

## Epode 8

by Horace

Trans. Michael Chernicoff

That you, decaying with old age, should ask of me  
    what makes my manhood's loose its strength  
when you are black of tooth, and when your ancient age  
    with wrinkles plows your ancient brow;  
5 your gaping asshole stuck between your scrawny cheeks  
    to me looks like a sick cow's butt!  
Of course your chest and withered breast, that look just like  
    a horse's teats, arouse me so,  
and likewise do your fleshy gut and slender thigh  
10 with swollen calves tacked on below.  
May you be blessed, and may triumphal family masks  
    parade before your funeral,  
Nnor let there be a matron proud who struts about  
    weighed down by rounder pearls than yours.  
15 What of the fact that little Stoic books between  
    your little silken cushions lie?  
Do you believe uncultured organs stiffen less  
    or make the phallus cease to droop?  
For you to call it forth from my proud groin,  
20 you need to work it with your mouth.