

# 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?

