

transduced by Ellen A. Hunter

THE ILIAD OF HOMER - BOOK I



THE PLAGUE AND THE RAGE: VORTEX  
OF FIRE

The searing passion, pierce and thrill, sing  
*through me, goddess, ring through me, —*  
bright-  
    inspiralling brilliant-fluming — color-  
inject the killing rage of son of Peleus Man  
of Pain  
    Akhilleus!

Ventilate me, Kalliope, Beautiful-Voiced, rainbow-toned, with the *lethal*  
frenzy, fierce and

    sawing, *which* unleashed, set *swarming* stings upon the Akhaioi, the  
skull-colliding push-and-

    pull-hard *Noisemakers*, and in tumbling quick succession, brought  
them to their knees,

which — somber-tracing limber-chuting — shot, propelled, to the  
gloaming abyss, *Ais*, way down

    low, the Invisible Sphere, — sped praemissive proiaptic — hypospatial  
hypertemporal —

    teleported atom-twinkles — whizzing droves and robust teams of  
icebound flameblown souls —

    shrill osmotic sublimated — pale discolored punctured heads —  
of commandos all pumped up, — anabolic glamour-cranked — *x-rayed*,  
*y-beamed*, *z-engirdered* —

    glowing shrapnel! — glory-shot, crystallized — and *made* the bodies  
snatchable spoils, *blood-*

*spilled*, divorced, detached, for roving packs of rabid dogs  
and big and assorted circling birds, wheeling vultures, severed feasts  
for ripping teeth and

    razored claws; *thus* the will of Indigo Zeus was being fulfilled, —  
human-pressured tribe-

    wandering — bathusternous altimammic — deep-embreasted earth —  
blue mountains, green

    valleys — omnipastic globe pambotorous — all-feeding fruit-exuberant  
fish-abounding song-

    and-bird-about orbit-nimble — strife-fanned war-revved  
manslashed —

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from the *time* indeed when first colliding, *before* the tambourine of  
boxing, polarized, — diastatic  
— standing apart, strife-split, maiden-separated,  
son of Atreus, ruler of men, and sparked Akhilleus, loyal to gods,  
stepped off the mat and out of  
the ring.

Now *which* of the *gods* slammed them together, harsh-committed  
stark-engaged, — brutal

headbutt, savage sympomp — thunder-thrust lightning-spiked — to  
slug it out?

The klutotoxic clariarcic bow-famed son of blue-veiled Leto —  
kuanopepic caerulericic — and

*Zeus* who bangs and rattles the skies. For he, irked, quick-provoked,  
king-enraged,

whipped up a nasty plague pervading, a sudden sullen sickness,  
breaking brigades, sweeping and

spanning the beach and the camps, and people were surgically taken  
out, gasping, bleeding,

subito dying, promptly downed and decimated,  
due to the son of Atreus, who dishonored sacred Khruses,  
twilighthooded, loosely wrapped with

a star-*evanishing* planet-winking detonating-dawn-adorned cape, —  
golden-crimpled silver-

crinkled color-wheeled aurora-waterfalled — sweep-sparkle! whip-  
glitter! —

priest of Apollo. For he had come to the sea-clipped ships — clutch-  
popping revved-down — of

the Akhaioi  
to save, redeem, his daughter, bringing boundless gleaming amber,  
rich *beaucoups* of

compensation,  
*holding out* in his bony hands the dangling bands of Killer Apollo,  
hekebolic longrange-casting, brightly colored, tightly wound ornately  
upon a golden baton; and he duly besought, implored

the corps of the Akhaioi,  
but, above all, the royal-purpled double-conducting sons of Atreus, the  
brilliant-ordering

marshals of the battle-people:  
'Sons of Atreus, and all you weaponed Akhaioi with rock-and-  
shockproof shin-guards, —  
euknemidic benetibious — ankle-clasping spear-catching shield-

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tapping—thonk-klang!—  
may the *gods* who *possess* Olympian palaces—splendid-erected—allow  
you  
to pull down and powder the city of Priam the king, glory-redeemed,  
and return to your homes,  
safe and sound;  
but *please* release my precious daughter, take the adequate  
reimbursement, a fabulous ransom,—  
crimson wampum—  
out of utter trepidation, shear awe, of the son of Zeus, lucent-  
pommeling inky-wavering distant-  
pulsing nearby-pounding Apollo of the gamma rays.'

*Then* the rest of the Akhaioi, all the other tattered troops, cheered in  
accord,—epieuphemic  
obbeneclaric—luminous-favoring loud-proponing,—radiating  
approbation—*good valid light*—  
to revere and esteem the holy man and to take and accept the  
recompense;  
but *this* did not please the cell-clashing heart of the son of Atreus,  
Agamemnon Superabider,  
so *as* a result, he fiercely dismissed him and sharply—imperative  
epitellic—laid upon him a  
spiky command, a jagged injunction—pink volcanoes, blue tornados,  
green tsunami, yellow  
landslides, orange cyclones, red typhoons, purple earthquakes:  
'Let me not find you or see your face, bump into *you* again, old man,—  
space-broken time-bent—  
by the hollow ships—paint-chipped—ax-hack trunk-tremble branch-  
tumble leaf-flash—  
lingering, lowly lurking, now or—beach-slinking surf-sloshing—  
coming back, prone and  
crawling, later,  
lest the—dayglo stick—electrum-chased diamond-dotted wild-  
warding—proppy baton and  
oracular bands of the god no longer guard, defend and protect even  
*you*.  
And *her* I will not release, unhand; sooner too aetatic age—hard  
scraggy senectitude—will come  
upon, clasp and approach her, warping her looks  
in the hold of my house, in Argos, the *land that glows*, far from her  
home,

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looping the loombeam, —bright and vertical—sliding the shuttle and  
sharing, romping about in  
my bed—repulsive *raw* oppression, robotic *pale* percussion.  
Now beat it! Go away, don't *stir* me up, so *still* you can leave in one  
piece.'

Strident-blazing, thus he declared, and the old man, shocked and  
alarmed, yielded, did as

directed, obeyed his command,  
and *quietly, anguishing*, stridently serene, —out of enemy earshot—  
walked on down the mound-

bright dunestacked sunstoked mooncooled beach, of the  
poluphloisbous multistrepitous  
shingle-tinkling shell-cling-clangling *creature-rich life-lush* tangle-  
tingling surf-teeming

*boom-crashing sea*;  
then going apart, the old man, shaken,—hard-imploring hurt-  
beseeching—prayed in profusion  
to brilliant Apollo, lord of light, Paramount Exterminator, whom  
charm-embellished Leto of the

beautiful hair bore—benecrinic tight-braided color-beaded  
eukometric:

'Hear me, *Silverbow*, —argurotox, argentarc—sure-shot, who, as a rocky  
colossus,—amphibatic

ambivening high-bestriding—shields and shadows shining Khruse,  
City of Gold,  
and super-sacred Killa—land of race-cars—as a *force-field*, who  
*domineers* in squadron-hiding

Tenedos with might.  
Precious Smintheus, *Mouse-Repeller*, —Spectrum-Crowned Pied Piper—  
rodent god of drum-

banging block-knocking Phrugia—shriek-shot shrill-shelled—if ever  
I topped out a temple

ingraced, delightful to you,  
or indeed if I *ever* kindled and torched in culty combustive sacrifice—  
katakaustic

deinflammative—plump thigh-bones  
of bulls and goats for you, fulfill for me this burning wish, ignited by  
desire:

let and allow the Danaoi, the Luminades, to pay quite dear and severe  
for my *tears* by your *fast*

*colored multispectral ultracosmic-penetrating darts!*

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So he prayed, rich-beseeching, sparkle-catching—hoisted sounds!  
plunging light!—and  
Phoibos Apollo Gleaming Destroyer high upheard and heeded him,  
and down he stepped, swift-descending, bounding from the combed  
peaks of Olumpos, heart-  
hot, blue-fumed, brain-inflamed,  
weaponed with his clinging two-piece bow of horn and quarrel-tube,  
painted lidded quiver,—  
ampherephic ambitectic—tighthooded, shoulder-slung.  
Airborne arrows rattled, rang, clattered, clacked—tipclang!  
plumeplash!—on the padlike, *amber-*  
*grinding shoulders* of the god, sore-miffed, dark-irked, core-  
exasperated,—space-heated  
tracer-bolting—  
as he moved. He came like the night, released by the night, vacuum-  
limned in *violet*, ice-cube-  
cold suffusion.  
*Then* he struck a steely pose,—stylized, lined in light—took his  
position, half-lit, apart from the  
ships, and—splendid-ejecting, candid-enarcing—iridescent storming  
discharge—*let go*,—  
velocity-glow!—and launched a gleaming single shot—spot on! hot  
hit! color-whipped! sonic  
fire!  
The twang of the bow of illuminous silver and golden vibration was—  
toing! swish!—*wow!*  
*tremendous!*—brilliant rippled dinic rainbow micant flavored  
tonepops!  
First with a blitz he blasted the mules and the twinkling hounds,—  
mixed and mongrel sniffers—  
target-inspecting juncture-embracing cat-string-dingling missile-  
succeeding—  
and *then* the men he lashed,—sudden unraveling death—with his—  
unexpected penetrating—  
welkin-constructed luminous-launched high-powered fire-tipped  
actinoid projectiles,—  
whizzing cone-pine poisonous—  
lavishly unleashed. Burning flesh rank-reeked in the sulfurous air.  
Stacks of bodies, static, sticky,  
stuck in grisly twisted angles, gruesome tangents, lucently dissolved  
below the moon and

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stars—flamed in cindered tart profusion.

Nine days straight the sticks of the *god* came down *hard* and rained in ruin—venom-rinsed

organ-swelling fever-building—on the army,  
but on the tenth, the Man of Pain Akhilleus, prompted, called the troops to assemble;  
thanks to Here, sky-involved, the white-armed goddess, candiulnic—limbs of light—

leukolenous, queen of remote control, who placed, infused, the thought and design in his mind  
since, so perturbed, horribly troubled, she solely *cared* and sorely *cried* for the Danaoi, seeing

several dying.

So *when* they were gathered together assembled,  
then Akhilleus, quick to the feet, quirkily anxious, arose and addressed them—metaphaic

interlucent—*cone of light, surge of sound:*

'Son of Atreus, *now* I deem we *will* be driven wayback-pedaling,—palimplangkthic swack!

swish! retrovagative—seawander moonunder windwinder starwonder—  
home-bound, baffled again,—tendrill-tangle stormdrop—if perchance we do avoid death,

somehow do dodge doom,

indeed if both war and brutal infection do break and shellac the Akhaioi.

But come, let's go, you can lead; let us ask some flaming mind—buoyant wingbright brilliant—

or immolative holy man,

or even *drill* a dreamranger, phantom-chief—oneiropole somnipervagant—yes, for dreams do

*too* educe from Zeus—

who could tell us *why* Luminous Chromosome Smasher, Phoibos Apollo, is so upset,  
if he blames us for blatantly breaking a vow, or for missing an oxen firepool,—hekatombe,

centibos, a hundred bright-horned heads—

and so by *inhaling* the steam and aroma of unblemished goats and roasting lambs,

he *may* be inclined and game perhaps to repel the plague.'

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So he spoke and sat straight down; and among them stood up  
Kalkhas of the ultraviolet glitter-vectored brainwaves, son of Thestor,  
Sky Man, — auspex,  
    oionopole — best by far of *bird-rangers*, — flight-patterns eagle-altitudes  
crane-formations —  
    buzzard-squawks vulture-screams predator-configurations —  
he who knew about *things*, things that are, things to be, and things that  
*once* had been before,  
the seer who had steered and guided the fleet of the Akhaioi to Ilios —  
falling statue flamed and  
    filched —  
by oracular skill, a gift bestowed — vivid-furnished valid-flashed — by  
Phoibos Apollo Bright  
    Destroyer.  
With good intent, truthbent, and a mind becrammed with brilliant  
matter, he spoke among,  
    addressed the assembled, interchanging volatile syllables:  
'Painbound Akhilleus, dear to Zeus, you urge and exhort me to spell  
out and mouth  
the fatal knell, the mortal cause, the human fluke of the flammable rage  
of Apollo the king, Far-  
    Striker, — Sky-Streaker, Lord of the Air Raid, Fire-Flinger.  
Therefore I shall speak; so pay attention, listen to me, show some  
heart — synthesize, hark!  
    compose — and truly swear — cross your heart —  
praecordial prophrenetic — vanminded, glad-ahead, *you* will succor,  
duly aid me, ward with zeal  
    and words and might, the knuckled force of fists,  
since I *deem* I shall no doubt indeed *enrage* a man, — badly bile-  
embitter — the monarch who  
    commands robustly, and can cogently control and swiftly sway  
*all* of the Argeioi, the Luminary Warriors, and whom the Akhaioi  
inbeached obey,  
for a king can be quite cranky, burly, barreling down, more *ominous*  
and *bullying* when crissed  
    and crossed, blown to anger, redhot rage, by a man, *not* so strong, of  
far less standing.  
If, somehow, successfully, he gobbles and downs, swallows and quells,  
digests his anger, —  
    sudden inlooming tornadic consuming ripped ransacking rage — at  
*any* rate, for a single day, —  
    authemeric ipsedietic — katapeptic stark-concocted black-choked —

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all the same he later clings to the burning poison of brutal acerbity,—  
metopisthic postvisual

*long-term hard-grained* deep-strained cancer-rancor—until he fulfills  
his heart's desire, dreadful dark disaster-laden. So *perpend* and *quick-*  
*denote* if you will *protect*

and *be* all willing, in the end, to defend me.

Then, to him, in response spoke—amutative apameibic—Akhilleus,  
pocked in light, quick to

the feet:

'Be bold right now, *declare*—take a *dare!*—anaphainic superluminal  
multidimensional

flashlighting—any halic oracle,—axis-glittering orbit-sparkling—  
pulsing afterglow you know,

*proclaim* any prophecy, let the godlight through!—theoprobe!  
diviclaré!—sift and sing the

clear darkness!—just like jungle-mountain outline after rain—that  
glimmers in your *mind*—

quantic-relayed bright-batoned;

for in the name of august Apollo precious to Zeus, whom you,  
Kalkhas, Purple Man,

beseech and surge with vows and prayers whenever you clear and  
wipe *away* the turbid debris,—

edge and exhibit—*anaphane* ray-o-vac oracles—overcast causes,  
voltcloaked plights—*to* the

surprised Danaoi,

no one, as long as I live and can look upon—scope and absorb,  
register—the cool-soiled root-

coiled coruscating earth,

will harm—pound and pommel—or possibly lay a hand on you—  
weapon-hung—by the hollow

tunneling painted ships,—ax-echoing saw-gnawed—no member  
of the body of the *hardened* Danaoi,—sumpantic corps co-omnial—not  
*even* if you finger

Agamemnon Superabider,

who now, inflated, parades in a puff, *self-proclaimed* boast-built best, as  
the pride of the

Akhaioi.'

And then indeed, self-energized, the blameless seer,—probal orthic  
ruled enragent—brave,

undaunted, bare, emboldened, *spoke up*:



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'Not does he cast blame, *not* does he badness allot or a *reprimand* send  
for a broken vow, or upon  
    us pin a firepool of *long-forgotten* oxen, — pretty 2-tone hookhorns —  
but *because of* the unroyal rudeness, rolled out, doled and rammed *into*  
his prayer-driven priest,  
    whom Arch-Unbender Agamemnon curt-declined and crude-  
dishonored,  
and *did* not free, release, his daughter, nor accept the redeeming  
coin, — crimson-splished scarlet-  
    splashed ruby-rushing atoms — orange-anvilled red-hammered —  
polished electric pressured  
    gems.  
For *this* the god of the wrecking ball has doled out jagged holes of  
pain, — punctured mangled  
    plangent scars — perforated piebald mars — elident and indented —  
and will *still* direct and dole  
    out woes,  
nor indeed from the dug-in Danaoi *will* he push back — retrothrust —  
apothecic abimpellent — the  
    icky inelegant havoc — unseemly insickening ruin —  
until, to be sure, we *give back* to her aching father the flashing-eyed  
girl — helikopidic versocular  
    — orbit-sparking rainbow-irised breathcatching headspinner —  
unredeemed, unpassed, unransomed, uncrossed, and bring a sacred 2-  
tone oxen helical-horned  
    firepool  
to Khruse of the golden atoms. *Then* we might prevail upon, make *nice*  
with him, sway his favor,  
    render kind, propitious.'

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So he *spoke* and *sat down* — desident cathedral; and *as expected* among  
them stood up  
the warrior-leader, — surgent sore anistic — the virile fearless son of  
Atreus, wide-presiding  
    Agamemnon,  
wild, furious, all worked up, his blood-filled black heart dammed and  
brimmed with dimming  
    and darkening rage, — amphimelainous ambiatric — sanguineous  
pressured suffusion of plasmic  
    disks —  
crammed with a focused refractory force, and his two hard eyes, *might-*

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*tight*,—orange-caught  
    orcal wicks—seemed like blazing spheres of fire.  
With a mean and mamba, dreadful look, loud-addressing, first he  
spoke to Kalkhas, the shell-  
    crowned seer of the sea-whirled sky-wheeled mind—wind-lined fire-  
laned violet-veined:  
'Prophet of evil, blackguard seer, never and now have you uttered a  
syllable, anything tilting  
    with favor to me, nor spoken a royally valuable word;  
evil is one of your favorite things, ever dear, it is clear, to your heart to  
project, portend,  
and you, so far, have yet to express a salubrious word, or to *turn out*  
anything promising.  
And now among the Danaoi you speak about wonderbright oracles,—  
halo-hovering color-  
    blinking transorbital goddess-glow—  
declaring that *yes*, indeed due to *this*, the far-beaming god of the  
blowback machine gun  
    produces distress, makes trouble for them,—*inculcates*, applies,  
pain—  
because, unwilling, I spurned and refused to duly accept the splendid  
sanguineous ransom—  
    blood-meandering crystals—  
for the citadel-shackled captured girl, Golden-Glittered Khruseis, *for I*  
*do* highly desire—  
    drowning in fire—  
to keep her at home. For *I* prefer *her* to the Cloud-Queen, celebrated  
Klutaimestra, Mind-Turner  
    —glory doll!—  
my wedded wife,—bride and bedmate—because, to her, *she's* in no  
way inferior,  
not in her frame nor build or carriage, nor in her mind or disposition,  
nor in her proven lovely  
    weaving and all of the canny domestic skills and common daily  
household duties.  
But still I am willing to give her back, if such, to be sure, is better;  
I want my people safe and sound, rather than staring death in the face.  
Then, for me, prepare a prize—and I mean *now!*—so I, alone,  
of the stark Argeioi, the hard-charging Radiant People, do *not* lack a  
prize,—unconsigned—since  
    *that* would hardly be suitable;  
*you* all, at least, behold this deed, that my *prize* of prestige, my *haul*,

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goes elsewhere.'

Then — podarkous pedipellent — turbo-tarsaled Akhilleus, —  
footfanning skysparked

welkinwondrous — traded words and answered him:

'Most glorious son of Atreus, *highly-decorated*, lover of getting and  
gotten things, — philokteanic

plunder-vacuum — knickknack-craving gewgaw-pawing — omni-  
acquisitive leader of men,

how in the world will the Akhaioi, stormbold mightful *soul-supreme*, —  
magnanimous rushbright

megathumic — give you a prize of honor?

We know *nothing* at all about troves overstocked, accumulated  
trophies, prize-packed vaults,

*public treasure* socked away,

but in our assaults what we *swept* and *snapped up* on our urban raids,  
*that boodle, brought back*

*here, has been* completely distributed,

and it counters procedure to gather this booty — palilloga retrolecta —  
back from the soldiers.

But you, now, let her *go* for the sake of the *god*; and we Akhaioi  
shall repay you indeed, *three-* and *fourfold over*, if ever does Zeus of the  
luminous blue

allow us to drain, utterly level, clear titanically well-walled tall —  
euteikhic — belvedered

Troytown.'

Then to *him* in response, brilliant-toned, bartering syllables, King  
Agamemnon, Waverless,

spoke:

'Not this way, though quite brave, godlike august Akhilleus,  
*try* to induce or intruse me, — do not *dare* to parabaine, *bypass*,  
juxtavene — for *me* you will *not*

trick or sidestep, hoodwink, swindle or bamboozle.

What do you wish, to keep your own prize, — the marvelous maiden —  
striking and luscious,

while I, thus,

go without, *lack take*, twiddle my thumbs, trophy-deficient — and *do*  
you command me to give

her up — imperative render?

Cede and submit her, *I shall*, on condition the rushing-souled fair  
*Akhaioi* vouchsafe and give me

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a prize  
which is totally suitable, truly conforming, inclined to my mind—  
curve-configured brightfavored  
tightfurnished glamor-fastened—and of *equal* value—prodignant,  
*package-parallel*,  
prestigious and antaxial;  
if they balk, refuse, to slot in a substitute, I myself might come in  
person and take what I want,  
possibly *your* pretty prize, or that of Ajax, or I might take and carry  
away  
the cherished prize of Odusseus, and—hackle-jerked—*piqued* he'll be  
to whom I shall *go*—  
painted maiden plucked.  
Indeed we shall scan and consider these things, again, on another  
occasion,—metaphrase  
ponderpost—  
but now, snap it! step it up!—let's knock out the bowblocks, ropedrag  
down,—outkick sand—  
*rapid-launch* a sleek black ship, into the quick bright sea,—skycolor  
cloudcoded sunsworded  
moonshielded—  
gather sufficient rowers in it, set on board an oxen-flamepool,  
ramp them up, and bring and impel the girl herself, Khruseis of the  
beautiful cheekbones—  
kallipareious pulchrogenic color-sparkled crystal balls—  
and help her prepare to embark; and let some adviser, a man with a  
plan, take command,  
either War-Whooping Ajax or Idomeneus, Timber-Tough, or bright  
Odusseus Abominated,  
or you, son of Peleus, most menacing—holy nightmare!—quite  
macabre—shockshelling  
frightfanning—*so* outrageous and repelling, ultra-dangerous—sun-  
ekplagic moon-  
percussive—of all men,  
to offer splendid sacrifice—bright-performing holy-appareled—and  
mollify the—hekaergic  
procullaborate—far-charger, graciously propitiate the crane-  
controlling hook-swinging cogent-  
arcing god of the wrecking ball.'

Then with a frown, eyes oblique, fire-dotted, iced, rocket-tarsalled  
*Akhilleus* spoke to him—

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flame-balloons ripped cocoons tone-tunnels shattered funnels:  
'O my stars! Robed in abandon, shame-unabashed, wolf-  
unquenchable-fox—kerdophronic avid-  
minded—profiteer,—lucre-licking lootluster, shockcloaked  
gainhead—  
how can any of the Akhaioi be eager or ambitious—prophronic or  
praecordial, even a tad  
vanminded—order-bent, to obey your commands,  
either to go on a hazardous journey or combat robustly—stoutly  
contend with—inordinate  
ranks—zippy ripples—of troopers?  
For *I* did not come here to battle and fight on account of the spearmen  
of Troy, since they are not targets for blame in *my* eyes, and they never,  
not ever at all, looked or  
asked for trouble;  
for on *no* occasion did ever they rustle my cattle or—drive and strike—  
lasso my horses.  
At *no* time did ever they rubble and torch, damage my crops in—  
magniglaeal clod-colossal—  
soft-soiled super-lumpy—botianeiric pastivirile—*man-feeding*  
Phthia,—  
fruit unbruised, garden untrodden, blooms unbent—for indeed much  
*space* suspends between us:  
shadowy mountains—dotted with trees—and—luminous-thrusting  
resonant seas—dark-roaring  
stark-rushing many-sounding.  
But you, O too shameless, we trailed as a team, to do you a favor, so  
*you* may be glad,  
seeking to snag, trundle and take, bring back swag, for Menelaos  
Resister of Men, and you, dog-  
face,—woof! woof!—kunope canivolt—  
at the hands of the Trojans. You fail to show a tad of concern and  
attend these things—inertly  
metatrepic, *turning* back, postversatile—nor do you care;  
and now you threaten to take away my single prize of prestige in  
person,  
for whom I went through *hell*, *trenched* with toils, *trunched* with  
troubles—and—make a note!—  
the Akhaian fighters gave her to me!  
Never do I have a prize or notable boon equal to yours, when the  
Akhaioi  
utterly level, crush and clear a well-dwelled prosperous—people-

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packed—town of the Trojans;  
*but* my hands, soaked in gore—peroperose diepical—wholly bear the  
blow, engaged and locked  
    in the tonic and tang of full-throttle battle,—sonic sanguine  
slaughter—the wash and rush of  
    blade-blinding raw-squeezed dent-deafening war—  
poluaikous multiemicative bullet-teeming rapid-fire. Yet when the  
time *comes* to split up the  
    booty,  
your prize is bigger and better, and I in shock go off to the ships  
allotted and stuck with a microscopic mini-cut, my little consolation  
prize, face-kicked, bone-  
    fagged, skull-frazzled, konked from fighting.  
*Now* I shall go off to Phthia, since *it* is clearly so much better  
to call it quits, abandon this beach and aim for home with my arced  
ships, and not any longer, do  
    I desire,  
here in dishonor, to scoop out, heap up, treasures and riches,—*well-*  
*cranked rope-buckets—*  
    siphoned and dredged for *you.*'

Then, to him, responded the adamant monarch of men, enwound in a  
wheel of words,  
    *Stabilizer*, Agamemnon:  
'Flee by all means if your *dark-sparked heart* prompts and impels you,  
for *I*, to be sure,  
will not *try* to beg you to stay or remain for my sake. There are, at *any*  
rate, *others* here too, on  
    my behalf,  
who will gladly esteem, if not glorify, me, and above all, Moon-Over  
Zeus, wisdom-well oath-  
    preserver—sky-crafter data-revolver.  
You are to *me* the utmost hated, dirty, despicable, heinous of sky-  
congelled kings—diotrephic  
    Dis-curdled Jup-coddled;  
for ever is strife becherished by you, and wars and battles.  
Though remarkably powerful, a god to be sure, I indubitably deem,  
handed you power.  
Go *home* with your ships and your shoddy chaps—your tincan of  
kinclan—blindfolded bottom-  
    feeders—  
and govern your migrant Murnidons, the—plague-replaced—Ant

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People,—fickle tricky  
muzzle-nuzzlers—metamorphic formicals—for *I* do not care about  
*you* in the least  
nor heed your humors, reck your rancor—taut transfixed intowering.  
But let it be known, here  
and now, my promise to you:  
since Phoibos Apollo Bright Destroyer robs and removes me of  
Khruseis requested,—golden-  
veiled silver-braided color-beaded rhythm-bangled—  
I shall comply and send her back with *my* vessel and *my*  
companions,—  
so beware!—but I, in person, shall make my way, go to your *far-off*  
sloping hut—distinctly  
demarcated—and bring back  
brisky Briseis, blessed with beautiful cobbled cheekbones,—pink suns,  
pale moons—ruby-tinkle  
opal-jangle, fire-bubbles water-balls—your distinguished prize, so  
you may know and ponder  
well  
to how much superior, better am *I* than you, and consequently, others  
too may hesitate  
to equate themselves to me, may twitter and shrink from any attempt  
to mirror, match me face-  
to-face, and parallel!

So he spoke—royal-rung reverberations; and thus, woe, and  
wounding anguish, arose in the  
son of Peleus, and the fissile heart  
in his care-clawed ribcage,—trouble-riddled—bush-craggy,—beta-  
tattooed—wavered and  
bounced between two distinct courses of action,  
whether to whip out, unsheathe, the sword, nimbly *quickdraw*  
sharpened silver, gold-encased,  
from the side of his thigh—selenelaunic astrodynamic helioactinic—  
and break through the crowd,—anastatic—hack up, unhelmet, the son  
of Atreus,  
or bind and gag, rest his rage and crimp his smoking storming temper.  
While he was whirling, *pushing* and *rushing*, revolving these choices in  
heart and mind,  
and drawing, extracting, the sizable sword from its sheath, bright-  
caped Athene came down  
from the sky; for Here the snowwhite-armed goddess had sent her

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ahead,  
who *loved* the two men in her hurricane heart quite equally, to the  
same degree, and truly  
betroubled, cared for them both.  
She, transhifted, color-injected, *stood* right behind the spectacular son  
of Peleus, and *grabbed*  
and *tugged* his yellow hair,  
appearing to *him* alone; for no one else could see, behold her there.  
Akhilleus was stunned and stilled, and swiveled around in a sudden  
dazzle, dizzy, induced, and  
directly identified  
Pallas Athene, *Dashing Girl*, Scimitar-Brandisher, *Promakhos*, for her  
terrible eyes, — fire-urgent  
— cobalt crystals — cool chromatic rockskipped spectra — sparkled,  
winked, like spinning coins,  
colored quasars;

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so, bewildered, words he uttered, lovely-winged, and addressed her:  
'Why under sky have you *come* again, child of Zeus of the stormbright-  
dragonhead shield?  
Can it be to *know* and clearly *see* the *insolence* of Agamemnon, son of  
Atreus?  
Well, maybe amiss, I will tell you this, and I deem it *will* be induced:  
Through such presuming contumely, he will soon lose his jacked-up  
soul' — huperopic super-  
tooled tinselbrash tackle-bold.

Then, to him, countered in turn, owl-eyed crepuscular wow-thighed  
Athene, goddess robust of  
the blue-green iris — glaukopidic bubooculous — gleaming gazers,  
twin twilights, candle cores,  
vibrant rods, colored cones:  
'I came from the sky to quench and clamp, contain your fiery fury, if  
only you yield and comply,  
for Sky-Maiden Here the white-armed enravishing goddess — cloud-  
encurled cuckoobatoned —  
sent me ahead,  
the *Weather-Queen* who loves you both in her *heart* and cares for you  
equally.  
Come then, *abate*, stem this strife, sheathe your sword and swing it not;  
but lash him, yes, with racking words — scold and exprobrate — what  
the *future* holds.



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For *I* shall tell you this, thus, and it no doubt will *be* fulfilled—on *it* you can *count* to come true:

some day, not far off, three times as many marvelous gifts will be loosened and lushed, lavished

on you

for this impudence; so—order-adhering—control yourself, *strictly* act and obey us.'

Then, to her, in clear response, spoke combat-bright Akhilleus, supercharged, quick to the feet:

'It is, for sure, a *sine qua non*, to maintain the word of you two, great goddess,

though my heart, provoked, black-bile-blocked, smokes, for so it is better.

The gods, all ears, passively hear and actively heed him indeed who obeys them.'

He spoke, and his weighted hand on the silver hilt he brought to a halt,

and back in the scabbard he thrust the big sword, and disobeyed not the word of Athene; but she had vanished, winding her way to Olumpos,

to the home and high halls of Zeus of the snakehead-glowshield, to mingle and mix with the

other divinities—*mirror ball*, dark-spangled bright-spinning low-suspended—stroboscopic

polka dots, broken rainbow bits.

But the son of Peleus, once again, with rash and doomy, reckless words,—unaligned

discordant signs—

addressed the son of Atreus, and did not fly *out* of his mach-10 rage—nor bung his bile or air his

ire:

'Oinobar! Winebucket! Hoochhatch! Hopshead! Swillbowl! Boozetank! Drinkdrain! Forever

*bestuck* with the snout of a hound and the heart of a hind!

Never do you dare, never venture to gear up for battle, imperil your spirit, lock and load and lead

a charge with your troops, or be a pillbox-raider,

never ambitious to ambush or headbust along with the best of the Akhaioi;

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for undergoing war conditions, manning battle-stations—*that*, to *you*,  
must seem like doom and  
black disaster.

It *indeed* is so much better, truly more desirable, all throughout the  
wide and cratered, wounded  
camp of the Akhaioi  
to grapple gifts, snapple plunder, take bright boon, from *whoever*  
speaks head-on, counter to  
you.

Demobor! Cannibal king! Imperial people-eater! Count it Greek *luck*  
you happen to command  
bottom-feeders! sunken dregs! otiose dust! feckless dross! such utter,  
inert naughts—  
or else, son of Atreus, this would be your last disgrace—outrageous  
and opprobrious.

But here and now I'll tell you this, and I do swear an oath upon it—  
solemn and inshutting:  
indeed, by this *powerstick*, ancient and august—sacred darkcarved  
kingpropper—*which* not  
ever, never *again* will petals produce, blush blossoms, unleash  
branches, lush out leaves, since first *forced* to leave behind, abandon its  
severed stump in the  
mountains,  
nor will it bloom and abound again,—anathall, exuberate—pink plash!  
purple plush!—wild  
cherries, savage oranges—for the *thinking whacking* copper axblade  
stripped it clean—  
circumstrinx, perilepse—  
of colored teeming leaves and bark; and now in turn the blazing sons  
of the Akhaioi,  
who, empowered, champion, keep, guard, propone the laws of  
Skyhead Zeus,—the dikaspoloi,  
order-rangers—  
bear it in hand—and *this* supreme and sober oath—brilliant-barred  
vivid-veiled—is made for  
you and you alone:  
some day *indeed* a united desire and yearning for gone Akhilleus to  
*return* will come to, invade,  
haunt, *overwhelm*, all the sons of the Akhaioi,  
*every last one*; and then and there—with or without brutal regret—you  
will *not* be able to help  
them, *not* in the least, though lost in grief,

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*powerless*, when many cadets at the hammering hands of— androphonic  
virinecic—man-killing

Hektor

die as they fall. And you will *scar, scimitar*, slash and mangle, *claw* the  
*heart* storming within

you,—viral, acid-lacerated, *razored* with compunction—  
flaming with rage for not esteeming the best of the Akhaioi.'

So spoke the son of Peleus, and dashed to the ground the holy baton,  
the badge of command,  
studded with nitid golden nailheads, slotted with silver micant  
medusae, and then he sat down;

yet son of Atreus in a lather of rage was facing him, flame-throwing,  
blowing fire, and between

them both, Nestor

arose, the—heduepic suaviverbal—clear-toned talker, honeycomb-  
speaking, musical voice of the

Pulioi, the Gate People,

from whose tongue and tumbling lips, phrases spilled, bright-  
cascaded, sweeter than honey—

amber-crystal trickle-sparkle!

*In* his time, torn and elapsed, two generations, emerging in turn, of  
men who whittled words,

speech-endowed voice-dispersing—partivocal mouth-bestowed  
code-intoned meropic—sting-

extracting bee-eaters—

*had* invariably dwindled,—dwind—slowly vanished,—vaned—  
inevitably disappeared—who

*slightly* before had been *born* and brought up, trained, *upreared* and  
*fostered* with him,

tandem in so holy Pulos, *City of Gates*, and *he* domineered, having  
evolved *hierarchically* to the

level of overlord, ruled in the third.

He, with a mind meaning well, full of truth—euphronicious  
benecordant—*moodgood*, addressed

the gathered warriors—metaepic intraverbal—and *succinctly* spoke to  
them:

'O my stars! Truly, great, enormous *sorrow* has arrived and reached the  
Greeks, has come to the

land of Akhaiis.

Sovereign Chieftain Priam and the *sons* of Priam would *gladly* exult,  
celebrate, gloat,

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and indeed the *rest* of the Trojans, shot with delight, would revel and whoop and rejoice in their

hearts,

were they to hear all this hoopla of both of you, *locked* and *hooked* in bickering mouth-battle—

spike-implanted quarrel-laced—marnamic proeliatic—

you who surpass and vastly excel—periontic circumessent—all the precious Danaoi, brilliant

with talent in council and combat.

Now *heed* and obey me for *both* of you *men* are younger than I am.

On previous distant occasions, I teamed up with *men* much better, more *disciplined*, *regimented*

more,

struck from a different mint than you, and never once, to be sure, did they slight me or brush me

aside.

Never yet have I ever seen nor soon expect to see again such incredible men, *ago* or *gone*, in the

future,

like Peirithoos, infra-chained, and Druas—diehard-grained—the *Robust*, shepherd of the people,

Kaineus the Fresh, tree-crusher, and melody-bright Exadios, and Sound-Abounding godlike

Poluphemos,

*and* Theseus, The Establisher, son of Aigeus,—bullhead-killer—sky-culled sea-called—who—

string-trail black-sail rockcast seakissed—strikingly, glasslike, resembles the immortals.

These *were* without *doubt* the strongest of men, mortals of might,—kthonotrophic humialtic—

who *ever* walked the earth,

the *mightiest*, and they battled and brushed with the mightiest, mountain-born beasts—oreskoiiic montijacent—the Magnetic Aiolical creatures,—hoofclicking

bullpunchers—and *by* all means they killed and clobbered them brutally.

I also mingled and clubbed with these men, coming from Pulos, City of Gates,

faraway from a distant land; for they had suddenly summoned and called me.

Yes, I battled and clashed single-handed; however, against such men as those, rugged and rare,

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no one *here*,  
no one *now*, no earth-born earth-bound bipedal mortal who is *currently*  
alive could *decisively*  
combat.

And they listened too to my counsel and kept my commands.  
So you obey also, for perfect compliance, submission intact, obedience  
blind, unbroken, is better.

And *you*, though supreme and majestic, do not remove, or take away,  
the girl from him;  
just let her be, leave her alone, for the Akhaian fighters gave her to him  
as a prize first.

Nor you, son of Peleus, be willing or prone to strive head-on with the  
king,

or eager to vie, go toe-to-toe, — oppotent antibious — for never equal to  
*that* of others, never the

share of royal esteem, never the same is the honor due  
to a king with a power-baton, whom Zeus of the indigo crown  
enfames — flaming glories, pulsing  
fountains, bursting flowers, glowing glammers.

Though you are mighty and streaming with strength and the mother  
who bore you a goddess,

*this* man indeed is superior, since, bearing the dominant load, he, as  
monarch and martial

overlord, governs-imperial, rules more men.

Son of Atreus, stem your fury, stanch your rage; even I, at any rate, beg  
and entreat you

to abandon your biled *acerbity* against Man of Pain Akhilleus, who, in  
order to *fend* and *harbor*

the corps of the *battered* and *headkicked* Akhaioi,  
stands as a hedge, huge and complex, fixed as a thick and looming  
bunker, anchor-bolted down

against inglooming brutal detrimental bone-protruding war.'

Then to *him* in response, formally trading firetailed words,  
Immovable spoke, imperial

Clingfast, Agamemnon:

'Yes, old man, — aetatic chief — *everything* you've said, expressed, is  
right, well-called-for, to the

point;

yet here is a man who wishes to hover, to be above all,  
who wants to take *charge* and dominate all, to *command* all,  
and to *all* give orders, of whom there is one, I do indeed deem, who

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him will *not* obey.

If, for a fact, the everlast gods *made* him a spearman,  
for this do they *dare* let and allow him to utter abuses and obloquies?'

Then *bright* Akhilleus, hypoballic, —sidefaced bleak subjective  
squinting —*interrupting*, gazer-  
cracked, encowled in a cocked and crooked scowl, *traded* redhot  
words with him:

'Thus I *would be* tandem-labeled, scared and spunkless, null and  
feckless,  
*if* I should yield and calmly submit, cave *in* to you in every matter,  
whatever whim you demand.  
Order *others* to do these things, —injunctive epitellic—but don't bid *me*,  
not *me*,  
enjoin—save your signs for subalterns—no more commands to *me!*—  
you can *can* incoming  
mail, blot out pointed admonitions, *obliterate* all bulletins, dash your  
dots—for *I* no longer plan  
to obey you.

And I will tell you one more thing, so nail it to your heart—emballic-  
red injective-blue:  
*with* my hands, bruised, bare-knuckled, *I*, not *I*, shall *fight* or *battle* over  
the girl,  
either with *you* or any other, since you *wrench* and tartly *rob*, extort me  
of her whom you gave;  
but of anything else, which I possess, by my quick black ship,  
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you will take nothing away, without my consent.  
*Come* then, just try it, so these, too, may know and observe:  
—spurting spires cherry wires—instantly your inky blood will rush  
and career down the pole  
of my spear.'

So both, to be sure, *after* battling, jaw-to-jaw, brash and dander-  
escalated, locked in thick and  
bickering words, —antibious—bash!—contravalent—powerwound  
then grounded,  
*stood up*, —anastatic—and broke up the severed dissolving assemblage,  
gathered by the ships of  
the Akhaioi.

Son of Peleus *headed back* to his low-heeling huts and well-balanced  
ships—prime-proportioned

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fair-framed fine-firred—  
along with son of Menoitios, loyal along with his comrades and  
clanmates;  
but son of *Atreus* suddenly drew down a sharkquick ship to the salt-  
charged sea  
and chose to *man* it twenty rowers, and put on board the oxen pool—  
goldenhoofed silverhorned  
*blossom-diademed*—  
for the god, bringing the girl, — shortboarding—tight-balanced,—  
lowramped—in gumballpink  
sparkle-pumps, Khruseis of the beautiful cheekbones.  
And multi-purpose Odusseus,—polumetic so-strategic  
craftcrammed—Abominated, climbed  
aboard as commander.

Thereupon the crew embarked and sailed across, sea-sliced,—  
ingressive anabainic—fin-  
infanned watery arteries,—purple-pooled sky-cloned scale-  
schooled—  
while son of *Atreus* charged his people, urged his men, to lather up,  
wash down, and rub off  
gunky muck encaked, enveloping their sweat-endrenched and dust-  
impacted bodies.  
So they scrubbed *up*, soaped *down*, and flung and upturned pales of  
grub and cans of grime  
*into* the salt-encrystalled sea,  
and offered up to Flameball-Batter, Blinding Apollo, Body-Catcher,  
fire-rings, impeccable pools,  
of bulls and goats, by the heaped-up beach of the ungleaned halical  
unrubadubbable—sun-railed  
moon-rolled star-reeled sickle-lack—unabraded wild-whipped—  
immessive atrugetic—fruit-  
ungathered sea;  
and steamy aroma and savor encharred rose to the sky acquiring curls,  
sable kinks,—coiled links,  
eddied coals—of scything swirling signal-smoke.

Thus were *they* performing rites, engaged throughout the army; but  
Agamemnon Adamant  
failed to abate, stem the strife, blunt the debate, initially *forged* and *cast*  
from his *threat* to Man  
of Pain Akhilleus,

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but indeed he addressed, spoke to Talthubios, Bubba-Pop, and Eurubates, Wide-Stepper,

capped and caped, imperially kept, in red and blue and green, *who* were his heralds, special beings, sacred-designated, and ever-present nimble attendants:

'Go to the hut of the son of Peleus Akhilleus;

take the girl by the hand, and leading Briseis of the beautiful cheekbones, —luminous-veiled

glamorous-voiled — voluptuous-silhouetted — bring her back; and if he *declines* to give her up, in person, *I* will come, well-armed, well-manned, — posse-butressed — seize and take her, *and* believe me, *that* will be a frosty affair

— a bonecold thing — for *him*.'

He spoke and sent them *on* ahead, after *strictly issuing* in a strident tone a direct command.

So both, unwilling, went on foot by the terraced shore of the permanent cobalt bright unfruitful

saltpacked sea,

and came to the ships and the sloping huts of the caliber-kissing Murnidons, the metamorphic

Ant People.

They *found* him by his slanting hut and shadowblack ship sitting, idle, brooding; and Akhilleus, when he saw the two, was not at all exhilarated.

Both the batmen, frozen with fear, in awe of the king, dazed with dread and wonder,

stood *paralyzed*, vised in fright, and did not say a single word or question him;

but he knew in his heart why they came, and spoke *first*, to break the ice:

'*Hail*, heralds, *hail*, messengers and harbingers of shining gods and men.

Come closer. You are *not* at all to *blame* in *my* eyes, but Agamemnon *Adamant*,

who sent you both ahead here, for the sake of the girl, —busty rumpy — Briseis of the colored

khiton — neck arrayed in beaded disks of red and blue and green.

Go inside then, Zeus-produced, Patroklos, and bring out the girl and *give* her to *them* to drag away. Yet let these two be witnesses, on-the-spot, here and now,

in the sight of the gods who are blessed, in the sight of my men who



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are mortal,  
and *also* in the sight of *him*, that hard untender brutal king, just in case  
if ever again

I *might* indeed be needed, to *beat back* the unblushing havoc, the  
crushing inclement ruin  
from the rest of the men. For he storms in a rush—an increpitant  
crash—with a shallow and  
    shattered mind,  
and knows not at all to *make* a note, *mark* at the same time, look both  
ways, ahead and behind,  
so the Akhaioi in victory can clatter cymbals, pound drums, *pop* and  
*swing* tambourines,—tear  
    up tom-toms, hammer gongs, blow oboes, bang bones,—shake  
rattles, clash rocks, knock  
    sticks,—batter combat bongo-heads enshadowed by their battle-  
cruisers.'

So he spoke, and Patroklos, heeding, heard, obeyed his precious  
kinlike comrade, blood-  
    campaign companion.

And out of the hut in orderly mode he *brought* bright-built Briseis of  
the beautiful cheekbones,

    bangle-clanging, sea-perfumed,  
and *gave* her up, to be absumed; and both went back—in a mode  
unboon—by the ships of the

    Akhaioi,  
and the woman unwillingly went with them. But Pain-Invaded  
Akhilleus  
boohoo burst, lost control, *broke* way down in tears, and then went  
away, and so sat apart,

*severed* straightway from his cohorts,  
by the *sandbanked sonic shell-capped* beach of the gray salt sea, *gazing out*  
at the boundless

    redface—purple-purring—wine-dyed blue-beyond green-bound  
deep—orbit-warped, pulse-

    whipped,—rainbow-chiming glow-vibrations;  
and *he* acutely implored his mother, whipped and wound in a passion-  
lather, face bent down with

    outstretched arms:  
'Mother, *since* you clearly bore me, indeed, to a squeezing time-frame, a  
squat incredibly  
    shrinking life-span,

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Olympian Zeus, storm-roarer, — hupsibremetous altifremetic—*elevated-boomer*—high-howling

hail-hurling—should *hand* to me  
exceeding esteem; but now to him, the invisible man, a *badgeless* man I  
am.

For *indeed*, the adamant son of Atreus, wide-commanding  
Agamemnon,  
me has dishonored, *since* he adimed, robbed me and pilfered my prize  
assumed, *grabbed* and  
keeps it.'

So he spoke, cascading tears, and *at hand* his mother heard him,  
majestic quartz-quick Aqua-

Queen,  
sitting in the depths of the salt-dashing sea, beside her aetatic father;  
and she rose in a rush like a mist or a hush from the gray and the  
halical—twinkling oracular  
shapely cantankerous—sea,  
and she came and sat *down* across from him, his eyes encrystalled with  
tears,  
and *with* her tender hand, demulcent, stroked him and called him by  
name and then spoke to him:  
'Child, why are you crying? What such sorrow has gotten to you?  
What grief has reached and  
grabbed your heart?  
Tell me, don't *hide* it, locked in your mind, nor keep it a secret, the  
source of your sadness, so we  
*both* may know.'

Moaning heavily, Akhilleus, smoke-footed laser-tarsaled, her,  
addressed:

'You know the reason, so why must I tell you the cause, for you see  
and know, note and perceive  
all things.

We came on strong, invaded Thebe, the sacred city of Eetion,  
atomized, took out the town, and brought all the booty back here.  
*Then* the fractured Akhaian soldiers made a suitable distribution fairly  
among themselves,  
*and* for son of Atreus selected—gold-jingled silver-jangled—Khruseis  
of the beautiful

cheekbones—iridescent parachutes, zowie zygomatics.  
Then Khruses of the golden cape, priest of Apollo the ball turret

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gunner,  
came to the vair-painted *quick ships*, of the— aeritunical  
khalkokhitonic—copper-coped Akhaioi,  
    disky kinkled fire-chained,  
to save, redeem, his daughter, while loaded down with crimson  
ransom,  
and *holding* in hand a golden baton, enwound with the tinkling-  
tanking streamers, motley  
    strings,  
of Killer Apollo, who swivels a mounted machine gun, and implored  
with *patience* all the war-  
    kicked Akhaioi,  
but Atreus' two sons most of all, *marshals* of the battle-stripers.  
Then the bulk of the Akhaioi, sulkless, *seared by war*, team-cheered  
whistled *sis-boom-baaed*  
to respect the priest and accept the blood-red splendid ransom;  
but this did not *please* the cell-crashing *heart* of Agamemnon son of  
Atreus,  
so he tartly expelled him, and laid down upon him a cogent command.  
The old man perturbed, withdrew from the camp; but Apollo  
Luminous Decimator  
listened hard to his prayer, for *he* was rather dear to him,  
and subsequently, fired a poisonous arrow *at* the broken-willed  
Argeioi, the Radiant People. And  
    next the troops  
were dropping in blocks like dominos—klonk klonk klonk—while  
toxic ubiquitous sticks of the  
    god  
showered in volleys, everywhere, on the cankered commodious camp,  
wrecked, of the Akhaioi.  
    So the seer,  
*stellar-steered*, sky-instilled with a crystal mind, full of the fury of deity,  
revealed to us the 3-D  
    visions, fire-veiled, of the quiver-king—technicolored holograms—  
red lightning, blue thunder,  
    yellow rain, green wind.  
Straightaway, I was the *first* to give the orders to mitigate, gladden the  
god, to fully furnish  
    robust favors;  
consequently, frenzy hooked and gripped the son of Atreus, and  
bounding up, subito,  
issued a threat, which by *now* has been fulfilled.

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For the bright-eyed mobilized Akhaioi are so escorting the girl—  
charm-charged calm-cored—to Khruse, City of Gold, in a quick ship,  
bringing *gifts* to the

dominator;

and the heralds just *left* my heeling hut with her in hand,  
Briseus' daughter, whom, educed, the Akhaian warriors, nailhard  
soldiers, battle-burned,

awarded to me.

Yet you, if you can, honor your son, protect my name, enring my  
future,—periekhic

circumhabent—embrace my fate!—

go to the realm of Olumpos and supplicate Indigo Zeus, if ever at all,—  
now is need!—

by word or by deed you delighted the heart of Skyhead Zeus.

For many times in my father's halls I heard you

bragging and notably boasting, as you asserted, *you alone*, among the  
immortals,

repelled unseemly inshocking havoc from son of Kronos Ouranos'  
son,—atrinubous

kelainephic—stormcloud-clad, blackwind-wound,

that time when the other Olympians tried and attempted to tie him  
up—sundete colligate:

Cloud-Crowned Here, Climate Queen, and Dresden-Blue Poseidon,  
and Pallas Athene Swinger

of Spears.

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But you, goddess, made your way and came to him, yes, *you*, and  
unbound broken bonds,—

underslack loose-below sublaxous hupolytic—

quickly calling, soon summoned, to spacious Olumpos, the creature of  
a hundred hands,—

centimanus hekatongkheir—

the beast whom the gods call Ponderous, Briareos, Heavy Load, but *all*  
men call

Aigaion, Darting Ibex,—splendid pontic exhalation—for *he* is cyclonic,  
*way* superior, upper in

power supreme to his father.

Down he sat, right by the son of Cannibal Kronos, Circle-Maker,  
exulting in his glory,—colossal

radiation—a glowing emanation;

and the blessed gods blenched and quailed,—shocking shrinkback!—  
quickly quenched, blotted

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out, —hupodeidic summetute — any further thoughts to bind him.  
Go now, sit beside him, — parahedzic jxtasessive — supplicating, grasp  
his knees and so remind  
him of these things,  
in hope perhaps that he may wish to help out, aid, defend, back up, the  
Trojans,  
and *drive* back, turn around, — jam-pack, bright-impel — coop up,  
bumble-cramp — *wind down* the  
Akhaioi, flat against the hindmost painted poopdecks and the  
clashing rainbow breakers  
to be butchered, — causing heavy casualties — so that *all* may reap —  
brightly savor, delight in —  
the fruits of their king,  
and that *also* wide-commanding Agamemnon, son of Atreus, may see  
and behold  
his *blind* folly, whim-damage, demented screw-up, that, misguided, he,  
bewildered, did not  
honor, aim esteem at, the best of the Akhaioi.'

Then Thetis, word-exchanging, answered him, enslucing tears:  
'O my stars, my child! Why, I wonder, did I rear you, born below  
combustive skies, *under*  
blasted space debris, disaster-laden spheres?  
If only you *could* sit by your ships, tearless safe untroubled  
harmfree, since, in fact, your life-span — light-drained, dark-drawn — *is*  
no doubt *ordained* to be  
brief, not long;  
yet now you are *doomed* to die doleful and young, so soon gone, a *fate*  
way beyond — truculent  
gloomy truncated glummy — celersortic, *okumorous* — fleetlotted  
quickshared deathdue —  
the dreary directions of all human beings. So, to a wicked destiny I  
bore you in my corridors.  
But I shall go to snow-capped craggy — aganniphic niminivical —  
crystal-colored phantom-nitid  
loose-auroraed tight-albedoed — Olumpos, *in person*, to voice and  
discuss  
this matter with Zeus, he on high, who is — terpikeraunic  
fulmenexhilarous — way-inclement-  
weather-crazy, storm-gaga, nuts about thunderbolts, hoping he'll  
listen.  
But *you* stay beachside, tight-entrenched, right by your quick-cruising

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ships, — *okuporous* — out  
of commission — velocivading ultrapumped —  
and rage from *there* at the Akhaioi, and — apopause, cease, desine —  
keep away from, shun all  
combat, stiff-arm conflict, disengage and dodge the whole of war;  
for Zeus of the blue disk left his palace, went to a blowout, yesterday,  
away to the Circling  
Ocean,  
to party and feast with the ethical, graced, *equinoctial* Ethiopians, —  
leopard-masked body-  
painted *toucan-feather-headressed* — the *Burning Eyes*, and all the gods  
attended, joined him.  
But *in* twelve days, he *will* come back to Olumpus,  
and *then* I shall go, on your behalf, to the copper-stepping —  
khalkobatic aerigressive — palace of  
Indigo Zeus,  
and grasp him by the knees in supplication, *and* I deem, I *shall* induce  
him.'

Speaking thus, bright-intoned, she silently submerged, avened, —  
*velvetly*-vamoosed — down-  
dove apobained — and left him there alone  
inflamed, with his *heart* sharp-outraged, chromosome-exploding for  
the cone-waisted fine-  
breasted — curve-bound color-whipped benecingled — go-go-tight  
euzonic girl  
whom they were taking, wrenching away, against his will; but  
Odusseus  
as ordered came to sunbright Khruse, soft-suffused with *silver atoms*,  
*golden molecules*, bringing  
sacred screw-horn oxen firepools.  
When they coasted, came inside the perpendicular — multialtic  
polubenthous — outer deep  
unfathomed harbor,  
they securely *furled* and *gathered up* the sails, and then they took and  
stowed them down in the  
black ship,  
lowered the mast — slow-submitting by *two* protonic *twin* praetensive —  
tight-stretching double  
adjustable bracing forestays, and brought it into the mast-crutch  
quickly, — post-holed spar-catcher — *and* so rowed her ahead with  
oaken oars to the cove-carved

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colored chaining mooring.  
They cast out bunky anchor-stones and tied down terminal stern-  
cables, turgid tethered storm-  
lines,  
and one-by-one the crew stepped out on the tumbling surf, — coaster  
rollers, crystal breakers —  
colored debris of the luminous sea,  
and ramped down oxen firepools for Apollo of the rainbow blowgun;  
and Khruseis, supple-muscled, of the golden-silver espadrilles,  
languid, limpid, slowly *stepped*  
out of the ship, — pontoporous mariperforant — ocean-piercing blue-  
thrilling sea-needle.  
Then, there, trick-enteeming Odusseus, fire-mirrored, water-scoped,  
led her up to the altar,  
placed her in the fragile arms of her caring father, and *directly* spoke to  
him:  
'Khruses of the golden mind, Agamemnon, king of men, sent me here  
to *bring* your daughter back, and *offer up* a holy oxen firepool to  
Phoibos Orbit-Bright,  
on behalf of the dreary dire-seeming Danaoi, so we may *thus* propitiate  
and mollify the god,  
who has *downhurled* woes and sorrows many-moaning, — polustonic  
multigemic — drizzle-  
groaning sigh-pools, upon the gleaned Argeioi, the stark-struck stick-  
stacked Sparkle People.'

He spoke, and placed the quiet girl in the bony arms of the purple-  
ponchoed priest, and  
Khruses of the golden tears in solace tenderly embraced  
his precious child; and quickly they *set* in spaced array for the laser  
god  
the sacred oxen firepool about the well-built altar-base — benestructed  
firecrowned rainscarred  
eudmetic;  
*then* they washed their hands, and took up the pounded brilliant-  
sprinkling bamboo-basketed  
barley grains.  
Khruses, next, of the golden cape, adhering to sterling ritual, uplifted  
his hands and prayed for  
them, invoking aid with focused gusto:  
'Hear me, god of the silver bow, who *shields* Khruse, City of Gold,  
and super-sacred Killa as a force-field, and Tenedos, tireme-hider,

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ruling with muscle and  
might.

On previous special occasions, you heard my prayers, paid me honors,  
hotly pressed and hard propelled the host of the Akhaioi.

So *now* may you fulfill for me this single desire:

ward *off* with a whisk and a wave of your hand the scabbed, unsightly,  
poisonous syndrome—

rank bane—from the Danaoi.'

So he spoke in prayer, and Phoibos Apollo Laser-Beamer, him, heard  
and heeded.

And when they had prayed and sprinkled and flung the dribbling  
grains, tossed to the sun—

probalic and praejected—

first they *drew back* arcing sleek necks, jerked the ox-heads,—sky-  
turned soon-torn ax-trained—

sliced their throats and flayed them then,

and cut out the thighs and ritually wrapped and covered them up with  
a double-fold blood-

dripping layer—redolent geminal ripe—

of ready-made smoky fat, and placed raw pieces, pulpy chunks, of  
pink sliced flesh upon them—

omothetic crudiposed.

The old man burned these then, on rotating tinder, *split laths* of fire-  
wood, languid-spluttering,

—sizzling grease, sazzling syrup—and over them *poured* as it  
blazingly *flowed*—fused

aitropic oculardent—eye-burning moon-mirrored wine—

a starry arced libation; and next to him the young *recruits* held in their  
*hands* efficient five-tined

forks, fire-stirring charcoal-combers.

Now when the thighs, richly seared and thoroughly torched, were  
flame-consumed, and the

organs duly eaten,

they then cut up, pierced, beskewered—amphipeired ambipaled—the  
remaining parts with

airborne spits,

and roasted everything carefully,—periphradical circumindicative—  
crackling redolent zodiac—

spark-dotted merry-go-round—and pulled off all the smoky pieces.

And when they had stopped, abated their toil, task concluding, and so  
had *prepared* the many-



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course meal,  
they feasted, and nothing at all did their appetites lack, keyed up,  
coiled, truculent, no single part,  
organic component, choice piece, of the flamed-up doled-out  
barbecued well-balanced meal.  
But when they dispelled—orexis releasing—and banished desire for  
food and drink,  
the greenhorn tight-haired fighters topped off, crowned, the bubbled  
blending-bowls—rainbow-  
pop!—imbrimming bright with wine,—epistephic circumdated—  
dealing it out to one and all in bubbling radiant dispensation,  
beginning the *sea-bordered*  
brilliant libation with *thronging glows* of amber-based beakers,  
offering scarlet arcs to the  
gods.  
All day long they *actively tried* to favor and grace the actinic god with  
propitious song and  
festive dance, charming propulsive somatic chants,  
singing a beautiful choral hymn to Killer Apollo, *Pulsar-Whip*,  
Intergalactic Xylophone,—these  
Akhaian cadets—  
chanting and dancing the quiver-king, the far-performer, who heard  
and his heart was cheered.

When the sun went down and the moon came up—tangerine-drop  
lemon-pop—and evening  
suddenly overwhelmed, came upon, the darkening earth,—twilight  
bloom, lavender haze—  
firefly scaffolds, jellyfish networks—  
then they lay down, lulled by the longship's tight-netted breeze-  
swinging brine-rinsed terminal  
poop-cables;  
and *when* appeared early-born dawn, *liquid-violet*, *deep-red*, *orange-*  
*pink*,—erigenic  
rhododaktulous—rosy-fingered, outstretched,—perfuming the sky  
with her varihued vapors,—  
sucker-swirls, snow-cone-spheres—pulp-lush pump-bright tight-  
built stripe-tones—  
they *then* set sail for the wide-arc'd camp of the Akhaioi.  
And Apollo of the rocket launcher sent them a favoring wind;  
so they set up the mast and unfurled efficiently under the infinite feral  
fine unfolding blue the

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erect white sail,  
and the wind blew out the center of the sail, luminous-warped, and the  
purple-gleaming  
damson-mounded zodiac-vanished wave  
*shrieked* and *swished*, around the keel, solid, curved, sun-splashed, as  
the ship zipped and hied  
ahead.

She punched it, passing through *sea-swell*, *cutting* a couloir.  
And when they came *back* to the beach-stretched camp of the Akhaioi,  
they *dragged* the black ship up on the hard land,  
to *anchor* high upon the sand, and spaced out tall props beneath,  
and then ostensibly scattered among the staggered batch of huts and  
ships.

Yet the Man of Pain sat steaming alone, nettled and knifed with rage,  
by the ocean-charging  
go-go ships,  
sky-born son of Peleus Akhilleus, quick to the feet.  
Never would he *haunt* and *make his way* through man-crammed spaces,  
*wind through fame-*  
infirming places, probe the buzz of glory-boosting assemblies,  
*never more* the front line, but rather induced his own dear heart to fizzle  
and dwine, retrograde  
there,  
lingering, longing with ache for the sizzle-kick, dazzle-bop, demented  
war-whoop, tap, popple  
and bong of battle's tom-tom.

But when time turned and the twelfth dawn broke, emerging and  
gorgeous in colorblown  
jewels, glowcored gems, trailing swerving luminous spools of red  
and green and blue,  
then the skyhigh everlast gods came back to Olumpos  
as a unit, and Polar-Pop Zeus led the troop. And Thetis failed not to  
forget the requests  
of her son by the sea, but rose like a mist in a sparkling twist from the  
waves of the wonder-  
world sea, —bright-swelling tight-swooning—  
and early, auroral, she shot from the sea like a beautiful rocket  
dragging colors, luminous fumes,  
over the earth, and soared to the big sky, soft-landing — retrothrust—  
in radiant Olumpos.

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She quietly found the loud-mouth long-eyed son of Kronos Circle-Builder—euruopic lativisual

—proculocular longiquoral magnivocal ultrasonic—sitting apart from the others

upon the toppest tap, the tiptop peak, of poludeiradic multicervical many-crested Olumpos—star-

chained moon-chimed.

She came and sat down, facing him, with her left hand light-embracing  
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his knees, but clasping him lightly below the chin with her right hand, and then she spoke in imploration to King Zeus son of Kronos:

'Father Zeus, Sky-Drum, if ever before, among the immortals, I did you a favor

in word or in deed, fulfill for me, if you don't mind, this single wish and one desire:

honor my son of the quick luck, whose truncated future traded a life—fleet-fated doom-ordained,

beyond all other men—

citoletalissimous okumorotatic; yet now indeed the king of men,

Agamemnon Adamant,

has blatantly insulted and dishonored him, for *he* has, so abruptly, appropriated, keeps his

prize—truculent-picked turbulent-poached rank-wrenched vain-extorted.

*Now*, please, do him honor, data-assessor, Olympian Zeus, problem-solver, —sky-fixer, inner-

outer-planet-mechanic—

and meanwhile, *please, put power* back into the Trojans—wind them up!—until the Akhaioi

do honor, respect my son, and *him* enlarge with glory,—jack up, elevate, *reinforce*, boost his

due—circumadorned—reparations.'

Thus she spoke; but Zeus who bangs and swishes clouds, to her, did not respond,

and long sat still in silence. So Thetis, embracing his knees,

*appealingly* clung fast to them and asked again a second time:

'Nod and swear, promise me truly you'll carry this out—don't miss the mark—

or else refuse, block and reject my request, for you at this juncture have nothing to fear,—so I

may know *well*,

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to what degree, how much I am undigned, disrespected, the least esteemed of all the gods.'

Deeply disturbed, Skyhead Zeus, collider of clouds, lividly spoke to her:

'This, I should say, is a lethal affair when you set me at odds with, pit me again against Weather-

Queen Here,

make me her permanent enemy, for no doubt indeed she will turb me and taunt me with torrents

and gobs, tart congregations of violent diatribes.

Even as it is, with no letting up, forever among the immortal gods she dresses me down, chews me out and says that I bolster the Trojans in battle.

So you must go back to the sea now, —bright-invading—soft incursion—in case Queen Here, all

keyed up,

happens to see us; and I will mull over, ponder these things to perform and perfect them.

Come then, now, I'll bow my head, so you may believe me.

For *this* from me is the surest sign, among the immortals, a credible index; and nothing I say will be voidable, nor voodooesque—palinagretic nor

revocable—*no outrageous driveback!*—

nor juggle-traced, circus-tricked nor unfulfilled, to which I bow my head.'

Son of Kronos spoke, and nodded with his bruise-hued dark-blue brows, —anvil-forming

storm-fuming luminous-binding dark-bending thunder-bound lightning-looped—

and the bright-disheveled *weather-swirled* twister-swept empyreal hair of the paramount king

whiplashed, rushed down, tapped, entwined

his deathless head, —bodyshift throne-shimmy bone-tones boltcrash skyglow sulfur-scent

crownflash—and as a result, he caused Olumpos, bright and colossal, star-installed, to wobble

and whirl.

So these two who—secret accomplished—securely had wrapped up their plans, to be sure, split

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*up, and suddenly Thetis*  
leaped straight down with a dazzling twist,—stylized steep  
unobtrusive—daredevil-diving from  
dizzy dot-dominant luminous Olumpos, funneling sparkles of  
ultramarine, *into* the deepening  
sea,  
and Sky King *Zeus* briskly went *back* to his own imperial colored  
palace, constructed in  
brightness; and there all the gods—alert, anastatic—together rose up  
from their thrones, facing their father, and no one *dared*  
to still be unstirred when he came and appeared, but all, promptly,  
stood up to meet him.  
*So* he sat down, in turn, on his throne; but Here *Sky Queen* was not  
oblivious,  
not unaware, observing how Thetis, the maiden marine, arguopedzic  
silver-tarsaled bubble-  
trailing jet-propelled,  
daughter indeed of the old man encaved in the sea, *robustly*  
cogitating,—colored-weather-  
penetrating—tight-sumphradzic loose-considerate—formulated  
plans with him.  
Straightaway she *spoke*, spike-mouthing, spear-expressing, heart-  
hewing passion-hacking—  
kertomic cordisectic—mocks, jolt-jettisoned jeers, training sneers at  
Skyhead Zeus, son of  
Kronos:  
*'Dupe-shaper bait-hanger trap-builder trick-cook,—dolomete whipdrop—*  
*which* god, indeed,  
again, has been scheming, *dark-erecting*, drawing up big plans with  
you?  
It's always so precious, important to you,—aponosphin abseparatim—  
being apart and remote  
from me,  
to reflect, adjust, in top-secret, deem in the dark, decide and determine  
clandestine things; and  
never, not ever at all,  
have you *once dared* to speak a mere word or remark to me, about your  
objective or purpose.'

Then to her, word-exchanging, responded the father of men and of  
gods:  
'Babydoll, *Here*, Paramount Sky Queen, do not *hope* to know and nail

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down *all* my strategies,  
do not *expect* to scan all my tactics, for most of my master decisions, no  
doubt, will be quite *hard*

for you to bear, though you're my wife.

And since you're my wife, whatever beseems and is proper, my dear,  
for *you* to hear, no one at

all,

neither human nor god, will know of such news, to be sure, before you;  
but when and whatever I wish to consider, balance and weigh, apart  
from the gods,

*do* not question, over-inquire, dissect each thing nor give me the  
shakedown' — metalquake

amberburn opalfire indagation.

*Then* to him, word-exchanging, responded the cloud-crowned  
queen, — boopidic bovinocular —

lovely-auraed ox-eyed Here:

'Most formidable dreaded son of Kronos, — ainotatic minacissimous —  
what kind of piffle is this?

Indeed before now I have never excessively pumped you nor probed  
you,

but you are quite free — solely secure — to map out and blueprint  
whatever you wish.

Yet now I terribly horribly fear that silver-tarsaled bubble-trailing  
golden-carpaled Thetis,

daughter beteared of the craggy old man of the sea, full of surprises,  
did coax and cajole you;

for early this morning she sat down beside you alone, to be sure, and  
urgent-beseeching, ritually

clung to, embracing, your knees.

To *her* I think you bowed your head assuredly to honor Akhilleus,  
and to end, atomize many, — pound skulls, bend bones — by the ships  
of the Akhaioi.'

Then to *her* in response spoke Indigo Zeus, who clashes and clangs,  
careens the clouds:

'Queeny, Sweets, you always imagine the wildest things, and in my  
endeavors I never escape you

unnoticed;

nevertheless, avail, you cannot, or control my transactions at all, but if  
you insist and push me on

this,

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*you* will be farther removed from my heart, and *that* will—pastel  
pushups! dayglo koolpops!—be  
rather ice-capped for you—polar colorfree permafrost.  
If this *here* is how it is, then this *now* is how it'll be; the future is my  
pleasure.  
So go sit down now quietly, and be assured, swayed and budged by  
my word,  
in case all the gods, the lot on Olumpos, cannot defend or succor, aid  
you,  
if I come *close-up* and lay my intangible, hard and severe,—cindered  
and scarred—indomitable  
hands, cleanly upon you.'

Thus he spoke, and the sky-crowned queen, ox-eyed Here, quaked  
and trembled,  
and softly went and sat down, quietly bending her crumpling heart,  
submission-forced, cruel-  
compelled;  
and all the Uranians, gods of the sky, in the palace of Polar-Pop Zeus  
were perturbed, dark-  
dismayed—ultravexed, bright-outraged,—*shocked*—  
discombobulated.  
Hephaistos, Underground Flamethrower,—klutotekh artifex—  
celebrated craftsman, began to  
speak among the party,  
bringing favor to his own dear mother, Here of the snow-white radius:  
'No doubt these deeds will quiver with havoc, will be quite horrific,  
dire and dreadful and even, I  
deem, unendurable,  
if you two continue to quarrel and bicker, spar *thus* over *this*, a minor  
mesh, a bunch of mere  
matters of mortals,  
and bobbin out combat, among the empyreals—thunder-tangle  
lightning-wrangle skyhigh-  
slugfest *storm-vortex*; furthermore, there will *be* no glee  
at the marvelous feast, no *clear* delight when dismal and havocked,  
things quite bad, not too  
pretty, conquer, prevail.  
And I, for my part, kindly monish and caution my mother, cushion her  
instinct—parapheme,  
allocute—though quite perceptive,  
to bring graceful favor and duly *indulge* our dear father Zeus of the

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red-blue-and-green-sparking  
planets, so therefore our father  
no longer will lash and rebuke her and stir up and rumple our  
sumptuous banquet.  
Now what if the stormclad Olympian flasher of longstaired switchback  
lightning—jagged  
whipped electro-magnetic—wishes  
to strike with his flamecoated spikes, and whim-driven, thrust us,  
blasted, expelled from our  
places,—pop-vapor skyboom squeeze-bright sulfur-rip color-sizzle—  
for *he is* by far the  
mightiest god.  
*Be*, to be sure, debonair,—*lure*,—kathaptic—*loop*,—destringent—*take*  
*him down!*—and hook  
him with pillowy syllables, clamp him with lullaby words;  
and straightway the foremost Olympian *lord* of the pulley of *light* will  
be clubby and gracious  
with us.'

Thus he voiced, and all of a sudden, darting up, a double bumper, 2-  
headed cup,—  
amphikupellon ambipoculum—  
deftly he placed in the delicate hands of his own dear mother, and  
gently addressing, spoke  
kindly, once more to her, mildly:  
'Be patient, my mother, and hold out, endure, abide to the point of *even*  
becoming blue in the  
face,  
lest, dear as you are, I see you struck down, before my own eyes,—  
lightning-flash thunder-  
clap—  
sorely slapped, rashly wounded, and *then* though afflicted, I *shall* not  
be able to help you at all—  
no furnished defense from the Fire Warden; for *it's* a fact the Olympian  
chief—the tangle king,  
the prince of pain—is double trouble, far too robust, ruthless and  
tough to go up against, to  
interlock horns with—antipheric, contranixous, head-on-charging.  
A time before this, I yearned and strove, I did all I could, to lend you a  
hand,  
and he, headhot, caught me, innumbed, by the foot, and threw me,  
brutally thrust, through the



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*weather-drilled world* from the color-chimed marvelous—lovely  
desdictive thespesious—  
*cloud-echoing flavor-toned* fragrant ineffable resonant nitid  
threshold,—electrum-linteled  
mica-kickplated diamond-knocked nacre-knobbed platinum-  
pillared—  
and all day long I was lost to the laws of gravity, being airborne,—sky-  
whizzing, azure-  
sizzling,—subliminal superluminal—goggled gloved *robot-maker*—  
and by then, sundown  
moonup—orange-plunge yellow-plume—katadunic occident—  
I finally landed in Lemnos,—magmic luminous stark volcanic—  
katapiptic decadent—bang-up  
tiny touchdown—and ingrounded, little life was left in me.  
After my—sky-high land-low—freefall, the Sintian pirates, lords of  
harm, wild-voiced, *corsairs*  
*of the fire mountain*, kindly entertained me, and quickly with  
consideration took good care of  
me.'

So he spoke, glimmer-toned, and Here the white-armed goddess  
smiled,  
and smiling in feminine splendor, she took in her lovely tender hand,  
the cup from her son.  
Then in turn, from left to right, propitiously, he poured the wine for  
the other gods,  
scooping with a dipper from the mixing bowl diamond-ladled sky-  
flavored punch-honey nectar.  
But among the blessed celestials, blended giggles, cackles unquellable,  
inextinguished snorts,—  
laughs asbestous, chuckles unquenched—romped and arose in a  
wave  
as they saw Hephaistos Anvil-Banger bustling, huffing and puffing in  
pride as he poured down  
the line through the chandeliered, *molecule-bright* hall of the palace.  
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So all day long till the sun went down, arcing, *fading*, in painted  
devasion,—orange-plop pulp-  
ray sparkblue punch-drop—  
they feasted, *consumed* the essential food groups, nor did their  
turbulent appetites lack any part

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of the well-balanced meal,  
nor of the utterly lovely lyre, lustrous and prismatic—circumpulchrous  
perikallic beauty-bound  
—whose rippling strings, supple and tonic, Machine Gun Apollo  
caresses and plucks,  
nor of the Dreaming Blue-Burning Muses who sing with enchanting  
antiphonal voices—crystal-  
charged ameibic pied aiolic keen color-changers—iroiro  
chromatones, kirakira vibraphones.

Then when the ribboned and rubyrimmed sunball of intershelled  
atoms of glowraypop *light*  
stridently drooped and succedently dropped,  
each ethereal directly went home to lie down,  
where, for each one,—katakeimic decubant—Ambi-Tapped Double-  
Hobble, Amphigueeis, both  
legs lame, celebrated—periklutic circumfamed—  
*Hephaistos Fireblower*, tong-keen, dexterous, had built and adorned a  
palace fused with sky  
skill,—welkin wonders!—empyreal-inculcated;  
and electromagnetic Olympian Zeus, the magnate of zigzag lightning,  
went to his own royal bed,  
*where* he would always lie down—where day is null and night is lull—  
when sweet sleep came  
over him.  
Mounting the bed he lay down to sleep, and beside him *lay* the queen  
of the skies,—cheek-  
enshined limb-enshone gleaming-gowned glamor-bound—  
khrusothronic Here of the color-  
shifting gem-enchimed poikilic peacock golden throne.

