CLXXXVII), may never have read or even

heard their praise, dispraise, and gratuitous, unwanted, and probably unacceptable advice.

As to the diction, benedictions, or maledictions of the epigrams, which I have tried to carry over into English, let me make a few preliminary perhaps premonitory remarks. The Greeks, like us, spoke not just one language but several, often without knowing so. Poets in particular, wishing to exploit all the possibilities of their language—and a poet can only convincingly write in his native tongue, however elaborated or diluted by education—can either stick to what they suppose is standard speech, or, like Shakespeare, vary their discourse for surprising but appropriate effect. Goethe said that anachronism was the essence of poetry, and it plays a great part in the different kinds of diction that meld, both in everyday usage and in poetic contrivance, into what we perceive as comprehensible if sometimes odd if not inappropriate language. Anachronism, by the way, is merely a form of paradox, truly a basic poetical resource as well as a logical one, and much in play here—as, for instance, in the conception of the sweet bitterness or the bitter sweetness of love.

Without embarking on the complexities of Greek dialects, from the earliest times in which every city, then every area, spoke its own peculiar form of what was still recognizably the same language, to the latest period when on one level the vulgar spoke what is called *koiné* (“common”), the language of the New Testament, whereas the better educated had also their own less common and reductionist but even more ostentatiously mixed lingo or “*lingua franca et jocundissima*,” one might simply observe that the main language groups were all employed in poetry, each according to an of course unwritten convention by which, for instance, Ionic, the language of Homer and Hesiod (with even at that early date some admixtures), was reserved for epic, Aeolic for melic or lyric verse (after Sappho and Alcaeus), and Doric or Boeotian for bucolics,

like those of Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion. Attic was used primarily for prose and the stichomythic dialogues of tragedy: but while there was a Muse of tragedy—Calliope—there could not be one for prose, as that highly evolved and artificial literary form so long antedated the conception of the Muses, daughters of Mnemosyne or memory; it seems no accident that while the fundamental excuse for verse is its memorability, prose is scarcely memorable at all—as any schoolchild forced to memorize the Gettysburg Address or the speeches of Tacitus or Cicero will attest. Let us just agree that the language of the poems in the *Anthology* is more or less a mish-mash, like that of this paragraph.

One peculiar dictionary challenge in some of these poems is their use of words that, while we might regard them as obscene, or at best impolite, the Greeks may well not have. Obscenity is a result of repression, and it is difficult to see signs of repression anywhere in Greek life or art. The terms in question, some unique—*hapax legomena*—particularly in the many poems (too many, really) by Strato, the perhaps self-appointed court poet of Hadrian, are simple, crude, incomprehensible except in context, and like all such language, in essence childish. For what we repress, while hardy forgetting it, is much of our childhood along with its vocabulary of *pee-pee* and *kaka*. In the case of one poem (III) in which these terms are exploited for comic effect, I have used the commonest counterparts in English—fortunately at last printable. For further elucidation the reader may consult lexica in vain, but for the many mythological references should have recourse to Bullfinch's (or as I like to call it, Bullfeather's) *Mythology*.

Oral poetry was the primary means of communication in this old world, besides conversation, but written prose was a late invention brought to its highest perfection by Plato. Prose must by definition be written down, whereas poetry was for ages meant to be memorized or extemporized and recited: one may easily imagine these epigrams being bandied about at symposia, dinners, and

drinking parties, again, for men only. Few people could write, and some of those, like Vergil, did not care to, and would dictate their verses, as blind Milton and in our day Jorge Luis Borges did out of necessity. The dissemination and dilution of literacy in our time has led not to a wider let alone a deeper appreciation of the best efforts of the past and present, but to a widespread appetite for and consumption of tripe. The poems in *The Greek Anthology*, admittedly trivial, are not tripe. Literature owes as much to illiteracy as it does to blindness; Homer (probably a misnomer) was reputed both blind and preliterate. We are fortunate, since as it is said, *littera scripta manet*, “the written letter remains so,” that The *Odyssey* as well as these fugitive, occasional pieces were written and copied and edited. Aratus, one of the light-versifiers here included, also edited Homer, as did Callimachus and Apologies Rhodes, and wrote, besides other, lost works, a poem on astronomy, *Phaenomena*. The pre-Socratic were not the only serious and speculative persons to commit their lucubrations to verse: Lucretius’ *De Rerum Natura* may be mentioned, derived largely from the prose writings of the earlier post-Socratic, prose philosopher Epicurus. Epicureanism in its more popular sense, rather than Stoicism pervades the poems of the *Musa Paedika*. Though it is tempting to think of prose as Stoic and poetry as Epicurean, this is not in fact always so.

Oral—and aural—verse, which is to say virtually all poetry written before the last and, as far as literature is concerned, rather lamentable century, just what is still generally regarded as poetry, and which still manifests itself in popular music, for instance “rap,” at once rhymed, rhythmical, and as extemporaneous as jazz, has its own unspoken rules and rights-of-way.

The metrical form of the originals I have rather represented than slavishly imitated, as I tried to in my purely accentual dactylic versions of the *Idylls* of Theocritus (Atheneum, 1982), *The Homeric Hymns* (Atheneum, 1972), and Hesiod’s *Works and Days* and *Theogony* (University of Chicago Press, 2000). There the form was

stichic, and as seemed to befit unrhymed single lines following each other in ever varied succession, I have used not the commonest, indeed only ordinary such stichic English meter, blank verse, but chose to echo the sound of the Greek more directly, allowing for the differences between quantitative and stressed verse (the ambiguities and subtleties of which would require a larger and longer digression than this short preface would allow) in six stressed lines, basically dactylic but permitting as much spondaic pseudo-resolution as the matter suggested and our language permits. The predominant, almost the only, form here is not stichic but strophic: an unrhymed couplet repeated *ad libitum*, consisting of the commonest meter in Greek and Latin, the dactylic hexameter, followed by a line composed of its first two feet, plus one syllable, of that metrical unit the so-called hemieps, repeated, thus forming the second most popular classical unit, the elegiac couplet, which may be roughly thumped out thus:

tumpidy tumpidy tumpidy tumpidy tumpidy tumtum
tumpidy tumpidy tum tumpidy tumpidy tum

Replacing the longum with an ictus—the long syllable with a stressed one—we would get something like the following English elegiac couplet:

Nor are some authors the only anonymous blooms in this
garland:
Most of the boys might as well be heteronymous too.

While this seems not only fairly accurate as representation, but not unpleasing, the effect, much-repeated, is rather sedative than, as an epigram should be, piquant, surprising and evocative, in its basic sense of a wake-up call. Therefore the reader should do as I did after much experimentation with the above model: more or less abandon it altogether in favor of a more familiar native meter, the rhymed couplet or quatrain, such as I used to represent the ele-

giac couplets in Ovid's *Heroines* (Yale, 1991). Rhyme, though it certainly does exist in Greek as in all languages in the crudest manifestation as assonance and consonance, was not deployed unless for special, subliminal effect (see the rhyming pun in Callimachus: XLIII); the morphology of the language made terminal rhyme, which is all most of us hear as rhyme at all, undesirable as too easy: hence all these quantitative evasions thereof.

The language into which a poem is translated must be of more interest and importance to the reader of that language than the original tongue, and certainly should be so to the translator. A verse translation is not merely a trot or paraphrase of the original; to succeed it should, and must, be a wholly convincing and pleasurable poetic experience in its own right. Therefore guided by Aristotle's criterion of effect above all, I have plumped for what I deem the most effective means of simulacry, as shown in my versions. In a few cases I thought the tone and subject matter more suited to a limerick form than the staid couplet: as the limerick is the most popular indeed vulgar verse form in contemporary usage, it seemed to fit some of this badinage better. Here I might offer the reader two versions of the same elegiac couplet and ask him or her to chose a preference, if he or she can:

V STRATO

Pale skins I like, but honey-colored more,
And blond and brunette boys I both adore.
I never blackball brown eyes, but above
All, eyes of scintillating black I love.

[Limerick]

Are pale skins my favorite, or
Honey-hued adolescents? What is more,
Liking blond and brunette,
I love brown eyes—and yet
Scintillating black eyes I adore.

As I am no textual scholar but a poet who knows which texts make sense and are aesthetically preferable I shall abbreviate a long excursion into the wilderness of textualism by thanking the Muse—here Erato, for the ancients had muses for everything, even for smut—for preserving this bouquet of real and artificial flowers in a comparatively unified and simplified form. In the case of rare lacunae and gaps in the text I have silently bridged the gap, remembering that asyndeton and non sequiturs are also rhetorical devices. Throughout, my aim has been not archaeological but almost authorial, to produce rather than reproduce with all the resources of our resourceful language, something that I hope will surpass a mere simulacrum. I trust that these epigrams, so often but pleasantries, will stand as valid poems in their own light: not symphonies like the Homeric poets and all their imitators, but bagatelles.

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PUERILITIES

I ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καθὼς εἶρηκεν Ἄρατος·
ὕμιν δ', ὦ Μοῦσαι, σήμερον οὐκ ἐνοχλῶ.
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ παῖδάς τε φιλῶ καὶ παισὶν ὀμιλῶ,
τοῦτο τι πρὸς Μούσας τὰς Ἑλικωνιάδας;

II ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Μὴ ζήτηε δέλτοισιν ἐμαῖς Πρίαμον παρὰ βομοῖς,
μηδὲ τὰ Μηδείης πένθεα καὶ Νιόβης,
μηδ' Ἴτυν ἐν θαλάμοις, καὶ ἀηδόνας ἐν πετάλοισιν·
ταῦτα γὰρ οἱ πρότεροι πάντα χύδην ἔγραφον·
ἀλλ' ἰλαραῖς Χαρίτεσσι μεμιγμένον ἠδὺν Ἔρωτα,
καὶ Βρόμιον· τούτοις δ' ὀφρῦες οὐκ ἔπρεπον.

III ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τῶν παίδων, Διόδωρε, τὰ προσθέματ' εἰς τρία πίπτει
σχήματα, καὶ τούτων μάνθαν' ἐπωνυμίας.
τὴν ἔτι μὲν γὰρ ἄθικτον ἀκμὴν λάλου ὀνόμαζε,
κωκῶ τὴν φυσῶν ἄρτι καταρχομένην·
τὴν δ' ἤδη πρὸς χεῖρα σαλευομένην, λέγε σαύραν·
τὴν δὲ τελειοτέραν, οἶδας ἃ χρὴ σε καλεῖν.

IV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἀκμῇ δωδεκέτους ἐπιτέρπομαι· ἔστι δὲ τούτου
χῶ τρισκαιδεκέτης πολὺ ποθεινότερος·
χῶ τὰ δις ἐπτά νέμων, γλυκερώτερον ἄνθος Ἐρώτων·
τερπνότερος δ' ὁ τρίτης πεντάδος ἀρχόμενος·
ἐξεπικαιδέκατον δὲ θεῶν ἔτος· ἐβδόματον δὲ
καὶ δέκατον ζητεῖν οὐκ ἐμόν, ἀλλὰ Διός.
εἰ δ' ἐπὶ πρεσβυτέρους τις ἔχει πόθον, οὐκέτι παίζει,
ἀλλ' ἤδη ζητεῖ "τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος."

I STRATO

“Begin with Zeus,” Aratus said; but, Muse,
I do not think I’ll trouble you today.
If hanging out with boys is what I choose
To do, does that concern you anyway?

II STRATO

Don’t look for pious Priam in these pages,
Niobe’s tears, Medea’s jealous rages,
Nor Itys and his nightingales—enough
My predecessors scribbled of such stuff!
But Love, surrounded by the simpering Graces,
And Bacchus are ill-suited to straight faces.

III STRATO

Diodorus, boys’ things come in three
Shapes and sizes; learn them handily:
When unstripped it’s a dick,
But when stiff it’s a prick:
Wanked, you know what its nickname must be.

IV STRATO

A twelve-year-old looks fetching in his prime,
Thirteen’s an even more beguiling time.
That lusty bloom blows sweeter at fourteen;
Sexier yet a boy just turned fifteen.
The sixteenth year seems perfectly divine,
And seventeen is Jove’s tidbit, not mine.
But if you fall for older fellows, that
Suggests child’s play no more but tit-for-tat.

V ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τοὺς λευκοὺς ἀγαπῶ, φιλέω δ' ἅμα τοὺς μελιχρώδεις
καὶ ξανθοὺς, στέργω δ' ἔμπαλι τοὺς μέλανας.
οὐδὲ κόρας ξανθὰς παραπέμπομαι· ἀλλὰ περισσῶς
τοὺς μελανοφθάλμους αἰγλοφανεῖς τε φιλῶ.

VI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πρωκτὸς καὶ χρυσὸς τὴν αὐτὴν ψῆφον ἔχουσιν·
ψηφίζων δ' ἀφελῶς τοῦτό ποθ' εὖρον ἐγώ.

VII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Σφιγκτῆρ οὐκ ἔστιν παρὰ παρθένω, οὐδὲ φίλημα
ἀπλοῦν, οὐ φυσικὴ χρωτὸς ἐϋπνοΐη,
οὐ λόγος ἡδὺς ἐκεῖνος ὁ πορνικός, οὐδ' ἀκέραιον
βλέμμα, διδασκομένη δ' ἐστὶ κακιοτέρα.
ψυχροῦνται δ' ὄπιθεν πάσαι· τὸ δὲ μείζον ἐκεῖνο,
οὐκ ἔστιν ποῦ θῆς τὴν χέρα πλαζομένην.

VIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἶδον ἐγώ τινα παῖδα † ἐπανθοπλοκοῦντα κόρυμβον,
ἄρτι παρερχόμενος τὰ στεφανηπλόκια·
οὐδ' ἄτρωτα παρήλθον· ἐπιστὰς δ' ἤσυχος αὐτῶ
φημι "Πόσου πωλεῖς τὸν σὸν ἐμοὶ στέφανον;"
μᾶλλον τῶν καλύκων δ' ἐρυθθαίνετο, καὶ κατακύψας
φησὶ "Μακρὰν χῶρει, μὴ σε πατὴρ ἐσίδη."
ἠονοῦμαι προφάσει στεφάνους, καὶ οἴκαδ' ἀπελθῶι·
ἐστεφάνωσα θεοῦς, κείνον ἐπευξάμενος.

IX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἄρτι καλός, Διόδωρε, σύ, καὶ φιλέουσι πέπειρος·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἦν γήμης, οὐκ ἀπολειψόμεθα.

V STRATO

Pale skins I like, but honey-coloured more,
And blond and brunette boys I both adore.
I never blackball brown eyes, but above
All, eyes of scintillating black I love.

VI STRATO

That *ass* is the metrical equivalent
Of *cash* I discovered once by accident.

VII STRATO

Loose girls lose their grip. They wear cheap scent.
Their kisses aren't sincere or innocent.
Sweet smut is one thing they're no good at talking.
Their looks are sly. The worst is a bluestocking.
Moreover, fundamentally they're cold;
They've nothing for a groping hand to hold.

VIII STRATO

Remarking as I passed a flower-stall
A lad entwining buds and blooms together,
Smitten, I paused to ask him in a small
Voice how much his garland cost and whether
He'd sell it me? He hung his head and blushed
Like a rose: "Go on! or Dad will take a dim
View . . ." I bought a token wreath and rushed
Off home to bedeck and beseech the gods for him.

IX STRATO

Delicious Diodorus, ripe for bed,
We'll not forsake you even when you wed.

X ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ καὶ σοὶ τριχόφοιτος ἐπεσκίρτησεν ἴουλος,
καὶ τρυφεραὶ κροτάφων ξανθοφεῖς ἔλικες,
οὐδ' οὕτω φεύγω τὸν ἐρώμενον· ἀλλὰ τὸ κάλλος
τούτου, κἂν πάγων, κἂν τρίχες, ἡμέτερον.

XI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐχθὲς ἔχων ἀνὰ νύκτα Φιλόστρατον, οὐκ ἐδυνήθην,
κείνου, πῶς εἶπω; πάντα παρασχομένον.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μηκέτ' ἔχοιτε φίλοι φίλον, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ πύργου
ῥιψατ', ἐπεὶ λίην Ἀστυάναξ γέγονα.

XII ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Ἄρτι γενειάζων ὁ καλὸς καὶ στερρὸς ἐρασταῖς
παιδὸς ἐρῶ Λάδων. σύντομος ἢ Νέμεσις.

XIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἰητροὺς εὐρόν ποτ' ἐγὼ λείους δυσέρωτας,
τρίβοντας φυσικῆς φάρμακον ἀντιδότου.
οἱ δέ γε φωραθέντες, "Ἐχ' ἡσυχίην" ἐδέοντο·
κἀγὼ ἔφην "Σιγῶ, καὶ θεραπεύσετέ με."

XIV ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Δημόφιλος τοιοῖσδε φιλήμασιν εἰ πρὸς ἐραστὰς
χρήσεται ἀκμαῖην, Κύπρι, καθ' ἡλικίην,
ὡς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐφίλησεν ὁ νήπιος, οὐκέτι νύκτωρ
ἦσυχαι τῇ κείνου μητρὶ μενεῖ πρόθυρα.

X STRATO

Notwithstanding that hairs, as I feared,
On your temples have lately appeared,
 And your chin and your cheek,
 My beloved's physique
Is still mine, though he's growing a beard.

XI STRATO

When I had Philostratus last night
He was tight and did everything right,
 But I couldn't get hard;
 Now my friends will discard
Me for not doing all Sodom might.

XII FLACCUS

So fair, (but to his suitors so unfair),
Lado has barely grown some pubic hair
Yet loves a lad: what swift comeuppance there!

XIII STRATO

I surprised once some hardy young chaps
Playing doctor, near to a relapse.
 When they begged me keep mum,
 I replied, "I'll play dumb,
If you're willing to treat me, perhaps."

XIV DIOSCORIDES

If Deophilus, who was no more
Than a child when he kissed me before,
 As an adult should kiss
 His admirers like this,
They'll be beating a path to his door.

XV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ Γραφικοῦ πυγαῖα σανὶς δέδαχ' ἐν βαλανείῳ,
ἄνθρωπους τί πάθω; καὶ ξύλον αἰσθάνεται.

XVI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Μὴ κρύπτης τὸν ἔρωτα, Φιλόκρατες· αὐτὸς ὁ δαίμων
λακτίζειν κραδίην ἡμετέρην ἱκανός·
ἀλλ' ἰλαροῦ μετάδος τι φιλήματος, ἔσθ' ὅτε καὶ σὺ
αἰτήσεις τοιάνδ' ἐξ ἐτέρων χάριτα.

XVII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὔ μοι θῆλυς ἔρωσ ἐγκάρδιος, ἀλλά με πυρσοὶ
ἄρσενες ἀσβέστω θῆκαν ὑπ' ἀνθρακιῆ.
πλειότερον τόδε θάλπος· ὅσον δυνατώτερος ἄρσην
θηλυτέρης, τόσσον χῶ πόθος ὀξύτερος.

XVIII ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ

Τλήμονες, οἷς ἀνέραστος ἔφυ βίος· οὔτε γὰρ ἔρξαι
εὐμαρές, οὔτ' εἰπεῖν ἐστί τι νόσφι πόθων.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ νῦν εἰμὶ λίην βραδύς· εἰ δ' ἐπίδοιμι
Ξεινόφιλον, στεροπῆς πτήσομαι ὀξύτερος.
τοῦνεκεν οὐ φεύγειν γλυκὺν ἴμερον, ἀλλὰ διώκειν,
πᾶσι λέγω. ψυχῆς ἐστὶν Ἔρωσ ἀκόνη.

XIX ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐ δύναμαί σε θέλων θέσθαι φίλον· οὔτε γὰρ αἰτεῖς,
οὔτ' αἰτοῦντι δίδως, οὔθ' ἃ δίδωμι δέχη.

XV STRATO

A board at the baths pinched Graphicus' ass, revealing
That even wood is capable of feeling.

XVI STRATO

Don't be coy, Philostratus: divine
Love can trample on your heart and mine.
 Only kiss me today;
 You'll discover one day
Yours are favours that some may decline.

XVII ANONYMOUS

The love of women leaves me cold; desire
For men, though, scorches me with coals of fire.
As women are the weaker sex, my yen
Is stronger, warmer, more intense for men.

XVIII ALPHEIUS OF MYTILENE

A loveless life is hell, no doubt about
It; one can't say or do a thing without
Longing. If Xenophilus came in sight,
Slow though I am, I'd reach the speed of light.
Far from avoiding what you can't control,
Pursue it. Love's the whetstone of the soul.

XIX ANONYMOUS

I can't befriend you, eager though I am:
 You ask for nothing, neither will you grant
 Me anything I ask for; adamant,
For all my gifts you do not give a damn.

XX ΙΟΥΛΙΟΥ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Ὁ Ζεὺς Αἰθιόπων πάλι τέρπεται εἰλαπίναισιν,
 ἢ χρυσὸς Δανάης εἴρπυσεν εἰς θαλάμους·
 θαῦμα γὰρ εἰ Περίανδρον ἰδὼν οὐχ ἦρπασε γαίης
 τὸν καλόν· ἢ φιλόπαις οὐκέτι νῦν ὁ θεός.

XXI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Κλέψομεν ἄχρι τίνος τὰ φιλήματα, καὶ τὰ λαθραῖα
 νεύσομεν ἀλλήλοις ὄμμασι φειδομένοις;
 μέχρι τίνος δ' ἀτέλεστα λαλήσομεν, ἀμβολίαισι
 ζευγνύντες κενεὰς ἔμπαλιν ἀμβολίας;
 μέλλοντες τὸ καλὸν δαπανήσομεν· ἀλλὰ πρὶν ἐλθεῖν
 τὰς φθονεράς, Φείδων, θῶμεν ἐπ' ἔργα λόγοις.

XXII ΣΚΥΘΙ-ΟΥ

Ἦλθέν μοι μέγα πῆμα, μέγας πόλεμος, μέγα μοι πῦρ,
 Ἦλισσος πλήρης τῶν ἐς ἔρωτ' ἐτέων,
 αὐτὰ τὰ καίρι' ἔχων ἐκκαίδεκα, καὶ μετὰ τούτων
 πάσας καὶ μικρὰς καὶ μεγάλας χάριτας,
 καὶ πρὸς ἀναγνῶναι φωνὴν μέλι, καὶ τὸ φιλήσαι
 χεῖλεα, καὶ τὸ λαβεῖν ἔνδον, ἀμεμπτότατον.
 καὶ τί πάθω; φησὶν γὰρ ὄρᾶν μόνον· ἦ ῥ' ἀγρυπνήσω
 πολλάκι, τῇ κενεῇ κύπριδι χειρομαχῶν.

XXIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦγερέθην ὁ πρόσθεν ἐγὼ ποτε τοῖς δυσέρωσι
 κώμοις ἠϊθέων πολλάκις ἐγγελάσας·
 καὶ μ' ἐπὶ σοῖς ὁ πτανὸς Ἔρωσ προθύροισι, Μυῖσκε,
 στήσεν ἐπιγράψας "Σκῦλ' ἀπὸ Σωφροσύνης."

XX JULIUS LEONIDAS

Is Zeus carousing with the blacks, I wonder,
Or visiting Danaë disguised as gold,
That he has not picked up fair Periander—
Or is he not the paederast of old?

XXI STRATO

How long need we sneak kisses, with oblique
Glances at one another wink and peek?
How long chat in this inconclusive way,
Adding delay to meaningless delay?
Phido, let's waste no chance to work things out,
Before the killjoy hairs begin to sprout.

XXII SCYTHINUS

Calamity and conflagration! Strife!
Elissus has attained the time of life,
Sixteen, that's made for love, and he has all
The adolescent graces great and small:
A honeyed voice, a mouth that's sweet to kiss,
And an accommodating orifice.
But, "Look, don't touch!" he tells me. What a fate!
I'll lie awake all night and—meditate.

XXIII MELEAGER

I used to laugh at young men who were not
Successful in their wooing. Now I'm caught;
Myiscus, on your gate winged Love has placed
Me, labelled as, "A Trophy of the Chaste."

XXIV ΛΑΥΡΕΑ

Εἷ μοι χαρτὸς ἐμὸς Πολέμων καὶ σῶος ἀνέλθοι,
οἶος α(. Δήλου) κοίρανε, πεμπόμενος,
ῥέξειν οὐκ ἀπόφημι τὸν ὀρθροβόην παρὰ βομοῖς
ὄρνιν, ὃν εὐχολαῖς ὠμολόγησα τεαῖς·
εἰ δέ τι τῶν ὄντων τότε οἱ πλέον ἢ καὶ ἔλασσον
ἔλθοι ἔχων, λέλυται τοῦμὸν ὑποσχέσιον.
ἦλθε δὲ σὺν πάγωνι. τόδ' εἰ φίλον αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ
εὕξατο, τὴν θυσίην πρᾶσσε τὸν εὐξάμενον.

XXV ΣΤΑΤΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Σῶόν μοι Πολέμονα μογεῖν, ὅτ' ἔπεμπον, Ἀπόλλω
ἦτούμην, θυσίην ὄρνιν ὑποσχόμενος.
ἦλθε δέ μοι Πολέμων λάσιος γένυν. οὐ μὰ σέ, Φοῖβε,
ἦλθεν ἐμοί, πικρῷ δ' ἐξέφυγέν με τάχει.
οὐκέτι σοι θύω τὸν ἀλέκτορα. μή με σοφίζου,
κωφήν μοι σταχύων ἀντιδιδοὺς καλάμην.

XXVI ΣΤΑΤΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Εἷ μοι σωζόμενος Πολέμων ὃν ἔπεμπον ἀνέλθοι
(φοινίξειν βομοὺς ὠμολόγησα τεούς).
νῦν θ' αὐτῷ Πολέμων ἀνασώζεται· οὐκέτ' ἀφίκται,
Φοῖβε, δασὺς δ' ἦκων οὐκέτι σῶος ἐμοί.
αὐτὸς ἴσως σκιάσαι γένυν εὕξατο· θυέτω αὐτὸς,
ἀντία ταῖσιν ἐμαῖς ἐλπίσιν εὐξάμενος.

XXVII ΣΤΑΤΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ

Σαῖς ἵκελον προὔπεμπον ἐγὼ Πολέμονα παρειαῖς,
ἦν ἔλθη, θύσειν ὄρνιν ὑποσχόμενος·
οὐ δέχομαι φθονεροῖς, Παιάν, φρισσοντα γενεῖοις,
τοιούτου τλήμων εἵνεκεν εὐξάμενος.

XXIV TULLIUS LAUREAS

Should my Polemo come home safe to me
Just as he was when first he went to sea,
Phoebus, I'll not forget the cockerell
I promised you if everything went well.
If he returns with either more or less
Than he had then, my vows are meaningless.
He's come back with a beard! If that's the thing
He prayed for, let him make the offering!

XXV STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

I promised you a cock, Apollo, when
Polemo came home safe to me again.
He came, but not to stay. His cheeks defaced
By fuzz, he fled from me with cruel haste.
No cock for you, Apollo! Would you cheat
Me with stubble in place of cream of wheat?

XXVI STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

If my Polemo came back good as new,
Phoebus, I swore to sacrifice to you.
He's safe but not himself. Whiskers detract
A lot from his homecoming, that's a fact—
Whiskers he prayed for! Let him pay the price
Of my vain hopes, and make the sacrifice!

XXVII STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

Seeing Polemo off smooth-cheeked as you,
Phoebus, I pledged to get him back again
One cock. Poor me! he's not the boy I knew:
His disobliging bristles I disdain.

οὐδὲ μάτην τίλλεσθαι ἀναίτιον ὄρνιν ἔοικεν,
ἢ συντιλλέσθω, Δήλιε, καὶ Πολέμων.

XXVIII ΝΟΥΜΗΝΙΟΥ ΤΑΡΣΕΩΣ

Κῦρος κύριός ἐστι· τί μοι μέλει, εἰ παρὰ γράμμα;
οὐκ ἀναγινώσκω τὸν καλόν, ἀλλὰ βλέπω.

XXIX ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ

Πρώταρχος καλός ἐστι, καὶ οὐ θέλει· ἀλλὰ θελήσει
ὑστερον· ἢ δ' ὄρη λαμπάδ' ἔχουσα τρέχει.

XXX ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ

Ἡ κνήμη, Νίκανδρε, δασύνεται· ἀλλὰ φύλαξαι,
μή σε καὶ ἡ πυγὴ ταὐτὸ παθοῦσα λάθῃ
καὶ γνώσῃ φιλέοντος ὄση σπάνις. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
τῆς ἀμετακλήτου φρόντισον ἡλικίης.

XXXI ΦΑΝΙΟΥ

Ναὶ Θέμιν, ἀκρήτου καὶ τὸ σκύφος ᾧ σεσάλευμαι,
Πάμφιλε, βαιὸς ἔχει τὸν σὸν ἔρωτα χρόνος·
ἦδη γὰρ καὶ μηρὸς ὑπὸ τρίχα, καὶ γένυς ἠβᾶ,
καὶ Πόθος εἰς ἐτέρην λοιπὸν ἄγει μανίην.
ἀλλ' ὅτε <σοι> σπινθῆρος ἔτ' ἵχνια βαιὰ λέλειπται,
φειδωλὴν ἀπόθου· Καιρὸς Ἔρωτι φίλος.

XXXII ΘΥΜΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ

Μέμνη που, μέμνη, ὅτε τοι ἔπος ἱερὸν εἶπον·
᾿Ωρη κάλλιστον, χ' ὄρη ἐλαφρότατον·
ὄρην οὐδ' ὁ τάχιστος ἐν αἰθέρι παρφθάσει ὄρνις.
νῦν ἴδε, πάντ' ἐπὶ γῆς ἄνθεα σεῦ κέχυται.

Why pluck that inoffensive bird in vain?
While you are at it, pluck Polemo too!

XXVIII NUMENIUS OF TARSUS

Cyrus is serious, no open book—
But what do I care as long as I can look?

XXIX ALCAEUS

Protarchus won't say Yes, but later on
He will—once all the fires of youth are gone.

XXX ALCAEUS

Your legs, Nicander, are becoming hairy;
Take care this doesn't happen to your ass,
Or you will find your lovers getting very
Scarce. Irrevocably, your youth will pass.

XXXI PHANIAS

By Themis, and this wine which makes me drunk,
Pamphilus, I think your lease on love has shrunk.
Hair on your thighs and on your cheeks suggests
Burgeoning heterosexual interests.
But if there's one spark left, don't be a tease!
Love overlooks no opportunities.

XXXII THYMOCLES

"Loveliest," —remember when I made
That hackneyed observation?—"is the spring,
But swifter than a bird upon the wing."
Now see how fast your bloom begins to fade.

XXXIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦν καλὸς Ἡράκλειτος, ὅτ' ἦν ποτέ· νῦν δὲ παρ' ἦβην
 κηρύσσει πόλεμον δέρρις σπισθοβάταις.
 ἀλλὰ, Πολυξενίδα, τάδ' ὄρων, μὴ γαῦρα φρυάσσου·
 ἔστι καὶ ἐν γλουτοῖς φυομένη Νέμεσις.

XXXIV ΑΥΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Πρὸς τὸν παιδοτρίβην Δημήτριον ἐχθρὸς ἐδείπνον,
 πάντων ἀνθρώπων τὸν μακαριστότατον.
 εἷς αὐτοῦ κατέκειθ' ὑποκόλιος, εἷς ὑπὲρ ὄμων,
 εἷς ἔφερον τὸ φαγεῖν, εἷς δὲ πειν ἐδίδου·
 ἡ τετράς ἢ περίβλεπτος. ἐγὼ παίζων δὲ πρὸς αὐτὸν
 φημι "Σὺ καὶ νύκτωρ, φίλτατε, παιδοτριβεῖς;"

XXXV ΔΙΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ

Χαῖρέ ποτ' οὐκ εἰπόντα προσεῖπε τις· "Ἄλλ' ὁ περισσὸς
 κάλλει νῦν Δάμων οὐδὲ τὸ χαῖρε λέγει.
 ἦξει τις τούτου χρόνος ἔκδικος· εἶτα δασυνθεῖς
 ἄρξη χαῖρε λέγειν οὐκ ἀποκρινομένοις."

XXXVI ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ ΑΔΡΑΜΥΤΤΗΝΟΥ

Νῦν αἰτεῖς, ὅτε λεπτὸς ὑπὸ κροτάφοισιν ἴουλος
 ἔρπει καὶ μηροῖς ὀξὺς ἔπεστι χνόος·
 εἶτα λέγεις "Ἦδιον ἐμοὶ τόδε." καὶ τίς ἂν εἶποι
 κρείσσονας ἀυχμηρὰς ἀσταχύων καλάμας;

XXXVII ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Πυγὴν Σωσάρχοιο διέπλασεν Ἀμφιπολίτεω
 μυελίνην παίζων ὁ βροτολογιγὸς Ἔρωσ,
 Ζῆνα θέλων ἐρεθίζαι, ὀθούνεκα τῶν Γανυμήδους
 μηρῶν οἱ τούτου πούλῳ μελιχρότεροι.

XXXIII MELEAGER

A peach was Heraclitus when—don't scoff!—
Still Heraclitus; now he's past his prime
His hairy hide puts all assailants off.
On your cheeks too the curse will come in time.

XXXIV AUTOMEDON

I dined with coach Demetrius yesterday,
The luckiest of men! While one lad lay
Upon his lap, one by his shoulder stood;
One poured the drinks, another served the food.
I joked, "This foursome is a pretty sight!
And do you also coach the boys at night?"

XXXV DIOCLES

Somebody said when snubbed, "Is Damon so
Beautiful he doesn't say hello?
Time will exact revenge when, bye and bye,
Grown hairy, he greets men who won't reply."

XXXVI ASCLEPIADES OF ADRAMYTTIUM

Now you put out, when prickly down appears
Between your legs and underneath your ears.
"That feels so good!" you cry, "Do that again!"
But who prefers dry stubble to whole grain?

XXXVII DIOSCORIDES

Cupid, who loves mankind to tantalize,
Sculpted Sotarchus' bum for fun in butter,
Provoking Zeus: those buns looked better
Than even Ganymede's ambrosial thighs.

XXXVIII ΠΙΑΝΟΥ

ᾠραι σοι Χάριτες τε κατὰ γλυκὺ χεῦαν ἔλαιον,
 ᾧ πυγὰ κνώσσειν δ' οὐδὲ γέροντας ἔαξ.
 λέξον μοι τίνος ἔσσι μάκαιρα τύ, καὶ τίνα παίδων
 κοσμεῖς; ἁ πυγὰ δ' εἶπε· "Μενεκράτεος."

XXXIX ΛΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐσβέσθη Νίκανδρος, ἀπέπτατο πᾶν ἀπὸ χροιῆς
 ἄνθος, καὶ χαρίτων λοιπὸν ἔτ' οὐδ' ὄνομα,
 ὃν πρὶν ἐν ἀθανάτοις ἐνομίζομεν. ἀλλὰ φρονεῖτε
 μηδὲν ὑπὲρ θνητούς, ᾧ νέοι· εἰσὶ τρίχες.

XL ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μὴ κδύσης, ἄνθρωπε, τὸ χλαίνιον, ἀλλὰ θεῶρει
 οὕτως ἀκρολίθου κάμῃ τρόπον ξοάνου.
 γυμνὴν Ἀντιφίλου ζητῶν χάριν, ὡς ἐπ' ἀκάνθαις
 εὐρήσεις ῥοδέαν φυομένην κάλυκα.

XLI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐκέτι μοι Θήρων γράφεται καλός, οὐδ' ὁ πυραυγῆς
 πρὶν ποτε, νῦν δ' ἤδη δαλός, Ἀπολλόδοτος.
 στέργω θῆλυν ἔρωτα· δασυτρώγων δὲ πίεσμα
 λασταύρων μελέτω ποιμέσιν αἰγοβάταις.

XLII ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Βλέψον ἐς Ἐρμογένην πλήρει χερί, καὶ τάχα πρήξεις
 παιδοκόραξ ᾧν σοι θυμὸς ὄνειροπολεῖ,
 καὶ στυγνὴν ὀφρύων λύσεις τάσιν· ἦν δ' ἄλιεύη
 ὀρφανὸν ἀγκίστρου κύματι δοὺς κάλαμον,
 ἔλξεις ἐκ λιμένος πολλὴν δρόσον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αἰδῶς
 οὐδ' ἔλεος δαπάνῃ κόλλοπι συντρέφεται.

XXXVIII RHIANUS

Oh, what an ass! so gracefully lubricious
You never even leave old men in peace.
Tell me, what boy do you adorn, delicious
Bottom? The ass replied, "Menecrates."

XXXIX ANONYMOUS

Nicander's finished, there is not a trace
Of bloom or loveliness left in a face
I called divine. So, mortal youths, beware
Immortal thoughts; remember pubic hair.

XL ANONYMOUS

Don't take my clothes off! View me as a kind
Of statue, draped so almost nothing shows.
If you look for my naked charms, you'll find
Amid a scratchy bush my rosebud grows.

XLI MELEAGER

No, Theron's beauty does no longer please
Me, nor Apollodotus' burnt-out charms.
I like cunt. Let bestial goatherds squeeze
Their hairy little bumboys in their arms!

XLII DIOSCORDES

Do not go empty-handed if you look
To win your heart's desire, Hermogenes,
And smile again. Be sure to bait your hook
Well, or you will catch nothing. Qualities
Like shame and pity are, poor chickenhawk,
Not natural to such a greedy tease.

XLIII ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἐθαίρω τὸ ποίημα τὸ κυκλικόν, οὐδὲ κελεύθῳ
 χαίρω τις πολλοὺς ὧδε καὶ ὧδε φέρει·
 μισῶ καὶ περίφοιτον ἐρώμενον, οὐδ' ἀπὸ κρήνης
 πίνω· σικχαίνω πάντα τὰ δημόσια.
 Λυσανίη, σὺ δὲ ναίχι καλὸς καλός· ἀλλὰ πρὶν εἰπεῖν
 τοῦτο σαφῶς, ἤχῳ φησί τις "Ἄλλος ἔχει."

XLIV ΓΛΑΥΚΟΥ

Ἦν ὅτε παῖδας ἔπειθε πάλαι ποτὲ δῶρα φιλεῦντας
 ὀρτυξ, καὶ ραπτὴ σφαῖρα, καὶ ἀστράγαλοι·
 νῦν δὲ λοπὰς καὶ κέρμα· τὰ παίγνια δ' οὐδὲν ἐκεῖνα
 ἰσχύει. ζητεῖτ' ἄλλο τι, παιδοφίλαι.

XLV ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Ναὶ ναὶ βάλλετ', Ἔρωτες· ἐγὼ σκοπὸς εἰς ἅμα πολλοῖς
 κεῖμαι. μὴ φεισησθ', ἄφρονες· ἦν γὰρ ἐμὲ
 νικήσητ', ὀνομαστοὶ ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ἔσεσθε
 τοξόται, ὡς μεγάλης δεσπότης ἰοδόκης.

XLVI ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Οὐκ εἴμ' οὐδ' ἐτέων δύο κείκοσι, καὶ κοπιῶ ζῶν
 Ἔρωτες, τι κακὸν τοῦτο; τί με φλέγετε;
 ἦν γὰρ ἐγὼ τι πάθω, τί ποιήσετε; δῆλον, Ἔρωτες,
 ὡς τὸ πάρος παιξεσθ' ἄφρονες ἀστραγάλοις.

XLVII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ματρὸς ἔτ' ἐν κόλποισιν ὁ νήπιος ὀρθρινὰ παίζων
 ἀστραγάλοις τοῦμὸν πνεῦμ' ἐκύβευσεν Ἔρωτος.

XLIII CALLIMACHUS

Little I care for your popular cyclical poem:
Such thoroughfares I thoroughly despise.
So I detest a boy who makes himself common,
Nor do I drink from public water supplies.
Yes, you are handsome, Lysanias, terribly handsome.
“*And* someone else’s!” instantly Echo replies.

XLIV GLAUCUS

Where once you could win over grasping boys
With birds and balls and jacks, all that beguiles
Them now is sweets or cash; old-fashioned toys
Don’t work. Find something new, you pedophiles!

XLV POSIDIPUS

Let fly, young Loves! I stand, the single butt
Of all you brats. Don’t spare me! Your success
Will win you fame, not just as marksmen, but
For the impressive weapons you possess.

XLVI ASCLEPIADES

Not twenty-two, yet I find life a stiff
Proposition. Why such hard attacks,
You dizzy darlings? What would you do if
I got hurt? Continue playing jacks?

XLVII MELEAGER

An infant on his mother’s lap Love lay
And in one morning diced my life away.

XLVIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Κεῖμαι· λάξ ἐπίβαινε κατ' ἀνχένος, ἄγριε δαῖμον.
οἶδά σε, ναὶ μὰ θεούς, καὶ βαρὺν ὄντα φέρειν·
οἶδα καὶ ἔμπυρα τόξα. βαλὼν δ' ἐπ' ἔμην φρένα πυρσοῦς,
οὐ φλέξεις· ἤδη πᾶσα γάρ ἐστι τέφρη.

XLIX ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ζωροπότει, δύσερος, καὶ σοῦ φλόγα τὰν φιλόπαιδα
κοιμάσει λάθας δωροδότας Βρόμιος·
ζωροπότει, καὶ πλήρες ἀφυσσάμενος σκύφος οἶνας,
ἔκκρουσον στυγερὰν ἐκ κραδίας ὀδύναν.

L ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Πίν', Ἀσκληπιάδη· τί τὰ δάκρυα ταῦτα; τί πάσχεις;
οὐ σὲ μόνον χαλεπὴ Κύπρις ἐληΐσατο,
οὐδ' ἐπὶ σοὶ μούνη κατεθήξατο τόξα καὶ ἰοὺς
πικρὸς Ἔρωσ. τί ζῶν ἐν σποδιῇ τίθεσαι;
πίνωμεν Βάκχου ζῶρον πόμα· δάκτυλος ἄως·
ἦ πάλι κοιμιστὰν λύχνον ἰδεῖν μένομεν;
πίνομεν οὐ γὰρ ἔρωσ· μετὰ τοι χρόνον οὐκέτι πουλύν,
σχέτλιε, τὴν μακρὰν νύκτ' ἀναπαυσόμεθα.

LI ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἔγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, Διοκλέος· οὐδ' Ἀχελῷος
κείνου τῶν ἱερῶν αἰσθάνεται κυάθων.
καλὸς ὁ παῖς, Ἀχελῷε, λίην καλός· εἰ δέ τις οὐχι
φησὶν—ἐπισταίμην μούνος ἐγὼ τὰ καλά.

LII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὔριος ἐμπνεύσας ναύταις Νότος, ᾧ δυσέρωτες,
ἤμισύ μευ ψυχᾶς ἄρπασεν Ἄνδράγαθον.

XLVIII MELEAGER

Yes, kick me when I'm down, you spiteful sprite!
I feel your weight, I feel your fiery dart.
But if you try to set fire to my heart,
You can't: it is incinerated quite.

XLIX MELEAGER

Drink deep, boy-lover. Bacchus, bringer of
Oblivion, will soothe your hopeless love.
Drink deep, and as you drain the wine-filled bowl
Purge all the bitter anguish from your soul.

L ASCLEPIADES

What's wrong, Asclepiades? Drink, don't weep!
Not you alone does cruel Venus keep
In thrall; not you alone is pungent lust
Transfixing. Why lie panting in the dust?
Drink unmixed wine. The east's just touched with red;
Let's wait for its lamp to light our way to bed
Once more. Poor, lovelorn wretch, drink deep:
Short is the time before our long, long sleep.

LI CALLIMACHUS

Drinking to Diocles, don't dilute
The toast that I propose to honour his
Beauty: and if you call that in dispute,
I'll be the one to say what beauty is!

LII MELEAGER

Borne on a fair south wind, Andragathon
Has sailed away, and half my soul is gone.

τρὶς μάκαρες νᾶες, τρὶς δ' ὄλβια κύματα ποντου,
 τετράκι δ' εὐδαίμων παιδοφορῶν ἄνεμος.
 εἴθ' εἶην δελφίς, ἴν' ἐμοῖς βαστακτὸς ἐπ' ὤμοις
 πορθ μευθεὶς ἐσίδη τὰν γλυκόπαιδα Ῥοδον.

LIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εὐφορτοὶ νᾶες πελαγίτιδες, αἱ πόρον Ἑλλης
 πλεῖτε, καλὸν κόλποις δεξάμεναι Βορέην,
 ἦν που ἐπ' ἠϊόνων Κῶαν κατὰ νᾶσον ἴδητε
 Φανίον εἰς χαροπὸν δερκομεναν πελαγος,
 τοῦτ' ἔπος ἀγγείλαιτε, καλαὶ νέες, ὥς με κομίζει
 ἴμερος οὐ ναύταν, ποσσὶ δὲ πεζοπόρον.
 εἰ γὰρ τοῦτ' εἶποιτ', εἰ δὲ τέλοι, αὐτίκα καὶ Ζεὺς
 οὐριος ὑμετέρας πνεύσεται εἰς ὀθόνας.

LIV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἀρνεῖται τὸν Ἔρωτα τεκεῖν ἡ Κύπρις, ἰδοῦσα
 ἄλλον ἐν ἠϊθέοις Ἴμερον Ἀντίοχον.
 ἀλλά, νέοι, στέργοιτε νέον Πόθον· ἦ γὰρ ὁ κοῦρος
 εὐρηται κρείσσων οὗτος Ἔρωτος Ἐρωσ.

LV ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΟΣ

Λητοῖδη, σὺ μὲν ἔσχεσ ἀλίρρυτον ἀνύχένα Δήλου,
 κοῦρε Διὸς μεγάλου, θέσφατα πᾶσι λέγων·
 Κεκροπίαν δ' Ἐχέδημος, ὁ δεύτερος Ἀτθίδι Φοῖβος,
 ᾧ καλὸν ἀβροκόμης ἄνθος ἔλαμψεν Ἐρωσ.
 ἡ δ' ἀνὰ κῦμ' ἄρξασα καὶ ἐν χθονὶ πατρὶς Ἀθήνη
 νῦν κάλλει δούλην Ἑλλάδ' ὑπηγάγετο.

LVI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἰκόνα μὲν Παριην ζωογλύφος ἄνυσ' Ἐρωτος
 Πραξιτέλης, Κύπριδος παῖδα τυπωσάμενος,

Blessed the ships, the waves themselves are glad,
And fortunate the wind that blows the lad.
I wish I were a dolphin, so astride
My back to Rhodes, sweet boys' home, he could ride.

LIII MELEAGER

Sea-faring freighters, the next time you sail
The Hellespont with a mild Northern gale,
If on the beach of Cos you chance to see
Phanion gazing at the grey-blue sea,
Say that desire is bringing me there, and
Not by sea, fair ships, but overland,
And straightaway a god-sent wind will blow
And fill your sails, if you will tell her so.

LIV MELEAGER

Venus, denying Cupid is her son,
Finds in Antiochus a better one.
This is the boy to be enamoured of,
Boys, a new love superior to Love.

LV ARTEMON?

Hail, son of Zeus and Leto! Where the seas
Wash Delos you dispense your prophecies.
Your counterpart is Echedemus, whom
Love has illumined with bewitching bloom,
So Athens, mistress of the land and sea
By beauty holds all Greece in slavery.

LVI MELEAGER

Praxiteles once carved a statue of
Venus' son, the pretty god of love,

νῦν δ' ὁ θεῶν κάλλιστος Ἔρωσ ἔμψυχον ἄγαλμα,
 αὐτὸν ἀπεικονίσας, ἔπλασε Πραξιτέλην·
 ὄφρ' ὁ μὲν ἐν θνατοῖς, ὁ δ' ἐν αἰθέρι φίλτρα βραβεύη,
 γῆς θ' ἅμα καὶ μακάρων σκηπτροφορῶσι πόθοι.
 ὀλβίστη Μερόπων ἱερὰ πόλις, ἃ θεόπαιδα
 καινὸν Ἔρωτα νέων θεέψεν ὑφαγεμόνα.

LVII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Πραξιτέλης ὁ πάλαι ζωογλύφος ἀβρὸν ἄγαλμα
 ἄψυχον, μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἔτευξε τύπον,
 πέτρον ἐνειδοφορῶν· ὁ δὲ νῦν, ἔμψυχα μαγεύων,
 τὸν τριπανοῦργον Ἔρωτ' ἔπλασεν ἐν κραδίᾳ.
 ἦ τάχα τοῦνομ' ἔχει ταῦτὸν μόνον, ἔργα δὲ κρέσσω,
 οὐ λίθον, ἀλλὰ φρενῶν πνεῦμα μεταρρυθμίσας.
 ἵλαος πλάσσοι τὸν ἐμὸν τρόπον, ὄφρα τυπώσας
 ἐντὸς ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ναὸν Ἔρωτος ἔχη.

LVIII ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἡ Τροιζὴν ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος· οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτοις
 αἰνήσας παίδων οὐδὲ τὸν ὑστάτιον.
 τόσσον δ' Ἐμπεδοκλῆς φανερώτερος, ὅσσον ἐν ἄλλοις
 ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖς καλὸν ἔλαμψε ῥόδον.

LIX ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἀβρούς, ναὶ τὸν Ἔρωτα, τρέφει Τύρος· ἀλλὰ Μυῖσκος
 ἔσβεσεν ἐκλάμπας ἀστέρας ἠέλιος.

LX ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦν ἐνίδω Θήρωνα, τὰ πάνθ' ὀρώ· ἦν δὲ τὰ πάντα
 βλέπω, τόνδε δὲ μή, τᾶμπαλιν οὐδὲν ὀρώ.

Who in his lovely image modelled this
Praxiteles, a living masterpiece,
So one on earth and one in heaven might reign,
Two Loves to deal love-charms to gods and men.
Blest isle of Cos for rearing this new-sprung
God-given Love, ring-leader of the young!

LVII MELEAGER

Praxiteles once from marble sculpted some
Image of beauty, lifeless, stony, dumb.
His modern namesake, by his magic art,
Modelled Love's lively likeness in my heart.
The name's the same; his works are more refined:
Instead of marble he transforms the mind.
I wish that he would kindly mould my whole
Nature and build Love's temple in my soul.

LVIII RHIANUS

Troezen grows sweet boys; you would not err
In praising the most unprepossessing there.
Empedocles with as much more splendour glows,
As does amid spring flowers the gorgeous rose.

LIX MELEAGER

Love, Tyre breeds pretty boys, but as the sun
The stars, Myiscus outshines every one.

LX MELEAGER

When I see Thero I see everything;
But when he's absent I can't see a thing.

LXI ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἄθρει· μὴ διὰ παντὸς ὄλαν κατὰτηκ', Ἀρίβαζε,
τὰν Κνίδον· ἅ πέτρα θρυπτομένα φέρεται.

LXII ΑΛΛΟ

Ματέρες αἱ Περσῶν, καλὰ μὲν καλὰ τέκνα τεκεσθε·
ἀλλ' Ἀρίβαζος ἔμοι κάλλιον ἢ τὸ καλόν.

LXIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Σιγῶν Ἡράκλειτος ἐν ὄμμασι τοῦτ' ἔπος αὐδᾶ·
"Καὶ Ζηνὸς φλέξω πῦρ τὸ κεραυνοβόλον."
ναὶ μὴν καὶ Διόδωρος ἐνὶ στέρνοις τόδε φωνεῖ·
"Καὶ πέτρον τήκω χρωτὶ χλαινόμενον."
δύστανος, παίδων ὃς ἐδέξατο τοῦ μὲν ἀπ' ὄσσαν
λαμπάδα, τοῦ δὲ πόθοις τυφόμενον γλυκὺ πῦρ.

LXIV ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ

Ζεὺς Πίσσης μεδέων, Πειθήνορα, δεῦτερον υἷα
Κύπριδος, αἰπεινῶ στέψον ὑπὸ Κρονίῳ·
μηδέ μοι οἰνοχόον κυλίκων σέθεν αἰετὸς ἀρθεῖς
μάρψαις ἀντὶ καλοῦ, κοίρανε, Δαρδανίδου.
εἰ δέ τι Μουσάων τοι ἐγὼ φίλον ὦπασα δῶρον,
νεύσαις μοι θείου παιδὸς ὁμοφροσύνην.

LXV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἰ Ζεὺς κείνος ἔτ' ἐστίν, ὁ καὶ Γανυμήδεος ἀκμήν
ἀρπάξας, ἵν' ἔχη νέκταρος οἰνοχόον,
κῆμοι τὸν καλὸν ἐστίν (ἐρὶ) σπλάγχνοισι Μυῖσκον
κρύπτειν, μή με λάθη παιδὶ βαλὼν πτέρυγας.

LXI ANONYMOUS

Watch out, Aribazus! Don't seduce
All Cnidus! The very stones are coming loose.

LXII ANONYMOUS

You Persian mothers, what fair boys you bear!
But mine to me seems something more than fair.

LXIII MELEAGER

Dumb Heraclitus signals with his eyes,
"I can ignite the lightning from the skies!"
And Diodorus secretly repeats,
"I melt the stone my body overheats."
Poor sod, who from the eyes of one takes fire
And scents the other's smouldering desire!

LXIV ALCAEUS

Zeus, lord of Pisa, crown another son
Of Cypris, Peithenor, born to succeed.
Like an eagle pray don't grab this one
To pour your drinks instead of Ganymede.
Join me and the godlike boy in unison
If I brought you poetic gifts indeed.

LXV MELEAGER

Is Zeus the same who kidnapped Ganymede
To have his nectar beautifully served?
Pretty Myiscus privately I need
To keep, lest Zeus swoop on him unobserved.

LXVI ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κρίνατ', Ἔρωτες, ὁ παῖς τίνος ἄξιος. εἰ μὲν ἀληθῶς
 ἀθανάτων, ἐχέτω· Ζανὶ γὰρ οὐ μάχομαι.
 εἰ δέ τι καὶ θνατοῖς ὑπολείπεται, εἶπατ', Ἔρωτες,
 Δωρόθεος τίνος ἦν, καὶ ἴνι νῦν δέδοται.
 ἐν φανερωῖ φωνεῦσιν· ἐμὴ χάρις.—ἀλλ' ἀποχωρεῖ.
 μὴ μετι πρὸς τὸ καλὸν καὶ σὺ μάταια φέρῃ.

LXVII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλὸν οὐχ ὀρώω Διονύσιον. ἄρά γ' ἀναρθεῖς,
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, (ἀθανάτοις) δεύτερος οἰνοχοεῖ;
 αἰετέ, τὸν χαρίεντα, ποτὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ τινάξας,
 πῶς ἔφερες; μὴ που κνίσματ' ὄνουξιν ἔχει;

LXVIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐθέλω Χαρίδαμον· ὁ γὰρ καλὸς εἰς Δία λεύσσει,
 ὡς ἤδη νέκταρ τῷ θεῷ οἰνοχοῶν·
 οὐκ ἐθέλω· τί δέ μοι τὸν ἐπουρανίων βασιλῆα
 ἄνταθλον νίκης τῆς ἐν ἔρωτι λαβεῖν;
 ἄρκοῦμαι δ', ἦν μόνον ὁ παῖς ἀνίων ἐς Ὀλυμπον,
 ἐκ γῆς νίπτρα ποδῶν δάκρυα τὰμὰ λάβῃ,
 μναμόσυνον στοργῆς· γλυκὺ δ' ὄμμασι νεῦμα δίυγρον
 δοίη, καὶ τι φίλημ' ἀρπάσαι ἀκροθιγές.
 τᾶλλα δὲ πάντ' ἐχέτω Ζεὺς, ὡς θέμις· εἰ δ' ἐθελήσοι,
 ἦ τάχα που κήγῳ γεύσομαι ἀμβροσίας.

LXIX ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ζεῦ, προτέρωφ τέρπου Γανυμήδεϊ· τὸν δ' ἐμόν, ὄναξ,
 Δέξανδρον δέρκευ τηλόθεν· οὐ φθονέω.
 εἰ δὲ βίῃ τὸν καλὸν ἀποιίσειαι, οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτῶς
 δεσπόζεις· ἀπίτω καὶ τὸ βιοῦν ἐπὶ σοῦ.

LXVI ANONYMOUS

Who does this boy deserve? Let Love decide!
If fit for the gods, I do not strive with heaven;
Should anything for mortal men abide,
Whose was he then? to whom is he now given?
I won, but Dorotheus took his leave.
Don't be the next one whom good looks deceive!

LXVII ANONYMOUS

I don't see pretty Dionysius—
Zeus, for a new pot-boy did you snatch him?
When with swift wings you bore the beautiful
Lad off, I hope your talons did not scratch him!

LXVIII MELEAGER

I don't want Charidamus. He looks up
To Zeus as if indeed he were his cup-
Bearer. Why take the king of heaven for
Successful sexual competitor?
Sufficient if, Olympus-bound, my sweet
With my terrestrial tears will wash his feet
In memory of my love—and add to this
One melting glance, one superficial kiss.
Let Zeus have all the rest. Should he allow,
I too shall taste ambrosia, somehow.

LXIX ANONYMOUS

Take pleasure, Zeus, in your first catamite
And gaze from afar at mine. I am forgiving.
But if you carry off the boy by might
Your tyranny will make life not worth living.

LXX ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Στήσομ' ἐγὼ καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐναντίον, εἴ σε, Μυῖσκε,
 ἀρπάζειν ἐθέλοι νέκταρος οἰνοχόον.
 καίτοι πολλάκις αὐτὸς ἐμοὶ τάδ' ἔλεξε· "Τί ταρβεῖς;
 "οὐ σε βαλῶ ζήλοισ· οἶδα παθὼν ἐλεεῖν."
 χῶ μὲν δὴ τάδε φησίν· ἐγὼ δ', ἦν μυῖα παραπτῆ,
 ταρβῶ μὴ ψεύστης Ζεὺς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ γέγονεν.

LXXI ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Θεσσαλικὴ Κλεόνικε τάλαν, τάλαν· οὐ μὰ τὸν ὄξυν
 ἥλιον, οὐκ ἔγνων· σχέτλιε, ποῦ γέγονας;
 ὅστέα σοι καὶ μῦνον ἔτι τρίχες. ἦ ρά σε δαίμων
 οὐμὸς ἔχει, χαλεπῆ δ' ἦντεο θευμορίη;
 ἐγνων· Εὐξίθεός σε συνήρπασε· καὶ σὺ γὰρ ἐλθὼν
 τὸν καλόν, ὤμοχθήρ', ἔβλεπες ἀμφοτέροις.

LXXII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

"Ἦδη μὲν γλυκὺς ὄρθρος· ὁ δ' ἐν προθύροισιν ἄπνος
 Δᾶμις ἀποψύχει πνεῦμα τὸ λειφθὲν ἔτι,
 σχέτλιος, Ἡράκλειτον ἰδὼν· ἔσθη γὰρ ὑπ' αὐγὰς
 ὀφθαλμῶν, βληθεὶς κηρὸς ἐς ἀνθρακίην.
 ἀλλὰ μοι ἔγρευο, Δᾶμι δυσάμμορε· καὐτὸς Ἔρωτος
 ἔλκος ἔχων ἐπὶ σοῖς δάκρυσι δακρυχέω.

LXXIII ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἡμισύ μευ ψυχῆς ἔτι τὸ πνεόν, ἥμισυ δ' οὐκ οἶδ'
 εἶτ' Ἔρος εἶτ' Ἀΐδης ἦρπασε· πλὴν ἀφανές.
 ἦ ρά τιν' ἐς παῖδων πάλιν ᾤχετο; καὶ μὲν ἀπεῖπον
 πολλάκι· "Τὴν δρῆστιν μὴ ὑποδέχεσθε, νέοι."
 †ουκισυ δίφησον· ἐκεῖσε γὰρ ἡ λιθόλευστος
 κείνη καὶ δύσερος οἶδ' ὅτι που στρέφεται.

LXX MELEAGER

I shall stand up to Zeus, should he design
To snap Myiscus up to serve his wine.
Zeus often said to me himself, "Afraid
I'll make you jealous? Sympathy has made
Me merciful." The antics of this fly*
Alarm me: can an eagle tell a lie?

LXXI CALLIMACHUS

Cleonicus, poor sod, where have you been?
I'd hardly recognize you, sight unseen,
You're merely skin and bones. Are you obsessed
Like me, a victim of some god's grim jest?
So Euxitheus took you by surprise,
The rogue who gazed at beauty with both eyes!

LXXII MELEAGER

Sweet dawn already! Sleepless on the porch
 Damis expires for Heraclitus, who
Has melted him like wax with eyes that scorch
 Like coals. Unlucky Damis, wake! I too
Have been hurt by carrying the torch
 For Love, and so I weep because you do.

LXXIII CALLIMACHUS

Half of my soul still breathes, but I don't know
 If Love has rapt the other half away,
Or Death. Gone to some little gigolo?
 (I told the lads, "Rebuff the runaway.")
Look no further: that's where it would go,
 I'm sure, the ne'er-do-well, the *débauché*.

*Myiscus = "fly boy"

LXXIV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦν τι πάθω, Κλεόβουλε, (τὸ γὰρ πλέον ἐν πυρὶ παίδων
βαλλόμενος κεῖμαι λείψανον ἐν σποδιῇ)
λίσσομαι, ἀκρήτω μέθυσον, πρὶν ὑπὸ χθόνα θέσθαι,
κάλπιν, ἐπιγράψας "Δῶρον Ἔρωσ Ἀΐδη."

LXXV ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Εἰ πτερά σοι προσέκειτο, καὶ ἐν χερὶ τόξα καὶ ἰοί,
οὐκ ἂν Ἔρωσ ἐγράφη Κύπριδος, ἀλλὰ σὺ, παῖς.

LXXVI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἰ μὴ τόξον Ἔρωσ, μηδὲ πτερά, μηδὲ φαρέτραν,
μηδὲ πυριβλήτους εἶχε πόθων ἀκίδας,
οὐκ, αὐτὸν τὸν πτανὸν ἐπόμνυμαι, οὐποτ' ἂν ἔγνωσ
ἐκ μορφᾶς τίς ἔφυ Ζωῖλος ἢ τίς Ἔρωσ.

LXXVII ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ ἢ ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Εἰ καθύπερθε λάβοις χρύσεια πτερά, καὶ σευ ἀπ' ὤμων
τείνοιτ' ἀργυρέων ἰοδόκος φαρέτρη,
καὶ σταίης παρ' Ἔρωτα, φίλ', ἀγλαόν, οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἑρμῆν,
οὐδ' αὐτὴ Κύπρις γνώσεται ὄν τέτοκεν.

LXXVIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἰ χλαμύδ' εἶχεν Ἔρωσ, καὶ μὴ πτερά, μηδ' ἐπὶ νώτων
τόξα τε καὶ φαρέτραν, ἀλλ' ἐφόρει πέτασον,
ναί, τὸν γαῦρον ἔφηβον ἐπόμνυμαι, Ἀντίοχος μὲν
ἦν ἂν Ἔρωσ, ὁ δ' Ἔρωσ τᾶμπαλιν Ἀντίοχος.

LXXIV MELEAGER

If, Cleobulus, I should expire
Being cast on the juvenile pyre,
As to ashes I burn
Sprinkle wine on my urn
And inscribe it, "To Death from Desire."

LXXV ASCLEPIADES

If you had wings, a bow, and arrows too,
I'd not think Cupid Venus' son, but you.

LXXVI MELEAGER

If Cupid had no bow, no wings, and no
Quiver filled with fiery arrows of
Desire, by looks alone you'd never know
Zoilus from the wingèd god of love.

LXXVII ASCLEPIADES *or* POSIDIPPUS

If you had golden wings, and from your shoulder
Dangled, dear, a silver arrow-holder,
And you stood next to Love in naked splendour,
Venus would wonder which did she engender.

LXXVIII MELEAGER

If, instead of wings and a bow, Love had
A mantle and a hat with a broad brim,
Antiochus—I swear by the proud lad
Himself!—would look like Love, and Love like him.

LXXIX ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἀντίπατρός μ' ἐφίλησ' ἤδη λήγοντος ἔρωτος,
καὶ πάλιν ἐκ ψυχρῆς πῦρ ἀνέκαυσε τέφρης·
δὶς δὲ μῆης ἄκων ἔτυχον φλογός. ὦ δυσέρωτες,
φεύγετε, μὴ πρήσω τους πέλας ἀψάμενος.

LXXX ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ψυχὴ δυσδάκρυτε, τι σοι τὸ πεπανθὲν Ἴρωτος
τραῦμα διὰ σπλάγχων ἀῖς ἀναφλέγεται;
μὴ, μὴ, πρὸς σὲ Διός, μὴ, πρὸς Διός, ὦ φιλάβουλε,
κινήσης τέφρη πῦρ ὑπολαμπόμενον.
αὐτίκα γάρ, λήθαργε κακῶν, πάλιν εἶ σε φυγοῦσαν
λήψεται Ἴρωσ, εὐρῶν δραπέτιν αἰκίσειται.

LXXXI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ψυχαπάται δυσέρωτες, ὅσοι φλόγα τὰν φιλόπαιδα
οἴδατε, τοῦ πικροῦ γευσάμενοι μέλιτος,
ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ νιφάδα, ψυχρὸν, τάχος, ἄρτι τακείῃς
ἐκ χιόνος τῆ μὴ χεῖτε περὶ κραδίῃ
ἦ γὰρ ἰδεῖν ἔτλην Διονύσιον. ἀλλ', ὁμόδουλοι,
πρὶν ψαῦσαι σπλάγχων, πῦρ ἀπ' ἐμεῦ σβέσατε.

LXXXII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἔσπευδον τὸν Ἴρωτα φυγεῖν· ὁ δὲ βαιὸν ἀνάψας
φάνιον ἐκ τέφρης, εὐρέ με κρυπτόμενον·
κυκλώσας δ' οὐ τόξα, χερὸς δ' ἀκράνυχα δισσόν,
κνίσμα πυρὸς θαύσας, εἰς μὲ λαθὼν ἔβαλεν·
ἐκ δὲ φλόγες πάντη μοι ἐπέδραμον. ὦ βραχὺ φέγγος
λάμπαν ἐμοὶ μέγα πῦρ, Φάνιον, ἐν κραδίᾳ.

LXXIX ANONYMOUS

Antipater, when love began to pall,
 Kissed me, and from ashes stirred desire.
Twice burnt by the same flame, I warn off all
 Poor lovers, lest they touch me and catch fire.

LXXX MELEAGER

Poor tearful spirit, does the dormant pain
Of love within your heart flare up again?
For God's sake, most irrational of souls,
Do not stir up those smouldering, banked coals!
Oblivious of your woes you got away,
But when Love catches you he'll make you pay.

LXXXI MELEAGER

Unhappy, self-deceiving lovers who
Have known the bittersweet of boy-love too,
Pour round my heart cold water, quick, which flows,
My fellow slaves, from freshly melted snows.
At Dionysius I dared to gaze:
Before I am consumed put out the blaze.

LXXXII MELEAGER

I tried to fly from Love, who snatched a brand
 Out of the coals and found my hiding place.
Bending, not his bow but his small hand,
 He flicked a pinch of fire in my face,
Enveloping me in flames. Sweet firebrand,
 Now you have made my heart your fireplace.

LXXXIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐ μ' ἔτρωσεν Ἔρωσ τόξοις, οὐ λαμπάδ' ἀνάψας,
 ὡς πάρος, αἰθομέναν θῆκεν ὑπὸ κραδίᾳ·
 σύγκωμον δὲ Πόθοισι φέρων Κύπριδος μυροφεγγές
 φάνιον, ἄκρον ἐμοῖς ὄμμασι πῦρ ἔβαλεν·
 ἐκ δέ με φέγγος ἔτηξε. τὸ δὲ βραχὺ φάνιον ὠφθη
 πῦρ ψυχῆς τῆ ἡμῆ καιόμενον κραδίᾳ.

LXXXIV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ὦνθρωποι, βωθεῖτε· τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς ἐπὶ γαῖαν
 ἄρτι με πρωτόπλουτον ἵχνος ἐρειδόμενον
 ἔλκει τῆδ' ὁ βίαιος Ἔρωσ· φλόγα δ' οἶα προφαίνων
 παιδὸς ἐπέστρεψεν κάλλος ἐραστὸν ἰδεῖν.
 βαίνω δ' ἵχνος ἐπ' ἵχνος, ἐν ἀέρι δ' ἠδὺ τυπωθὲν
 εἶδος ἀφαρπάζων χεῖλεσιν ἠδὺ φιλω.
 ἄρά γε τὴν πικρὰν προφυγῶν ἄλα, πουλύ τι κείνης
 πικρότερον χέρσῳ κύμα περὶ Κύπριδος;

LXXXV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οἶνοπόται δέξασθε τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς, ἅμα πόντον
 καὶ κλῶπας προφυγόντ', ἐν χθονὶ δ' ὀλλύμενον.
 ἄρτι γὰρ ἐκ νηὸς με μόνον πόδα θέντ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν
 ἀγρεύσας ἔλκει τῆδ' ὁ βίαιος Ἔρωσ,
 ἐνθάδ' ὅπου τὸν παῖδα διαστείχοντ' ἐνόησα·
 αὐτομάτοις δ' ἄκων ποσσὶ ταχὺς φέρομαι.
 κωμάζω δ' οὐκ οἶνον ὑπὸ φρένα, πῦρ δὲ γεμισθεῖς.
 ἀλλὰ φίλοι, ξεῖνοι, βαιὸν ἐπαρκέσατε,
 ἀρκέσατ', ὦ ξεῖνοι, κάμῃ Ξενίου πρὸς Ἔρωτος
 δέξασθ' ὀλλύμενον τὸν φιλίας ἰκέτην.

LXXXIII MELEAGER

Love did not wound me with his normal dart;
He lit no blazing torch beneath my heart,
But in my eyes infused a fragrant fire,
Companion to disorderly Desire,
Melting me down: a tiny spark to start
This soulful conflagration in my heart!

LXXXIV MELEAGER

Help! I have only to set foot on land,
Having survived my maiden voyage, and
Love drags me here by force and shines his light
On this boy's beauty: what a lovely sight!
I dog his steps, and grasping for his fair
Imaginary form, I kiss thin air.
Have I escaped the briny deep and found
Bitterer depths of longing on dry ground?

LXXXV MELEAGER

Drunkards, make room for one who, safe ashore,
Escaped the sea, and pirates furthermore,
No sooner disembarked upon dry land
Than Love lays hold of me by brute force and
Drags me to see a certain boy pass by.
And here, averse, like a sleepwalker I
Stagger, not drunk with wine but with desire.
Give me a little help as I expire,
Dear strangers, take me in, a ruined guest,
For Love's sake honour friendship's last request.

LXXXVI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἄ Κύπρις θήλεια γυναικομανῆ φλόγα βάλλει·
 ἄρσενά δ' αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ ἴμερον ἀνιοχεῖ.
 ποῖ ρέψω; ποτὶ παῖδ' ἢ ματέρα; φαμί δὲ καὐτὰν
 Κύπριν ἐρεῖν· "Νικῶ τὸ φρασὺ παιδάριον."

LXXXVII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τλήμων Ἔρωσ, οὐ θῆλυν ἐμοὶ πόθον, ἀλλά τιν' αἰεὶ
 δινεύεις στεροπὴν καύματος ἀρσενικοῦ.
 ἄλλοτε γὰρ Δήμωνι πυρούμενος, ἄλλοτε λεύσσω
 Ἴσμηνόν, δολιχοὺς αἰὲν ἔχω καμάτους.
 οὐ μούνοις δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι δεδόρκαμεν· ἀλλ' ἐπιπάντων
 ἄρκυσι πουλυμανῆ κανθὸν ἐφελκόμεθα.

LXXXVIII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δισσοί με τρύχουσι καταιγίζοντες ἔρωτες,
 Εὐμαχε, καὶ δισσαῖς ἐνδέδεμαι μανίαις·
 ἦ μὲν ἐπ' Ἀσάνδρου κλίνω δέμας, ἦ δὲ πάλιν μοι
 ὀφθαλμὸς νεύει Τηλέφου ὀξύτερος.
 τμήξατ', ἐμοὶ τοῦφ' ἠδύ, καὶ εἰς πλάστιγγα δικαίην
 νειμάμενοι, κλήρω τάμα φέρεσθε μέλη.

LXXXIX ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κύπρι, τί μοι τρισσοὺς ἐφ' ἓνα σκοπὸν ἤλασας ἰοὺς,
 ἐν δὲ μῆ ψυχῇ τρισσὰ πέπηγε βέλη;
 καὶ τῆ μὲν φλέγομαι, τῆ δ' ἔλκομαι· ἦ δ' ἀπονεύσω,
 διστάζω, λάβρω δ' ἐν πυρὶ πᾶς φλέγομαι.

LXXXVI MELEAGER

Lady Venus generates our lust
For females; Cupid pricks desire for males.
Which shall I turn to? Even Venus must
Admit her cheeky little brat prevails.

LXXXVII ANONYMOUS

Brash Love, you make me dizzy! Do I yearn
For women? No, for my own sex I burn.
Enflamed by Damon, every time I see
Ismenus I am plunged in misery.
I stare at others too; my roving eye
Is caught by every boy who passes by.

LXXXVIII ANONYMOUS

Two tempestuous passions having ground
Me down, in double madness I am bound.
As soon as to Asander's person I
Incline, Telephus' catches my keen eye.
How nice it would be if they could divide
Me equally, and then let chance decide!

LXXXIX ANONYMOUS

Why, Venus, must you take a triple shot
At me, and lodge three arrows in my soul?
I'm pulled this way and that, and don't know what
I want; this rabid fire consumes me whole.

XC ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐκέτ' ἐρῶ. πεπάλαικα πόθοις τρισίν· εἷς μὲν ἑταίρης,
 εἷς δέ με παρθενικῆς, εἷς δέ μ' ἔκαυσε νέου·
 καὶ κατὰ πᾶν ἤλγηκα. γεγύμνασμαι μὲν, ἑταίρης
 πείθων τὰς ἐχθρὰς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι θύρας·
 ἔστρωμαι δὲ κόρης ἐπὶ παστάδος αἰὲν ἄυπνος,
 ἐν τῷ ποθεινότατον παιδί φίλημα διδοῦς.
 οἴμοι· πῶς εἶπω πῦρ τὸ τρίτον; ἐκ γὰρ ἐκείνου
 βλέμματα καὶ κενεὰς ἐλπίδας οἶδα μόνον.

XCI ΠΟΛΥΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ

Δισσὸς Ἔρωσ ἀῖθει ψυχὴν μίαν. ὦ τὰ περισσὰ
 ὀφθαλμοὶ πάντη πάντα κατοσσόμενοι,
 εἶδετε τὸν χρυσέαισι περίσκεπτον χαρίτεσιν
 Ἄντιοχον, λιπαρῶν ἄνθεμον ἠϊθέων.
 ἀρκείτω· τί τὸν ἠδὺν ἐπηυγάσσασθε καὶ ἄβρὸν
 Στασικράτη, Παφίης ἔρνος ἰοστεφάνου;
 καίεσθε, τρύχεσθε, καταφλέχθητέ ποτ' ἤδη·
 οἱ δύο γὰρ ψυχὴν οὐκ ἂν ἔλοιτε μίαν.

XCII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

ᾠ προδόται ψυχῆς, παίδων κύνες, αἰὲν ἐν ἰξῷ
 Κύπριδος ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέμματα χριόμενοι,
 ἠρπάσατ' ἄλλον Ἔρωτ', ἄρνες λύκον, οἷα κορώνη
 σκορπίον, ὡς τέφρη πῦρ ὑποθαλπόμενον.
 δρᾶθ' ὅ τι καὶ βούλεσθε. τί μοι νενοτισμένα χεῖτε
 δάκρυα, πρὸς δ' Ἰκέτην αὐτομολεῖτε τάχος;
 ὀπτάσθ' ἐν κάλλει, τύφεσθ' ὑποκαόμενοι νῦν,
 ἄκρος ἐπεὶ ψυχῆς ἐστὶ μάγειρος Ἔρωσ.

XC ANONYMOUS

I'm through with love! Three bad upsets I've had:
A courtesan, a maiden, and a lad,
All painful. Long did I besiege the whore's
Door, which was posted, NO SOLICITORS,
And lying sleepless in a colonnade,
I showered longing kisses on the maid;
Ah, how describe the third? From him, as yet,
Glances and promises are all I get.

XCI POLYSTRATUS

Two loves consume my soul. I, having gone
Everywhere looking for a paragon,
Spotted Antiochus, whose charm enjoys
Preeminence among our golden boys.
That should suffice! Why seek a younger one,
Delicious Stasicrates, Venus' son?
The pair of you are helpless to control
What you may well destroy, this single soul.

XCII MELEAGER

My eyes give me away, those boy-hounds who
Stick ever to their quarry's tracks like glue!
As sheep catch wolves, and fuel catches fire,
As birds catch snakes, you've caught your new desire.
Do as you please. But why shed tears like rain,
Then run right after Hiketas again?
Go on and baste yourself in his good looks:
Love is the chef of sentimental cooks.

XCIII ΠΙΑΝΟΥ

Οἱ παῖδες λαβύρινθος ἀνέξοδος· ἦ γὰρ ἂν ὄμμα
ρίψῃς, ὡς ἰξῶ τοῦτο προσαμπέχεται.
τῇ μὲν γὰρ Θεόδωρος ἄγει ποτὶ πίονα σαρκὸς
ἀκμὴν καὶ γυίων ἄνθος ἀκηράσιον·
τῇ δὲ Φιλοκλῆος χρύσειον ῥέθος, ὃς τὸ καθ' ὕχος
οὐ μέγας, οὐρανίη δ' ἀμφιτέθηλε χάρις.
ἦν δ' ἐπὶ Λεπτίνεω στρέψῃς δέμας, οὐκέτι γυῖα
κινήσεις, ἀλύτῳ δ' ὡς ἀδάμαντι μενεῖς
ἴχνια κολληθεῖς· τοῖον σέλας ὄμμασιν αἴθει
κοῦρος καὶ νεάτους ἐκ κορυφῆς ὄνυχας.
χαίρετε καλοὶ παῖδες, ἐς ἀκμαίην δὲ μόλοιτε
ἦβην, καὶ λευκὴν ἀμφιέσαισθε κόμην.

XCIV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τερπνὸς μὲν Διόδωρος, ἐν ὄμμασι δ' Ἡράκλειτος,
ἠδυεπὴς δὲ Δίων, ὀσφύϊ δ' Οὐλιάδης.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν ψαύοις ἀπαλόχροος, ᾧ δέ, Φιλόκλεις,
ἔμβλεπε, τῷ δὲ λάλει, τὸν δὲ . . . τὸ λειπόμενον·
ὡς γνῶς οἶος ἐμὸς νόος ἄφθονος· ἦν δὲ Μυῖσκῳ
λίχνος ἐπιβλέχῃς, μηκέτ' ἴδοις τὸ καλόν.

XCIII RHIANUS

Boys are an inextricable maze;
Like glue they hold the transitory gaze.
Here Theodorus' carnal charms attract
You, limbs so round and firm and fully packed;
Here golden-skinned Philocles, who is all
Heavenly grace, although not very tall.
If on Leptinus' form your eyes you cast,
You cannot budge, your feet will be stuck fast
As adamant; that youngster's looks are so
Ardent they'll kindle you from top to toe.
Hail, lovely boys! May you attain your prime,
And live until your hair turns white with time.

XCIV MELEAGER

Diodorus is a living treasure,
Heraclitus always seems on view,
Dion's conversation gives much pleasure,
So does Uliades' backside, too!
Stroke the delicate-complexioned boy,
Ogle him you find the prettiest;
Chat up the chatterbox, and then enjoy
The favours of the favoured . . . and all the rest.
You know I do not have a jealous nature,
Philocles, but if you presume to cast
Lecherous glances on Myiscus' ass, your
Glimpse of beauty might well be your last.

XCV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἶ σε Πόθοι στέργουσι, Φιλόκλεες, ἢ τε μυρόπνους
 Πειθῶ, καὶ κάλλευσ ἀνθολόγοι Χάριτες,
 ἀγκὰς ἔχοις Διόδωρον, ὁ δὲ γλυκὺς ἀντίος ἄδοι
 Δωρόθεος, κείσθω δ' εἰς γόνου Καλλικράτης,
 ἰαίνοι δὲ Δίων τόδ' εὖστοχον ἐν χερὶ τείνων
 σὸν κέρασ, Οὐλιάδης δ' αὐτὸ περισκυθίσαι,
 δοιή δ' ἠδὺ φίλημα Φίλων, Θήρων δὲ λαλήσαι,
 θλίβοις δ' Εὐδήμου τιτθὸν ὑπὸ χλαμύδι.
 εἰ γάρ σοι τάδε τερπνὰ πόροι θεός, ὦ μάκαρ, οἶαν
 ἀρτύσεις παίδων Ῥωμαϊκὴν λοπάδα.

XCVI ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὔτι μάταν θνατοῖσι φάτις τοιάδε βοᾶται,
 ὡς "οὐ πάντα θεοὶ πᾶσιν ἔδωκαν ἔχειν."
 εἶδος μὲν γάρ ἄμωμον, ἐπ' ὄμμασι δ' ἄ περίσαμος
 αἰδώς, καὶ στέρνοις ἀμφιτέθαλε χάρις,
 οἴσι καὶ ἠιθέσυσ ἐπιδάμνασαι· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ ποσσὶν
 οὐκέτι τὰν αὐτὰν δῶκαν ἔχειν σε χάριν.
 πλὴν κρητὶς κρύψει ποδὸς ἴχνιον, ὠγαθὲ Πύρρε,
 κάλλει δὲ σφετέρῳ τέρπει ἀγαλλόμενον.

XCVII ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Εὐπάλαμος ξανθὸν μὲν ἐρεύθεται, ἴσον Ἴρωτι,
 μέσφα ποτὶ Κρητῶν ποιμένα Μηριόνην·
 ἐκ δὲ νυ Μηριόνεω Ποδαλείριος οὐκέτ' ἐς Ἥῳ
 νεῖται· ἴδ' ὡς φθονερά παγγενέτειρα φύσις.
 εἰ γὰρ τῷ τά τ' ἔνερθε τά θ' ὑπόθεν ἴσα πέλοιτο,
 ἦν ἂν Ἀχιλλῆος φέρτερος Αἰακίδεω.

XCV MELEAGER

Philocles, if Desire, sweet Blandishment,
And the Graces, beauty's botanists, consent,
Embracing Diodorus may you see
Sweet Dorotheus singing vis-à-vis,
While holding Callicrates on your knee;
May Dion's little fingers hotly grip
Your horny prick, which Uliades' strip;
May you share Philo's kiss and Thero's talk,
And feel Eudemus up beneath his smock.
If, blessèd man, god granted you such joys,
You'd have arranged a smorgasbord of boys.

XCVI ANONYMOUS

There's truth in the old adage, that the gods
Do not give everybody the same odds.
Your form is flawless, modesty shines in
Your eyes, a charming bloom is on your skin,
Surpassing other youths. But for your feet,
All this god-given grace would be complete.
But, Pyrrhus, slip your foot into this shoe—
It will embellish and astonish you.

XCVII ANTIPATER

Eupalamas—or Lilyfoot—above
His waistline blushes roseate as Love;
However, dawn does not extend from his
Waist down. How stingy Mother Nature is!
Were his bottom and his top the same,
He'd put Achilles' bronze physique to shame.

XCVIII ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Τὸν Μουσῶν τέττιγα Πόθος δήσας ἐπ' ἀκάνθαις
 κοιμίζειν ἐθέλει, πῦρ ὑπὸ πλευρὰ βαλὼν·
 ἢ δὲ πρὶν ἐν βίβλοις πεπονημένη ἄλλ' ἀθερίζει
 ψυχῇ, ἀνιηρῶ δαίμονι μεμφομένη.

XCIX ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἠγρεύθην ὑπ' Ἔρωτος ὁ μὴδ' ὄναρ, οὐδ' ἔμαθον
 περ ἄρσενα ποιμαίνειν θερμὸν ὑπὸ κραδίας,
 ἦγρεύθην. ἄλλ' οὐ με κακῶν πόθος, ἀλλ' ἀκέραιον
 σύντροφον αἰσχύνῃ βλέμμα κατηνθράκισεν.
 τηκέσθω Μουσέων ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν πυρὶ γὰρ νοῦς
 βέβληται, γλυκερῆς ἄχθος ἔχων ὀδύνης.

C ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς οἶων με πόθων λιμένα ξένον, ὦ Κύπρι, θεῖσα
 οὐκ ἐλεεῖς, καυτὴ πείραν ἔχουσα πόνων;
 ἦ μ' ἐθέλεις ἄτλητα παθεῖν καὶ τοῦτ' ἔπος εἰπεῖν,
 "Τὸν σοφὸν ἐν Μούσαις Κύπρις ἔτρωσε μόνη";

CI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τόν με Πόθοις ἄτρωτον ὑπὸ στέρνοισι Μυῖσκος
 ὄμμασι τοξεύσας, τοῦτ' ἐβόησεν ἔπος·
 "Τὸν θρασὺν εἶλον ἐγὼ· τὸ δ' ἐπ' ὀφρύσι κείνο φρύαγμα
 σκηπτροφόρου σοφίας ἠνίδε ποσσὶ πατῶ."
 τῷ δ', ὅσον ἀμπνεύσας, τόδ' ἔφην· "Φίλε κοῦρε, τί θαμβεῖς;
 καυτὸν ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου Ζῆνα καθεῖλεν Ἔρωσ."

CII ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἦγρευτῆς, Ἐπίκυδες, ἐν οὔρεσι πάντα λαγῶν
 διφα, καὶ πάσης ἵχνια δορκαλίδος,

XCVIII POSIDIPPUS

Binding the poet's soul with briars, Desire
Tries to relax it over a slow fire,
But the hard-working bookworm still makes light
Of everything but this malicious sprite.

XCIX ANONYMOUS

I'm caught by Love. I never dreamt I'd learn
With ardour for another male to burn.
I'm caught, yet sinful passion played no part:
A pure and modest glance enflamed my heart.
My labour for the Muses—all in vain!
My mind, on fire, is fraught with dulcet pain.

C ANONYMOUS

To what strange port of longings, pitiless
 Venus, towards love's pain, well though you know it,
You've brought me, in unbearable distress
 To protest, "None but Venus hurt this poet"!

CI MELEAGER

Transfixing with a look my unscathed heart,
Myiscus cried, "I've caught the brash upstart!
Behold how underfoot I trample now
The pride of regal wisdom on his brow!"
I gasped, "Dear boy, why should you feel surprise?
Love dragged great Zeus himself down from the skies."

CII CALLIMACHUS

After each mountain hare the hunstman goes,
Tracking each doe's footprints through frosts and snows,

στίβνι καὶ νιφετῶ κεχρημένος. ἦν δέ τις εἶπνι,
 "Τῆ, τόδε βέβληται θηρίον," οὐκ ἔλαβεν.
 χουμὸς ἔρωσ τοιόσδε· τὰ μὲν φεύγοντα διώκειν
 οἰτε, τὰ δ' ἐν μέσσω κείμενα παρπέταται.

CIII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οἶδα φιλεῖν φιλέοντας· ἐπίσταμαι, ἦν μ' ἀδικῆ τις,
 μισεῖν· ἀμφοτέρων εἰμὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἀδαής.

CIV ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐμὸς ἔρωσ παρ' ἐμοὶ μενέτω μόνον· ἦν δὲ πρὸς ἄλλους
 φοιτήσῃ, μισῶ κοινὸν ἔρωτα, Κύπρι.

CV ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Μικρὸς Ἔρωσ ἐκ μητρὸς ἔτ' εὐθήρατος ἀποπτάς,
 ἐξ οἴκων ὑποῦ Δάμιδος οὐ πέτομαι·
 ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ, φιλέων τε καὶ ἀζήλωτα φιληθεῖς,
 οὐ πολλοῖς, εὐκράς δ' εἷς ἐνὶ συμφέρομαι.

CVI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἐν καλὸν οἶδα τὸ πᾶν, ἔν μοι μόνον οἶδε τὸ λίχνον
 ὄμμα, Μυῖσκον ὄρᾱν· τᾶλλα δὲ τυφλὸς ἐγώ.
 πάντα δ' ἐκεῖνος ἐμοὶ φαντάζεται· ἄρ' ἐσορῶσιν
 ὀφθαλμοὶ ψυχῇ πρὸς χάριν, οἱ κόλακες;

CVII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλόν, ὦ Χάριτες, Διονύσιον, εἰ μὲν ἔλοιτο
 τάμά, καὶ εἰς ὥρας αὐθις ἄγοιτε καλόν·
 εἰ δ' ἕτερον στερξείε παρεῖς ἐμέ, μύρτον ἔωλον
 ἐρρίφθω ξηροῖς φυρόμενον σκυβάλοις.

But any stricken creature he descries
He does not bag. My love, perverse likewise,
Understands how to chase the fleet and shy
Game, but what's obvious it passes by.

CIII ANONYMOUS

I give back love for love and hate for hate,
Completely ignorant of neither state.

CIV ANONYMOUS

I want my love exclusive. If it strays,
Venus, I hate a love with common ways.

CV ASCLEPIADES

A little Love, I left my mother's home;
Easily caught, from Damis' I don't roam,
Loving, beloved, (rivals I have none),
Commingling not with many but with one.

CVI MELEAGER

Myiscus' looks are all my avid eyes
Know how to dote on, sightless otherwise.
He's all my fantasy. Must every glance
Flatter the soul? Must eyes be psychophants?

CVII ANONYMOUS

If comely Dionysius picks me,
 May The Graces keep him ever fair!
But should he pass me over heartlessly,
 Good riddance to bad rubbish, I declare.

CVIII ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ στέρξεις, εἷης ἰσόμοιρος, Ἄκρατε,
Χίω, καὶ Χίου πούλῳ μελιχρότερος·
εἰ δ' ἕτερον κρίναις ἐμέθεν πλεόν, ἀμφὶ σὲ βαίη
κώνωψ ὄξηρῳ τυφόμενος κεράμῳ.

CIX ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ὁ τρυφερὸς Διόδωρος ἐς ἠϊφέους φλόγα βάλλων
ἤγρευται λαμυροῖς ὄμμασι Τιμαρίου,
τὸ γλυκύπικρον Ἔρωτος ἔχων βέλος. ἦ τότε καινὸν
θάμβος ὀρῶ· φλέγεται πῦρ πυρὶ καιόμενον.

CX ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦστραψε γλυκὺ κάλλος· ἰδοὺ φλόγας ὄμμασι βάλλει.
ἄρα κεραυνομάχαν ταῖδ' ἀνέδειξεν Ἔρωτος;
χαῖρε Πόθων ἀκτίνα φέρων θνατοῖσι, Μυῖσκε,
καὶ λάμπους ἐπὶ γᾶ πυρσὸς ἐμοὶ φίλιος.

CXI ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πτανὸς Ἔρωτος, σὺ δὲ ποσσὶ ταχύς· τὸ δὲ κάλλος ὁμοῖον
ἀμφοτέρων. τόξοις, Εὐβιε, λειπόμεθα.

CXII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εὐφαιμεῖτε νέοι· τὸν Ἔρωτ' ἄγει Ἀρκεσίλαος,
πορφυρέη δῆσας Κύπριδος ἀρπεδόνη.

CXIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Καὐτὸς Ἔρωτος ὁ πτανὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἦλω,
ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.

CVIII DIONYSIUS

Acraustus, if you care for me, you are
Like unmixed Chian wine, but sweeter still.
If you choose someone else, I hope you will
Turn musty as a jar of vinegar.

CIX MELEAGER

Is tender Diodorus, who turned on
Our youth, transfixed by bittersweet desire,
Enflamed by lickerish Timarion?
A novel marvel: fighting fire with fire.

CX MELEAGER

His eyes flash beauty sweet enough to scorch:
Does Love equip young boys with thunderbolts?
Bringing a sexy gleam to mortal dolts,
Myiscus, shine on earth, my darling torch.

CXI ANONYMOUS

While Love has wings, you're swift of foot. You're cute
As well. A pity that you cannot shoot!

CXII ANONYMOUS

Be quiet, lads! Archesilaus to bring
Love here, bound him with Venus' crimson string.

CXIII MELEAGER

Timarion you snared, by fluttering
Your eyelids, Love, and caught him on the wing.

CXIV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦοῦς ἄγγελε, χαῖρε, Φαεσφόρε, καὶ ταχὺς ἔλθοις
Ἔσπερος, ἦν ἀπάγεις, λάθριος αὐθις ἄγων.

CXV ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἄκρητον μανίην ἔπιον· μεθύων μέγα μύθοις
ᾧπλισμαι πολλὴν εἰς ὁδὸν ἀφροσύναν.
κωμάσομαι· τί δέ μοι βροντέων μέλει, ἢ τί κεραινωῶν;
ἦν βάλλη, τὸν ἔρωθ' ὄπλον ἄτρωτον ἔχων.

CXVI ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κωμάσομαι· μεθύω γὰρ ὅλος μέγα. παῖ, λάβε τοῦτον
τὸν στέφανον, τὸν ἐμοῖς δάκρυσι λουόμενον·
μακρὴν δ' οὐχὶ μάτην ὁδὸν ἴξομαι· ἔστι δ' ἄωρι
καὶ σκότος· ἀλλὰ μέγας φανὸς ἐμοὶ Θεμίσων.

CXVII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Βεβλήσθω κύβος· ἅπτε· πορεύσομαι. Ἦνιδε, τόλμα,
οἰνοβαρές. Τίν' ἔχεις φροντίδα; κωμάσομαι.
κωμάσομαι; Ποῖ, θυμέ, τρέπη; Τί δ' ἔρωτι λογισμός;
ἅπτε τάχος. Ποῦ δ' ἢ πρόσθε λόγων μελέτη;
Ἐρριφθῶ σοφίας ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν μόνον οἶδα
τοῦθ', ὅτι καὶ Ζηνὸς λῆμα καθεῖλεν Ἔρωτος.

CXVIII ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν ἐκῶν, Ἀρχῖν', ἐπεκώμασα, μυρια μεμφοῦ·
εἰ δ' ἀέκων ἦκω, τὴν προπέτειαν ὄρα·
ἄκρητος καὶ ἔρωτος μ' ἠνάγκασαν· ὦν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
εἶλκεν, ὁ δ' οὐκ εἶα σῶφρονα θυμὸν ἔχειν.
ἐλθὼν δ' οὐκ ἐβόησα, τίς ἢ τίνοσ, ἀλλ' ἐφίλησα
τὴν φλιήν· εἰ τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἀδίκημ', ἀδικῶ.

CXIV MELEAGER

Hail, morning star, fair messenger of dawn!
As evening star, bring back the sweet cheat gone.

CXV ANONYMOUS

Having imbibed pure madness, I am made
 Tipsy by words, by drunken folly armed.
So what if it thunders on my serenade?
 Love's body armour will keep me unharmed.

CXVI ANONYMOUS

I'll serenade him absolutely stewed:
"Accept, dear boy, this wreath with tears bedewed."
Go all that way for nothing? Though the night
Is dark, Themison is my guiding light.

CXVII MELEAGER

That's settled. Light the lights, I'm on my way.—
Drink makes you bold.—Why worry? I'll go pay
Him court.—*Your wit's astray.*—Does love allow
Reason? Lights, quick!—*Where is your logic now?*
Forget the quest for wisdom! All I know,
Is, Love brought Zeus' lofty spirit low.

CXVIII CALLIMACHUS

Scold me, Archinus, for my headstrong wooing,
Or call your magnetism my undoing.
Strong drink moved me, and love, which drew my soul,
While drinking robbed me of all self-control.
I kissed your door but did not shout my name
Or yours. If that's a crime, I am to blame.

CXIX ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οἶσω, ναὶ μὰ σέ, Βάκχε, τὸ σὸν θράσος· ἀγέο, κώμων
 ἄρχε· θεὸς θνατὰν ἀνιοχεῖ κραδίαν·
 ἐν πυρὶ γενναθεὶς στέργεις φλόγα τὰν ἐν ἔρωτι,
 καὶ με πάλιν δήσας τὸν σὸν ἄγεις ἰκέτην.
 ἦ προδότας κᾶπιστος ἔφυς· τεὰ δ' ὄργια κρύπτειν
 αὐδῶν, ἐκφαίνειν τὰμὰ σὺ νῦν ἐθέλεις.

CXX ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Εὐοπλῶ, καὶ πρὸς σέ μαχήσομαι, οὐδ' ἀπεροῦμαι
 θνητὸς ἐών· σὺ δ', Ἔρωσ, μηκέτι μοι πρόσασγε.
 ἦν με λάβης μεθύοντ', ἅπαγ' ἔκδοτον· ἄχρι δὲ νήφω,
 τὸν παραταξάμενον πρὸς σέ λογισμὸν ἔχω.

CXXI ΡΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἦρά νύ τοι, Κλεόνικε, δι' ἀτραπιτοῖο κίοντι
 στεινῆς ἦντησαν ταὶ λιπαραὶ Χάριτες·
 καὶ σε ποτὶ ῥοδέαισιν ἐπηχύναντο χέρεσσιν,
 κοῦρε; πεποίησαι δ' ἠλίκος ἐσσι χάρις.
 τηλόθι μοι μάλα χαῖρε· πυρὸς δ' οὐκ ἀσφαγῆς ἀσσον
 ἔρπειν αὐηρήν, ἅ φίλος, ἀνθήρικα.

CXXII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦ Χάριτες, τὸν καλὸν Ἀρισταγόρην ἐσιδοῦσαι
 ἀντίον, εἰς τρυφερὰς ἠγκαλίσασθε χέρας·
 οὐνεκα καὶ μορφῇ βάλλει φλόγα, καὶ γλυκυμυθεῖ
 καίρια, καὶ σιγῶν ὄμμασι τερπνὰ λαλεῖ.
 τηλόθι μοι πλάζοιτο. τί δὲ πλέον; ὥς γὰρ Ὀλύμπων
 Ζεὺς νέον οἶδεν ὁ παῖς μακρὰ κεραυνοβολεῖν.

CXIX MELEAGER

I'll tolerate your rudeness, Bacchus. Start
The party, god that rules the human heart.
Born from the fire, you love love's flame; enchain
Me as your faithful follower again.
Perfidiously you tell me to conceal
Your mysteries, yet mine you would reveal.

CXX POSIDIPPUS

I'll take up arms and never will say die,
Mere mortal though I am. Love, stay your hand!
While you may capture me when drunk, when I
Am sober, I have reason at command.

CXXI RHIANUS

Traipsing some narrow pathway did the Graces,
Cleonicus, meet you with shining faces,
And take you in their rosy-armed embrace
Making of you an honorary Grace?
I'll keep my distance, thank you: tinder near
A fire would be in jeopardy, my dear.

CXXII MELEAGER

Staring Aristagoras in the face,
The Graces clasped him in a fond embrace,
His beauty blazes now, his talk is sweet,
When mute his smiling eyes are indiscreet.
I wish he'd go away! But what's the use?
He throws his thunderbolts as far as Zeus.

CXXIII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πυγμῆ νικησαντα τὸν Ἀντικλέους Μενέχαρμον
 λημνίσκοις μαλακοῖς ἐστεφάνωσα δέκα,
 καὶ τρισσῶς ἐφίλησα πεφυρμένον αἵματι πολλῶ·
 ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ ἦν σμύρνης κείνο μελιχρότερον.

CXXIV ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΟΣ

Λάθρη παπταίνοντα παρὰ φλιθὴν Ἐχέδημον
 λάθριος ἀκρήβην τὸν χαρίεντ' ἔκυσα.
 δειμαίνων καὶ γάρ μοι ἐνύπνιος ἦλθε φαρέτρη
 αἰταίων καὶ δοὺς ὄχρετ' ἀλεκτρούνας,
 ἄλλοτε μειδιῶν, ὅτε δ' οὐ φίλος. ἀλλὰ μελισσέων
 ἐσμοῦ καὶ κνίδης καὶ πυρὸς ἠψάμεθα;

CXXV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦδύ τί μοι διὰ νυκτὸς ἐνύπνιον ἀβρὰ γελῶντος
 ὀκτωκαιδεκέτους παιδὸς ἔτ' ἐν χλαμῦδι
 ἦγαγ' Ἔρωσ ὑπὸ χλαῖναν· ἐγὼ δ' ἀπαλῶ περὶ χρωτὶ
 στέρνα βαλὼν κενεὰς ἐλπίδας ἐδρεπόμαν.
 καὶ μ' ἔτι νῦν θάλπει μνήμης πόθος· ὄμμασι δ' ὕπνον
 ἀγρευτὴν πτηνοῦ φάσματος αἰὲν ἔχω.
 ὦ δύσερος ψυχῆ, παῦσαί ποτε καὶ δι' ὄνειρων
 εἰδώλοισ κάλλευσ κωφὰ χλιανομένη.

CXXVI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦρκαί μεν κραδίας ψαύειν πόνος· ἦ γὰρ ἀλύων
 ἀκρονυχεὶ ταύταν ἔκνισ' ὁ θερμὸς Ἔρωσ·
 εἶπε δὲ μειδήσας· "Ἐξεῖς πάλι τὸ γλυκὺ τραῦμα,
 ὦ δύσερας, λάβρω καιόμενος μέλιτι."
 ἐξ οὗ δὴ νέον ἔρνος ἐν ἠϊθέοις Διόφαντον
 λεύσσωσιν οὔτε φυγεῖν οὔτε μένειν δύναμαι.

CXXIII ANONYMOUS

I crowned young Menecharmus, when he gained
 The title, with the wreath of victory,
And kissed him, too, though he was all blood-stained:
 That blood seemed sweeter than perfume to me!

CXXIV ARTEMON?

Seeing young Echedemus sneak a peek
Outdoors, I slyly kissed the little sneak.
Then, dressed like Cupid, in a dream he shocks
Me with the present of two fighting cocks.
Now smiling, now unfriendly. Did I seize
Fire or a thistle or a swarm of bees?

CXXV MELEAGER

Love brought between my sheets a laughing lad
One night. Eighteen years old, he was half-clad,
Like a young boy: what a sweet dream! I pressed
Smooth flesh in desperation to my breast.
Warmed by that lustful memory, I keep
Before my eyes phantasmagoric sleep.
When will my lovesick soul in dreams refrain
From chafing beauty's images in vain?

CXXVI MELEAGER

Now I have just begun to feel the pain:
Hot, errant Love has scratched my heart again.
Smirking he said, "Poor lover, you will bear
The sentimental brand of sweet despair."
Nor can I, when amongst the boyish band
I spot young Diophantes, stir or stand.

CXXVII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Εἰνόδιον στείχοντα μεσαμβρινὸν εἶδον Ἄλεξιν,
 ἄρτι κόμαν καρπῶν κειρομένου θέρεος,
 διπλαῖ δ' ἀκτῖνές με κατέφλεγον· αἱ μὲν Ἔρωτος,
 παιδὸς ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν, αἱ δὲ παρ' ἡελίου.
 ἀλλ' ἄς μὲν νύξ αὐθις ἐκοίμισεν· ἄς δ' ἐν ὀνείροις
 εἶδωλον μορφῆς μᾶλλον ἀνεφλόγισεν.
 λυσίπνοος δ' ἑτέροις ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πόνον ὕπνος ἔτευξεν
 ἔμπνουν πῦρ ψυχῇ κάλλος ἀπεικονίσας.

CXXVIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Αἰπολικάι σύριγγες, ἐν οὔρεσι μηκέτι Δάφνιν
 φωνεῖτ', αἰγιβάτη Πανὶ χαριζόμεναι·
 μηδὲ σὺ τὸν στεφθέντα, λύρη, Φοίβοιο προφηῆτι,
 δάφνη παρθενίη μέλφ' Ἰάκινθον ἔτι.
 ἦν γὰρ ὅτ' ἦν Δάφνις μὲν ἐν οὔρεσι σοῖδ' Ἰάκινθος
 τερπνός· νῦν δὲ Πόθων σκῆπτρα Δίων ἐχέτω.

CXXIX ΑΡΑΤΟΥ

Ἀργεῖος Φιλοκλῆς Ἄργει "καλός·" αἱ δὲ Κορίνθου
 στήλαι, καὶ Μεγαρέων ταυτὸ βοῶσι τάθου·
 γέγραπται καὶ μέχρι λοετρῶν Ἀμφιαράου,
 ὡς καλός, ἀλλ' ὀλίγον· γράμμασι λειπόμεθα·
 τῶδ' οὐ γὰρ πέτραι ἐπιμάρτυρες, ἀλλὰ Ῥιηνὸς
 αὐτὸς ἰδὼν· ἑτέρου δ' ἐστὶ περισσότερος.

CXXX ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἶπα, καὶ αὐτὸ πάλιν εἶπα· "Καλός, καλός·" ἀλλ' ἔτι φήσω,
 ὡς καλός, ὡς χαρίεις ὄμμασι Δωσίθεος.

CXXVII MELEAGER

I saw Alexis strolling down the road
One noon, when Summer's locks were cropped. He glowed
So twin beams dazzled me, the sexy ones
His boyish eyes emitted, and the sun's;
But while the solar rays were quenched by night,
In dreams the form of beauty still burnt bright.
Sleep, kind to others, proved to me unkind,
Etching this incandescence in my mind.

CXXVIII MELEAGER

No longer shall the hillsides shrill with an
Air to Daphnis flattering randy Pan;
Nor can the lyre, Apollo's mouthpiece, praise
Hyacinth garlanded with virgin bays.
Daphnis, the mountain nymphs' delight, is gone,
And Hyacinth, Apollo's paragon;
So now let Dion wield desire's baton.

CXXIX ARATUS

The stones of Argos praise their native son,
Fair Philocles, whose far-famed name is one
Scrawled in the baths of Amphiaraus, too.
His namesake won't be worsted by a few
Inscriptions! No graffiti spread his fame,
But those who've seen him in the flesh proclaim
He outstrips anyone of the same name.

CXXX ANONYMOUS

Again and again I've said and still repeat,
"Pretty Dositheus' eyes are sweet."

οὐ δρυός, οὐδ' ἐλάτης ἐχαράξαμεν, οὐδ' ἐπὶ τοίχου
 τοῦτ' ἔπος· ἀλλ' ἐν ἐμῇ καῦσεν Ἔρωσ κραδίᾳ.
 εἰ δέ τις οὐ φήσει, μὴ τείθεο. ναὶ μὰ σέ, δαίμον,
 ψεύδεται· ἐγὼ δ' ὁ λέγων τάτρεκές οἶδα μόνος.

CXXXI ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Ἄ Κύπρον, ἅ τε Κύθηρα, καὶ ἅ Μίλητον ἐποικνεῖς
 καὶ καλὸν Συρίας ἵπποκρότου δάπεδον,
 ἔλθοις ἴλαος Καλλιστίῳ, ἢ τὸν ἐραστήν
 οὐδέ ποτ' οἰκείων ὤσεν ἀπὸ προθύρων.

CXXXII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Οὐ σοι ταῦτ' ἐβόων, ψυχῆ; "Ναὶ Κύπριν, ἀλώσει,
 ὃ δύσερας, ἰξῶ πυκνὰ προσιπταμένη"
 οὐκ ἐβόων; εἰλέν σε πάγη. τί μάτην ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς
 παίρεις; αὐτὸς Ἔρωσ τὰ πτερά σου δέδεκεν,
 καὶ σ' ἐπὶ πῦρ ἔστησε, μύροις δ' ἔρρανε λιπόπνου,
 δῶκε δὲ διψῶση δάκρυα θερμὰ πειῖν.

CXXXIIA ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἄ ψυχῆ βαρύμοχθε, σὺ δ' ἄρτι μὲν ἐκ πυρὸς αἴθη,
 ἄρτι δ' ἀναψύχεις, πνεῦμι' ἀναλεξαμένη.
 τί κλαίεις; τὸν ἄτεγκτον ὅτ' ἐν κόλποισιν Ἔρωτα
 ἔτρεφες, οὐκ ἦδεις ὡς ἐπὶ σοὶ τρέφετο;
 οὐκ ἦδεις; νῦν γνῶθι καλῶν ἄλλαγμα τροφείων,
 πῦρ ἅμα καὶ ψυχρὰν δεξαμένη χιόνα.
 αὐτὴ ταῦθ' εἴλου· φέρε τὸν πόνον. ἄξια πάσχεις
 ὦν ἔδρας, ὀπτῶ καιομένη μέλιτι.

CXXXIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Διψῶν ὡς ἐφίλησα θέρευς ἀπαλόχροα παῖδα,
 εἶπα τότε ἀνυχηρὰν δίψαν ἀποπροφυγών·

These words, inscribed upon no oak or pine
Or wall, Love branded on this heart of mine.
Believe no one who tells you otherwise;
Only I know the truth, and I'll swear he lies.

CXXXI POSIDIPPUS

Lady who frequents Miletus, Cyprus and Cythera
And the beautiful ground of horsey Syria,
Kindly visit Callistion, the sort of whore
Who never turned a frequent visitor from her door.

CXXXII MELEAGER

Did I not warn my soul, "You will get caught,
Flitting too often to that risky spot?"
Too late; the trap is sprung. In vain you gasp
Now Love has your pin-feathers in his grasp
And spits you on the fire, and as you sink,
Bastes you with scent, and gives you tears to drink.

CXXXII A MELEAGER

Belaboured soul, now almost burnt to death,
And now reviving as you catch your breath,
Why weep? You took hard-hearted Love to nurse,
Never guessing he would prove a curse?
The wage of your good nursing now you know,
Receiving for it fire and frigid snow.
You asked for it, and got your just deserts,
Once burnt, apprised how Love's hot honey hurts.

CXXXIII MELEAGER

I thirsted in the summertime to kiss
A silken lad, and, satisfied, said this:

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄρα φίλημα τὸ νεκτάρειον Γανυμήδεις
 πίνεις, καὶ τότε σοι χεῖλεσιν οἰνοχοεῖ;
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸν καλὸν ἐν ἡϊθέοισι φιλήσας
 Ἀντίοχον, ψυχῆς ἠδὺ πέπωκα μέλι."

CXXXIV ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

"Ἐλκος ἔχων ὁ ξεῖνος ἐλάνθανεν· ὡς ἀνηρὸν
 πνεῦμα διὰ στηθέων, εἶδες, ἀνηγάγετο,
 τὸ τρίτον ἡνίκ' ἔπινε· τὰ δὲ ρόδα φυλλοβολεῦντα
 τῶνδρὸς ἀπὸ στεφάνων πάντ' ἐγένοντο χαμαί.
 ὤπτηται μέγα δὴ τι· μὰ δαίμονας, οὐκ ἀπὸ ῥυσμοῦ
 εἰκάζω· φωρὸς δ' ἴχνια φῶρ ἔμαθον.

CXXXV ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Οἶνος ἔρωτος ἔλεγχος· ἐρῶν ἀρνεύμενον ἡμῖν
 ἦτασαν αἱ πολλαὶ Νικαγόρην προπόσεις.
 καὶ γὰρ ἐδάκρυσεν καὶ ἐνύστασε, καὶ τι κατηφές
 ἔβλεπε, χῶ σφιγθεῖς οὐκ ἔμενε στέφανος.

CXXXVI ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

"Ὅρνιθες ψίθυροι, τί κεκράγατε; μὴ μ' ἀνιάτε,
 τὸν τρυφερῆ παιδὸς σαρκὶ χλαιινόμενον,
 ἐζόμεναι πετάλοισιν ἀηδόνες· εὔδε λάληθρον
 θῆλυ γένος, δέομαι, μείνατ' ἐφ' ἡσυχίης.

CXXXVII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ὅρθροβόας, δυσέρωτι κακάγγελε, νῦν, τρισάλαστε,
 ἐννύχιος κράζεις πλευροτυπὴ κέλαδον,
 γαῦρος ὑπὲρ κοίτας, ὅτε μοι βραχὺ τοῦτ' ἔτι νυκτὸς
 ζῆ τὸ φιλεῖν, ἐπ' ἐμαῖς δ' ἀδὺν γελαῶς ὀδύνας.
 ἄδε φίλα θρεπτῆρι χάρις; ναὶ τὸν βαθὺν ὄρθρον,
 ἔσχατα γηρύση ταῦτα τὰ πικρὰ μέλη.

“Such is the kiss that Zeus like nectar sips
From Ganymede’s intoxicating lips.
Kissing Antiochus, fair for his age,
My soul imbibed a honeyed beverage.”

CXXXIV CALLIMACHUS

Our quest conceals a wound we never guessed:
Look how he heaves a sigh, as if distressed,
With his third drink. The roses he was crowned
With all have shed their petals on the ground.
There’s something troubling him, and my belief
Is sound: it takes a thief to catch a thief.

CXXXV ASCLEPIADES

One test of love is wine. When he denied
His love, a glass proved Nicagoras lied:
He looked downcast, and bowed his head, and cried,
And round his brow the garland came untied.

CXXXVI ANONYMOUS

Twittering birds, why vex me with your gabble
While I am basking in a fleshy boy’s
Charms. Go to sleep, please, nightingales, don’t babble
Among the leaves like women. Stop that noise!

CXXXVII MELEAGER

To lovers, chanticleer, you bring bad news
At dawn. Now when the lovelong night’s so brief
Why are you making this ear-splitting noise,
Crowing above my bed to mock my grief
Tonight? What gratitude for your upbringing!
This dawn will hear the last of your harsh singing.

CXXXVIII ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ

Ἄμπελε, μήποτε φύλλα χαμαὶ σπεύδουσα βαλέσθαι
 δείδιας ἐσπέριον Πλειάδα δυομένας;
 μείνον ἐπ' Ἀντιλέοντι πεσεῖν ὑπὸ τιν γλυκὺν ὕπνον,
 ἐς τότε, τοῖς καλοῖς πάντα χαριζομένα.

CXXXIX ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ἔστι τι, ναὶ τὸν Πάνα, κεκρυμμένον, ἔστι τι ταύτη,
 ναὶ μὰ Διώνυσον, πῦρ ὑπὸ τῇ σποδιῇ·
 οὐ θαρσέω. μὴ δὴ με περίπλεκε· πολλάκι λήθει
 τοῖχον ὑποτρώγων ἡσύχιος ποταμός.
 τῷ καὶ νῦν δείδοικα, Μενέξενε, μὴ με παρειδὺς
 οὔτος ὁ †σειγαρνης εἰς τὸν ἔρωτα βάλη.

CXL ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸν καλὸν ὡς ιδόμαν Ἀρχέστρατον, οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἑρμᾶν,
 οὐ καλὸν αὐτὸν ἔφαν· οὐ γὰρ ἄγαν ἐδόκει.
 εἶπα, καὶ ἅ Νέμεσίς με συνάρπασε, κεύθους ἐκείμαν
 ἐν πυρί, παῖς δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ Ζεὺς ἐκεραυνοβόλει.
 τὸν παῖδ' ἰλασόμεσθ', ἢ τὰν θεόν; ἀλλὰ θεοῦ μοι
 ἔστιν ὁ παῖς κρέσσων· χαιρέτω ἅ Νέμεσις.

CXLI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἐφθέγξω, ναὶ Κύπριν, ἃ μὴ θεός, ὦ μέγα τολμᾶν
 θυμὲ μαθῶν· Θήρων σοὶ καλὸς οὐκ ἐφάνη·
 σοὶ καλὸς οὐκ ἐφάνη Θήρων· ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ὑπέστης,
 οὐδὲ Διὸς πτήξας πῦρ τὸ κεραυνοβόλον.
 τοιγάρ, ἰδοῦ, τὸν πρόσθε λάλον προὔθηκεν ἰδέσθαι
 δεῖγμα θρασυστομίας ἢ βαρύφρων Νέμεσις.

CXXXVIII MNASALCAS

In fear of Fall, why, grapevine, do you keep
Your leaves till the Pleiades sink in the West,
With Antileon dreamily asleep
Beneath you? Gratify the prettiest.

CXXXIX CALLIMACHUS

By Pan and Dionysus! there is flame
Concealed beneath these ashes all the same.
I've lost my nerve; don't hug me! Often small
Still streams unnoticed undermine a wall;
I fear the dumb insinuations of
Menexenus are prodding me to love.

CXL ANONYMOUS

One look at Arcestratus and I said,
"His looks are not exceptional." To teach me,
Nemesis took and threw me on a bed
Of coals, where Zeus's thunderbolts could reach me.
Which, boy or goddess, should I satisfy?
The boy is better. Nemesis, goodbye!

CXLI MELEAGER

You uttered what no deity would dare,
Audacious critic: "Thero isn't fair."
Not fair to you, perhaps! You've no excuse,
Uncowed by all the thunderbolts of Zeus.
Grave Nemesis now ridicules your chatter
To reprimand bad manners and no matter.

CXLII ΠΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἴξῳ Δεξιόνικος ὑπὸ χλωρῇ πλατανίστῳ
 κόσσυφον ἀγρεύσας, εἶλε κατὰ πτερύγων·
 χῶ μὲν ἀναστενάχων ἀπεκώκυεν ἱερὸς ὄρνις,
 ἀλλ' ἐγὼ, ὦ φίλ' Ἔρωσ, καὶ θαλεραὶ Χάριτες,
 εἶην καὶ κίχλη καὶ κόσσυφας, ὡς ἂν ἐκείνου
 ἐν χερὶ καὶ φθογγὴν καὶ γλυκὺ δάκρυ βάλω.

CXLIII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐρμῆ, τοξευθεὶς ἐξέσπασε πικρὸν (οἷστὸν)

 ἐφήβῳ.
 Κηγὼ τὴν αὐτήν, ξεῖνε, λελογχα τύχην.
 Ἄλλὰ μ' Ἀπολλοφάνους τρύχει πόθος. Ἦ φιλάεθλε,
 ἔφθασας· εἰς ἐν πῦρ οἱ δὴ ἐνηλάμεθα.

CXLIV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Τί κλαίεις, φρενοληστά; τί δ' ἄγρια τόξα καὶ ἰοὺς
 ἔρριψας, διφυῆ ταρσὸν ἀνεῖς πτερύγων;
 ἦ ρά γε καὶ σὲ Μυῖσκος ὁ δῦσμαχος ὄμμασιν αἴθει;
 ὡς μόλις οἱ ἔδρας πρόσθε παθῶν ἔμαθες.

CXLV ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παύετε, παιδοφίλοι, κενεὸν πόνον· ἴσχετε μόχθων,
 δύσφρονες· ἀπρήκτοις ἐλπίσι μαινόμεθα.
 Ἴσον ἐπὶ ψαφαρὴν ἀντλεῖν ἄλα, κάπῳ Λιβύσσης
 ψάμμου ἀριθμητὴν ἀρτιάσαι ψεκάδα,
 Ἴσον καὶ παίδων στέργειν πόθον, οἷς τὸ κεναυχῆς
 κάλλος ἐνὶ χθονίοις ἠδὺ τ' ἐν ἀθανάτοις.
 δέρκεσθ' εἰς ἐμὲ πάντες· ὁ γὰρ πάρος εἰς κενὸν ἡμῶν
 μόχθος ἐπὶ ξηροῖς ἐκκέχυτ' αἰγιαλοῖς.

CXLII RHIANUS

Beneath a plane tree Dexionicus,
Catching a blackbird, held it by the wing;
The sacred bird complained and made a fuss.
Dear Love, you blooming Graces, let me sing
As thrush or blackbird, in that youngster's grasp
And pour forth mawkish tears at my last gasp.

CXLIII ANONYMOUS

"Hermes, one struck by boy-love tried to pluck
The sharp barb out."
"I had no better luck."
"Apollophanes wastes me with desire."
"You first, we've both been thrown on the same fire."

CXLIV MELEAGER

Thief of hearts, why jettison your cruel
Arrows and bow and, weeping, fold your wings?
Invincible Myiscus' looks must fuel
Repentance for your previous philanderings.

CXLV ANONYMOUS

Unhappy paederasts, cease your inane
Exertions! All our hopes are mad. As vain
As dredging up sea-water on dry land
Or numbering the grains of desert sand
Is a yen for boys, whose indiscreet
Charms are to mortals and immortals sweet.
Just look at me! My efforts heretofore
Have all been emptied on the arid shore.

CXLVI ΠΙΑΝΟΥ

Ἀγρεύσας τὸν νεβρὸν ἀπώλεσα, χῶ μὲν ἀνατλάς
 μυρία, καὶ στήσας δίκτυα καὶ στάλικας,
 σὺν κενεαῖς χεῖρεσσιν ἀπέρχομαι· οἱ δ' ἀμόγητοι
 τάμὰ φέρουσιν, Ἔρωσ· οἷς σὺ γένοιο βαρύς.

CXLVII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἄρπασται· τίς τόσσον ἐναιχμάσαι ἄγριος εἶη;
 τίς τόσος ἀντᾶραι καὶ πρὸς Ἔρωτα μάχην;
 ἄπτε τάχος πεύκας· καίτοι κτύπος· Ἥλιοδώρας.
 βαῖνε πάλιν στέρνων ἐντὸς ἐμῶν, κραδίη.

CXLVIII ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Οἶδ' ὅτι μου πλούτου κενεαὶ χέρες· ἀλλά, Μένιπτε,
 μὴ λέγε, πρὸς Χαρίτων, τοῦμὸν ὄνειρον ἐμοί.
 ἀλγέω τὴν διὰ παντὸς ἔπος τόδε πικρὸν ἀκούω
 ναί, φίλε, τῶν παρὰ σοῦ τοῦτ' ἀνεραστότατον.

CXLIX ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

"Ληφθήση, περίφευγε, Μενέκρατες·" εἶπα Πανήμου
 εἰκάδι, καὶ Λώου τῆ—τίνι; τῆ δεκάτῃ
 ἦλθεν ὁ βοῦς ὑπ' ἄροτρον ἐκούσιος. εὐγ' ἐμὸς Ἑρμᾶς,
 εὐγ' ἐμός· οὐ παρὰ τὰς εἴκοσι μεμφόμεθα.

CL ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Ὡς ἀγαθὰν Πολύφαμος ἀνεύρατο τὰν ἐπαιοιδὰν
 τῶραμένῳ ναὶ Γᾶν, οὐκ ἀμαθῆς ὁ Κύκλωψ.
 αἱ Μοῖσαι τὸν ἔρωτα κατισχναίνοντι, Φίλιππε·
 ἦ πανακὲς πάντων φάρμακον ἄ σοφία.

CXLVI RHIANUS

As soon as I had trapped I lost the kid;
I'd staked out snares and laboured to deploy them,
But came off empty-handed. Those who did
No work take what is mine—may Love destroy them!

CXLVII MELEAGER

Kidnapped! Who would have the nerve to try it?
Against Love who is so bold to campaign?
Hurry, light the lamps! A footstep? Quiet!
My heart, get back inside my breast again!

CXLVIII CALLIMACHUS

I know I am not wealthy, Menippus;
Don't tell me what I perfectly recall.
I'm pained by your constant acrimonious
Words, the most unloving thrusts of all.

CXLIX CALLIMACHUS

Last month Menecrates, you know I joked
You would be caught although you ran away?
This month the bull calf's eager to be yoked,
But I shall not complain of the delay.

CL CALLIMACHUS

How excellent the love-charm Polyphemus
Invented! That cyclops was no ignoramus.
The Muses starve desire into submission,
And wisdom is a general physician.

τοῦτο, δοκέω, χά λιμὸς ἔχει μόνον ἐς τὰ πονηρὰ
τῶγαθόν, ἐκκόπτει τὰν φιλόπαιδα νόσον.
ἔσθ' ἄμῃν χάκαστὰς ἀφειδέα πρὸς τὸν Ἔρωτα.
τοῦτ' εἶπαι "Κείρευ τὰ πτερά, παιδάριον·
οὐδ' ὅσον ἀττάραγόν σε δεδοίκαμες"· αἱ γὰρ ἐπφδαὶ
οἴκοι τῷ χαλεπῷ τραύματος ἀμφότεραι.

CLI ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἷ τινὰ που παίδων ἐρατώτατον ἄνθος ἔχοντα
εἶδες, ἀδιστάκτως εἶδες Ἀπολλόδοτον.
εἰ δ' ἐσιδῶν, ὦ ξεῖνε, πυριφλέκτοισι πόθοισιν
οὐκ ἐδάμης, πάντως ἢ θεὸς ἢ λίθος εἶ.

CLII ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μάγνης Ἡράκλειτος, ἐμοὶ πόθος, οὔτι σίδηρον
πέτρω, πνεῦμα δ' ἐμόν κάλλει ἐφελκόμενος.

CLIII ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Πρόσθε μοι Ἀρχεάδης ἐθλίβετο· νῦν δὲ τάλαιναν
οὐδ' ὅσον παίζων εἰς ἔμ' ἐπιστρέφεται.
οὐδ' ὁ μελιχρὸς Ἔρωσ ἀεὶ γλυκὺς· ἀλλ' ἀνιήσας
πολλάκις ἠδίων γίνετ' ἐρῶσι θεός.

CLIV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦδὺς ὁ παῖς, καὶ τοῦνομ' ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ἐστι Μυῖσκος
καὶ χαρίεις· τίν' ἔχω μὴ οὐχὶ φιλεῖν πρόφασιν;
καλὸς γάρ, ναὶ Κύπριν, ὄλος καλός· εἰ δ' ἀνηρός,
οἶδε τὸ πικρὸν Ἔρωσ συγκεράσαι μέλιτι.

There's this to recommend the pangs of hunger,
Philip: they cure sick hankerings for younger
Boys. To the love god I pronounce this spell, "Oh
Ho, your wings are clipped, my little fellow!
I don't fear you one bit. At home I have,
For Love's infected wound, two kinds of salve."

CLI ANONYMOUS

When you beheld the sexiest of blooming
Boys, Apollodotus you were shown;
If you weren't overwhelmed by all-consuming
Lust, a god you must be, or a stone.

CLII ANONYMOUS

Attractive Heraclitus is my own
Magnet, not drawing iron like a stone,
But my soul by his loveliness alone.

CLIII ASCLEPIADES

Once Archeades used to rub against
Me, now when playing games he doesn't nod.
Love's not all honeydew. When he torments
Us Love becomes an even sweeter god.

CLIV MELEAGER

Myiscus' name is charming, too, which leaves me
No reason for not falling at his feet.
He's beautiful all over. When he grieves me,
Love interweaves the bitter with the sweet.

CLV ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

α. Μή μ' εἴπης πάλιν ὦδε. β. Τί δ' αἴτιος; αὐτὸς ἔπεμψε.
 α. Δεύτερον οὖν φήσεις; β. Δεύτερον. εἶπεν· Ἴθι.
 ἀλλ' ἔρχεο, μὴ μέλλε. μένουσί σε. α. Πρῶτον ἐκείνους
 εὐρήσω, χῆξω· τὸ τρίτον οἶδα πάλοι.

CLVI ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰαρινῷ χειμῶνι πανεῖκελος, ὦ Διόδωρε,
 οὐμὸς ἔρωος, ἀσαφεῖ κρινόμενος πελάγει·
 καὶ ποτὲ μὲν φαίνεις πολὺν ὑετόν, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε
 εὐδῖος, ἀβρὰ γελῶν δ' ὄμμασιν ἐκκέχυσαι.
 τυφλὰ δ', ὅπως ναυηγὸς ἐν οἴδηματι, κυματα μετρῶν
 δινεῦμαι, μεγάλῳ χεῖματι πλαζόμενος.
 ἀλλὰ μοι ἢ φιλῆς ἔκθεος σκοπὸν ἢ πάλι μίσους,
 ὡς εἰδῶ ποτέρῳ κύματι νηχόμεθα.

CLVII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Κύπρις ἐμοὶ ναύκληρος, Ἔρωος δ' οἶακα φυλάσσει
 ἄκρον ἔχων ψυχῆς ἐν χερὶ πηδάλιον·
 χεῖμαίνει δ' ὁ βαρὺς πνεύσας Πόθος, οὐνεκα δὴ νῦν
 παμφύλῳ παίδων νήχομαι ἐν πελάγει.

CLVIII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Σοὶ με Πόθων δέσποινα θεῆ πόρε, σοι με, Θεόκλεις,
 ἀβροπέδιλος Ἔρωος γυμνὸν ὑπεστόρεσεν,
 ξεῖνον ἐπὶ ξείνης, δαμάσας ἀλύτοισι χαλινοῖς·
 ἱμεῖρω δὲ τυχεῖν ἀκλινέος φιλίας.

CLV ANONYMOUS

[*Boy*] Don't speak to me like that again!

[*Go-between*] No, no,

Only someone sent me . . . Don't be vexed.

[*Boy*] That's the second time!

[*Go-between*] He told me, 'Go!'

Come on, they're waiting for you. Why so slow?

[*Boy*] We'll see who's waiting. I know what comes next.

CLVI ANONYMOUS

My love, Diodorus, is like a spring
Storm, of the fluid sea's engendering.
You imitate a thundercloud, then after
The weather clears, your eyes brim with soft laughter.
Like a castaway who counts the steep
Waves, I am tempest-tossed upon the deep;
Give me, that I may know in which direction
To swim, marks of aversion or affection.

CLVII MELEAGER

My skipper's Venus, Cupid mans the helm,
Holding my spirit's rudder in his hand;
Desire blows hard enough to overwhelm
Me, breasting a sea of boys from every land.

CLVIII MELEAGER

To you, Theocles, Mistress Venus gave
Me. Stretched out at your feet, a naked slave,
An outcast, I was tamed by Love's tight grip.
I'd like a less abject relationship,

ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν στέργοντ' ἀπαναίνεαι, οὐδέ σε θέλγει
 οὐ χρόνος, οὐ ξυνῆς σύμβολα σωφροσύνης.
 ἴλαθ', ἄναξ, ἴληθι· σὲ γὰρ θεὸν ὥρισε Δαίμων·
 ἐν σοί μοι ζωῆς πείρατα καὶ θανάτου.

CLIX ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἐν σοὶ τάμά, Μυῖσκε, βίου πρυμνήσι' ἀνήπται·
 ἐν σοὶ καὶ ψυχῆς πνεῦμα τὸ λειφθὲν ἔτι.
 ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σά, κοῦρε, τὰ καὶ κωφοῖσι λαλεῦντα
 ὄμματα, καὶ μὰ τὸ σὸν φαιδρὸν ἐπισκύνιον,
 ἦν μοι συννεφεὲς ὄμμα βάλῃς ποτέ, χεῖμα δέδορκα·
 ἦν δ' ἰλαρὸν βλέψῃς, ἠδὺ τέθηλεν ἔαρ.

CLX ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Θαρσαλέως τρηχεῖαν ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοισιν ἀνίην
 οἴσω, καὶ χαλεπῆς δεσμὸν ἀλυκτοπέδης.
 οὐ γὰρ πω, Νίκανδρε, βολὰς ἐδάημεν Ἔρωτος
 νῦν μόνον, ἀλλὰ πόθων πολλάκις ἠψάμεθα.
 καὶ σὺ μὲν, Ἀδρήστεια, κακῆς ἀντάξια βουλῆς
 τίσαι, καὶ μακάρων πικροτάτη Νέμεσις.

CLXI ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Δόρκιον ἢ φιλέφηβος ἐπίσταται, ὡς ἀπαλὸς παῖς,
 ἔσθαι πανδήμου Κύπριδος ὠκὺ βέλος,
 ἴμερον ἀστράπτουσα κατ' ὀμματος, ἠδ' ὑπὲρ ὧμων

 σὺν πετάσφ γυμνὸν μηρὸν ἔφαινε χλαμύς.

But you rebuff my overtures, unmoved
By how far our relations have improved.
Have pity, lord! For god made you divine:
The means of life and death are yours, not mine.

CLIX MELEAGER

To you, Myiscus, my whole soul is tied,
And all the life and breath in me beside,
For by your eyes that speak, I don't know how,
To deaf and dumb, and by your shining brow,
Your gloomy glance or laughing look can bring
The chill of winter or the flowers of spring.

CLX ANONYMOUS

Bravely shall I endure my inner pain,
The bondage of this irritating chain;
It's not the first time I have learned Love's ire,
Nicander: often have I felt desire.
May Nemesis exact harsh recompense,
Implacably, for his malevolence.

CLXI ASCLEPIADES

Youth-loving Dorcion knows how to shoot
Swift darts of vulgar Venus from her eyes,
Dazzling with desire, just like some cute
Boy with his cap and smock and naked thighs.

CLXII ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Οὐπω τοξοφορῶν οὐδ' ἄγριος, ἀλλὰ νεογνός
 οὐμὸς Ἔρωσ παρὰ τὴν Κύπριν ὑποστρέφεται,
 δέλτον ἔχων χρυσέην· τὰ Φιλοκράτεος δὲ Διαύλου
 τραυλίζει ψυχῆς φίλτρα κατ' Ἀντιγένους.

CLXIII ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Εὐρεν Ἔρωσ τί καλῶ μίξει καλόν, οὐχὶ μάραγδον
 χρυσῶ, ὃ μήτ' ἀνθεῖ, μήτε γένοιτ' ἐν ἴσῳ,
 οὐδ' ἐλέφαντ' ἐβένω, λευκῶ μέλαν, ἀλλὰ Κλέανδρον
 Εὐβιότῳ, Πειθοῦς ἄνθεα καὶ Φιλίης.

CLXIV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἦδὺ μὲν ἀκρήτῳ κεράσαι γλυκὺ νᾶμα μελισσῶν·
 ἦδὺ δὲ παιδοφιλεῖ καὐτὸν ἐόντα καλόν,
 οἶα τὸν ἀβροκόμην στέργει Κλεόβουλον Ἄλεξις·
 ἀθάνατον τούτῳ Κύπριδος οἰνόμελι.

CLXV ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Λευκανθῆς Κλεόβουλος· ὃ δ' ἀντία τοῦδε μελίχρους
 Σώπολις, οἱ δισσοὶ Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόροι.
 τοῦνεκά μοι παίδων ἔπεται πόθος· οἱ γὰρ Ἔρωτες
 ἐκ λευκοῦ πλέξαι φασὶ με καὶ μέλανος.

CLXVI ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ

Τοῦθ' ὃ τί μοι λοιπὸν ψυχῆς, ὃ τι δὴ ποτ', Ἔρωτες,
 τοῦτό γ' ἔχειν πρὸς θεῶν ἠσυχίην ἄφετε·
 ἦ μὴ δὴ τόξοις ἔτι βάλλετέ μ', ἀλλὰ κεραυνοῖς·
 ναὶ πάντως τέφρην θέσθε με κάρθακιήν.
 ναί, ναί, βάλλετ', Ἔρωτες· ἐνεσκληκῶς γὰρ ἀνίαις,
 ἐξ ὑμέων τοῦτ' οὖν, εἴ γέ τι, βούλομ' ἔχειν.

CLXII ASCLEPIADES

While not yet armed and dangerous, my love,
An infant, comes to Venus holding these
Tablets of gold, and lisps the love-charms of
Philocrates that psyched Antigenes.

CLXIII ASCLEPIADES

Love has devised a winning combination—
Not emerald with gold, which glitters less,
Nor ebony with ivory. Solicitation
Shows Eubolus Cleander's friendliness.

CLXIV MELEAGER

Honey-flavoured wine's as savorous
As boy-love when oneself is under-age.
Alexis' love for sleek Cleobulus
Is Venus' sweet, immortal beverage.

CLXV MELEAGER

Cleobulus' candid blossoms opposite
Sopolis' honey-coloured bloom excite
Lust for these flower-boys. They say Love knit
Me, Meleager, out of black and white.

CLXVI ASCLEPIADES

If of my soul there's still some tiny piece
Left, Loves, please do let it rest in peace,
Or, not with arrows but with lightning-flashes,
Reduce me totally to smoking ashes.
Yes, strike me down, exhausted and distressed:
Grant me, if nothing more, this last request.

CLXVII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Χειμέριον μὲν πνεῦμα· φέρει δ' ἐπὶ σοί με, Μυῖσκε,
 ἄρπαστὸν κώμοις ὁ γλυκύδακρυς Ἔρωσ.
 χειμαίνει δὲ βαρὺς πνεύσας Πόθος, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐς ὄρμον
 δέξαι, τὸν ναύτην Κύπριδος ἐν πελάγει.

CLXVIII ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ

Ναννοῦς καὶ Λύδης ἐπίχει δύο, καὶ φιλεράστου
 Μιμνέρμου, καὶ τοῦ σόφρονος Ἀντιμάχου·
 συγκέρασον τὸν πέμπτον ἐμοῦ· τὸν δ' ἔκτον ἐκάστου,
 Ἴηλιόδωρ', εἶπας, ὅστις ἐρῶν ἔτυχεν·
 ἔβδομον Ἰσιόδου, τὸν δ' ὄγδοον εἶπον Ὀμήρου,
 τὸν δ' ἔνατον Μουσῶν, Μνημοσύνης δέκατον.
 μεστὸν ὑπὲρ χείλους πίομαι, Κύπρι· τᾶλλα δ' Ἔρωτες
 νήφοντ' οἰνωθέντ' οὐχὶ λίην ἄχαριν.

CLXIX ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Ἐξέφυγον, Θεόδωρε, τὸ σὸν βάρος, ἀλλ' ὅσον εἶπας
 "Ἐξέφυγον τὸν ἐμὸν δαίμονα πικρότατον,"
 πικρότερός με κατέσχεν. Ἀριστοκράτει δὲ λατρεύων
 μυρία, δεσπόσυνον καὶ τρίτον ἐκδέχομαι.

CLXX ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Σπονδὴ καὶ λιβανωτέ, καὶ οἱ κρητῆρι μιγέντες
 δαίμονες, οἱ φιλήεις τέρματ' ἐμῆς ἔχετε,
 ὑμέας, ὦ σεμνοί, μαρτύρομαι, οὐς ὁ μελίχρως
 κοῦρος Ἀθήναιος πάντας ἐπωμόσατο.

CLXVII MELEAGER

Myiscus, despite this wintry wind I'm swept
 Away by Love's sweet tears to pay you court.
Desire is like a hurricane. Accept
 This loving mariner into your port.

CLXVIII POSIDIPPUS

To Nanno and to Lydé, that makes two
Cups; to Mimnermus, sympathetic to
Lovers, and prudish Antimachus too.
The fifth's for me, the sixth in honour of
Anyone who ever fell in love.
Hesiod, seven, Homer, eight, and then
The Muses, nine, and Memory makes ten.
I drain the brimming bowl to Love, a lad
Who, drunk or sober, doesn't look too bad.

CLXIX DIOSCORIDES

I thought I had escaped my worst oppressor,
 Theodore, when I threw off your weight.
Aristocrates proved a worse successor,
 And now my third slavemaster I await.

CLXX DIOSCORIDES

By frankincense and by libations I
 Swear, and the potations that decide
The limits of our friendship, dread gods by
 Whom dusky Athenaëus testified.

CLXXI ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ

Τὸν καλόν, ὡς ἔλαβες, κομίσεις πάλιπρός με θεωρὸν
 Εὐφραγόρην, ἀνέμων πρηῦτατε Ζέφυρε,
 εἰς ὀλίγων τείνας μηνῶν μέτρον· ὡς καὶ ὁ μικρὸς
 μυριετῆς κέκριται τῷ φιλέοντι χρόνος.

CLXXII ΕΥΗΝΟΥ

Εἰ μισεῖν πόνος ἐστί, φιλεῖν πόνος, ἐκ δύο λυγρῶν
 αἰρούμαι χρηστῆς ἔλκος ἔχειν ὀδύνης.

CLXXIII ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ

Δημῶ με κτείνει καὶ Θέρμιον· ἡ μὲν ἑταίρη,
 Δημονόη δ' οὐπω Κύπριν ἐπισταμένη.
 καὶ τῆς μὲν ψαύω· τῆς δ' οὐ θέμις. οὐ μὰ σέ, Κύπρι,
 οὐκ οἶδ' ἦν εἰπεῖν δεῖ με ποθεινοτέρην.
 Δημάριον λέξω τὴν παρθένον· οὐ γὰρ ἔτοιμα
 βούλομαι, ἀλλὰ ποθῶ πᾶν τὸ φυλασσόμενον.

CLXXIV ΦΡΟΝΤΩΝΟΣ

Μέχρι τίνος πολεμεῖς μ', ὦ φίλτατε Κῦρε; τί ποιεῖς;
 τὸν σὸν Καμβύσην οὐκ ἔλεεῖς; λέγε μοι.
 μὴ γίνου Μῆδος· Σάκας γὰρ ἔση μετὰ μικρόν,
 καὶ σε ποιήσουσιν ταῖ τρίχες Ἀστυάγην.

CLXXV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἦ μὴ ζηλοτύπει δούλοις ἐπὶ παισὶν ἑταίρους,
 ἢ μὴ θηλυπρεπεῖς οἰνοχόους πάρεχε.
 τίς γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἐς ἔρωτ' ἀδαμάντινος; ἢ τίς ἀτειρῆς
 οἶνω; τίς δὲ καλοὺς οὐ περίεργα βλέπει;
 ζώντων ἔργα τάδ' ἐστίν· ὅπου δ' οὐκ εἰσὶν ἔρωτες
 οὐδὲ μέθαι, Διοφῶν, ἦν ἐθέλης, ἄπιθι·

CLXXI DIOSCORIDES

Zephyr, bring beautiful Euphragoras
Back, whom you took away not long ago
On pilgrimage. For lovers short months pass
Like a milenium, but twice as slow.

CLXXII EVENUS

Since hating's a bore and loving is a bore,
I like the nicer of two boredoms more.

CLXXIII PHILODEMUS

Demo and Thermion slay me: one's a whore
Whereas the other doesn't know the score.
I fondle one, the other I may not;
I don't know which one I desire more!
The virgin, I'll say; for I don't long for what
Is handy, but what is arduously got.

CLXXIV FRONTO

How much longer, Cyrus, will you fight us
Off? You should be nice to older men.
Soon you'll get Harry, so do not play Titus
Now, for you will not be stuck-up then.

CLXXV STRATO

If you don't want your cronies leering at
Your slaveboys, pick them less effeminate.
What man of adamant resists the joys
Of love and wine and quizzing pretty boys?
They're part of living. But to some place with no
Drinking or sex, if that's your crotchet, go:

κάκει Τειρεσίην ἢ Τάνταλον ἐς πότον ἔλκε,
τὸν μὲν ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἰδεῖν, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῶνον ἰδεῖν.

CLXXVI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Στυγνὸς δὴ τί, Μένιππε, κατεσκέπασαι μέχρι πέζης,
ὁ πρὶν ἐπ' ἰγνύης λῶπος ἀνελκόμενος;
ἦ τί κάτω κύψας με παρέδραμες, οὐδὲ προσειπῶν;
οἶδα τί με κρύπτεις· ἤλυθον ἄς ἔλεγον.

CLXXVII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐσπερίην Μοῖρίς με, καθ' ἣν ὑγιαίνομεν ὄρην,
οὐκ οἶδ' εἶτε σαφῶς, εἴτ' ὄναρ, ἠσπάσατο.
ἦδη γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως ἐνόησα,
χῶκόσα μοι προσέφη, χῶκόσ' ἐπυνθάνετο·
εἰ δέ με καὶ πεφίληκε τεκμαίρομαι· εἰ γὰρ ἀληθές,
πῶς ἀποθειωθεὶς πλάζομ' ἐπιχθόνιος;

CLXXVIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐξεφλέγην, ὅτε Θεῦδις ἐλάμπετο παισὶν ἐν ἄλλοις,
οἶος ἐπαντέλλων ἀστράσιν ἠέλιος.
τοῦνεκ' ἔτι φλέγομαι καὶ νῦν, ὅτε νυκτὶ λαχνοῦται·
δύομενος γάρ, ὅμως ἠλιός ἐστιν ἔτι.

CLXXIX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

᾿Ωμοσά σοι, Κρονίδη, μηπώποτε, μηδ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῶ
ἐξειπεῖν ὅ τι μοι Θεῦδις ἔειπε λαβεῖν.
ψυχὴ δ' ἢ δυσάπιστος ἀγαλλομένη πεπότηται
ἠέρι, καὶ στέξαι τὰγαθὸν οὐ δύναται·
ἀλλ' ἐρέω, σύγγνωθι σύ μοι, κεῖνος δὲ πέπεισται.
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀγνώστου τίς χάρις εὐτυχίης;

Tiresias and Tantalus meet there,
One cannot see, and one can only stare.

CLXXVI STRATO

Menippus, why go shrouded to your feet?
You used to hike your robe up to your thighs.
Why hang your head in silence when we meet?
Your prickly privates come as no surprise.

CLXXVII STRATO

Last night Moiris, when we said goodnight—
Really, or was I dreaming?—squeezed me tight.
Everything else I perfectly recall,
What he asked me, what he said, and all.
I guess he kissed me; but, if that is so,
Why, raised to heaven, linger here below?

CLXXVIII STRATO

Theudnis turned me on, all other bright
Stellar boys his rising sun outshone;
He's still a sun, though in decline: each night
More hirsute, nonetheless he turns me on.

CLXXIX STRATO

I swore I'd never tell a soul a thing
(Not even myself) of Theudnis' offering.
But my rebellious soul could not refuse
In exultation spreading the good news.
In a word—forgive me—he put out.
What use is luck you cannot brag about?

CLXXX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Καὐμά μ' ἔχει μέγα δὴ τι· σὺ δ', ὦ παῖ, παύεο λεπτὸν
 ἠέρι δινεύων ἐγγὺς ἐμεῖο λίνον.
 ἄλλο τι πῦρ ἐμοῦ ἔνδον ἔχω κυάθοισιν ἀναφθέν,
 καὶ περὶ σῆ ρίπη μᾶλλον ἐγειρόμενον.

CLXXXI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ψευδέα μυθίζουσι, Θεόκλεες, ὡς ἀγαθαὶ μὲν
 αἱ Χάριτες, τρισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶ κατ' Ὀρχομενόν·
 πεντάκι γὰρ δέκα σεῖο περισκιρτῶσι πρόσωπα,
 τοξοβόλοι, ψυχέων ἄρπαγες ἀλλοτρίων.

CLXXXII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ταῦτά με νῦν τὰ περισσὰ φιλεῖς, ὅτ' ἔρωτος ἀπέσβη
 πυρσός, ὅτ' οὐδ' ἄλλως ἠδὺν ἔχω σε φίλον.
 μέμνημαι γὰρ ἐκεῖνα τὰ δύσμαχα· πλὴν ἔτι, Δάφνι,
 ὄνῃ μὲν, ἀλλ' ἐχέτω καὶ μετάνο α τόπον.

CLXXXIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τίς χάρις, Ἡλιόδωρε, φιλήμασιν, εἴ με λάβροισιν
 χεῖλεσι μὲ φιλέεις ἀντιβιαζόμενος,
 ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἄκροισ ἀσάλευτα μεμυκόσιν, οἷα κατ' οἶκους
 καὶ δίχα σοῦ με φιλεῖ πλάσμα τὸ κηρόχυτον;

CLXXXIV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Μὴ σπεύσης Μενέδημον ἐλεῖν δόλω, ἀλλ' ἐπίνευσον
 ὀφρύσι, καὶ φανερώς αὐτὸς ἐρεῖ· "Πρόραγε."
 οὐ γὰρ ἀνάβλησις· φθάνει δέ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα·
 οὐδ' ἀμάρης, ποταμοῦ δ' ἐστὶν ἐτοιμότερος.

CLXXX STRATO

I feel a trifle warm. You with the fine
 Napkin, boy, stop waving it about.
The fire in me was kindled by the wine
 You served; your fanning will not put it out.

CLXXXI STRATO

It is a pious fable that the Graces
 Number three, Theocles, and are kind;
How many graceful marksmen guard your face's
 Graces, the soul-destroyers of mankind?

CLXXXII STRATO

Don't waste your kisses, Daphnis! Love's last ember
 Is quenched, and I shall call you my sweetheart
No longer. Your resistance I remember:
 Is it too late now for a change of heart?

CLXXXIII STRATO

Heliodorus, what's a kiss unless
 With avid lips you thrust yourself on me?
Instead you peck my cheek, emotionless,
 As if you were a waxen effigy.

CLXXXIV STRATO

With Menedemus all you need to do
 Is wink; he'll tell you plainly, "Go ahead!"
Without demur. He's way ahead of you,
 Wide open as a ditch—or riverbed?

CLXXXV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τοὺς σοβαροὺς τούτους καὶ τοὺς περιποφυροσήμεους
παῖδας, ὅσους ἡμεῖς οὐ προσεφίεμεθα,
ὥσπερ σῦκα πέτραισιν ἐπ' ἀκρολόφοισι πέπειρα
ἔσθουσιν γῦπες, Δίφιλε, καὶ κόρακες.

CLXXXVI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἄχρι τίνος ταύτην τὴν ὀφρῦα τὴν ὑπεροπτον,
Μέντορ, τηρήσεις, μηδὲ τὸ χαῖρε λέγων,
ὡς μέλλων αἰῶνα μένειν νέος, ἢ διὰ παντὸς
ὀρχεῖσθαι πυρίχην; καὶ τὸ τέλος πρόβλεπε.
ἦξει σοι πώγων, κακὸν ἔσχατον, ἀλλὰ μέγιστον·
καὶ τότε ἐπιγνώση τί σπάνις ἐστὶ φίλων.

CLXXXVII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πῶς ἀναγινώσκειν, Διονύσιε, παῖδα διδάξεις,
μηδὲ μετεκβῆναι φθόγγον ἐπιστάμενος;
ἐκ νήτης μετέβης οὕτως ταχὺς εἰς βαρύχορδον
φθόγγον, ἀπ' ἰσχυροτάτης εἰς τάσιν ὀγκοτάτην.
πλὴν οὐ βασκαίνω· μελέτα μόνον· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
κρούων, τοῖς φθονεροῖς Λάμβδα καὶ Ἄλφα λέγε.

CLXXXVIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἶ σε φιλῶν ἀδικῶ καὶ τοῦτο δοκεῖς ὕβριν εἶναι,
τὴν αὐτὴν κόλασιν καὶ σὺ φίλει με λαβών.

CLXXXIX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τίς σε κατεστεφάνωσε ρόδοις ὄλον; εἰ μὲν ἐραστής,
ᾧ μάκαρ· εἰ δ' ὁ πατήρ, ὄμματα καυτὸς ἔχει.

CLXXXV STRATO

Such airy-fairy boys, with purple edges
On their robes, are hard to get as those
Ripe figs that grow high up on rocky ledges,
Which vultures gobble, Diphilus, and crows.

CLXXXVI STRATO

Mentor, how long will you continue so
Conceited you won't even say hello,
Proposing in the Pyrrhic dance to spend
An endless youth? Look rather to your end.
Face hair will cause you terminal distress;
You'll learn the meaning, then, of friendlessness.

CLXXXVII STRATO

How teach a boy that fundamental skill,
Sight-reading, when your voice is changing still?
From shrill soprano to gruff bass you swoop
So quickly, from a whisper to a whoop.
But study harder, show the envious
Active and passive, Dionysius.

CLXXXVIII STRATO

If when I kiss you you consider this
Outrageous, make my penalty a kiss.

CLXXXIX STRATO

Who crowned you with this rosy wreath? Some kind
Admirer? Your father? Well, he isn't blind.

CXC ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ὅλβιος ὁ γράψας σε, καὶ ὄλβιος οὗτος ὁ κάλλει
 τῷ σῶ νικᾶσθαι κηρὸς ἐπιστάμενος.
 θριπὸς ἐγὼ καὶ σύρμα τερηδόνας εἶθε γενοίμην,
 ὡς ἀναπηδήσας τὰ ξύλα ταῦτα φάγω.

CXCI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οὐκ ἐχθὲς παῖς ἦσθα; καὶ οὐδ' ὄναρ οὗτος ὁ πάγων
 ἦλυθε· πῶς ἀνέβη τοῦτο τὸ δαιμόνιον,
 καὶ τριχὶ πάντ' ἐκάλυψε τὰ πρὶν καλά; φεῦ, τί τὸ φαῦμα;
 ἐχθὲς Τρωΐλος ὢν, πῶς ἐγένου Πρίαμος;

CXCI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οὐ τέρπουσι κόμαι με, περισσότεροί τε κίκιννοι,
 τέχνης, οὐ φύσεως ἔργα διδασκόμενοι·
 ἀλλὰ παλαιστρίτου παιδὸς ρύπος ὁ ψαφαρίτης,
 καὶ χροιὴ μελέων σαρκὶ λιπαινομένη.
 ἦδὺς ἀκαλλώπιστος ἐμὸς πόθος· ἡ δὲ γοῆτις
 μορφή θηλυτέρας ἔργον ἔχει Παφίης.

CXCI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οὐδὲ Σμυρναῖαι Νεμέσεις ὅ τι σοὶ πιλέγουσιν,
 Ἄρτεμίδωρε, νοεῖς· "Μηδὲν ὑπὲρ τὸ μέτρον."
 ἀλλ' οὕτως ὑπέροπτα καὶ ἄγρια κούδὲ πρέποντα
 κωμωδῶ φθέγγῃ, πάνθ' ὑποκρινόμενος.
 μνησθήσῃ τούτων, ὑπερήφανε· καὶ σὺ φιλήσεις,
 καὶ κωμωδήσεις τὴν Ἀποκλειομένην.

CXCI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ Ζεὺς ἐκ γαίης θνητοὺς ἔτι παῖδας ἐς αἴθρην
 ἦρπαζεν, γλυκεροῦ νέκταρος οἰνοχόους,

CXC STRATO

Happy the artist and the medium
Which by your loveliness were overcome!
I wish I were a woodworm, feeding on
The board on which your likeness has been drawn.

CXCI STRATO

Just yesterday a boy, till this damned beard,
Undreamt of, suddenly appeared somehow,
Hiding with hair your former beauty. Weird
How one who was Troilus then is Priam now!

CXCII STRATO

Long hair, abundant artificial curls
Give me no pleasure: they belong on girls.
No, give me boys all sweaty from the gym,
Glistening with oil on every limb.
I like sex unembellished, scenting in
Glamour a whiff of something feminine.

CXCIII STRATO

Ignoring Nemesis, whose strictures stress,
Artemidorus, "Nothing in excess",
You act more arrogant and boorish than
The most uncouth, loud-mouthed comedian.
Remember this, proud lad, when you are crossed
In love, and must perform *Love's Labour's Lost*.

CXCIV STRATO

If Zeus still snatched up mortal boys on high
To serve delicious nectar in the sky,

αἰετὸς ἂν πτερύγεσσιν Ἀγρίππαν τὸν καλὸν ἡμῶν
 ἤδη πρὸς μακάρων ἦγε διηκονίας.
 ναὶ μὰ σὲ γάρ, Κρονίδη, κόσμου πάτερ, ἦν ἔσα-θρήσης,
 τὸν Φρύγιον ψέξεις αὐτίκα Δαρδανίδην.

CXCVC ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἄνθεσιν οὐ τόσσοισι φιλοζέφυροι χλοάουσι
 λειμώνες, πυκιναῖς εἶαρος ἀγλαΐαις,
 ὄσσους εὐγενέτας, Διονύσιε, παῖδας ἀθρήσεις,
 χειρῶν Κυπρογενοῦς πλάσματα και Χαρίτων.
 ἔξοχα δ' ἐν τούτοις Μιλήσιος ἠνίδε θάλλει,
 ὡς ρόδον εὐόδοις λαμπόμενον πετάλοις.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ οἶδεν ἴσως, ἐκ καύματος ὡς καλὸν ἄνθος,
 οὕτω τὴν ὄρην ἐκ τριχὸς ὀλλυμένην.

CXCVI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ὄφθαλμοὺς σπινθήρας ἔχεις, φεόμορφε Λυκίνε,
 μᾶλλον δ' ἀκτῖνας, δέσποτα, πυρσοβόλους.
 ἀντωπὸς βλέψαι βαιὸν χρόνον οὐ δύναμαί σοι·
 οὕτως ἀστράπτεις ὄμμασιν ἀμφοτέρους.

CXCVII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

"Καιρὸν γνῶθι" σοφῶν τῶν ἐπτά τις, εἶπε, Φίλιππε·
 πάντα γὰρ ἀκμάζοντ' ἐστὶν ἐραστότερα·
 καὶ σίκυος πρῶτός που ἐπ' ἀνδῆροισιν ὄραθεὶς
 τίμιος, εἶτα συῶν βρῶμα πεπαινόμενος.

CXCVIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἥλικίης φίλος εἰμὶ καὶ οὐδένα παῖδα προτάσσω,
 πρὸς τὸ καλὸν κρίνων· ἄλλο γὰρ ἄλλος ἔχει.

By now a pinioned eagle would have pressed
My darling into service with the blest.
But let the ruler of the world take heed:
Agrippa will eclipse his Ganymede.

CXCVC STRATO

There are no breezy meadows blossoming
So densely with the splendours of the spring
As, Dionysius, you'll see acclaimed
Boys here by Venus and the Graces framed.
Milesius, outstanding among those,
Flourishes like a fragrant, lustrous rose,
Oblivious, perhaps, that as a fair
Flower wilts in the heat, his prime hangs by a hair.

CXCVI STRATO

Your sparkling eyes, Lycinus, what divine
 Beauties! Call them rather fiery rays.
I cannot, facing you, sustain with mine
 Momentarily your blazing gaze.

CXCVII STRATO

Which of the sages said, "Know the right time,"
Philip? All things are choicest at their prime.
A green cucumber is praiseworthy till
Overripe, when it becomes pig swill.

CXCVIII STRATO

A friend of youth, I have no youth in mind,
For each has beauties, of a different kind.

CXCIX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἄρκιον ἤδη μοι πόσιος μέτρον· εὐσταθίη γὰρ
 λύεται ἢ τε φρενῶν ἢ τε διὰ στόματος.
 χῶ λύχνος ἔσχισται διδύμην φλόγα, καὶ δις ἀριθμέω,
 πολλάκι πειράζων, τοὺς ἀνακεκλιμένους.
 ἤδη δ' οὐκέτι μοῦνον ἐπ' οἰνοχόον σεσόβημαι,
 ἀλλὰ πάρωρα βλέπω κηπὶ τὸν ὕδροχόον.

CC ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Μισῶ δυσπερίληπτα φιλήματα, καὶ μαχιμῶδεις
 φωνάς, καὶ σθENAρῆν ἐκ χερὸς ἀντίθεσιν·
 καὶ μὴν καὶ τόν, ὅτ' ἐστὶν ἐν ἀγκάσιν, εὐθὺ θέλοντα
 καὶ παρέχοντα χύδην, οὐ πάνυ δὴ τι θέλω·
 ἀλλὰ τὸν ἐκ τούτων ἀμφοῖν μέσον, οἶον ἐκεῖνον
 τὸν καὶ μὴ παρέχειν εἰδότα καὶ παρέχειν.

CCI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ μὴ νῦν Κλεόνικος ἐλεύσεται, οὐκέτ' ἐκεῖνον
 δέξομ' ἐγὼ μελάθροις, οὐ μὰ τὸν—οὐκ ὁμόσω.
 εἰ γὰρ ὄνειρον ἰδὼν οὐκ ἤλυθεν, εἶτα παρείη
 αὐριον, οὐ παρὰ τὴν σήμερον ὀλλύμεθα.

CCII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πτηνὸς Ἔρωσ ἀγαγέν με δι' ἠέρος, ἠνίκα, Δᾶμι,
 γράμμα σὸν εἶδον, ὃ μοι δεῦρο μολεῖν σ' ἔλεγεν·
 ρίμφα δ' ἀπὸ Σμύρνης ἐπὶ Σάρδιας· ἔδραμεν ἄν μοι
 ὕστερον εἰ Ζήτης ἔτρεχεν, ἢ Κάλαις.

CCIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οὐκ ἐθέλοντα φιλεῖς με, φιλῶ δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα
 εὐκόλος ἦν φεύγω, δύσκολος ἦν ἐπάγω.

CXCIX STRATO

I've had enough to drink; my heart and soul
As well as tongue are losing self-control.
The lamp flame bifurcates; I multiply
The dinner guests by two each time I try.
Not only shaken up by the wine-waiter,
I ogle too the boy who pours the water.

CC STRATO

I loathe a boy who won't be hugged and kissed,
Raises his voice and hits me with his fist,
Nor do I wish the wanton willingness
Of one who in my arms at once says, Yes.
I like one in between who seems to know
The secret of saying at once Yes and No.

CCI STRATO

If pretty soon the rogue does not appear,
I swear Cleonicus may stay away.
Why swear? He had a dream, but he'll be here
Tomorrow. We'll survive another day.

CCII STRATO

As soon as I saw your letter, Damis, saying
That you were coming, Love blew me so fast
From Smyrna to Sardis, that the winds, relaying
Each other, surely would have come in last.

CCIII STRATO

You kiss me against my will, as I do you,
Pleasant when spurned, unpleasant when I woo.

CCIV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

"Χρύσεια χαλκείων" νῦν εἶπατε· "δὸς λάβε" παίζει
 Σωσιάδας ὁ καλός, καὶ Διοκλῆς ὁ δασύς.
 τίς κάλυκας συνέκρινε βάτω, τίς σῦκα μύκησιν;
 ἄρνα γαλακτοπαγῆ τίς συνέκρινε βοῖ;
 οἶα δίδως, ἀλόγιστε, καὶ ἔμπαλιν οἶα κομίζῃ·
 οὔτω Τυδείδης Γλαῦκον ἐδαυροδόκει.

CCV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Παῖς τις ὅλως ἀπαλὸς τοῦ γείτονος οὐκ ὀλίγως με
 κνίζει· πρὸς τὸ θέλειν δ' οὐκ ἀμύητα γελᾷ·
 οὐ πλεῦν δ' ἐστὶν ἐτῶν δύο καὶ δέκα. νῦν ἀφύλακτοι
 ὄμφακες· ἦν δ' ἀκμάση, φρούρια καὶ σκόλοπες.

CCVI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

α. Ἦν τούτω †φωνῆς, τὸ μέσον λάβε, καὶ κατακλίνας!
 ζεύγνυε, καὶ πρῶσας πρόσπεσε, καὶ κάτεχε.
 β. Οὐ φρονέεις, Διόφαντε· μόλις δύναμαι γὰρ ἔγωγε
 ταῦτα ποιεῖν· παίδων δ' ἡ πάλη ἔσθ' ἑτέρα.
 μοχλοῦ καὶ μένε, Κῦρι, καὶ ἐμβάλλοντος ἀνάσχου·
 πρῶτον συμμαλετῶν ἢ μελετῶν μαθέτω.

CCVII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐχθὲς λουόμενος Διοκλῆς ἀνενήνοχε σαύραν
 ἐκ τῆς ἐμβάσεως τὴν Ἀναδυομένην.
 ταύτην εἶ τις ἔδειξεν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ τοτ' ἐν Ἴδῃ,
 τὰς τρεῖς ἂν ταύτης προκατέκρινε θεάς.

CCVIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εὐτυχές, οὐ φθονέω, βιβλίδιον· ἦ ρά σ' ἀναγνοῦς
 παῖς τις ἀναθλίψει, πρὸς τὰ γένεια τιθείς·

CCIV STRATO

Were downy Diocles to trade his ass
For Sosiades', he'd get gold for brass,
Roses for brambles, figs for toadstools, or
A lamb for an ox. And what did you get for
Your favours, foolish boy? The pleasures had
By hairy heroes in the *Iliad*!

CCV STRATO

The kid next door exits me, with his bold,
Enticing glances and precocious snigger—
Although he is no more than twelve years old!
Green fruit grows free. He'll be locked up when bigger!

CCVI STRATO

A. To start with, grapple your opponent round
The waist, bestride and pin him to the ground.
B. You're mad! For that I'm hardly competent,
Wrestling with boys is something different.
Withstand my onslaught, Cyris, hold your own!
Let's practice together what you do alone.

CCVII STRATO

Yesterday in the bath Diocles' penis
Rose from the water like *The Birth of Venus*.
On Ida, if he'd sprung this same surprise,
Paris would have given it the prize.

CCVIII STRATO

I do not, little book, begrudge your luck,
Should any adolescent reader tuck

ἢ τρυφεροῖς σφίγξει περὶ χεῖλεσιν, ἢ κατὰ μηρῶν
 εἰλήσει δροσερῶν, ὧ μακαριστότατον·
 πολλάκι φοιτήσεις ὑποκόλλιον, ἢ παρὰ δίφρου
 βληθὲν τολμήσεις κεῖνα θιγεῖν ἀφόβως.
 πολλά δ' ἐν ἡρεμίῃ προλαλήσεις· ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν,
 χαρτάριον, δέομαι, πυκνότερόν τι λάλει.

CCIX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Μήτε λίην στυγνὸς παρακέκλισο, μήτε κατηφής,
 Δίφιλε, μηδ' εἷης παιδίον ἐξ ἀγέλης.
 ἔστω που προύνικα φιλήματα, καὶ τὰ πρὸ ἔργων
 παίγνια, πληκτισμοί, κνίσμα, φίλημα, λόγος.

CCX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τρεῖς ἀρίθμει τοὺς πάντας ὑπὲρ λέχος, ὧν δύο δρῶσιν,
 καὶ δύο πάσχουσιν. θαῦμα δοκῶ τι λέγειν.
 καὶ μὴν οὐ ψευδὸς· δυσὶν εἷς μέσσος γὰρ ὑπουργεῖ
 τέρτων ἐξόπιθεν, πρόσθε δὲ τερπόμενος.

CCXI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ μὲν ἔφυς ἀμύητος ἀκμήν ὑπὲρ οὗ σ' ἔτι πείθω,
 ὀρθῶς ἂν δείσαις, δεινὸν ἴσως δοκέων.
 εἰ δέ σε δεσποτικὴ κοιτὴ πεποίηκε τεχνίτην,
 τί φθονέεις δοῦναι, ταὐτὸ λαβῶν, ἑτέρῳ;
 ὃς μὲν γὰρ καλέσας ἐπὶ τὸ χρέος, εἶτ' ἀπολύσας,
 εὔδει κύριος ὧν, μηδὲ λόγου μεταδούς·
 ἄλλη δ' ἔνθα τρυφή· παίξεις ἴσα, κοινὰ λαλήσεις,
 τᾶλλα δ' ἐρωτηθεὶς κοῦκ ἐπιτασσόμενος.

CCXII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Αἰαῖ μοι· τι πάλιν δεδακρυμένον, ἢ τι κατηφές,
 παιδίον; εἶπον ἀπλῶς· μηδ' ὀδύνα· τί θέλεις;

You under his chin, or nibble you, or press
You with his hairless thighs—what happiness!
How often you would sidle next his heart,
Or, dropped on a seat, dare touch a certain part!
You speak to him in private frequently,
Slim volume; now and then please speak of me.

CCIX STRATO

Don't lie there at my side inert and glum,
Diphilus, like a kid who's gone astray.
What about some kisses, cuddles, some
Pillow talk and amorous foreplay?

CCX STRATO

Three in one bed: while two are being done
Two are doing them. Resolve this riddle.
Strange but true: the fellow in the middle
In front and in behind is having fun.

CCXI STRATO

Were you a novice I'd tried to persuade
To vice, you might be right to be afraid;
But since your master's bed taught you a lot,
Why not treat someone else to what you've got?
Called to your post, your duty done, without
A word, your sleepy master throws you out.
But here are other pleasures, free speech and
Fun by solicitation not command.

CCXII STRATO

What now, my pet, depressed, in tears again?
What do you want? Don't torture me! Speak plain.

τὴν χέρα μοι κοίλην προσενήνοχας· ὡς ἀπόλωλα·
 μισθὸν ἴσως αἰτεῖς· τοῦτ' ἔμαθες δὲ πόθεν;
 οὐκέτι σοι κοπτῆς φίλιαι πλάκες οὐδὲ μελιχρὰ
 σήσαμα, καὶ καρύων παίγιος εὐστοχίη·
 ἀλλ' ἤδη πρὸς κέρδος ἔχεις φρένας. ὡς ὁ διδάξας
 τεθνάτω· οἶν μου παιδίον ἠφάνικεν.

CCXIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τῷ τοίχῳ κέκλικας τὴν ὀσφύα τὴν περιβλεπτον,
 Κῦρι· τί πειράζεις τὸν λίθον; οὐ δύναται.

CCXIV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Δός μοι, καὶ λάβε χαλκόν. ἐρεῖς ὅτι "Πλούσιός εἰμι·"
 δώρησαι τοίνυν τὴν χάριν, ὡς βασιλεύς.

CCXV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Νῦν ἔαρ εἶ, μετέπειτα θέρος· κάπειτα τί μέλλεις
 Κῦρις; βούλευσαι, καὶ καλάμη γὰρ ἔση.

CCXVI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Νῦν ὀρθή, κατάρατε, καὶ εὐτονος, ἠνίκα μηδέν·
 ἠνίκα δ' ἦν ἐχθές, οὐδὲν ὄλωσ ἀνέπνεις.

CCXVII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἦδη ἐπὶ στρατιῆς ὀρμῶς, ἔτι παῖς ἀδαῆς ὦν
 καὶ τρυφερός, τί ποιεῖς, οὗτος, ὄρα· μετάθου.
 οἴμοι· τίς σ' ἀνέπεισε λαβεῖν δόρυ· τίς χερὶ πέλτην;
 τίς κρύψαι ταύτην τὴν κεφαλὴν κόρυθι;
 ὦ μακαριστὸς ἐκεῖνος, ὅτις ποτέ, καινὸς Ἀχιλλεὺς
 τοίφῳ ἐνὶ κλισίῃ τερπόμενος Πατρόκλῳ.

You hold your palm out! I'm disgusted at
Your asking payment. Where did you learn that?
Seed cakes and conkers will not make you merry
Now, that your mind has grown so mercenary.
I curse the customer with his perverse
Lessons who made my little rascal worse!

CCXIII STRATO

Against a wall you lean your fundament,
Cyris. Why tempt the stone? It's impotent.

CCXIV STRATO

You'd say, "I'm rich!", if you sold me the thing
I crave. Now grant it freely, like a king.

CCXV STRATO

Now Spring, you will be Summer soon. Recall,
Cyris, how you'll be stubble in the Fall.

CCXVI STRATO

In solitude, you prick, you lift your head,
Who yesterday in company played dead.

CCXVII STRATO

You're off to join the army? Such a nice
Mama's boy should think about it twice.
Who prompted you to wear a helmet, wield
A spear and hide your head behind a shield?
Lucky that new Achilles who will spend
Time in his tent with such a bossom friend!

CCXVIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Μέχρι τίνος σε γελῶντα μόνον, μηδὲν δὲ λαλοῦντα
οἶσομεν; εἶπον ἀπλῶς ταῦτα σύ, Πασίφιλε.
αἰτῶ, καὶ σὺ γελᾷς· πάλιν αἰτῶ, κούκ ἀποκρίνη
δακρύω, σὺ γελᾷς. βάρβαρε, τοῦτο γέλως;

CCXIX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Καὶ μισθοὺς αἰτεῖτε, διδάσκαλοι; ὡς ἀχάριστοι
ἐστέ· τί γάρ; τὸ βλέπειν παιδία μικρὸν ἴσως;
καὶ τούτοισι λαλεῖν, ἀσπαζομένους τε φιλήσαι;
τοῦτο μόνον χρυσῶν ἄξιον οὐχ ἑκατόν;
πεμπέτω, εἴ τις ἔχει καλὰ παιδία· κάμῃ φιλείτω,
μισθὸν καὶ παρ' ἐμοῦ λαμβανέτω τί θέλει.

CCXX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οὐχὶ τὸ πῦρ κλέψας δέδεσαι, κακόβουλε Προμηθεῦ,
ἀλλ' ὅτι τὸν πηλὸν τοῦ Διὸς ἠφάνισας.
πλάττων ἀνθρώπους, ἔβαλες τρίχας· ἔνθεν ὁ δεινὸς
πάγων, καὶ κνήμη παισὶ δασυνομένη.
εἶτά σε δαρδάπτει Διὸς αἰετός, ὃς Γανυμήδην
ἤρπασ'· ὁ γὰρ πάγων καὶ Διὸς ἐστ' ὀδύνη.

CCXXI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Στεῖχε πρὸς αἰθέρα διον, ἀπέρχεο παῖδα κομίζων,
αἰετέ, τὰς διφυεῖς ἐκπετάσας πτέρυγας,
στεῖχε τὸν ἄβρον ἔχων Γανυμήδεα, μηδὲ μεθείης
τὸν Διὸς ἠδίστων οἰνοχόον κυλίκων·
φείδευο δ' αἰμάξαι κοῦρον γαμψώνυχι ταρσῶ,
μὴ Ζεὺς ἀλγήσῃ, τοῦτο βαρυνόμενος.

CCXVIII STRATO

Tell me, Pasiphilus, how long must I
Endure your laughter and your vapid chatter?
I ask, you laugh; again, and no reply.
You laugh at my tears, which are no laughing matter.

CCXIX STRATO

Ungrateful teachers, you want money, too?
Isn't the sight of boys enough for you?
Is chatting up and greeting your young scholars
With a kiss not worth a hundred dollars?
If you have winning kids, send them to me;
And if they'll kiss me they can name their fee.

CCXX STRATO

Prometheus, for spiriting away
Fire are you bound, or marring mortal clay?
You gave boys body hairs, the horrid basis
Of fuzzy shanks and, what's worse, fuzzy faces.
Therefore you feed the eagle that once bore
Off Ganymede. Zeus too finds beards a bore.

CCXXI STRATO

O eagle, flap your widespread wings and fly
Conveying Ganymede to Zeus's sky.
Grip tight the tender youth and don't let fall
The server of his sweetest drinks of all.
Be careful you don't scratch him with your claws,
Or Zeus will be annoyed, and with just cause.

CCXXII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εὐκαίρως ποτὲ παιδοτρίβης, λείον προδιδάσκων,
 εἰς τὸ γόνυ γνάμψας, μέσσον ἐπαιδοτρίβει,
 τῇ χειρὶ τοὺς κόκκους ἐπαφώμενος. ἀλλὰ τυχαίως
 τοῦ παιδὸς χρήζων, ἦλθεν ὁ δεσπότης·
 ὃς δὲ τάχος τοῖς ποσσὶν ὑποζώσας ἀνέκλινεν
 ὑπτίον, ἐμπλέξας τῇ χειρὶ τὴν φάρυγα.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ὦν ἀπάλαιστος ὁ δεσπότης προσέειπεν·
 "Παῦσαι· πνιγίζεις," φησί, "τὸ παιδάριον."

CCXXIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τερπνὸν ὅλως τὸ πρόσωπον ἐμοὶ προσιόντος ἀπαρκεῖ·
 οὐκέτι δ' ἐξόπιθεν καὶ παριόντα βλέπω.
 οὕτω γὰρ καὶ ἄγαλμα θεοῦ καὶ νηὸν ὀρῶμεν
 ἀντίον, οὐ πάντως καὶ τὸν ὀπισθόδομον.

CCXXIV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰς ἀγαθὴν συνέβημεν ἀταρπιτόν, ἣν ἀπὸ πρώτης
 φράζου ὅπως ἔσται, Δίφιλε, καὶ μονίμη.
 ἄμφω γὰρ πτηνὸν τι λελόγαμεν· ἔστι μὲν ἐν σοὶ
 κάλλος, ἔρωσ δ' ἐν ἐμοί· καίρια δ' ἀμφοτέρα.
 ἄρτι μὲν ἀρμολόγητα μένει χρόνον· εἰ δ' ἀφύλακτα
 μίμνετον ἀλλήλων, ὄχετ' ἀποπτάμενα.

CCXXV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οὐδέποτε ἡελίου φάος ὄρθριον ἀντέλλοντος
 μίσγεσθαι ταύρωχρῆ φλογόντα κύνα,
 μή ποτε καρπολόχου Δημήτερος ὑγρανθείσης,
 βρέξις τὴν λασίην Ἡρακλέους ἄλοχον.

CCXXII STRATO

A wrestling coach who'd bent a hairless lad
Over his knee, to stroke his midriff, had
Him by the nuts, when, seeking the little guy,
The head of the establishment chanced by.
The trainer flipped his pupil on his back,
Bestrode him, and put his hands around his neck,
Quickly. His boss, who knew a trick or two,
Said, "Squeezing the kid a little hard, aren't you?"

CCXXIII STRATO

A boy looks so charming as he faces you,
 You don't gaze at his backside as you pass;
As in a temple when we face a statue
 We seldom bother to inspect its ass.

CCXXIV STRATO

Together down the primrose path we go,
And, Diphilus, take care to keep it so.
We both boast high-flown qualities: you glory
In beauty, I in love—each transitory:
A little while in tandem lingering,
Once they forget each other they take wing.

CCXXV STRATO

At cock crow there is never any need
 To do it doggy style or milk the bull,
Or to besprinkle with your liquid seed
 Your Ganymede's pubescent patch of wool.

CCXXVI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πάννυχα μυδαλόεντα πεφυρμένος ὄμματα κλαυθμῶ
 ἄγρυπνον ἀμπαύω θυμὸν ἀδημονίη,
 ἦ με κατ' οὖν ἐδάμασσεν ἀποζευχθέντος ἐταίρου,
 μῶνον ἐπεὶ με λιπὼν εἰς ἰδίην Ἔφεσον
 χθιζὸς ἔβη Θεόδωρος· ὃς εἰ πάλι μὴ ταχὺς ἔλθοι,
 οὐκέτι μουνολεχεῖς κοῖτας ἀνεξόμεθα.

CCXXVII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἦν τινα καὶ παριδεῖν ἐθέλω καλὸν ἀντισυναντῶν,
 βαιὸν ὅσον παραβάς εὐθὺ μεταστρέφομαι.

CCXXVIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Παῖδα μὲν ἠλιτόμηνον ἐς ἄφρονα καιρὸν ἀμαρτεῖν,
 τῷ πείθοντι φέρει πλεῖον ὕβρισμα φίλω.
 ἦδη δ' ἐν νεότητι παρήλικα παιδικὰ πάσχειν,
 τῷ παρέχοντι πάλιν τοῦτο δις αἰσχροτέρων.
 ἔστι δ' ὅτ' ἀμφοτέροις τὸ μὲν οὐκέτι, Μοῖρι, τὸ δ' οὐπω
 ἀπρεπές, οἶον ἐγὼ καὶ σὺ τὸ νῦν ἔχομεν.

CCXXIX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ὡς ἀγαθὴ θεὸς ἐστι, δι' ἣν ὑπὸ κόλπων, Ἄλεξι,
 πτύομεν, ὑστερόπουν ἀζόμενοι Νέμεσιν.
 ἦν σὺ μετερχομένην οὐκ ἔβλεπες, ἀλλ' ἐνόμιζες
 ἔξειν τὸ φθονερὸν κάλλος ἀειχρόνιον.
 νῦν δὲ τὸ μὲν διόλωλεν· ἐλήλυθε δ' ἡ τριχάλεπτος
 δαίμων· χοὶ θέραπες νῦν σε παρερχομεθα.

CCXXVI STRATO

All night long I wipe my weeping eyes
And soothe my sleepless soul that wakes and cries
For Theodore, my friend who went away
And left me all alone here yesterday.
He swore he'd soon be back; if he is late,
I can not long continue celibate.

CCXXVII STRATO

Although I will not meet a cute boy's eye,
I turn around as soon as I pass by.

CCXXVIII STRATO

If any minor foolishly consents
We blame the corrupter of his innocence.
But once a youth has outgrown child's play, it
Is twice as shameful for him to submit.
But there's a time when it's not yet too late
Moeris, or too soon, to celebrate.

CCXXIX STRATO

How good, Alexis, is that Nemesis,
To check whose dread advance we spit like this!
You did not see her coming, thinking your
Invidious beauty yours for evermore,
Since ruined by harsh hairs. And that is why
We, once your followers, now pass you by.

CCXXX ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ

Τὸν τὸ καλὸν μελανεύντα Θεόκριτον, εἰ μὲν ἔμ' ἔχθει,
 τετράκι μισοίης· εἰ δὲ φιλεῖ, φιλείς·
 ναίχι πρὸς εὐχαίτεω Γανυμήδεος, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ,
 καὶ σὺ ποτ' ἠράσθης. οὐκέτι μακρὰ λέγω.

CCXXXI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εὐκλείδῃ φιλέοντι πατὴρ θάνεν· ἅ μάκαρ αἰεὶ,
 καὶ πρὶν ἐς ὅτι φέλοι χρηστὸν ἔχων πατέρα
 καὶ νῦν εὐφρονα νεκρόν. ἐγὼ δ' ἔτι λάθρια παίζω·
 φεῦ μοίρης τε κακῆς καὶ πατρὸς ἀθανάτου.

CCXXXII ΣΚΥΘΙΝΟΥ

Ὅρθὸν νῦν ἔστηκας ἀνώνυμον οὐδὲ μαραίνῃ,
 ἐντέτασαι δ' ὡς ἂν μὴ ποτε παυσόμενον·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε μοι Νεμεσηνὸς ὄλον παρέκλινεν ἑαυτόν,
 πάντα διδοὺς ἃ θέλω, νεκρὸν ἀπεκρέμασο.
 τείνεο, καὶ ῥήσσου, καὶ δάκρυε· πάντα ματαίως,
 οὐχ ἔξεις ἔλεον χειρὸς ἀφ' ἡμετέρης.

CCXXXIII ΦΡΟΝΤΩΝΟΣ

Τὴν ἀκμὴν Θησαυρὸν ἔχειν, κομφδέ, νομίζεις,
 οὐκ εἰδὼς αὐτὴν Φάσματος ὄξυτέρην.
 ποιήσει σ' ὁ χρόνος Μισούμενον, εἶτα Γεωργόν,
 καὶ τότε μαστεύσεις τὴν Περικειρομένην.

CCXXXIV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ κάλλει καυχᾶ, γίνωσχ' ὅτι καὶ ῥόδον ἀνθεῖ·
 ἀλλὰ μαρανθὲν ἄφνω σὺν κοπρίοις ἐρίφη.
 ἄνθος γὰρ καὶ κάλλος ἴσον χρόνον ἐστὶ λαχόντα·
 ταῦτα δ' ὁμῆ φθονέων ἐξεμάρανε χρόνος.

CCXXX CALLIMACHUS

If, Zeus in heaven! dark Theocritus
Dislikes me, judge him twice as odious.
But if he cares for me, befriend him. Need
I cite your love for fair-haired Ganymede?

CCXXXI STRATO

Euclid in love is lucky. His dad died.
 In life this kindly corpse indulged whatever
His son desired. Still I am doomed to hide
 My pleasures—my old man will live forever.

CCXXXII SCYTHINUS

Erect you stand now, thingamajig, as if
You'd never quit, so vigorous and stiff.
When Nemesenus snuggled up in bed,
Indulging my every whim, you hung your head.
Now swollen fit to burst you weep in vain:
My hand will not take mercy on your pain.

CCXXXIII FRONTO

The role of your lifetime was *My Secret Garden*,
 You thought, but it is *Gone with the Wind* now, boy.
After *Stand by Me*, you'll play *Flesh Gordon*,
 And soon you'll be rehearsing *Midnight Cowboy*.

CCXXXIV STRATO

You vaunt your beauty; you know roses flower,
 Wither, and are thrown out on the midden.
Beauty and bloom which share a given hour
 By grasping time are equally hag-ridden.

CCXXXV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλόν, μετάδος, πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ·
εἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβῆ τοῦθ' ὃ μενεῖ διδόναι;

CCXXXVI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εὐνοῦχος τις ἔχει καλὰ παιδιά· πρὸς τίνα χρήσιν;
καὶ τούτοισι βλάβην οὐχ ὀσίην παρέχει.
ὄντως ὡς ὁ κύων φάτνη ρόδα, μωρὰ δ' ὑλακτῶν
οὔθ' αὐτῶ παρέχει τάγαθόν, οὔθ' ἑτέρω.

CCXXXVII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Χαῖρε σύ, μισοπόνηρε πεπλασμένε, χαῖρε, βάνασε
ὁ πρόην ὀμόσας μηκέτι μὴ διδόναι.
μηκέτι νῦν ὀμόσης. ἔγνωκα γάρ, οὐδέ με λήθεις·
οἶδα τὸ ποῦ, καὶ πῶς, καὶ τίνοι, καὶ τὸ πόσου.

CCXXXVIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἀλλήλοις παρέχουσιν ἀμοιβαδίην ἀπόλαυσιν
οἱ κύνεοι πῶλοι μειρακιευόμενοι·
ἀμφαλλάξ δὲ οἱ αὐτοὶ ἀπόστροφα νατοβατοῦνται,
τὸ δρᾶν καὶ τὸ παθεῖν ἀντιπεραινόμενοι.
οὐ πλεονεκτεῖται δ' οὐδ' ἄτερος· ἄλλοτε μὲν γὰρ
ἴσταται ὁ προδιδοὺς ἄλλοτ' ὄπισθε πάλιν.
τοῦτ' ἐστὶν πάντως τὸ προοίμιον· εἰς γὰρ ἀμοιβήν,
ὡς λέγεται, κνήθειν οἶδεν ὄνος τὸν ὄνον.

CCXXXIX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πέντ' αἰτεῖς, δέκα δώσω· ἐείκοσι δ' ἴαντία ἔξεις.
ἀρκεῖ σοι χρυσοῦς; ἤρκεσε καὶ Δανάη.

CCXXXV STRATO

If beauty spoils, share it before it's spent;
If not, why fear to give what's permanent?

CCXXXVI STRATO

A eunuch has cute slaveboys. What's the use?
Can he subject them to profane abuse?
A dog in the manger, barking to annoy,
He spoils for others what he can't enjoy.

CCXXXVII STRATO

Fuck off, you hypocrite, you little lout!
You swore that nevermore would you put out.
Don't swear again; I'm not deceived by you:
I know with whom, where, how—for how much, too.

CCXXXVIII STRATO

In their erotic play with one another
Puppies give and take a lot of pleasure:
Reciprocally mounted by each other,
They screw as they are screwed, measure for measure.
The underdog—for no one is left out—
Immediately to the rear will pass.
So in the proverb: turn and turn about,
It's said, it takes an ass to scratch an ass.

CCXXXIX STRATO

You ask for five, I'll give you ten, or twenty.
Is gold enough? For Danae it was plenty.

CCXL ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἦδη μοι πολιαὶ μὲν ἐπὶ κροτάφοισιν ἔθειραι,
καὶ πέος ἐν μηροῖς ἄργον ἀποκρέματα·
ὄρχεις δ' ἄπρηκτοι, χαλεπὸν δέ με γήρας ἰκάνει.
οἴμοι· πυγίζειν οἶδα, καὶ οὐ δύναμαι.

CCXLI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἄγκιστρον πεπόηκας, ἔχεις ἰχθὺν ἐμέ, τέκνον·
ἔλκε μ' ὅπου βούλει· μὴ τρέχε, μὴ σε φύγω.

CCXLII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πρώην τὴν σαύραν ῥοδοδάκτυλον, Ἄλκιμ', ἔδειξας·
νῦν αὐτὴν ἤδη καὶ ῥοδόπηχυν ἔχεις.

CCXLIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἶ με τὸ πυγίζειν ἀπολώλεκε, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο
ῥέκτρεφομαι ποδαγρῶν, Ζεῦ, κρεάγραν με πόει.

CCXLIV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἦν ἐσίδω τινὰ λευκόν, ἀπόλλυμαι· ἦν δέ μελίχρουν,
καίομαι· ἦν ξανθὸν δ', εὐθύς ὄλος λέλυμαι.

CCXLV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πάν ἄλογον ζῶων βινεῖ μόνον· οἱ λογικοὶ δὲ
τῶν ἄλλων ζώων τοῦτ' ἔχομεν τὸ πλεόν,
πυγίζειν εὐρόντες. ὅσοι δὲ γυναιξὶ κρατοῦνται,
τῶν ἀλόγων ζώων οὐδὲν ἔχουσι πλεόν.

CCXL STRATO

Already on my head the hairs grow white,
Between my thighs my doodle dangles too;
My balls are useless. Old age looms in sight.
Though I know how, I can no longer screw.

CCXLI STRATO

You've baited your hook and caught me, child. You may
Tug as you like, but don't run, or I'll get away.

CCXLII STRATO

Your rosy fingered prick that used to charm
Us, Alcimus, is now a rosy arm.

CCXLIII STRATO

Ass-fucking ruined me and made me limp:
Though gouty, good God forbid I should go limp!

CCXLIV STRATO

A milk-white boy undoes me at first sight;
A honey-coloured lad sets me alight;
A golden boy, however, melts me quite.

CCXLV STRATO

Dumb brutes only fuck; we clever human
Beings, in this superior at least,
Invented buggery. The slaves of women
Have no more sophistication than a beast.

CCXLVI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ζεῦγος ἀδελφειῶν με φιλεῖ. οὐκ οἶδα τίν' αὐτῶν
 δεσπόσουν κρίνω· τοὺς δύο γὰρ φιλέω.
 χῶ μὲν ἀποστείχει, ὁ δ' ἐπέρχεται· ἔστι δὲ τοῦ μὲν
 κάλλιστον τὸ παρόν, τοῦ δὲ τὸ λειπόμενον.

CCXLVII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οἶον ἐπὶ Τροίῃ ποτ' ἀπὸ Κρήτης, Θεόδωρε,
 Ἴδομενεὺς θεράπωντ' ἤγαγε Μηριόνην,
 τοῖον ἔχω σε φίλον περιδέξιον. ἦ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος
 ἄλλα μὲν ἦν θεράπων, ἄλλα δ' ἔταιρόσυνος·
 καὶ σὺ τὰ μὲν βιότοιο πανήμερος ἔργα τέλει μοι·
 νῦν δέ γε πειρῶμεν, ναὶ Δία, Μηριόνην.

CCXLVIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Τίς δύναται γνῶναι τὸν ἐρώμενον εἰ παρακμάζει,
 πάντα συνὼν αὐτῷ μηδ' ἀπολειπόμενος;
 τίς δύνατ' οὐκ ἀρέσαι τὴν σήμερον, ἐχθρὸς ἀρέσκων;
 εἰ δ' ἀρέσει, τί παθὼν αὔριον οὐκ ἀρέσει;

CCXLIX ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Βουποιήτε μέλισσα, πέθην μέλι τοῦμὸν ἰδοῦσα
 παιδὸς ἐφ' ὑαλέην ὄψιν ὑπερπέτασαι;
 οὐ παύση βομβεῦσα, καὶ ἀνθολόγοισι θέλουσα
 ποσσὶν ἐφάψασθαι χρωτὸς ἀκηροτάτου;
 ἔρρ' ἐπὶ σοὺς μελίπαιδας ὅποι ποτέ, δραπέτι, σίμ-βλους,
 μή σε δάκω· κηγὼ κέντρον ἔρωτος ἔχω.

CCL ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Νυκτορινὴν ἐπὶ κωμῶς ἰὼν μεταδόρπιον ὄρην
 ἄρνα λύκος θυρέτροις εὐρον ἐφεσταότα,

CCXLVI STRATO

Twins love me, and I do not know which brother
To choose as overlord, for both I love.
They come and go. I judge the absence of
One equal to the presence of the other.

CCXLVII STRATO

As Idomeneus brought from Crete to Troy
Meriones to be his serving-boy,
I have a helpmeet, Theodore, in you,
Like him a servant and a playmate too.
Perform your household duties every day;
At night at squire and master let us play.

CCXLVIII STRATO

Having your boy beside you all the time
How can you tell if he is past his prime?
Who, pleasing yesterday, will not today?
And if today, why not the following day?

CCXLIX STRATO

Spying my honey, bully boy bee, why
Straight to his slick face in a bee line fly?
Buzz off! Stop trying to massage his sweet,
Unblemished skin with sticky little feet.
Go home to your honeyed boy-hive, flighty thing,
Or *I'll* sting *you*, with my erotic sting.

CCL STRATO

As I set out carousing one night late,
A lucky wolf, I found a lambkin at my gate,

υἷον Ἀριστοδίκου τοῦ γείτονος· ὄν περιπλεχθεῖς
 ἐξεφίλουν ὄρκους πολλὰ χαριζόμενος.
 νῦν δ' αὐτῷ τί φέρων δωρήσομαι; οὔτ' ἀπάτης γάρ
 ἄξιος, Ἐσπερίας οὔτ' ἐπιορκοσύνης.

CCLI ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πρόσθε μὲν ἀντιπρόσωπα φιλήματα καὶ τὰ πρὸ πείρας
 εἶχομεν· ἧς γὰρ ἀκμήν, Δίφιλε, παιδάριον.
 νῦν δέ σε τῶν ὄπιφεν γουνάζομαι, οὐ παρεόντων
 ὕστερον· ἔστω γὰρ πάντα καθ' ἡλικίην.

CCLII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐμπρήσω σε, θύρη, τῇ λαμπάδι, καὶ τὸν ἔνοικον
 συμφλέξας μεθύων, εὐθύς ἄπειμι φυγᾶς,
 καὶ πλώσας Ἄδριανὸν ἐπ' οἴνοπα πόντον, ἀλήτης
 φωλήσω γε θύραις νυκτὸς ἀνοιγομέναις.

CCLIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Δεξιτερὴν ὀλίγον δὸς ἐπὶ χρόνον, οὐχ ἵνα παύσης
 (κεῖ μ' ὁ καλὸς χλεύην ἔσχε) χοροϊτυπίης.
 ἀλλ', εἰ μὴ πλευρῇ παρεκέκλιτο πατρὸς ἀκαίρως,
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ με μάτην εἶδε μεθυσκόμενον.

CCLIV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐκ ποίου ναοῦ, πόθεν ὁ στόλος οὗτος Ἐρώτων,
 πάντα καταστίλβων; ἄνδρες, ἀμαυρὰ βλέπω.
 τίς τούτων δοῦλος, τίς ἐλεύθερος; οὐ δύναμ' εἰπεῖν.
 ἄνθρωπος τούτων κύριος; οὐ δύναται.
 εἰ δ' ἐστίν, μείζων πολλῶ Διός, ὃς Γανυμήδην
 ἔσχε μόνως, θεὸς ὢν πηλίκος· ὃς πόσους;

My neighbour's son. I kissed and hugged him tight,
And promised him plenty in my heart's delight.
What shall I give him? He's too sweet to cheat,
Or hoodwink with slick, Italianate deceit.

CCLI STRATO

Foreplay and kisses face to face we had
When, Diphilus, you were a little lad;
'Behind and out of mind', I now assuage,
Kneeling, my passing passion. Act your age.

CCLII STRATO

I'll burn the door down with a fiery brand
And roast the boy inside. Then I'll take flight
Over the wine-dark Adriatic and
Watch at some door that opens up at night.

CCLIII STRATO

Give me a hand, but not to stop me, friend,
Cavorting. Were that cheeky boy not tied
Unfortunately to his father's side,
He wouldn't find me tipsy to no end.

CCLIV STRATO

Out of what shrine, bedazzling my sight,
Issues this band of Loves diffusing light?
Which is a slave and which a gentleman?
Their lord can hardly be a mortal man,
Greater than Zeus, for while Zeus hasn't any
Catamite but Ganymede, he has so many!

CCLV ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οὐδ' αὐτὴ σ' ἡ λέξις, ἀκοινώνητε, διδάσκει,
 ἐξ ἐτύμου φωνῆς ῥήμασιν ἐλκομένη;
 πᾶς φιλόπαις λέγεται, Διονύσιε, κοῦ φιλοβούπαις.
 πρὸς τοῦτ' ἀντειπεῖν μή τι πάλιν δύνασαι;
 Πύθι' ἀγωνοθετῶ, σὺ δ' Ὀλύμπια· χοῦς ἀποβάλλων
 ἐκκρίνω, τούτους εἰς τὸν ἀγῶνα δέχη.

CCLVI ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Παγκαρπὸν σοι, Κύπρι, καθήρμοσε, χειρὶ τρυγίσας
 παίδων ἄνθος, Ἔρωσ ψυχαπάτην στέφανον.
 ἐν μὲν γὰρ κρίνον ἠδὺ κατέπλεξεν Διόδωρον,
 ἐν δ' Ἀσκληπιάδην, τὸ γλυκὺ λευκόϊον.
 ναὶ μὴν Ἡράκλειτον ἐπέπλεκεν, ὡς ἀπ' ἀκάνθης
 ἴεις ῥόδον,¹ οἰνάνθη δ' ὡς τις ἔθαλλε Δίων·
 χρυσάνθη δὲ κόμαισι κρόκον Θήρωνα συνῆψεν·
 ἐν δ' ἔβαλ' ἐρπύλλου κλωνίον Οὐλιάδην,
 ἀβροκόμην δὲ Μυῖσκον, ἀειθαλὲς ἔρνος ἐλαίης·
 ἰμερτοὺς δ' Ἀρέτου κλῶνας ἀπεδρέπετο.
 ὀλβίστη νήσων ἱερὰ Τύρος, ἢ τὸ μυρόπνον
 ἄλσος ἔχει παίδων Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόρον.

CCLVIII ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἦ τάχα τις μετόπισθε κλύων ἐμὰ παίγνια ταῦτα.
 πάντας ἐμοὺς δόξει τοὺς ἐν ἔρωτι πόνοους·
 ἄλλα δ' ἐγὼν ἄλλοισιν ἀεὶ φιλόπαισι χαράσσω
 γράμματ', ἐπεὶ τις ἐμοὶ τοῦτ' ἐνέδωκε θεός.

CCLV STRATO

You maverick, what language should explain
The derivation of the word makes plain:
Boy-lovers, Dionysius, love boys—
You can't deny it—not great hobblehoys.
After I referee the Pythian
Games, you umpire the Olympian:
The failed contestants I once sent away
You welcome as competitors today.

CCLVI MELEAGER

For Venus Love arranged a rich bouquet,
Of boys, hand-picked to steal the heart away,
And next to Diodorus' lily set
Asclepiades' sweet, white violet,
Let Heraclitus' thorny rose entwine
Dion like a blossom on the vine,
Shy Uliades' sprig of thyme beside
Resplendent Theron's saffron crocus hide;
And evergreen Myiscus' olive sprout
Aretus' lovely greenery tricks out.
O blessèd Tyre that boasts the perfumed grove
Of Venus where the cult of boy-love throve!

CCLVIII STRATO

Some reader of this child's play in another
Age may think these heart-throbs all were mine.
For writing different epigrams for other
Lovers of boys my talent was divine.

CCLVII ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἄ πύματον καμπτήρα καταγγέλλουσα κορωνίς,
 ἔρκοῦρος γραπταῖς πιστοτάτα σελίσιν,
 φαμί τὸν ἐκ πάντων ἠθροισμένον εἰς ἓνα μόχθον
 ὕμνοθετῶν βύβλω τῶδ' ἐνελιζάμενον
 ἐκτελέσαι Μελέαγρον, ἀείμνηστον δὲ Διοκλεῖ
 ἄνθεσι συμπλέξει μουσοπόλον στέφανον.

οὔλα

| | |
|-----------|--------------|
| εὐμαθίας. | δ' ἐγὼ |
| τέρμασιν | καμφθεῖσα |
| ἵδρυμαι | δρακοντεῖοις |
| σύνθρονος | ἴσα |
| | νώτοις, |

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA, BOOK XI,

XLVIII ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Τὸν ἄργυρον τορεύσας
 Ἡφαιστέ μοι ποιήσον
 πανοπλίαν μὲν οὐχί,
 ποτήριον δὲ κοῖλον
 ὅσον δύνη βάθυνον.
 ποίει δέ μοι κατ' αὐτοῦ
 μηδ' ἄστρα, μηδ' ἀμάξας,
 μὴ στυγνὸν Ὠρίωνα,
 ἀλλ' ἀμπέλους χλωάσας,
 καὶ βότρυνας γελῶντας,
 σὺν τῷ καλῷ Λυαίῳ.

CCLVII MELEAGER

As colophon that underlines The End,
 Designed these written columns to defend,
 I say first Meleager undertook
 To gather many poets in one book,
 Completing a verse garland twined from these
 Memorable flowers for Diocles.

Coiled

| | |
|---------------|---------|
| wit. | like |
| of | a |
| terminus | serpent |
| the | on |
| state, | myself |
| in here I sit | |

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA, BOOK XI,

XLVIII ANACREON

Hephaestus, silversmith,
 Do not fashion me
 Some warlike panoply,
 But a hollow cup
 Deep as it can be.
 And decorate it with
 No constellated stars
 Or hateful armoured cars,
 But a blooming vine
 With bunches beaming up
 At the bonny god of wine.

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