

# Ode I. 11

By Horace

Translated by Burton Raffel

Leucon, no one's allowed to know his fate,  
Not you, not me: don't ask, don't hunt for answers  
In tea leaves or palms. Be patient with whatever comes.  
This could be our last winter, it could be many  
More, pounding the Tuscan Sea on these rocks:  
Do what you must, be wise, cut your vines  
And forget about hope. Time goes running, even  
As we talk. Take the present, the future's no one's affair.

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