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| ***Tristia* 3.4b**  Proxima sideribus tellus Erymanthidos Ursae        me tenet, adstricto terra perusta gelu.   Bosporos et Tanais superant Scythiaeque paludes        vixque satis noti nomina pauca loci. 5 ulterius nihil est nisi non habitabile frigus.        heu quam vicina est ultima terra mihi!   at longe patria est, longe carissima coniunx,        quicquid et haec nobis post duo dulce fuit.   sic tamen haec adsunt, ut quae contingere non est  10    corpore, sint animo cuncta videnda meo.   ante oculos errant domus, Urbsque et forma locorum,        acceduntque suis singula facta locis.   coniugis ante oculos, sicut praesentis, imago est.        illa meos casus ingravat, illa levat:  15 ingravat hoc, quod abest; levat hoc, quod praestat amorem,        inpositumque sibi firma tuetur onus.   vos quoque pectoribus nostris haeretis, amici,        dicere quos cupio nomine quemque suo.   sed timor officium cautus compescit, et ipsos   20 in nostro poni carmine nolle puto.   ante volebatis, gratique erat instar honoris,        versibus in nostris nomina vestra legi.   quod quoniam est anceps, intra mea pectora quemque       alloquar, et nulli causa timoris ero,  25 nec meus indicio latitantes versus amicos        protrahet; occulte, siquis amabit, amet.   scite tamen, quamvis longe regione remotus        absim, vos animo semper adesse meo.   et qua quisque potest, aliqua mala nostra levate,  30 fidam proiecto neve negate manum.   prospera sic maneat vobis fortuna, nec umquam        contacti simili sorte rogetis idem. | A land next to the stars of the Erymanthian Bear holds me, a land consumed by the nipping cold. The Bosphorus and Don and Scythian swamps are beyond and a handful of names of scarcely known places. Beyond that, there is nothing except for uninhabitable cold: alas, how near to me is the end of the earth!  But far away is my fatherland, far away my most beloved wife, and whatever else after these two things has been sweet to me. Nevertheless, these things, are so present that even though it is not possible to touch them with my body, all are visible in my mind.  Before my eyes flit my home, my City, the shape of the places, and each event that happened in its own place. Before my eyes is the image of my wife, as if she were present. She aggravates and alleviates my misfortunes. She aggravates them because she is absent; she alleviates them because she offers her love and she, loyal, bears the burden placed on her.  You, too, friends, cling to my heart, whom I long to address each by his own name. But cautious fear checks my sense of duty, and I think you yourselves do not wish to be placed in my poetry. Before, you desired it, and it was like an honor that pleased you, that your names be read in my verses.  Since this is dangerous, I will address each of you within my heart, and I will be the cause of fear to no one, nor will my verse give a hint and expose friends who are concealed; if anyone will love me, let him love me secretly.  Nevertheless, know that although I am absent, far removed from you by distance, that you are always present in my mind.  And in any way possible, in some way, alleviate our troubles, and do not deny a faithful hand to one cast out. So may prosperous fortune await you, and never may you, afflicted by a similar fate, make the same request. |