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Catullus 51

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Catullus 51
RACHEL MAZZARA

*In idle hours, your thoughts and cares unwind.
My ears are ringing, singing their own song.
The poet's danger is an idle mind.*

Your husband's somewhere close to the divine—
Or better, though ideas like that are wrong.
In idle hours, your thoughts and cares unwind.

If you're the sun, his skin's tan from the shine.
(Poor senseless thing, that haunts me all night long.)
The poet's danger is an idle mind.

And when you catch my eye, I always find
My tongue's too numb, mouth's empty as a yawn.
In idle hours, your thoughts and cares unwind.

These melting flames could burn, if they combined,
My hazy vision clear, like fog at dawn.
The poet's danger is an idle mind.

Remember kings and cities undermined
By rest that stretched out days and years too long?
*In idle hours, your thoughts and cares unwind:
The poet's danger is an idle mind.*