

POEM INTO POEM
WORLD POETRY IN MODERN VERSE
TRANSLATION

INTRODUCED AND EDITED BY

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PENGUIN BOOKS

1970

RUDYARD KIPLING

(1865-1936)

HORACE, BOOK V, ODE 3*

A Translation

There are whose study is of smells,
And to attentive schools rehearse
How something mixed with something else
Makes something worse.

Some cultivate in broths impure
The clients of our body – these,
Increasing without Venus, cure,
Or cause, disease.

Others the heated wheel extol,
And all its offspring, whose concern
Is how to make it farthest roll
And fastest turn.

Me, much incurious if the hour
Present, or to be paid for, brings
Me to Brundisium by the power
Of wheels or wings;

Me, in whose breast no flame hath burned
Life-long, save that by Pindar lit,
Such lore leaves cold. I am not turned
Aside to it

More than when, sunk in thought profound
Of what the unaltering Gods require,
My steward (friend but slave) brings round
Logs for my fire.

* The Latin 'original' of this *Translation* is not, of course, easy to locate.