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Jag hade Catullus XI i huvudet när jag skrev den här dikten - jag återger den starkaste strofen nedan på latin o engelska (min översättning).

Love hurts... (For Catullus—thanks!)

So now this new guy\'s in your life—that\'s cool.

This David who you loved online last year

but let you rot. He spurned your love—the fool!

But now he\'s crawling back to claim you, dear,

to bask in your sweet smile , to hear you call

him honey. Good. This shows us what you think

is love. And who\'s to say you\'re not the judge?

Not me, a jealous rival left to stink.

Our soft caresses, love, don\'t matter now.

I stroked your neck and throat, you didn\'t grudge

me that when trapped in living death. But how

things change! You left your hell - and me, your toy.

Now Dave\'s your squeeze; arms, thighs and cunt allow

him in. Go break his balls. You\'re free. Enjoy.

[Catullus XI

cum suis vivat valeatque moechis,

quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,

nullum amans vere, sed identidem omnium

ilia rumpens;

...

Let her live and thrive with her debauchees,

three hundred at once, so close embracing,

truly loving none, she\'ll grind them all till their

balls are all broken]

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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