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Consolatio Catulli / The Consolation for Catullus: Homage to Catullus 8

Ariel Robinson

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CONSOLATIO CATULLI

Ariel Robinson

Ad auras dico verbas, innanes aures.
Cum liqueret me, solum, sol deseruit me
Semper ventito nunc, tristis umbra,
Circa vias notissimas, vado, dolorosas.
Magnum vulnus, edit et inops patior.
Quomodo contigit: ipsum cruciare nomen,
Et absumere omnes in luctu dies?

Gravis mea sors est: subire tantum maerorem.
Tamen ad quem finem curram amens?
Abiit. Proinde quid? Non moriar.

Etsi non floresco, tandem incohem.
Meus labor amor sit: alia pro me corde.
Alibi, coepiam iterum iterumque.
Dona facio curae ventis incuriosis.

THE CONSOLATION FOR CATULLUS

Ariel Robinson

I say words to the winds, empty ears.
When she left me alone, the sun deserted me.
Always I keep coming, sad shade,
Around the well-known ways full of grief, I go.
Great is the wound, it consumes, and helpless I suffer
How did it happen? That her very name tortures me,
And I spend all my days in grief.

Heavy is my fortune, to undergo such sorrow.
Yet to what end do I rush mindless?
She left. So then what? I am not dead.

Even if I do not bloom, at last I may start.
Let my labor be my love: another for my heart.
Elsewhere, I will begin again and again.
I make gifts of care for uncaring winds.