To my dear friend M. J. Jackson,  
a disparager of this treatise

by A. M. Juster

Roaming quiet country in broad, open fields,  
We both would watch the constellations play  
Their light on vaults of frigid night as stars appeared  
Throughout the quenching of the fading day.

We watched. This poet, when we had no light,  
Would watch it set upon the Romans’ sea  
And, ever mindful Mother Earth had made him mortal,  
Supplied us timeless stars in poetry

To give clear warning to the people yet to come  
So no one had to trust the deities.

These holy songs of Heaven that embrace the cosmos  
Were then afflicted with indignities,  
And though the wreckage ended up upon our shores,  
Their authorship was narrowly retained.

I couldn’t bear to beg eternal gods or stars  
Afflicting mortals with the preordained,  
But, touched by love of virtue that will quickly pass,  
I searched for someone with determination;

A man, I chose a man, a brave and fleeting friend  
Who in my book should want this dedication.

O you who thrive or fall, I’d say, within these pages,  
Though with a name that merits living on:

I send this gift conveyed from western shores to you  
Who followed stars ascending at the dawn.

Come now, accept; that day we join the dead is coming,  
Which gives the dirt our bones as they decay

With spirits destined not to live eternally
And bonds between dear friends that fade away.

**A. M. Juster**'s complete translation of Horace's Satires was recently published by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

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