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Grp 115 Item F-3

ZUKOFSKY, LOUIS, 1904-1978

"Catallus LXV" / [ca. 1964]

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CATULLUS LXV

10.5 14147

Etsi me assiduo confectum cura dolore

Yet see (may as I do) a confect of my cure - a dolor
 say woke ah that docked these, Hortalie, Virgin new bays
 (neck poet's ash, dull kiss Muse our room) - ex-pro merry Fate use
 men's animate haunt as fluctuate dips of malice:-
 now am come here new, pair Lethe's gurge, my dead brother's
 pallid foot, luminous hauled under appear dim,
 Trojan Rhoeteum whelm him, sob, tear, litter tell us
 a wrapped tomb knows trees, brother, with racked looks of leaves.

. . . lacuna MSS. 10.5 14147

{ hollo, where? how dear air o numb qualm to a fact all locked in them
 numb qualm I go to wait death, brother, I my beloved or
 I speak who am - post, hock. What care, the same pair, ah my boy,
 same pair, my state too, your - harmony more toll cannot
 quell aie a sob dense as rumoring cone kin to the breeze,
 Daulias assumed by Fate again mourns Itylus:-
 sad time when intent is my brother's loss, Hortale, might I
 hack, express a bit of harmony - Battlades',
 not to addict a vague guess and become credit to the winds,
 off looks which say my effort to put these on's no more;
 remiss I'm spun see, furtive, or moon air or apple,
 procure it chaste o virgin as a green girl who
 would (misery!) believe the apple her breast looked out to,
 whom, (odd) when her mother proved she lied, her secret out:
 to weigh, elude (prone - no precepts) agitate her course, she
 who quicks man and tryst is conscious of a ray rue bore.

translated by Celia and Louis Zukofsky

10.5 14147

The lining here is exact: They
cannot be shifted
 as if they were prose.

(if it doesn't fit - best to put it
 into 10.5)