

1. Pont. 1.3.1

hanc tibi Naso tuus mittit, Rufine, salutem...

Your Naso sends you this greeting, Rufinus...

2. Pont. 1.4.1-12

iam mihi deterior canis aspergitur aetas
iamque meos uultus ruga senilis arat,
iam uigor et quasso languent in corpore uires
nec iuueni lusus qui placuere iuuant
nec, si me subito uideas, agnoscere possis,
aetatis facta est tanta ruina meae.
confiteor facere hoc annos, sed et altera causa est,
anxietas animi continuusque labor;
nam mea per longos si quis mala digerat annos,
crede mihi, Pylio Nestore maior ero.
cernis ut in duris—et quid boue firminus?—aruis
fortia taurorum corpora frangat opus.

Now my declining age is strewn with gray hairs, and
now an aged wrinkle furrows my face, now vitality and
strength are wilting in my weakened body, and the
games which satisfied as a youth no longer appeal. You
wouldn't be able to recognize me if you were suddenly
to see me – such is the catastrophe of my life that has
come to pass. I admit that the years are doing this, but
there's another reason as well, worry of the mind and
unremitting hardship; for if someone were to number
my troubles by the long years, I'll be older than Pylion
Nestor, believe me. You see how it [sc. labor] breaks
down the strong bodies of the bulls in the harsh fields –
and what is steadier than an ox?

3. Pont. 1.4.39-42

illum tutata est cum Pallade regia Iuno:
defendere meum numina nulla caput.
illum furtiuae iuuere Cupidinis artes,
quas a me uellem non didicisset Amor.

40

Royal Juno, along with Pallas, kept that man safe; no divine powers looked out for my life. The secret strategems of Cupid helped that man, the ‘arts’ I wish Love hadn’t learned from me.

4. Pont. 1.4.45-6

durius est igitur nostrum, fidissima coniunx,
illo, quod subiit Aesone natus, opus.

Therefore our work is harder, most faithful spouse, than that which the son of Aeson endured.

5. Pont. 1.4.49-54

o ego (di faciant!) talem te cernere possim,
caraque mutatis oscula ferre comis
amplectique meis corpus non pingue lacertis
et ‘gracile hoc fecit’ dicere ‘cura mei’
et narrare meos flenti flens ipse labores
sperato numquam conloquioque frui...

50

Ah, would that I were able to see such a you (may the gods make it so!), and to press loving kisses to your changed hair, and to embrace your wasted body in my arms and to say “concern for me has made this thin” and, weeping myself, to tell you – also weeping – the story of my trials, and enjoy a conversation never hoped for...

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