

## Catullus VIII

Pathetic Catullus, stop being senile,  
and what you see is dead; consider futile!  
Just for you, those bright days blushed,  
When you would go where she rushed,  
Beloved, loved like no other was.

There where all that laughter lay,  
for which you burned, and she'd allay.  
Days flashed bright and true for you!  
Now she says no, and you should too!  
Do not chase what will flee! Do not live in misery!

Stiffen with a burdened mind, get hard!  
Goodbye girl! Now Catullus is hard!!!  
He won't miss you! He won't pine after hostile women.  
And you will suffer when there's nobody to love you.  
Goodbye, evil woman! What's left for you here?

Who will you go to now? Who else will think you're hot?  
Who will you cherish now? Who else's could you be?  
Who will you kiss? Whose lips will you nip at?  
But, Catullus, stay hard!!!

