

Catullus poems 16 and 97 (translations mine - adult content)

by Iain James Robb

Catullus 16

I will fuck you up the ass and then the mouth,
Furius the catamite, and pederast Aurelius:
you both who think, because my poems are salty,
that I possess your equal lack of shame:
for it's proper for a poet to be moral,
no way essential for it in his poems.
If they are sensitive and a little shameless,
in point of fact, these works have wit and charm,
and can excite an urge, and not in youngsters:
but in hirsute old men whose hard ons fail.
Because you've read my countless lyric kisses,
you think of me as lesser as a man?
Bottom Aurelius and your fuckboy Furius,
I will shove it in your mouth and up your bum.

Catullus 97

You gods, I swear I don't know which is which,
whether I sniff Aemilius' mouth or anus:
the one not clean or dirtier than the other-
in truth the asshole may be preferable.
At least it has no teeth, the mouth has teeth moreover
a half-yard long, with gums like a shit wagon,
and an odour which the slack cunt of a mule

in heat may have, a-piss in heat of summer.
He regards himself a stud, tups many a lady,
yet is not passed to the donkey's grinding-mill;
and if a girl touch him, would we not think her ready
to lick a hangman's ass, with diarrhoea ill?

