

Start here.

Which boy lies against you now, Pyrrha, on  
a bed, with many roses and fragrant  
perfumes? For whom do you, tasteless,  
comb up your hair? He ~~may~~ will  
flee you loyally and as unchanging as  
the gods and ~~is insolently~~ with asperity  
~~can~~ admires the ~~black sea~~ tossing  
black sea,

who now believes you to be pure gold,  
which he hopes will be  
~~always empty, always amiable, not~~  
always empty, always amiable, not  
knowing that this is false gold.

Wretched, (youth), who has fallen for  
your temptations. BUT I have hung my

clothing upon the sacred votive tablet of  
the temple walls, giving it to the gods.

Additional writing space on back page.