

Karl Maurer Translation Contest 2017-2018: Propertius 3.21

Name: Diego F. Brand

Class: Freshman

Major: Classics

Text: Butler, Harold E., and Eric A. Barber, eds. *The Elegies of Propertius*.
Hildesheim: Georg Olms Verlag, 1969. Print.

A mighty journey must I make to learnèd Athens,
so distance may relieve love's weight.
By gazing ardent grows my passion for the girl:
love's own best food is love itself.
I've tried all things by which it might be driven off,
the god though presses from all sides.
Scarce once does she permit me, having oft denied:
even then, still dressed, she takes bed's edge.
There is one hope: by changing countries, Cynthia
will leave my eyes as love my soul.
Let's go then, friends, and launch our ship into the sea,
draw lots for stations at the oar,
And hoist the happy sails up the mast: the winds
the sailor's watery way now favor.
Ye tow'rs of Rome and friends, farewell, and you too girl,
whatever you are to me, goodbye!
So I'll be borne, the Adriatic's guest untried,
and pray to gods who sound with waves.
Then, when my boat, Ionium crossed, relieves her sails,
within Lechaem's placid waters,
Move on, my feet, to face the labor laid ahead,
where Isthmus' fields hold back both seas.
Then, greeted in Piraeus' harbors, the lengthy arms
of Theseus' road I'll clamber up.
And so I'll start to mend my soul in Plato's school,
or in thy groves, wise Epicurus;
Or study speech, the weapon of Demosthenes,
and taste thy salty wit, Menander;
Or paintings fair will seize my eyes, and handiwork
in ivory, or rather bronze.
Both span of years and lengthy distance of the deep
will heal our silent bosoms' wounds:
Or if I die, 'twill be by fate, not shameful love;
I'll have a worthy day of death.