

Catullus 85

Ōdī et amō: quārē id faciam fortasse requīris.
Nescio, sed fierī sentiō et excrucior.

I hate and love. Why? You may ask but
It beats me. I feel it done to me, and ache.
EZRA POUND

I HATE and love.
And if you ask me why,
I have no answer, but I discern,
can feel, my senses rooted in eternal torture.
HORACE GREGORY

I hate, I love.
And well,
it's hell.
PAULETTE CARULO, UGa

Three by ALICIA STALLINGS, UGa:

I hate and love. You wonder why I do it?
I'm afraid I'm at a loss. And really,
There is nothing to it...to hang here
On a cross.

I hate and love. "Why?" you ask. What do you want? Details?
I shrug. I feel it from the tug. My flesh pulls from the nails.

I hate. I love. You do not see?
Why do I do it? If I said I knew, I lied.
I feel it. It is done to me.
And I am crucified.

Now, give it a try yourself:

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, "At Lesbia's"

