

Despite his pre-Audean Audean (my word), with assists from William Whitaker's Words, Notre Dame:

Gaius Petronius Arbiter Translations: -- experimental!

Poemata 76 P.L.M.:

“... both the prayer and the sinner who has sold the world,
now, of their own, each, a god greedily struggles to invent.”

P. 82 P.L.M.:

“...Go then! And life’s flying hours sell
for rich banquets...”

“...That about goodness: that its middle lies covered in mud;
And that the unrighteous carry sails of white.”

P. 87 P.L.M.:

There, by turns, fight sea and air;

here the weakly stream penetrates laughing ground.

There, sunken, loudly laments the sailor his ship;

here, mild, shepherd bathes in the river his flock.

There, savage, death confronts the unbound fissure;

here, glad, the curved sickle prunes wheat.

There, among the waters, it burns thirsty, the dry throat;

here, given falsely, are many kisses of poison.

And navigating the billows, he tires, beleaguered Ulysses;

while on land survives spotless Penelope.

Satyricon Ch. 119:

“The globe now, whole, the conquering Roman held.

On sea, on land, and with the hastening of the two stars (Sun and Moon),

he was not satisfied. Laden, the sea, beating with his ships, he now disturbs.

If beyond any hidden bay, the yellow gold was released,
enemy it was, and doom in sorrowful battle was prepared
in obtaining that power. Not the people with familiar joys were satisfied,
nor of use to the common man were well-established pleasures.
The riches of Corinth were extolled by the sailor on his wave,
searching out the land for the brightness that would vie with purple.
Hence, from Numidia, see! Plenty! From the people of the silk (China), new fleece;
and the Arabian populous are despoiled of their arable land.

Behold! Another wound slaughtering and damaging peace.

He searches in the forests for the savage riches, and the ultimate reaches of Ammon
of Africa lest he might miss the beast of the Ivory tusks, approaching costly annihilation.
Hunger possesses the migrant classes, and the gilded tiger, pacing,
is transported to the royal palace, so he may drink of human blood
as the populous applauds.

Alas! It is a shame to speak in words of the dying and the doom to be produced...

...“Not less in the squares madness is,
and the citizen changes his acquired suffrage for the confused racket of spoil and gain.
The corrupt populous, the for-hire state of their fathers;
it’s goodwill is of a price. Of the seniors, everyone; independent courage
was destroyed, and scattered power changed their rule
and their dignity gold suborned to ruin...”

S. Ch. 120:

“...See, luxury of spoils and wealth among them damns them maddening...”

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