

Bki:Xi Carpe Diem

Leuconoë, don't ask, we never know, what fate the gods grant us,
whether your fate or mine, don't waste your time on Babylonian,
futile, calculations. How much better to suffer what happens,
whether Jupiter gives us more winters or this is the last one,
one debilitating the Tyrrhenian Sea on opposing cliffs.
Be wise, and mix the wine, since time is short: limit that far-reaching hope.
The envious moment is flying now, now, while we're speaking:
Seize the day, place in the hours that come as little faith as you can.

Horace :

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