

Virgil reading The Aenied before Augustus.

Is he attending while the ladies drape on couches
Virgil looks serious the long poem dangling down
Nervous even as he reads before his Emperor,
Who wouldn't be- it could be life and death
But Augustus looks more bored than cross
He's waiting for the end -little does he know
This poem goes on forever.
Still what rapture for a poet's ambition
The empire, imagine, hanging on your every word,
Livia looks almost comatose and the other?
Behind gold and blue curtains set discreetly,
Augustus lounges and Virgil stands erect
They'll both be glad when the ditty's over
And it will make no difference to the empire.