

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem  
mihi, quem tibi  
finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec  
Babylonios  
temptaris numeros.

ut melius, quidquid erit, pati.  
seu pluris hiemes seu tribuit Iuppiter  
ultimam,  
quae nunc oppositis debilitat  
pumicibus mare  
Tyrrhenum:

sapias, vina liques et spatio brevi  
spem longam reseces. dum loquimur,  
fugerit invida  
aetas: **carpe diem** quam minimum  
credula postero.

Don't ask (it's forbidden to know) what  
end  
the gods will grant to me or you,  
Leuconoe.  
Don't play with Babylonian  
fortune-telling either.

It is better to endure whatever will be.  
Whether Jupiter has allotted to you  
many more winters or this final one  
which even now wears out the  
Tyrrhenian sea on the rocks placed  
opposite

be wise, strain the wine, and scale back  
your long hopes  
to a short period. While we speak,  
envious time will have {already} fled:  
**Seize the day**, trusting as little as  
possible in the next.

*Odes 1.11 - Horace*