

## Frater Ave Atque Vale

### Faith and the Muse

Row us out to Desenzano, to your Sirmione row  
So they rowed, and there we landed O Venusta Sirmio  
There to me through all the groves of olive in the summer glow  
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow  
Came that Ave atque Vale of the poet's hopeless woe  
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago  
Frater Ave atque Vale as we wandered to and fro  
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below  
Sweet Catullus' all-but-island, olive silvery Sirmio