

**'Myrtus'**  
**Ruth Wiggins**

(after Horace)

Gorgeous boy, there is no need to overdress.  
I can't urge you enough – ditch the artifice.  
There's no need to bring me pricey black roses.  
    Thorny, unscented.

And you can lose that spider-spun suit as well.  
Come to me naked – a simple myrtle sprig  
bright between your teeth. Be mine, right here beneath  
    this cheerful old vine.