**Still Waiting for My Winter Coat: A Sequence of Fragments**

called on Hermes

strangler of dogs

brother of thieves

a.k.a. Kandaules

(in Scythia):

PLEASE HELP ME OUT

\*

ah… to wear a mantle

of mountain sheep’s wool…

\*

Hermes Lord of Cyllene

great son of Maia

Hipponax begs you:

send me a winter coat

for I am starving

\*

unfunny he who drinks his lunch

\*

now that was good advice

\*

last night while I lay sleeping

someone made off with my clothes

lay in a room on a pallet buck-naked

\*

o teeth

you

who used to reside

in my jaw

\*

picked tarragon out of a dented bucket

hands shook trembled

like the toothless

when the north wind blows

\*

Zeus

Emperor of Olympus

Big Daddy

no scrumptious feast of partridge and hare

no sesame pancakes

no fritters drenched

in honey

no yummy Lebedian figs

from far-off Kamandalos

to Hipponax:

1 coat

1 shirt

1 pair of sandals

1 pair of winter shoes

(and 60 gold bars

to hide in the wall)

\*

still waiting for my great shaggy coat

to keep me from freezing in winter

and for that pair of winter shoes

to save my poor feet from chillblains

\*

Pluto must have gone blind

he’s never found his way to my house to tell me

“greetings dear Hipponax

see here I brought you this bag of silver”

\*

o great Athena

please grand me a gentle master

one who won’t beat me

\*

I bow to Hermes

wait for the sun to rise

in his bright shirt

*Hipponax, c. 540 B.C.*

*Trans. from Greek by Anselm Hollo*