

Catullus 50

Was it the wine or what could have possessed us
last night, and whose idea was it
to get out my notebook and transcribe
the dictates of the angel of mirth, he he who
suggested the rhythmic feats we, wanton, traded?
Usually our jokes deserve to be written
on water and wind like the vows of...you remember.
(Wasn't it Coleridge said the effects of metre
were like those of wine on friendly conversation?)
In any event when I got home I was still so
fired up that I couldn't eat or sleep so
I lay there throbbing and twisting up the bedclothes
into knots and thinking of naughty rejoinders.
It left me drained *and* inflamed; I have to see you,
need you, want you again, my witty darling.
You make me hungry where most you satisfy;
well, what I mean is we must do it again
some time, today. Begging you (don't spew a mouthful
of wine) please promise to come. And watch it -
Fate doesn't kid around so don't you; or do
kid. Get over here instanter. Listen sweetheart
I can't live without your conversation.
Kind sir, yours sincerely,

Me, distraught.

— Gordon Johnston