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“The Erotic City of Ezra Pound’s *Homage to Sextus Propertius*”

From Pound’s *Homage to Sextus Propertius*, part X:

“And a minute crowd of small boys came from opposite,

 I do not know what boys,

And I am afraid of numerical estimate,

And some of them shook little torches,

 and others held onto arrows

And the rest laid their chains upon me,

 and they were naked, the lot of them,

And one of the lot was given to lust.

“‘That incensed female has consigned him to our pleasure.’

So spoke. And the noose was over my neck.

And another said ‘Get him plumb in the middle!

 Shove along there, shove along!’”

From *Homage to Sextus Propertius*, part V:

 “if she plays with me with her shirt off,

 We shall construct many Iliads.

 And whatever she does or says

 We shall spin long yarns out of nothing”

From *Homage to Sextus Propertius*, part III:

“God’s aid, let not my bones lie in a public location

With crowds too assiduous in their crossing of it;

For thus are tombs of lovers most desecrated.”

Calliope, describing Pound’s/Propertius’ proper subject-matter:

“Obviously crowned lovers at unknown doors,

Night dogs, the marks of a drunken scurry,

These are your images, and from you the sorcerizing of shut-in young ladies

The wounding of austere men by chicane.”