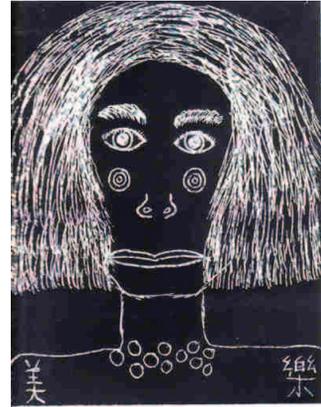


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transduced by Ellen A. Hunter

The Iliad Of Homer - Book II

*The Dream, The Test, And The Cattlelogue,
Ladder Of Words, Or List Of Ships*



Now all the other gods and men, the horse-
powered car-fighters, — hippokorustic equior-
nate—

were pounding their ears through the night, — pan-
nukhious omninoctial—but sweet sleep did *not*
possess and seduce Skyboss Zeus,

for he, to be sure, was spinning a plan in the loo-
pening lobes and girding folds of his brain how to honor inflamed
Akhilleus,

to esteem the Man of Pain, and immobilize many by the ships of the
scarred Akhaioi.

And this scheme—bright-determined—seemed the best to his storm-slam-
ming mind:

to send Agamemnon son of Atreus a poisonous dream.

So he spoke and addressed the lucent dream with syllable-bubbles, words
winged:

'Beat it! Take off! Scram! You dream of death! Go to the sea-skimming
ships of the Akhaioi.

When you reach the hut of Agamemnon son of Atreus,

tell him absolutely everything exactly as I command—precise injunctive
epitellic.

Charge him to harness, enweapon and furnish with plenty of ammo the
hair-streaming, tattered, entrenched Akhaioi

in a shot and a rush—omnipellent pansudious; for now he may take
the—steamrollered manholed—wide-wayed city—lativious medianed
euruaguic—

of the Trojans, because the immortals who dwell in Olympian homes,
deathless and looming,

are no longer dashed in disagreement, split in decision, polarized, for Sky
Queen Here, supplicating,

bent all their plastic minds, so bundles of troubles are bolted to Trojans.'

Thus he spoke, and the dream took off when it heard the command;
and quickly it came to the high-speed ships of the Akhaioi,
and whooshed to, hovered over, about to exhort Agamemnon son of
Atreus, and it found him

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popped, velvet-cushioned, hushed in his hut, and over him *gushed* celestial sleep.

And it stood *erect* above his head, — eye-inspiraling ear-pervading — resembling son of Neleus

Nestor, a brilliant weathered warrior, whom *Agamemnon* esteemed supreme, above all knowers of things.

Shamming his shape, the divine dream spoke to him:

'You are asleep, son of Atreus, battle-minded horse-taming — daiphronic candidordial hippodamic equidomic — whipbright firehead;

it is not right for a boulephore, a man with a plan, to sleep through the cycle of night,

to whom *hosts* have been charged, — obversive epitrepic — to whom to boot so many objects of care are crushing.

Now quick! Get my drift! For to you I am sent as a messenger from Sky-head Zeus,

who, though far away, cares for and pities you deeply.

He commands you to tool up and metal out, harness the hair-streaming, scattered, enscarred Akhaioi

in a dart and a rush; for now you may take the — wide-paved — manholed streetsweepered — city

of the Trojans, because the immortals who dwell in Olympian homes, deathless and looming, are no longer polarized, split in decision, dashed in disagreement, for Sky Queen Here, supplicating,

bent all their flexible minds, so series of sorrows are snapped on Trojans by Cobalt Zeus. Now keep this eye-shut shade in your mind, — don't let it fade — and don't let oblivion

latch on to you, when honey-hearted — meliphronic — trickle-sparkle tumble-twirl! — sleep lets you go.'

The dream thus spoke, and slipped out of sight, and left him there revolving things in his rushing mind — spinbright merry-go-round — that were not to be put into action.

For he truly thought he could take down, tear up, the city of Priam the king that day, —

what a blockhead! — wordless wonder! — nincompoop! — since he knew *not* what twisty tactics Zigzag Zeus was plotting;

for up to this point he still had plans to inflict and place hard pains upon, hammer, make moan,

both Trojans besieged and rebuffed Danaoi in the course of battles robust — mudbrutal moodbrittle blood-metal.

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Then he woke up, outbreaking sleep, with the voice of a god agush in his ears.

So he sat upright and slipped on a well-formed soft frock,—donned a khiton—

lovely and lately-woven, perfumed, hot off the loom, and—periballic circumjunctive—he threw on a cloak in a swirl,

and beneath his sleek and oil-rubbed feet bound beautiful sassy sandals, and around his shoulders—amphiballic ambidative—tossed his chest-inbelted sword

with silver-headed rivets,—arguroelic claviargent—

and he grabbed the proppy, generational power-baton, ever-charged, indestructable;

with this he *walked* along the ships of the—khalkokhitonic aeritunical—copper-coated Akhaioi.

Then Eos, goddess of flaming dawn, finger-painted, connected the dots, of the pansive

sky,—color-cracked charm-toned—broke a hole through the bowl of blue and shot to beamtall star-intowering Olumpos,

unleashing waves, inglowing particles, mouthing light, much-rich,—iridescent dazzle-dynes—to Star-Intangled Zeus and the other celestials;

but Agamemnon Stabilizer ordered the glass-voiced harbingers, precious sacred clear-

toned heralds,—liguphthongous candisonic wind-wired whistle-birds—

to call, invoke, the hair-streaming breezebright Akhaioi to the central place of formation.

They thus invoked, and the men assembled, gathered by the sea quite quickly.

And Agamemnon,—filling the interval—first made the council of senior commanders, soul-supreme,—magnanimous megathumic—sit down

by the ship of Nestor, the king from Gatetown, Pulos-born.

After he called the host of captains together in a huddle, he welded a solid, fisted plan:

‘Listen, my friends. A divine dream came to me, limned in twilight, in my sleep,

through the interminal night; and it closely resembled marvelous Nestor, sky-lit,

tightly quite,—space-pressed—a dead ringer!—in form and size and build.

And it stood above my head,—hovered sublime—and spoke to me thus with words august:

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'You are asleep, son of Atreus, war-absorbed horse-taming—skullcom-
busted killing-entranced;
it is not *right* for a man with a plan to sleep through the cycle of night,
to whom entrenched hosts have been charged, to whom, to boot, so many
objects of care, concern, are crushing;
Now quick! Get my drift! For to you I am sent as a messenger from Sky-
head Zeus,
who, though far away, cares for and pities you deeply.
He commands you to prep, to metal out, the hair-streaming still Akhaioi
in a rush and a dart; for now you may take the wide-paved—manholed
steamrollered—city
of the Trojans, for the immortals who dwell in Olympian homes,
deathless and looming, *are* no longer oscillating; for Here Sky Queen, sup-
plicating,
bent all their flexible minds, and sorrows are soldered to Trojans
by Top-Bleachered Zeus. Now keep this eye-shut shade in your mind—
don't let it fade.' So the dream spoke
and vanished on wings,—abvolatile apopetomous—gone!—and sweet
sleep, delight of night, released me.
So let's go, to see if perhaps we can metal out, weapon up, the sons of the
Akhaioi;
but first I shall give them a verbal test, a standard procedure,
and shall urge them to flee in their bright-ramming ships with reams and
tracks of beam-locking thick-thwarted—polukleidic multiclusive—row-
ing-benches,
but you go where they go and backkeep and block them with *words* from
every direction.'

Speaking thus he then sat down, and among them arose
majestic Nestor, who reigned as king of sandy Pulos, Gatetown.
With a mind full of truth he addressed them and spoke,—logic-dictated:
'O precious friends, leaders and lords of the shining Argeioi,
if any other soldier of the Akhaioi relayed this dream,
we might deem it a lie, and turn away, like dream-rejectors.
But the man who *saw* it boasts to be best by far of the Akhaioi.
Come now, let's go—snap it up!—to see if perhaps we can metal out,
weapon up, the sons of the Akhaioi.'

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Thus he spoke, and led a line from out of the council,
and the kings with their proppy power-sticks stood up and obeyed
the shepherd of the battle-people; and the forces afresh, awash in a rush,—
shield-clish sword-clash—were mobilizing.

As the honeycomb tribes of hivebound bees, bunchy, gushy,—tight-spaced
twin-timed—swarm-bundles bumble-storms—rumble and bolt in sonic
throng—burgeoning buzzing battalions—

from a hollow rock, coming nonstop, zooming in *buoyant* fresh, *pliant* crisp
waves,

and they fly in racemes, spangling, over tingling blossoms of spring;
in huddles they hover, here and there, some flitter, some flutter, some zig,
some zag;

in this mode, many platoons from the ships and the huts
marched out along the big bright beach, loose-winding,—protean pillars,
curlicue columns—troops on-the-go,—

tight-banded shingle-cooped—to the *people-meeting* place; and Rumor,
flag-girl of Indigo Zeus, spiked sparks, combusted skulls, blew in a
blaze through their heads,

swirling in flames, among the ranks, stirring them up to *step* on it,—go!
go! go!—and the gathering men assembled.

And the place to assemble was troubled and turbed, jarred and jumbled,
tossed and torn, and the earth hurt, for she was sighing, groaning be-
low, clamor-tousled, weapon-warped,

as the people above were sitting down, creating a racket, making man-din,
strident-stirred. And facing the regiments nine

shouting heralds were trying to marshal, check and control them, so soon,
perhaps,

they might come to a calm, can the clatter, and listen to the imperials,—
impurpled majestic diotrophs—sky-suckled kings.

And the troops sat straight down quickly, and were parked and ordered in
their places,

capping their clacking and crunching commotion. Then King Agamemnon
arose, 100

stood up, bearing the baton—silent-succeeding bright-transmitted—which
Red-Hot Hephaistos had fashioned, fire-and-tonged—sweat-inseared,
toil-tugged.

Sparky Hephaistos gave it to Zeus son of Kronos, king of outer space,

but, then, *Zeus* gave it to Storm-Chaser, Diaktor, Go-Between, Sky Minis-
ter, Argeiphontes, Sudden Appearer, *Eye-Creature-Killer*,

and Wind-Driven Speed-King Hermes gave it to Pelops,—plexippous,
equipulsant—Ash Face,—axle-suborning gearbox-hoaxing—car-driver-
sea-hurler—steadbeater;

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then Pelops—cauldron-boned—gave it in turn to Atreus, shepherd of the earth-based people,
and Atreus on death-brink left the stick to Thuestes,—poluarnic multiagnous—lamb-loaded,
and Thuestes, in due turn, left the baton to Agamemnon Adamant to bear, to rule many islands—colonized colorbright floating worlds—and govern all of Argos’ realm, Land of Sparkles.
He leaned on the proppy imperial stick, utile and polished, and spoke a few words among the Argeioi, the Men of Light:
‘Friends, Danaan warriors, Red-Mouth Ares’ satellites, battleers,
Skybright Zeus, son of Kronos, superbly entangles, knots me up, in cumbersome folly,—weighted whim, gravid damage—
implacable beast, cruel and truculent, stiff and perseverous, who, before now, promised and pledged to me, nodded, to boot, a definite index, that after I crushed, pulverized Ilios, well-walled, ringed-robust—euteikhic benemoenial —I would go back, return to my home,
but now he calculates black tricks,—fastens fraud, binds bait—juggles invisible fire, and commands me
to go to infamous Argos,—with a *tainted rep!*—after sustaining many losses, men missed and gone.
Thus, perhaps, it seems more or less *probable that* this turn of events is precious to,dearly desired by, high-powered flame-charged—hupermenic superpotent—Zeus,
who indeed—intransigent catalyst—dynamite-plunger—has blasted the heads and blown the tops off of many a city,
and still will continue to blast and blow the tower-crowns, for such a force is enormous, his stellar power and sway is supreme.
Now this to be sure is a shameful affair, even for men of the future to hear, that futilely such a platoon, so fine a platoon of crack Akhaioi grappled and clashed in bootless battles, and fought and clawed in hollow wars
against fewer men; and, not yet, has an end *at all* appeared, no battle-tunnel terminal-light.
For even indeed if we wished and were willing, both Akhaioi and Trojans, to cut a solid trusty oath with fresh red jets of sacrifice,—to both be counted—
if the Trojans enhomed at firesides should group together,
and we Akhaioi—diakosmic keen-aligned—bright-arrayed disponded—be marshaled in sets of ten,
and each subgroup of ten immustered choose a man from the troops of Trojans to ladle our wine,

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many a set would lack a man—oinokhoic vinifusive—who ladles the wine.

To such a degree do I deem there are *so many more* Akhaian fighters than Trojans who dwell in the city, citadel-settled; but scads of allies from many cities, are here to be had—engkhespalic hastalibrant—valiant men who shake the spear and bang the shield, who knock me off course and keep me at bay in a baffle,—time-wander space-wonder—and do not allow me though burning for blood to turn into shambles, shred to shards, the well-peopled city of Ilios. Indeed nine cycles of marvelous Zeus of the time-tilted stars have turned, and now the ships' timber is torn and rotten, planks soggy, beams blighted and voluminous cables of broom decomposed; but I *deem* both our wives and our word-lacking children are quiet-engaged in our roomy homes, and retain hope, waiting so long to receive us, but our task, as it stands, remains intact, mission unmet, the sake, for which, we have come here. Come now, let's go—snap it up!—as I say—let's all obey and acquiesce; let us flee and beat the sea with our charging oar-sharp ships to our lovely precious birthland, for the taking is no longer doable, the massive confiscation, of wide-paved—manholed steamrollered—Troy.'

So he spoke, and he flamed the heated hearts in their breasts, all stirred up, fire filling the mass of men, as many recruits in the tumid ranks as did not hear the council. And the rumbling crush was set in motion, enginesque, like the long inswelling waves of the sea, the surging cyclonic Ikarian Sea, which Euros, Red-Booming East Wind, or Notos, Yellow-Whip South Wind, has fired, sparked out, shot in a rush,—pressure-sweeper—warpbright—bounding down from the clouds of Zeus, the Blue-Capped Polar-Pop. Just as when Dark-Source West Wind, Zephuros, comes and brushes, calmless-moves, a deep cool quiet cornfield, boisterous, bright-propelling, germinating turbulence, a stormloom weaving rippling waves, and it totters, shadow-bowing, tilting corn-ears docile-nodding, thus was the sum of assembled men moved, slowly shifted, and—alale! alale!—

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they duly zipped to the ships with a shout, and beneath their feet, a cloud of dust

coned and spiraled, lifted, loomed; and at the same time, they exhorted each other

to aim for and cling to and drag the ships down to the sparkling sea, so they cleared out the runways, the ship-tugging trenches, and *whoops* and *yells* went up to the sky

in the scramble and dash, the hurl for home, and they started to rip out the sandcrammed props from under the ships.

Then the Argeioi, the Soldiers of Light, might have succeeded and swung their return, — hupermorous supersortal — fending off fate, out-facing destiny,

had not Here, queen of the skies, spoken a word to Athene — laossoous concitatic — warrior-driver, people-propeller — whipcape colorclang sandflash popsparks!:

‘O my stars, child of Zeus, lord of the snakehead-goatshield, Atrutone, Unrubdownable! — goddess indefatigable —

truly, thus, *will* the Argeioi, the Luminades, flee to their dear beloved birthland,

make a clean break for the boats, homebound, *upon* the broad back of the sea?

And, to boot, a reason to boast, they would leave as a relic — an object of glory, a trophy of triumph — to Priam the king and the Trojans,

the tangible prize of Argive Helen, Beauty-Fused, Light-Carved, the sake for whom *many* Akhaioi,

pain-pushed, battle-slain, perished in Troy, far from their precious birthland.

Come now — go through the squads of the Akhaioi, copper-coped, crimson-caped,

and with your special, mild words, bar and block each man,

and do not let them haul and drag down, shingle-tract, their double-curved oar-spun blue-swinging ships to the salt-inseminous sea.’

Thus she spoke, nor did Athene disobey, goddess of the tourmaline eyes — glaukopicidic fulgidoculous — silver-traced crystal-spaced;

in a dart and a dash, a golden rush, a silver flash, down she shot, descended the peaks — katabained bright-devened — of Olumpos,

and quickly she came to the fast corvettes of the Akhaioi.

Then she found Odusseus, Hated Man, — in counsel, craft and cogitations, peer of Polar-Pop Zeus, — star-balanced planet-bearing —

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by the sea stupendous, merely standing. He was not fired to fasten to keel,
to scramble and cling to his weather-black well-decked ship—eussel-
mous beneconstratic—boosted with beautiful oar-banks,

since *sorrow* and *pain* came to, coated his heart, squeezing his soul, storm-
toned,

and standing near, Athene of the sea-cast bright-rimmed eyes, spoke to,
addressed him:

‘Zeus-produced son of Laertes, Ant Man offspring, dodgy craftcrammed
Odusseus,—polumekhanic multicontrivant—glowing dendrites, thrust-
ing axons, chromic engines, chime-machines—

thus, in truth, aiming homebound, will you head for your precious birth-
land,

flee with your flags, rush and charge, *tumble* upon your ships,—multi-
transtral—tight-beamed, cut and sawed, bright-buffed, with many lock-
ing rowing-benches?

And, to boot, you would leave behind, as a burning reminder to Priam the
king and the Trojans a suitable reason, sufficient to swagger and boast,

the impressive prize of Argive Helen, Light-Carved, Beauty-Struck, the
sake for whom *many* Akhaioi,

pain-filled, combat-killed, died in Troy, distant from their dearest birth-
land.

Come now—go through the troops of the Akhaioi, and do not dawdle any
longer,

and with your special, mild words, block and bar each man,

and do not let them drag and haul down, strand-tract, their twin-turned
oar-rolled green-swinging ships to the salt-assimilated sea.’

So she spoke, and he perceived—bright commission!—bold celestial syl-
lables—the voice of the goddess speaking,

and subito, she fired his feet, and he cast off his brooch-blinking gold-
threaded cloak which the herald picked up and took care of,

the sacrosanct Ithacan minister, lavender-caped Eurubates, Wide-Stepper,
who was then attending him.

But he himself came face-to-face with Agamemnon son of Atreus,

and took in hand, received from him the amber baton of his fathers, the
imperial energy stick, imperishable forever.

With it enclenched, he went *down* by the ships through the troops of the
bronze-coated sea-turbing sun-bending shrill Akhaioi.

Whomever he happed to meet, now, who was captain or chieftain, over-
lord, commander or king,

he would swiftly approach, stand by his side, check and restrain and en-

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mesh him with words, delicate-kind:

'Ill-starred buddy, soul-divided, — mind-blurred passion-burning — it's not *right* I try to

scare you as *if* you were filled with fright, a pale poltroon, a base combatant, lacking backbone,

but you, yourself, be unbase, sit down on the ground, and make all the *other troopers* sit down — the soldiers strident-rushing.

For *still* you don't know — it's not at all clear — what the martial-bent mind of the son of Atreus is secret-brewing, crystallizing.

At present *this* is only a test, but soon he will squeeze, pink and pock, — push and press, bright-compel — retro-screw, overwhelm — swordfire shieldwater — the sons of the Akhaioi.

Did *not* we all hear what he said in the council?

Be on guard, for bile-whipped, ire-battered, — gall-gouged dark-provoked — he may do *something* not so nice, something bad, to the sons of the dream-torn trenched-out Akhaioi;

but magnous the mind is, expansive, supreme, — synapse-snapping storm-breaking element-cast — of — diotrephic caelicrassous — *sky-jelled* kings, for treasured esteem is *from* the *whim* of Blue-Face Zeus, and Zeus, camp-counselor, loves them.'

But whatever trooper, a man of the ranks, a common soldier he'd come upon, meet and see shouting arush for the ships,

he would strike or tap, bop with his proppy baton, and — joint-jolt communiclame — bullwhip and batter, ear-slash with mouthed-out words:

'Star-dark buddy, take a breather, sit still, stop trembling, have no fear, and listen to the words of others

who are braver, better than you, more vigorous, who *excel* at combat-thrust, ambush-thresh, for *you're* no warden, *you* lack prowess, *you* are feeble, weak and wanky,

and never are weighed, balanced in battle and never numbered, counted in council — you don't cut ice!

No way, here, shall we Akhaioi *all* enreign, *all* be kings.

Too many chiefs, commanders encrammed — multiimperial polukoirani-ous panel of multiple powerheads, — is not a good thing. Let there be one who supremely commands,

one king, to whom the child of — angkulometric cliniconsilial — crooked-counseling craft-encurved Kronos, Circle-Maker, gave

the majestic charged-up stick and its cognate powers, so he may deliberate, hard things consider, resolve for his men.'

Thus he was plying his goddess-sent power, welkin-commissioned,

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engaging the chaos-fraught companies, caught-up contingents as tour-inspector, and the troops to the place of assembly

shot back, in turn, subito, from their ships and huts

with a clashy rumble, ripple-clang, as *when* a swell of the—poluphloisbous multiplangent—sound-abounding light-abending *particolor-undulating* soft-splashing hard-pounding sea—

iridescent prowling jaguars—lion-roars, tiger-growls,—shatters tonic prisms on the long-sonic shore,—*unspringing* foam-darting bright-impelled harp-shaped waves—and the *deep* explodes with a dashy tumble.

The others, then, sat down, and remained on the ground in their places; but Rash Man, alone, Thersites the Bold, Audax of the tireless tongue, continued to clack, prattle and wrangle, dock and chide, bawl out his chief, orally brawl with babble and drool, utter untruncative trails of words—ametroepic immensiverbal—how outrageous!

His mind was crammed with reams of words out of whack, disarrayed, chaos-laced,—

not in sequential order—a whirling well, extra-hurling,—idle alinear brain debris—a mill to deal out diatribes—who knew *well* how to nettle and quarrel with kings,

and would utter whatever seemed, to him, to be jocular—joke-gist, just jest—to the gazing Argeioi, the Luminous People.

And he was, to boot, shameless-supreme, the most *mocked* and despicable man who came and contended, under the shadows of Troy's trenchant towers,

ugly with a capital U: O-shaped legs, one foot lame, shamle-gaited,—a hunchback

having *both* humpy shoulders pinning his chest; on top of *that*

a pointy sugar-loaf head,—more than barely skullbald—and spare hair, a snatch of stubble, grew in a bloom, a nap down upon it—funhouse-mirror amorphous man.

Most hated was he, especially, striking-stark, by bright Akhilleus Man of Pain, and dark Odusseus Disdained,

for he would repeatedly bicker and scrap, taunt in a tiff, chafe, uncheck those two; now, again, shrieking and braying

at Agamemnon, sky-lit, march-staunch, triumph-determined, invasion-ensparkled, he counted off, sputtered reproaches and piercing abuses, screeched out scratches, shifting, sharp, like braking wheels on iron rails. And so, with him, the Akhaioi

were way incensed, vexed and waxy, flame-intense, rancor-wrecked, cinder-struck, grudge-gouged, in their wild, *overworked*, blustering, blood-enboiled hearts—combustive swerving distribution.

But squawking nonstop—shouts unshut, barks unblocked—he strove

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with, croaked at, — word-enwrestled — Agamemnon Adamant:

'Son of Atreus, indeed what again are you griping about and what do you crave?

Your sloping huts are crammed with bronze, and mounds and curves of numberless women,

remarkable droves of select delectables, lounge and play in, populate, your huts, high-grade broads which we battled-out Akhaioi

give you first, whenever we seize, tackle and squeeze, crush and crack, conquer a city.

Can it be you still lack, presumably need, gold, too, which some faceless man

of the mare-busting Trojans, broken down, will bring from Troy entrea-sured as a red-echoed price, ticket to freedom for his son,

whom I bound and dragged away, or some other stripe of the Akhaioi;

or do you crave a nubile girl, young and fresh, so you can mingle and mash in love,

and whom you, yourself, apart can possess — hold down, control, bridle, detain? It doesn't look good

for the one who is captain to lead into evils, trigger troubles, — booby-trap-step — for the sons of the Akhaioi.

You pincushion pushovers! Sacks of disgrace! Soft-stuffed toys! Tepid pulp-pap! Base shame-balls! Akhaian squaws! Greeks no longer!

Let's saddle up and head for home with our ships, and let this cookie

here in Troytown soften up, cherish, digest, his other-earned *impressive* self-imparted prizes, so then he may *know*

whether we too, would be of value, worthy to give him a hand when it got *hot*, or not,

he who, just now, slighted, dishonored, mocked Akhilleus, a man far better, braver than *he* ever could be;

for he took with a snatch his prize assumed and keeps it, royal-clutched — purple-ripped appropriation.

Indeed no rage, bile-boiled, thrashes and kicks at, contaminates Akhilleus' heart, but he lets this go — a radioactive bunch of balloons;

or else, Atreides, son of Untrembles, — opprobrium-trundles baseness-bungles — this were your *last* outrageous disgrace.'

So spoke Audax, crass Thersites, Rash Man, scolding, reprimanding, Agamemnon Adamant, shepherd of the land-based host;

then *quickly* bright-lit Odusseus Abominated came up close beside him,

and looking bleakly and obliquely reamed him out with rigid words — jagged

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objurgations:

'Babble-lips, muddle-mouth, turboglot Thersites, — ear-blinding word-blender — drivel-reveling wind-jabber — though you are a facile speaker, can utter silver syllable-bubbles, — crystal tones, pistol shells —

quell your tongue, and don't be single-keen to quarrel with kings.

For I *deem* there is no other mortal, — timebound creature — baser, worse than you,

of the many who came with the sons of Atreus, Unshaken, into the protracted shadows of Troy's piston towers;

so, you had better not soapbox, — outface jeweled prestige, challenge gemmed glamour, waylay royal domain — mention or mouth the word 'kings',

and you had better not flame them with opprobrium — torch-reproach bright-displayed — instigate castigations — blame-bled objections — and keep an eye on, hope for home.

We don't know clearly in any degree, up to this point, how these things will be,

whether *we*, the sons of the Akhaioi, shall return, come back, plus or minus battle-crowns.

In this mode, strafing nonstop, on this spot, taking up space, you heckle and hatchet

Agamemnon son of Atreus, shepherd of chevrons, because the Danaan warriors

give him, above all, many things — oodles of boodle, raze-dazzle; and you with a *sneer* slice his heart — kertomic cordicisive.

But I will tell you something up front, and *what I say* will be fulfilled:

if I find you again playing the role of a screwdown blockhead, — belly-voiced dummy, brainless robot, boltskulled dolt — just like now,

then no more may the head of Odusseus be attached to his shoulders,

and *no longer* may I be *called* the father of Telemakhos *Far-off-Fighter*,

if I don't take a hold of you and strip off your clothes,

your brooch-twinkling cloak and tunic of rings which screens your pubis, — amphikaluptic ambitectic —

and toss you — clown emission — as you blubber and wail, ploring discharged, trailing off to the ships,

after driving you out of the meeting place with demoting indecorous thrashes and blows.'

Thus he spoke, and with his baton he bopped his back — metaphrenon postpraecordia after-heart — tergo-tapped — and shoulders —

humerus shock. Then Thersites doubled up, banged body bending, and a

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sudden blooming lucent *tear* fell from his face;
and a bleeding wale, swelling bruise, welled up, slowly starting, on his
back,
below the staff of gold. Then he sat down, whimpering, and now he was
scared, terrified,
bursting in pain, and looking helpless, unavailed, — abtergent apomor-
gic — he wiped away the tear.
And though in distress, the entertained Danaoi laughed at him, cackle-
coated, and — arrident epigelastic — storm-tickled, strike-delighted,
favored the amusement;
and thus some trooper turning an eye to his buddy, nearby, would say:
'O my stars, indeed, many a time did *Odusseus* do a good job, performing
well,
both introducing solid counsel, sound advice, and mobilizing, helming
out, for battle;
but this deed, now, by far is the *best* he has ever *done* among the Argeioi,
excellently executed,
bunkering and blocking up, not allowing this — epesbolic verbijective —
word-chucking worm — vile outrageous wretch, spiteful crude dis-
parager — diatribe-ejector — from taking the floor.
His huff-and-puff-hardy pumped-up heart, I deem, won't prompt him
again
to quarrel, cross swords, with kings, tooling out crates of blame, slinging
smearing soiling words.'

Thus spoke the crush of corpsmen, and — ptoliporthous urbivastic —
city-buster *Odusseus*
stood up holding the booster baton, and beside him Athene, muscle-ro-
bust, of the gun-brilliant battleship eyes,
resembling a sacred herald, bid the host to hush,
so the sons of the Akhaioi, both proximal and distal, unified, at the same
time,
could hear his mouth-made words, and consider his wishful plan.
With a mind full of truth he addressed the assembly and spoke to them:
'Son of Atreus, now truly, O king, the deployed Akhaioi hanker to make
you
the *most* disgraced, marred and debased, among all mortals, — speech-en-
dowed — meropic tribuvocal — voice-divided creatures,
nor will they, ever, *fulfill* the *pledge* which they forged and proponed,
on their way here, while marching in waves from — hippobotic equipas-
tic — steed-feeding Argos, Land of Light,

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vowing to you to decimate, crush, well-walled battering-ram-proof Ilios,
before heading off for home.

For just like frantic ungrown children or widow women,
shrill they howl and wail and moan, lament to each other, craving to
home return.

Indeed it is hard labor too—potential double trouble—to go back *undone*,
lost in distress, sorrow-saturated;

for he who remains even one month away from his wife

with his ship of many benches, — poludzugic multitransal — feels sad,
engulfed in grief, washed in anguish, down on deck throughout the
weathered thwarts and beams, he whom purple-pivoting winds, — core-
jerked spinbright —

wrack-sucked winter storms like blinding clamping canines, violet gales
in conglobation, — color-arc-ing agitators — rolled-up reds, close-packed
blues, velocity-huddling greens — constellated whirlicanes and whippy
seas *hit* and *hammer*, stir up, circumturb;

but for us, remaining here, burns and turns — axle-flames — the ninth re-
volving

cycle — peritropic circumversive — iridescent wonderwheel; therefore, I am
not abashed the Akhaioi,

grief-engrossed, driven by distress, are glassy-eyed beside their curvy
keels; but even so,

it *no doubt* demonstrates shame, ushers disgrace, to stay so long and go
back bare, spoilless, empty-handed.

Be tough, my friends, and stick it out, stay where you are for a while, — ex-
ecute self-control — submit to the crystal ball! — so we can learn

whether Purple-Ponchoed Kalkhas clearly hears and truly sees the vast
unknown or not — smells the past, tastes the future — feels the push and
pull of Apollo, filled with frenzy's rapid-fire.

For, indeed, we do know well what happened, etched so deep in our
skulls, and *all* of you are

witnesses, whom the death-bringing doom-queens have not yet displaced
and dragged away.

It seems like only yesterday or the day before, when fleets of ships of the
Akhaioi

were grouping up in Aulis, about to bring bundles of setbacks, lots of
luck-lack — bad things dump-trucked — to Priam the chief and Trojans;

and *we* were lounging around a spring, down along the high and holy,
molar altars, — mallet-clanging thick-perfumed —

offering impeccable firepools, oxen-rings, to the permanent people,

beneath a broad-leaved, bounteous and beautiful, oriental plane-tree,
from which *flowed* color-coned enrippled glittering water.

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There a striking sky-sign came to light, sudden-appearing: a gleaming snake, blood-kill-red on the back,
grisly, lurid, *terrible*,—which the Olympian king, himself, whipped up and propelled—darting into the shingled light,
shot from under the altar-steps, steep, enstoned, and flashed to the leafy, oriental plane-tree.
And *there* were nesting sparrowettes, inchoative chirping birdies,
way up on the highest branch,—altissimous akrotatic—crouching under, terrified—subtimid hupoptessic—pansive lavish leaves,
eight little nippers, wretchedly watched, and the mother who *bore* the nestling hatch was number nine.
Then, the serpent swallowed them squeaking,—twittering twuttering—gobbled them cheeping piteously,—trig trig trig—intransigent kata-phage, inexorable devoration—
and the mother flittered and fluttered, wailing for her precious babies;
and looming up in a vertical coil—silent-winding inky-hooded—the snake snatched her by the wing, shrieking in her shattered rings—amphiakhic hover-squeezed—jerk-flying ululation.
But when he had smacked his lips and snacked the hatch and sparrow to boot,
the god who drew out the snake to the light, magically drew back the light from the snake, virtually invisible;
for the son of Kronos,—curviconsulent—crooked-crafting,—vanished water, bending fire—turned him straight to stone,
and we who stood by, taking it in, *marveled* at what happened, stunned by such a shocking chain of events.
So when the portents, strange and terrible,—wonder-striking—stark incursion—*came* into the helical-blackhorn-bull-bleeding fires of the gods,—
invading immolations—then Kalkhas of the purple orbits, subito, spoke sparks,—colored spotlights, robust skybeams—lit up, prompted by the gods—theopropic deuclearous—cosmopsychic kick!:
'Why in the world have you hushed to a halt, flameball-heavy-haired, sailwind-taken Akhaioi?
Zeus the mile-high weather-controller, empyreal mentor,—monster-un-masker—showed
us this sign, a portent of sorts, great and marvelous, fanged and scaled—abracadabra cobra-dazzle!—
late-created, late-fulfilled, whose echoing glory will never be killed.
Just as this serpent chomped and bolted bird-babies and bird-mother, eight little nippers, and the mother who bore the nestling hatch, the ninth sparrow unspared,

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so shall *we* bash heads, bang bones, in the shadows of Troy for so many years,

but in the *tenth*, we shall take down—the wide-paved—manholed steam-rollered—town.'

Thus spoke Kalkhas, mind-empurpled; now, indeed, all these things are being fulfilled.

Gear down, shun your ships! All of you *stay* right where you are, you face-caged shin-guarded—euknemidic beneocreal—spear-thwonk shield-bong—inditched Akhaioi,

stay put, until we take in our bare raw hands the fabulous city of Priam the king.'

Thus he spoke, and the spurred Argeioi, the Men of Light, shouted and boomed, and the ships, like painted rungs,

rang, rammed with a terrible roar, ricocheting, echo-clashing,—rumble-pop brindle-blow—beneath the cheers of the Akhaioi,

commending the mouth-made lauded words of divine Odusseus.

And Nestor the Gerenian charioteer talked to them too:

'O my stars, indeed you are holding assembly resembling

wordless toddlers,—pliant aphonic oblivious infants—to whom martial deeds are *not* in the *least* objects of care.

How, thus, will our tight-shut oaths and close-bound bonds,—synthetic compound promises—turn out for us?

Indeed let the *plans* and *counsels* of men,—champion strategies, guardian tactics—enlace and vanish in fire,

the unmingled waterless wine for the gods—arcing bright libations—and solid handshakes, which we trusted;

now, in vain, do we tussle and scrap, bicker with words, nor can we find a single solution, a prudent expedient, *though* we have been here *such* a long time.

Son of Atreus—you can still do it!—just as before with an unshaken will,—ironclad unagitated—

lead the Argeioi, the Men of Light, through the space of jagged blowback combat, bright robust and brutal battles,

but let these *here* conk out, kick in,—moon-dwindle sun-decline—the one or two of the Akhaioi

who make clandestine separate plans,—for *they* will produce no effect—

before we aim and shoot for Argos, Land of Light, until we know

if the promise of Zeus—subhabition huposkthesis—who wild-wields the—*aigiokhic caprihabent*—dragon-flaming stone-turning storm-shield is a lie or not.

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For I affirm the—supervalid—skyhigh-powered son of Kronos nodded yes
on the *day* when the Argeioi, the Bright People, boarded their—okuporic
celerivading ultramarine—high-speed ships,

bringing bleeding butchery and liquidating icky doom to the Trojans;
by lobbing lightning on the right he brilliantly exhibited seasonable—op-
portune— *goddess-spun* celestial signs—vault-vowed decrees.

Thus let *no one*—press water—barrel and burn for home,
until he has caught, conked and shocked,—katakoimed decubited—
ripped off a veil, whipped out a sash—cuddled and saddled the wife of
a Trojan,

and has settled accounts, robust-imbursed for his struggles impelled and
sighs bewailed for the sake of—rainbow-olfactory muscle-mobile pas-
tel-scarfed ripple-gowned polka-dot-caped mylar-espadrilled—Helen—
how karyatidic!

But if *anyone* wishes to wash their hands of accumulated combat, bow-
ekplegic stern-efflictive—struck by a boundless pressing drive to pound
and push for home,

let him bind fast, snag and cling to his eclipse-black ship of beautiful oar-
banks,—bright-painted well-decked—beneconstrate—

so, in sight of the others, he may bump into death,—encounter sullen ter-
minal colors—engage the battering fist of doom.

But, O king, you yourself consider well, ponder hard and heed another;
whatever word I happen to utter will not fail, be jettisoned—abjective apo-
bletic—you can *count* on that!

Separate, group up the men—codify the tribes—by clans, Agamemnon,
so clan can succor clan, and *tribe* able to booster tribe.

And if you do this thus, and the Akhaioi comply and heed you,
then you will know *who* of the chiefs *lacks back*,—yellow glows—is called a
craven, and *who* of the hosts,

and who is plucky, who is brave, for they will project their force by fight-
ing;—tribeclang clanshine!—

and if you do not sap the city,—lambent-undermine—suck blood, lick
bones—drain shrines, trench temples—you will know if, too, it's due
to the will—welkin-thrilled—of the gods,—wonder-sonic marvel-chro-
mic,—tonebright agents—

or the baseness, panic and fear of the men and their—reckless antics—fol-
ly afield and silly behavior in war.'

Then, responding, to him *spoke*—lucent syllable swap—King Agamem-
non Adamant:

'Indeed once again, old man, you *eloquently* conquer-talk the sons of the
Akhaioi.

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Father Zeus and Headborn Athene and Beam-Encrowned Apollo,
I wish I had *ten* such *counselors* who keen-consider, team-ponder—conin-
dicate, sumphrade—link-think, connect the dots—among the scar-hard
Akhaioi;
thus would the city of Priam the king quickly sink in assault, subito bow
and buckle,
clobbered and clubbed, tangled and taken—vanish, bright-disintegrate—
by dint of our knuckle-bruised hands.
But son of Kronos, Zeus of the snakehead-goatshield, packs and loads me
down with woes;
he *flings* me out among feckless conflicts, uncrossed quarrels.
For indeed Akhilleus and I, for a fact, fought on account of a girl
with polar words, forcefaced,—pinched antibious syllables—and I was the
first to blow up;
but if, to be sure, we ever deliberate, plan with a single purpose, then, no
more,
will there *be* a *shelving*,—swerving shove-back—check of bone-wreck—
blood-ick blocked—objective anaballic structures—sun-phantoms
moon-dragons—for the Trojans, no, not in the least.
But *now* put on your eating caps, go for dinner, *dig in*, so we can begin to
battle-mingle,
drive through clanging fire, hammer bodies, crack heads,—charge-co-
gent—meld with Blood-Mouth Ares.
Let *every* man hone and spark, buff well, the pole of his spear, and sling
well his bullhide shield,—metal-plated tassel-tossing hydra-spinning
color-looped—
and feed well his *chow-chumbling* quick-hoofed horses,—piebald okupods,
speckled celeripeds—
and eyeball well, double-inspect, his well-built—tightframed fueled-up—
car, and focus on war,
so all day long we can be distinguished, broken up in abominable battle,—
bleeding clashing puppet debris—powdered by Ares, Body-Sifter.
For no time-out will be called for us, no, not a comma, not a space,—no
lacuna—
if the coming of night doesn't split and dissolve the passion and might of
the men.
The leather shield-strap, worn across the chest, of *every* soldier—man-
flanking-shield-shaded—
will all-out reek with rills of sweat, and round the pole of his 2-part spear
his pepless hand will sag,
and his horse will sweat, heat-attacked, tugging the tight-gearred well-
waxed war-car.

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But whom I should *see* wandering off, preferring to linger apart from the battle,
shirking shock and blow of action, next to the curve-keeled ships, soon for him, lacking knack, —
there will be no *option* sufficient to ward off or dodge, *keep away*, wild dogs and rabid birds.'

Thus he spoke, and the fired-up *fueled* Argeioi whooped and rumbled, canon-shrieked, raucous-roared like a seminal wave
that scrapes a sky-high cape when Notos, — Auster — South Wind, a hot tropical wet sirocco, comes on hard, vast-moving, — punch-bright slam-dark —
propelled against a jutting lookout, — coastal crag protruding — which waves of pounding combinations, jagged-swelling, wind-knocked, never leave,
when, power-blown storm-sucked, they *high-hurl* from all sides, pop up here, land down there, bound around, *everywhere*.
Thus they rose, pulled and stirred way up in a rush, and shot in a scatter to the ships,
and ramped up smoky fires along the throngs of slopy cabanas, and appetites whetted, mopped up meals.

Now each to each, in brilliant succession, they *sacrificed* to the everlast gods, — aieigenetic sempernatant — red-performed black operations —

400

pitching prayers to duck death and avoid the slog and moil of Bone-Cracking Battle, the tug and toil of Blood-Oozing War.
But the king of men, Agamemnon Adamant, slaughtered an ox — glorious, swift — in sanguine mooing sacrifice,
a fat and holy 5-year-old, for the might-cored son of Kronos, high-powered, super-charged,
and called the aetatic battle-chiefs, the best of the body of the Akhaioi:
Nestor first and Tough-as-Timber Idomeneus the king,
and then Ajax One and Two, the great Salaminian, shield-robust, and the lesser Lokrian, spear-combust, and son of Tudeus,
and in turn Odusseus Abominated, sixth, equal in craft to Sky-Pop Zeus.
And self-propelled, Menelaos, People-Repeller, good at the war-whoop — shatter-shouter — came to him,
for he knew in his heart, dark-pressed, how his brother was lost in distress.
And they stood in a ring, around the bull, and scooped up sprinkling barley-grains, — molar, umber, rich —
and praying, Chief Agamemnon Adamant spoke among them:

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'Most exceptional, glorious Zeus, — atrinubous kelainephic — black-cloud-clad, storm-wielder, dweller of the sparky air, — birth-pure crystal-bright —

grant the sun not set, or twilight come upon us,

until I have kicked out, knocked in, thrown down prone the ceiling-beam of Priam the king, —

kataballic sun, moon dejected — parquet-kissing carbon-smear — soot-suspended smoke-bloated — and charred his doors with hall-filled fire, orange unforming, — red mire undermining — absolute incineration —

and ripped apart Hektor's tunic, wrapped around his chest, — ring-chin-ling, scale-scrapping —

ribboned and rent by bronze, — spearhead-tattered, spearbeam-burst — and may many comrades, weaponed about him,

crash and trip, tumble to earth, fall on their face and bite the dust' — take turf, eat dirt — gum-bridges teeth-tunnels!

Thus he spoke, but not so soon did son of Kronos Circle-Maker finish, fulfill, his wish, yet he accepted roasted creatures, holy sky-aimed sacrifices, — glorious immolations — but ratcheted up, troubles compounded, — nightmare monsters — toothed, unturning, — too-too much.

And when they had prayed, and sprinkled and flung the ground with pounded dribbling grains, — oulokhutic molafusive —

first they *drew back* glass-eyed heads — necks upturned to the sky — and sliced their throats and flayed them,

and cut out thighs and wrapped them up — katakaluptic decelate — with a double layer

of smoky, pungent, ready-made fat and placed raw pieces, strips of sliced flesh, — omothetic crudiposed — upon them.

And *then* they burned these up on split rotating laths of leafless skeletal fire-wood, — debustive katakaustic —

and piercing with spits of iron to grill the internal organs, held them over the kindled flames of Anvil-Clanging Fire-Clinger, Hephaistos.

But *when* the *thighs* were burned and consumed, and the various organs were eaten,

they then carved up and pierced the *cuts* leftover — ambiperforated — the remaining parts, with glaring airborne spits,

and roasted everything carefully, — periphradical circummonstrative — flicker-fragrant sizzle-bright — and pulled off all the pieces.

And when they had stopped their cooking toil, barbecue chore encapping, and duly had prepared the many-course meal,

they feasted, and nothing at all did their craving, clustered *inclinations* lack, — storm-invaded swirling hearts — no component or part of the flamed-up doled-out well-balanced meal.

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Now when they dispelled, let go of the urge—orexis releasing—and banished desire for food and drink,
then, emerging, Nestor the Gerenian charioteer began to speak to them:
'Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon master of men,
let us now no longer babble or huddle here, nor let us *still stall* any more
or twiddle our thumbs, postpone or cast away, *reject* the—positive enterprise—work which the god, indeed, puts in our palms.
Come now—snap it up! It's time for action. Let the sacred heralds of the—
aeritunical—copper-coated Akhaioi
make their proclamation, and muster, round up ranks of the companies
down throughout and among the ships,
and let us go systematically, men of many voices,—sunshriek moon-scream—through the staggered flame-pit camps of the Akhaioi
so we can fire, fuel more *quickly* pole-punching battle, wake up briskly
spear-pushing war'—gold-clanking silver-clashing.

Thus he spoke, and Agamemnon, king of men, did not disobey.
He bid the clear-toned sacred heralds—shingle-strepitant offing-sonic—
subito
to call to the suck and choke of war the hair-streaming bright-clad Akhaioi.
They aired their proclamation and the men assembled on the double.
So sky-corroborant kings,—Jup-curdled Dis-gelled—encircling son of
Atreus,
were rushing, brisk-regrouping, sifting the host, and—viridoculous—green-eyed Athene—gorgeous-appareled strength-injecting—enzyme-filtering power-punch—was in their midst, invisibly sparkling,—bulk-vibrate brane-warp—x-ray-echo, gamma-glow!—
bearing the blinding metallic gorgonic *battle-cape*, super-precious,—outer-space-spangled, atom-reverberant—ageless and deathless,
from which a hundred, solid-gold tassels, floating, edgy, dangle and toss in
the lower air,
all well-woven, tight-entwined, and each worth a *hundred* screw-horn
oxen.
With *this* she twinkled and zoomed through the troops—orbit-vibration
rainbow-flash!—of Akhaioi,
sparking their movement, spurring their urge and, in each heart, she fused
force, shot volts,
nonstop, relayed unabated,—power-whip strength-stir—to dash bodies,
bash heads,—wet swords, dent shields—battle and clash.
Then, to them, instantly, war became sweeter than aiming for home

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in their well-scrubbed ships, sea-shined, bouncy, scoopy, approaching
their precious womb-soil.

Even as annihilating fire—invisible efficient devastation—burns up,
blanks out, a forest unbounded,—bustive orange, flegic red—*ineffably*
flourishing—

implanted on mountain-peaks, and from *afar* a gleam is seen,
thus from the marvelous *brushed* bronze—sun-sonic plates, moon-photic
scales—of mobilizing men

a dazzle and twinkle of colored dots—pamphanic omnilucent—dome-
zenith-penetrating —shot through the high-sparked filtered air to the
top of the sky.

Bright arrays materialize, as the many flights and tribes of birds, vari-
ous, winged,

wild geese or wading cranes or—doulikhodeirous prolixcervical—long-
necked swans,

on the Asian water-meadows around the flowing Kaustrian streams,—
fireflow scorch-bubbles—

zig and zag in swooping bright formation, delighting in their glorious
wings,

shrieking as they, soft-descending, come in for an ordered landing, caw-
cawing,—sun-gong moon-gang—alighting in succession, and the water-
meadows scream and clash, shrill and echo;

thus many tribes of warriors were pouring out from their ships and huts,
gushing in *brigades* into the sandal-pounded armor-dented cumbent Ska-
mandrian plain; and the jewel-englowing gore-absorbed mudpacked
earth below

reverberated, rumbled and clanged,—cave-clish waterfall-clash—tonical-
bammed, terrible-boomed under feet of men and hooves of horses.

They lined up and stood in the flowery moist Skamandrian meadow,
numberless, like teeming leaves and blowing blooms in the brilliant and
burgeoning—time-component space-organ—season of spring.

Like the many tribes—throng-sonic rocket-vibrant core-crammed—of
bunchy bombinating flies,

which straggle and range through the shepherd's stable, wander orbit-like,
in color-charged planet-supple springtime, when squirting *milk* coats and
sloshes, drenches splashing buckets;

so enclustered, so many long-haired Akhaioi, facing the Trojans,
stood on the god-tracked—human-torqued—inambulated plain,—comets

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confronting meteors—palette-clanging galaxies!—burning to shatter
and dash them to pieces—diarrhaic perfractive debris—organ-colored
bonebeads.

Now for the armies. Even as goat-rangers easily separate scattered and
speckled

flocks of goats, widespread, white-spilled, —horizontal-ranging—when
they mingle and graze in a pasture,

so did the leaders marshal the men—color-cosmic sound-ordered—here
and there,

to go into battle, quest for combat,—keen-mustered might-kindled—and
King Agamemnon among them,

looking like storm-crazy Zeus—terpikeraunic fulmindelective—with
thunderbolt-diadem, flashboom crown, from the neck up in eye-hue
and head-shape,

like Ares in waist,—gore-girthed molar-zoned—and Poseidon in chest.

Even as a *bull* is prominent by *far* above all the drove of oxen,

crumple-horn-excelled, for *he* outshines, endims, outcrowns, the other
clumpy cattle—convisible metaprepic;

thus did Zeus make son of Atreus candescent on that day,—

lightbound uneclipsed—remarkable, clear among many, robust undim-
ming, rimmed in splendor, combat-paramount,—fruit-salad-bright—su-
preme among soldiers.

Tell me now, sky-maidens—bathukolpous altisinic—deep-shaped
bosom-tumbling—

swell-shadowed dress-slipping—bright-shifting waterfall-folds—Burning
Dreaming Muses, who dwell in Olympian homes—

for you are *goddesses*, you are here and everywhere and know all things,

but we *terrenes* only hear *buzz* and passing rumors, and so, do *not* know
anything—

relay through me, who were the leaders and chief commanders of the
starlit Danaoi.

For I could *no way* mouth or name the primary body of men,

not if I had *ten* tongues and *ten* mouths

and an unbroken waverless luminous voice, not if the heart in my body
were bronze,

if the Dreaming Burning Muses, daughters of Zeus of the snakehead-goat-
shield,

Olympiadic, color-curved, would not *recall*—rainbowblow, wonderglow—

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how kallipygian! — karyatid-a-go-go! — how many came — infravened —
under the shadows of Ilios' towers.

In turn I will tell of armada admirals, captains of ships, and the subsets of
ships in their fleets.

Peneleos and Leitos commanded the Boiotoi, the Cattle People,
and valorous Arkesilaos and Prothoenor and Klonios,
who inhabited wave-whipped Hurie, and rocky Aulis, wind-blown fire-
crying, rattle-bright,
and rushy Skhoinos and rugged Skolos and — poluknemic multieminent —
spur-spanning sky-poking moon-starred Eteonos of many mountain
shoulders,

Thespeia and silver Graia, and — eurukhorous latilocal — Mukalessos of
wide and circular dancing spaces,
and who lived around seer-swallowing Harma of the flame-painted com-
bat-cars and Elesion and Eruthrai of the ruby-luminous vibrating air,
and who held Eleon and Hule, Woodtown, and Pete-
on, — 500

polupurgous multimoeniatic — turret-tined tower-teeming Okalee and
Medeon, the well-built shining citadel,
Kopai and circuit-walled Eutresis and — polutreronic multifugal — cliff-
dwelling-jitters-darting-dove-abounding Thisbe,
and who composed Koroneia, Curvetown, and grassy green Haliartos,
and who held Plataia, *and* who dwelled in Glisas,
and who *held* low-based Hypothebai, the well-constructed — star-colonized
moon-furbished — citadel,
and holy Ongkhestos, the bright Posideian — car-crash grave — grove,
and who held — polustaphulous multiuval — raceme-ambient bright-clus-
tered — grape-jamming Arne, and who held Mideia
and super-sacred Nisa, and Anthedon on the seaboard.

Of these, there *came* fifty ships, — maximum-manned — and on board of
each

went a hundred and twenty young and bold Boiotian men.

And those who dwelled in Aspledon and Minyan Argonautic — power-
cored tholos-tombed — Orkhomenos —

Askalaphos and Ialmenos, sons of Blood-Mouth Ares, led these troops,
whom Astuokhe, City-Protector, the honored maiden, bore in the palace
of Aktor, Leader of Men, son of Azeus, to powerful Red-Eyed Ares,

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after going to her upper chamber, and *then* he lay beside her in secret.
And with these troopers, thirty hollow ships were lined up.

But Skhedios, Hand-To-Hand, and Epistrophos, Turn-Around, commanded the Phokians,
sons of mighty-souled Iphitos, son of Naubolos, Dreadnought-Thrower,
who held Kuparissos, and hierarchic rocky dragon-flaming echo-punctured cliffy Putho,
and super-sacred — akropolitan catapult-fortified — spur-clinging vale-commanding —
machicolated — Krisa and Daulis and — kallikhoric pulchrilocal — dancy Panopeus,
and who dwelled about Anemoreia, City of Winds, and Huampolis,
and who lived by the river Kephisos, bright-as-sky,
and who *held* Lilaia, City of Red Desire, by the streams of Kephisos.
And together with these, forty black *ships* followed in fleet.
The chiefs as monitors marshaled the ranks of the Phokians, tight-inspected,
and geared up hard-by the Boiotoi, the Cattle People, on the left.

And swift Ajax son of Oileus, — high-speed enemy-chaser — Troop-Roller, led the light-armed bow-and-arrowed — rock-slinging rear-discharging — mobile Lokroi,
Ajax the less, — Cassandra-dragging Palladion-robber — in no way as great as strapping enstarred Telamonian Ajax,
but minor by far. He was small — linothorekic, special-armored, flaxclad — and slight but surpassed with the spear the *whole Hellene host* and the Akhaioi.
These dwelled in Kunos and Opoeis, Figtown, and Kalliaros
and Bessa, Dingtletown, and Skarphe and lovely Augeiai, Beamtown,
and Tarphe, Tangletown, and Thronion, Bloomtown, round the streams of Boagrius, Wild-Bullhide-Shield.
And together with Ajax forty black ships of the Lokroi,
who dwell across holy Euboa, followed in fleet.

And the tribal Abantians, power-blasters, — close-range-fighters fire-breathers — who held Euboa,
and bright Khalkis of the copper-mines, and Eiretria and — multiracemic — grape-bunch-burst Histiaia,

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and Kerinthos-by-the-sea, and the steep citadel of Dion, Radiant Flat-Top,
and who held Karustos, and who did dwell in Stura, the Bright-Drilling
Place of Woodpeckers—

Elephenor in turn, the twigged playmate of Ares, Red-Mouth War, com-
manded these,

son of Khalkodon, captain supreme of the mighty-souled fight-bold Aban-
tians.

And together with him the swift Abantians followed, wearing their braid-
ed and banded foe-unyankable *hair* long in the back,

spearmen burning with luminous thrusting ashen spears

to shatter breastplates wrapping the chests of the enemies, fire-breathing
destroyers.

And together with him followed forty black ships.

And those who held Athenai, — akropolitan telescopic — the well-built
fortified city,

land of robust-hearted Erekhtheus, Bright-Smasher, whom Athene

daughter of Zeus — trephokratic validgerminal — cherished and reared,
brought up, but the grain-giving cool dark *earth* bore;

and she set him down in Athenai, in her own rich shrine;

and *there* the young Athenian men, — autokhthonous — as the years spin in
and out, —

peritellic circumfactive — space-colored time-rollered — — appease him
with favoring bulls and rams;

these, in turn, Menestheus, Permanent Man, son of swift Peteos, led.

And there *was* no man on *earth* like him at all

who could marshal war-cars and shield-wielders — cosmic axles, glowing
gorgons;

Only Nestor could match him, for he was older.

And together with him followed fifty black ships.

And bright-shadowed Ajax led twelve ships from shining Salamis,
and he set them where the *tooled-up* heavy infantry of the Athenaiοi stood
in battle-array.

And these held Argos, Glowtown, and — low-rock fortified — high-
walled Kyklopean Tiruns, — hydra-sizzle head-rattle —

Hermione and Asine, — gulf-controlling — containing deep and turquoise
curve of cove,

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Troizen and Eionai and vine-teeming tendril-twisting — spiral-exuberant —
fruity helix, jungle-creeper — Apollo-lit Epidauros,
and the young Akhaian men who possessed Aigina and Mases;
these, in turn, Diomedes, Sky-Whip-Guard, of the flesh-ripped creepy
war-whoop,
and Sthenelos, precious son of well-known Kapaneus, led — golden crack-
ling torch — electric battering ram.
And with them came a third, Eurualos, Wide Threshing-Floor, a godlike
man,
son of Monarch Mekisteus, Tall Man, son of Talaos, Toughy-Tumbles,
but Diomedes Sky-Informed of the plasma-freezing battle-scream, led the
entire team.
And together with these followed eighty black ships.

And those who held Mukenai, the well-constructed city,
and wealthy prosperous Korinthos, and well-built Kleonai, Fometown,
and dwelled in Orneiai, and lovely Araithuree
and Sikuon, from the spot where Adrestos, Last-Man-Standing, Theban
Seven head, first ruled his kingdom,
and those who held Huperesie and, to boot, dizzy steep Gonoessa
and Pellene, and dwelled about Aigion, — amphinemic ambidistributive —
Wavetown,
and throughout the whole of Aigialon, Roller-Sector, purple precinct of
Poseidon, and around wide-ranging earthquake-prone Helike, Turn-
aroundtown —
King Agamemnon son of Atreus led these troops, a hundred ships.
And with him followed the most by far indeed and the best
of the corps, and among them he himself did don his baleful burnished
bronze,
exulting, — pivoting peacock — and like a spotlight, — beam-robust — con-
spicuous metaprepic — outshone the bulk of the warriors,
for he was the best, and conducted the most, by far, of the corps.

And those who held — elevated-range-enringed — ravine-gashed — fis-
sure-riddled — turquoise concave Lakedaimon, Painted-Sky-Rattle, —
weather-color-clang, storm-chime-flash —
and Pharis and Sparte, Scattertown, and — multipavid — shadow-shivering
dove-huddling Messe,
and dwelled in Bruseiai, and lovely Augeiai, Raytown,

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and who held Amuklai, Apollo's precinct, and Helos, Low-River-Ground,
a seaside city,
and who haunted Laas, and dwelled around Oitulos—
Aggy's brother Menny, Resister of Men, master of the shrill-shocked men-
acing war-shout,
led these troops with sixty ships, and they were appareled apart—metal-
equipped—from the other men.
And he, himself, went *among* them, relying on his—heart-shadow fire-
pushing—spirit-rushing zeal,
sparking them on, war-ward, and he in the core of his *thumping heart* was
burning like a blowtorch
to get revenge, to action-spring, for his spiked internal storms and wails
and sullen sighs over Helen, Molested Maiden.

And those who dwelled in Pulos, City of Gates, and lovely Arene
and Thruon, Rushtown, the ford of Alpheios,—brilliant-thrusting aqua-
vade—and well-bepeopled Aipu, Steepy,
and lived in Kuparisseeis, and Amphigeneia,
and Pteleon and Helos, Low-River-Ground, and Dorion, and where the
Burning Dreaming Muses
met, encountered, Thamuris the Thrakian, and brought to an end his sing-
ing career,
on his way from Oikhalie, from the house of Eurutos the mountain-tough
Oikhalian;
for *boasting* he promised, solemn-declaring to vanquish all comers, were
the Muses themselves
to sing *counter* to him, the Fire-Maidens, Dream-Queens, daughters of
Zeus of the gorgon-goatshield;
but they, enraged, dismembered him, shut him down,—organ-defunc-
tioned, paralyzed—and took away
his celestial-sounding blue-shift voice,—moon-gong star-glitter—and—
Mach-sonic Doppler-tonic—knockback kickdown—*blacked out* his harp
knack—
600

Nestor the august Gerenian horseman led these men in turn,
and ninety hollow ships advanced with him in single file—marshaled
poppling multicolors.

And those who *held* Arkadie, below steep Kullene, Crooked Mountain,
beside the snake-fanged Aiputian bone-mound, home of the—cominus-
pugnators, angkhimakhetai, bone-compressors—hand-to-hand fighters,
who dwelled in Pheneos, and—polumelous multiovine—sheep-dotted

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fruit-scented pulp-squeezed—omnipomal—color-popping lovely exuberant bright Orkhomenos
and Rhipe, Swinging Wind, and Stratie, Armytown, and windy Enispe, Telltown,
and held Tegee,—Athene Alea aura—and air-charming Mantinee,
and held chasmic Stumphelos—wing-clang—steel-tipped darts, beaded rattle—drum-boom cymbal-clash—and dwelled in Parrhasie—
son of Angkaios led these, King Agapenor, Lover of Manliness,
with sixty ships; and many Arkadian men embarked
on each ship, battle-sharp, shaped and trained for fighting.
For Aggy himself, king of men, gave to them
well-decked oar-spun ships with cosmic banky rowing-benches to cross
the wine-toned deep,
son of Atreus, for naval matters were not their concern.

And those who dwelled in Bouprasion and skybright Elis,
as far as Hurmine and Mursinos, Myrtletown, way-out-there,
and Petre Olenie, Elbow Rock, and shut-in Alesion—
these in turn had four leaders, and ten quick ships
followed each one, and many Epeioi embarked on these.
Amphimakhos, Swivel-Fighter, and Thalpios, Space-Heater, led some of
them,
grandsons of Aktor, Leader of Men, and sons of Siamese twins, one of Kteatos, the other of Eurutos;
and son of Amarungkeus, Sparkler, dynamic Diores, led some,
and godlike Poluxeinos, Host of Many Guests, led the fourth contingent,
son of King Agasthenes, Too-Robust, son of solar Augeias, Crown of Beams.

And those from Doulikhion, Stretch-Beach, and the holy islands—sparkling spots—
of the—Akheloos-bumping—barren keen Ekhinai, Spiny-Boned, the dwellers beyond the sea, facing Elis—
Meges, equal of Ares, Red-Mouth War, led these in turn,
son of Phuleus, whom the horseman Phuleus, precious to Zeus, bore,
who onced moved to Doulikhion, Stretch-Beach, provoked by his father.
And together with him followed forty black ships.

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And Odusseus Abominated led the Kephallenians, spirit-rushing
mighty-souled,
who contained Ithake, and —einosiphullous quatifolial— leaf-shaking
tone-teeming tree-popping shimmy-green Neritos, Mighty Mountain,
and dwelled in Saffron-Bright-Suffused, Krokuleia, and rugged Aigilips,
Goat-Departed,
and who *held* Zakunthos, and who dwelled around Samos, —orange-scent-
ed wind-quiet —gold and ivory sky-maiden—
and who *held* the mainland and dwelled in the—contratransitive antiper-
aious—facing locations and places beyond—
Odusseus Abominated *led* these, equal of Blue-Shot Zeus in counsel.
And with *him* followed twelve twinkling—low-curved high-hulled—
miltopareious rubricagenic—ocher-coated red-lipped scarlet-cheeked
rainbow-irised—ocean-kissing ships.

And Thoas, Nimble, son of Andraimon, led the Aitoloi,
who dwelled in Pleuron, sun-and-moon-striped, and Olenos, Elbowtown,
and Pulene
and sea-compressed, *watertight* Khalkis of the copper-mines and rocky
Kaludon;
for the sons of Oineus, heart-supreme, were no longer there, around,
nor was Oineus himself *still alive*, and Meleagros of the yellow hair had
died.
So, all affairs and things were charged to Thoas, Nimble, to govern the
Aitoloi.
And together with him followed forty black ships.

And —douriklutic hastaglorious—spear-famed Idomeneus, Timber-
Tough, led the Kretans,
who held Knosos and ring-walled Gortus,
Luktos and Miletos, and chalk-white Lukastos
and Phaistos and Rhutios, well-peopled cities,
and others who dwelled around—centiurban hekatompolis—*protogeo-
metrical*—Krete of a hundred cities.
Spear-famed Idomeneus, Timber-Tough, led these troops,
and Meriones, equal to—andreiphontic virinecative—man-expunging
Enualios, Bone-Masher, Battle-Head.
And together with these followed eighty black ships.

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And Tlepolemos, son of Herakles, brave and mighty,
led from Rhodos, Rose-Aromaed, nine scented, petaled ships of the bright-
august Rhodioi, the Rose People,
who dwelled around exuberant Rhodos, marshaled in three divisions,—
cosmic-rayed mundane-beamed—
in Lindos, and Ielusos and chalk-white Kameiros.
Spear-famed Tlepolemos led these men,
whom Astuokheia, City-Redeemer, bore to robust Herakles,
she whom he led out of rock-bright Ephura, away from the river Selleeis,
after wiping out many cities of brisk and vigorous—Dis-gelled Jup-
firmed—sky-formed men.
But as soon as Tlepolemos grew up, in the vast and fragrant *luminous-win-
dowed* well-built halls,
he straightway cut down,—katakteined—killed the maternal uncle dear of
his own, kind father,
Likumnios, who was growing old by then, the child of Ares Body-Monger.
So he quickly fastened beams, built ships and gathered many people,
and took off escaping over the sea; for—menaces looming—the other sons
and many grandsons of mighty Herakles terrorized, threatened him.
But he came to Rhodos, Rose-Exploding, water-wandering, pressed with
pain;
and his people—blowing colors—settled in three divisions,—kata-
phyled—by tribes,—brilliant-waving-horsehair-plumed—and they
were loved
by Luminous Zeus, who governs gods and men,
and son of Kronos squeezed out, gushed—sparkle-rained—defusive
katakheuc—wonderful abundance—goddess-tinkling atom-tapping
treasures—and swelling wealth upon them.

Nireus, in turn, led three cruisers, *bright-painted well-balanced* ships from
Sume,
Nireus, son of Aglaie, Splendor Woman, and King Kharopos, Glad Eyes,
Nireus, who was amazing to see, the most beautiful man who came be-
low—light-rayed—the shadows of Ilios
of all the Danaoi, after the untainted spotless son of Peleus.
But he was feeble, vacuous, a whiffle-head, a pushover, and few people
followed him.

And those who held Nisuros and Krapathos and Kasos

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and Kos, the city of Eurupulos, Wide-Swing-Gates, and the coral-colored Kaludnai Islands—

Pheidippos, Sparing Horse, and Antiphos in turn led these, the two sons of King Thessalos, son of Akheloios-Crusher, Herakles. And, with them, thirty hollow ships were *lined up* in formation.

Now, in turn, as many as dwelled in Pelasgic—prehistoric—Argos, Glowtown,

and who lived in Alos and Alope, and harsh Trekhis, Ruggedtown, and who held Phthie and Hellas of the beautiful women,—pulchrifemine kalligunaikous—sky-music sea-rhythms moon-sounds star-colors—

and were called Murmidons, the altered Ant People, and Hellenes and Akhaioi—

Akhilleus Man of Pain in turn was leader of the fifty ships of these combatants.

But they did not channel, turn their minds, to shriek-shake scream-torn—dusekhous luminous-spiked—mistinnitous crumple-spoked—chime-smashed out-of-tune—pain-dyed color-clashing war,

for there was no one to lead them into the ranks, bright formations, the line of mobilized metaled battle.

For light-emitting tarsal-sparking—podarkous pedifensive—Akhilleus lay *idle* by the ships,

enraged over well-loaded—body-stunning—Briseis, the—eukometric benecrinic—firebraided rainbow-banded—girl with the beautiful hair,

whom *he* had taken out of Lurnessos after hard, trench-fought toil,

after he crushed and pulverized Lurnessos and the walls of seven-gated Thebe,

and body-slammed Munes, and spinbright tighturn Epistrophos, Face-About,—hastabustive engkhesimorous—tight-throwing spear-burners,

sons of King Euenos, son of Selepios.

Akhilleus Man of Pain lay idle in grief for her, but *soon* he'd be compelled to erect himself, to gather colored energies, to fashion crystal rhythms.

And those who held Phulake, Wardentown, and flower-flowing Purasos,—hue-echoed bloomfire—

cut-up parceled sacred precinct, fane of Demeter Germinator, Cereal Queen, and Iton, mother of flocks, of sheep and goats and cattle,

and wave-squeezing blue-embracing cave-carved Antron-by-the-sea, and grass-bedded—tholos-tombed—Pteleos, Looming Elms—

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warheader Protesilaos, Beach-Leaper-People-Leader, led these troops in
turn
while still alive, but by now the black, ore-bright earth had pulled him
down.
And his wife to boot, — amphidruphic ambiscissive — cheek-gashed, nail-
slashed, had been left in Wardentown, Phulake,
700
and his home half-built, half-established, *but* a Dardanian soldier killed
him
as he *leaped* from a ship, the first beachheader, charge-bright, of the Akhai-
oi.
Nor, I say, were these leaderless, though, no doubt, they lacked and
missed their original leader;
but Podarkes, Hot Rod, flaming offspring of Ares, Red-Mouth War, mar-
shaled the men, — cosmic colors, vacuum sounds — moon-hammer
star-sparks —
son of Phulakos Protector's son, flock-stocked herd-rolling Iphiklos,
brother in blood of spirit-supreme Protesilaos, Beach-Leaper-People-Lead-
er,
a younger bearer of war-tools; but the fighter, Protesilaos, hard-charging
battloid,
was the older brother and better-battled, better-braced. Yet the host not at
all
lacked a leader, though, indeed, they missed a good man lost.
And together with him followed forty black ships.

And those who dwelled in elevated Pherai, beside the gushy marsh of
Lake Boibeis,
in — Kyklopean-bulwarked — Boibe and Glaphurai, Scrapetown, and well-
built Iaolkos, Argonaut-assembling — protogeometrical —
the precious child of Admetos, Untamed, led these men, eleven ships,
Eumelos, Sheep-Flush-Goat-Lush, whom Alkestis, among women un-
dimmed, — sunray-shot moonbeam-bound —
shapeliest — sparkle-charmed — of the daughters of Pelias, Ash-Face, bore
to Admetos Untamed.

And those who dwelled in Methone, and Thaumakie, City of Marvels,
and held Meliboia, and rugged harsh Olizon —
Philoktetes, Lover of Things, well-skilled, handle-bright, with the target-
aiming many-pieced bow,

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led these men, seven ships—minimum-manned; and fifty rowers embarked on each black ship,

dexterous with the bead-drawing bow, robust, *well-trained* for shield-clashing.

But Philoktetes, Lover of Things, lay on an island, pressed with potent pain,

on volcanic Lemnos, super-sacred, where the sons of the sea-bent Akhaioi abandoned him,

sore-distressed, severely drained, by a torn-apart ugly festering wound from the poisoned fang of a baleful-tailed—oloophronous perdimental mind-destroying—brain-eating flash-looping water-snake.

He lay there racked with pain; but soon the Argeioi, the Sparkle People, beside their ships,

would turn their minds to King Philoktetes, Lover of Things.

Nor I say were these leaderless, though to be sure they lacked and missed their original leader;

but Medon, Golden Guardian, marshaled them, the illegitimate son of Oileus, Combat-Trooper,

whom Rhene, Lambsy, bore to Oileus, Combat-Trooper,—urbiabsumer—city-destroyer—building-reamer.

And those who contained Trikke, medicine-god healing center, and rocky Ithome,

and who held Oikhalie, city of Oikhalian Eurutos—

the two sons of Asklepios led these troops in turn,

good healing surgeons, Podaleirios, and Makhaon.

And with them, thirty hollow ships were lined up in formation.

And those who held Ormenion, and Krene Hupereie, Elevated Fountain,

and who contained Asterion, and the gleam-white peaks of cloud-chalky gypsum-jammed Titanos—

Eurupulos, Wide-Swing-Gates, the splendid son of Euaimon, led these men.

And together with him followed forty black ships.

And those who held Argissa, and dwelled in bright Gurtone,

Orthe, Erecttown, and Elone, and the white-shine town of Oloosson—

Polupoites, robust in battle,—menepolemous maneproelial—firefighter—ranger—led these troops in turn,

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son of Peirithoos, whom immortal Zeus of the luminous sky generated.
Glorious Hippodameia, Mustang-Tamer, bore Polupoites, combat-sparked,
to Peirithoos
on the day when he paid back *well* the shaggy wild mountain beasts, the
savage Pricklers,
and pushed them down off—avalanche-boomswirl colorspot-rockfall—
earth-swinging
sky-swaying Mud-Sliding Pelion, and nudged and shogged them toward
the realm of the glowbright Aithikians;
not alone, but with *him*, to be sure, was Leonteus, child of Blood-Splashed
Ares,
son of—unwoundable—earth-impounded Kaineus' son,—huperthumic
superanimous—high-hearted spirit-rushing Koronos, Curvy Eyes.
And together with them followed forty black ships.

And Gouneus led from Kuphos, Stooping Humpback, twenty-two
ships,
and with him followed the Enienians, and the Peraiboi, robust in battle,
who set up their dwellings around—fountain-gushing leaf-brushing gong-
banging rattle-sizzling—spiky oracular snow-locked Dodone,
and, who *occupied* broken cut-up plowland around encharmed Titaressos,
which drives and propels into Peneios its—kallirrhoous pulchrifluxive—
beautiful-flowing water;
but this does not mingle with Peneios of the bubble-tumbling shadow-
shuttering gold-untombing rainbow-shattering silver whirlpools,—niti-
dvortical argurodinous—
for it flows autonomous on top of it pendulous, unmixed-up, incompat-
ible, repelling like luminous olive oil,
because it's a tributive broken streamette of the water of underground
Stux, Abominated River, the fear-laden object of vows.

And Prothoos, Prepacer, son of Tenthredon, led the Magnetians,
who dwelled around radiant Peneios, and leaf-shaking rainbow-booming
air-cooled shimmy-shadowed
rock-colliding Mud-Sliding Pelion. Orbit-swift Prothoos, Prepacer, com-
manded these,
and together with him followed forty black ships.

These, then, were the leaders and lords of the Danaoi.
Who was best of the battle-brigades, outbeaming all,—tell me, Muse of fire

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and dreams—

best, by far, of the fighters and horses, who trailed as a team the sons of Atreus.

The mares of the grandson of noble Pheres were the cream of the breed by far,

which Eumelos, Hoof-Oofy-Flock-Lush, drove—jet-winged, quick as birds,

same of mane, equal-colored twin-textured iso-coated, same of age, with level-flush plumb-sheer backs—metal-light starslide shadow-purple moonglow.

Apollo of the silver bow,—argurotoxic lucidarcous—rapid-fire target-pumper, reared these in Pereie,

both suckling mares, bringing fugitive fear and panic, terror clawed and fanged, of Ares of the red-striped face.

Strapping Telamonian Ajax was, in turn, the best of the men by far,

while Akhilleus Man of Pain was spitting fire, rage-tight, foamed to a glowing frenzy, for he was the best of the best,

and the horses, to boot, which used to carry the stainless son of Peleus.

But he lay idle, along the shore, among the crumple-beaked arc-like sea-piercing blue-beyond ships,

sucked in a cyclone of rage, torn apart by *fury* over Agamemnon Adamant, shepherd of the people,

son of Atreus; but his people beside the line of breakers, sea-surf crash,

were enjoying casting the tossed stone discus and throwing the glancing goat-hunting spear

and aiming oriental bows and arrows; and each of their horses, stationed *beside* his own well-bound war-car,

feeding on—exotic fodder—ground-engowning—pink-petaled tight-head lotus and marsh-meadow swamp-nourished—eleothreptic paludaltic—river-low parsley,

stood idle; and the war-cars, well-screened dust-protected, bunched up,—fist-clenched—lay *still* among the sloping huts

of their soldier-masters. But the men, missing their leader, precious to Gore-Sloshing Ares,

were wandering around,—unlovely enforced idleness—roaming here and there

throughout the camp,—a seeming drone-zone—combat vacuum—nor did they make an attempt to fix bayonets.

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And so they marched as if all the ground were disseminating — grazed
on — and consumed by fire,
and the bright-cored earth groaned below, — subgemitous hupostenic — as
when blue-hued Zeus, — thunder-gamboling lightning-rollicking, — bolt-
crazy —
sparked in a flare-up, thongs and stripes the — quake-prone quick-waved
cruel-split quaint-painted quiet-wounded — earth at times around slow-
burning, shoulder-smoldering Tuphoeus, Smoky,
in the land, volcano-bursting, of the lightning-blasted Arimoi, where, they
say, lies the gaseous lair and bed of Tuphoeus — magma-meandering
ash-outrushing lave-laned pink-poked and percolated;
thus the *earth* moaned and wailed, keened beneath their feet
as they marched, and quickly quite they crossed the plain, — percedent
diapressic — coming to the other side.

And a messenger bright, who moved like the wind, — podenemous
pedivental — air-powered foot-blown, Iris, Rainbow Girl, — curve-cut
muscle-mounded — polka-dot-robed, molecule-cooled,
came to the Trojans from Zeus of the snakehead-goatshield, bringing a
painful message;
and they were then holding assembly at the hinge-bright double-winged
gate of Priam the king,
all gathered, all cohesive, both young cadets and old chieftains.
And airstream Iris, Rainbow Girl, caped in red and blue and green, quick
to the feet, *there* stood tight and spoke to them;
and her voice, unseen, vividly seemed like — mirabilis-victu! — quark-
glowing role-merging — that of Polites, Man of the City, son of Priam the
king,
who, like a searchlight, stood as look-out, alert for the Trojans, counting on
his quick-spark feet,
on *top* of the tomb, the mound of rocks, of aetatic Aisuetes,
waiting for the weaponed *Akhaioi* to storm and attack in a shock and a
crack from their ships on the blue-shaped blow-chapped green-chopped
shore.

Assuming his shape, airstream Iris, Rainbow Girl, wrapped in seven col-
ored veils, spoke to Priam the king:

‘Chief, ever inseparable mouthed perpetual words are precious to you,
as before, in time of peace, but now unbending battle is burgeoning, un-
shrinking war is arising — dark-whipped bright-stirred.

Indeed quite a number of times I have come into conflicts of men,
but *never* have I seen such a large and impressive army;
for truly resembling teeming leaves or crumbling sand they are coming

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over the rumbling plain toward the city with minds *battle-inflamed*, en-foamed to fight.

Hektor, to you above all do I hand down commands, —imperative spot-on— and you must do *exactly* as I say.

Now, as it stands, there are many allies, throughout the great city of Priam the king,

and assorted tongues, among the scattered —multispergent— tribe-speckled bright-disseminated — men;

let each captain signal to those whom indeed he commands,

and let him lead the line, after sharply marshaling his co-citizens' —sword-flash shieldclang— cosmic spectrum, painted veils— moon-maiden star-train.

Thus she spoke, and Hektor did *not* at all fail to recognize, notice the voice of the goddess,

and he quickly broke up the assembly, and rushed to arms, buff-priming war-apparel;

all the gates, double-winged, were opened, and the battle-people bolted out,

both ambulateers and charioteers, and the sound of many rumbles arose— skyroar moon-riddle sunrattle.

Now there is a *certain* high steep mound in front of the city,

quite far out on the plain, —peridromic circumcurrent— run-aroundable, clear and wide with a ring of space,

which men in fact call Batieia, Brambling-Wild-Raspberries,

but the deathless ethereal sky-creatures, call the *tomb* of bounding Murine, the —poluskarthmous multisilient— flower-skipping Amazon.

Then and there, the Trojans and their multiple allies separated, —robust-arrayed— dissolved their troops into elemental groups.

The great Hektor, chief supreme, of the hue-changing helmet—ko-ruthaiolous cassidcoruscant— ray-pinging metal-bright— commanded the Trojans,

son of Priam the king; and together with him, no doubt, by far, were the best and the biggest

battalions full-metalled-out, spear-burning, shield-banging, battle-bright.

The valorous son of Angkhises, in turn, led the Dardanioi,

Aineias, whom sparkle-shaped Aphrodite, Sea-Foam-Formed, the surf-

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white goddess of love,—bubble-prisms rhythm-crystals—bore to Angkhises,

goddess bedding *human* on the projecting limb-like spurs of Ide, Timber Mountain.

He was not alone. Together with him to be sure were the two tough sons of Antenor,

Arkhelokhos, Ambush-Header, and Akamas, Indefatigable, *well-skilled* in hand-to-hand and sundry battle tactics.

And those who dwelled in Zeleia, beneath the base, the shady foot, of Ide, Timber Mountain,

wealthy men, who drink the water, dark and rich, of Aisepos,

the bright and robust Trojans—the splendid son of Lukaon led these men in turn,

Pandaros, to whom Machine Gun Apollo in person gave, to boot, the bead-drawing stretch-back bow.

And those who held Adresteia, Inescapable, and the land of Apaisos, and held Pitueie and the steep mountain, purple-hued, of Tereia—

Adrestos and Amphios of the loom-spun blue-petaled-flax-bound green-threaded-flex-tight breastplate—filoloricic—led them,

the two sons of Perkosian Merops, Syllable-Buffer, who, hands down, beyond all people

could articulate oracular rage, and would not think of allowing his sons to march into man-waning war—phthisenorous viriledecrescent—bone-flash blood-tumble pump-colors organfade. But *him* the *two* did not obey at all,

for the goddesses of black death, the sullen queens of doom, were guiding them.

And those who dwelled around—ambihabited amphinemed—Perkote, and Praktios,

and possessed Sestos and Abudos, and sky-vibrant sea-fragrant land-luxuriant bright Arisbe—

son of Hurtakos, Asios, leader of men, a fruit-tree supreme in a color-dotted row of fruit-trees, led these in turn,

Asios son of Hurtakos, whom *horses* bore from Arisbe,

fire-charged and stupendous, from the drinking river Selleeis.

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And Hippothoos, Running Horse, led the tribes of the Pelasgoi, —has-
tahabile — air-boring glory-hurling-spear-burners,
those who dwelled in soft-soiled super-lumpy fortified Larisa;
both Hippothoos, Running Horse, and Pulaios, Hinge-Swinger, buds of
Red-Painted Ares, led these,
two bold sons of Pelasgian Lethos, Oblivious, son of Teutamios.

But Akamas, Indefatigable, and Peiroos the warrior led the Threikians,
as many as the mighty-flowing Sea of Helle enbars.

And Euphemos, Sound of Skyshine, captained the Kikonian spearmen,
son of Keas' son, sky-suckled — welkin-thickened — Troizenos.

But Puraikhmes, Flaming Spear, was point-man for the Paionians, en-
dowed with bows encurved, — flexarcous angkulotoxic —
from far away out of Amudon, from Axios, Mirror-Precious, — antiturbid
unmuddy — wide-flowing,
Axios, Mirror-Precious, from which the most beautiful luminous water
spreads — crystal-reclined color-acclaimed — spinning singing sap-
phires! — over the flower-fusive earth — spiraled dancing emeralds!

And Pulaimenes, Raging-at-the-Gates, shaggy of heart, — *death-ditch-*
ing — danger-eater
— led the Paphlagonians, the gust-bluster Sea-Roarers,
out of the land of the Enetoi, the Pin People, — mustang-glorious — race-
source of wild mules.
These held Kutoros and dwelled around Sesamos
and around, too, Parthenios Potamos, Maiden River, in glorious quarters,
and Kromna and Aigialos, Shingletown, and hightop Eruthinoi, — stellar-
elevated — City of Red Light.

But Odios and Epistrophos, Twisty-Bright, led the Halizons, the Salt-
Sashed-Sea-Bracers,
from far away, out of Alube, — Hittite-trading — birthplace of white metal,
silver-source of mines galore.

And Khromis, Crash, and Ennomos, Upright, letter-spotting bird-rang-
er, led the — sun-beckoned moon-burgeoned — chichi Musoi — fashion-
conscious, color-schemed.

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But he did not *block* the black queens of *doom* with bird-screams or flight-patterns,
for he was worked on, overpowered—pulpbright—brutal and severe—by
the piston fists of the high-speed son of Aiakos Man of Sighs
in the drinking river, where Man of Pain Akhilleus hacked up, nonstop,
Trojans and non-Trojans alike.

Phorkus in turn and godlike Askanios led the Phrugians
from far away, out of Askanie, and burned to fight in combat.

Mesthles in turn and Antiphos led the Meionians,
two sons of Talaimenes, whom the nymph of the Gugaian Lagoon bore in
her pool,
and who led the Meionians, warriors born under Tmolos Mountain.

Nastes in turn led the—babasonic—alien-sounding Karians,
who held Miletos and—akritophullous—leaf-blending color-continuous
dye-vibrant Mount Phthires, packed with tiny pendant pine-cones,
and the streams of looping Maiandros and the dark steep peaks of Mu-
kale.

So the team of tough Amphimakhos, Circle-Fighter, and valorous Nastes
led these,

Nastes and Amphimakhos, Circle-Fighter, the lovely tender children of
Nomion.

Now Nastes came to the war, jingling in gold, just like a girl, silver-ban-
gled bronze-brooched,—atom-blinding bling-bright!—hairclips tight
and twinkling,—

unsyllabled bobblehead!—but the yellow metal did not ward off at all, to
be sure, a sore and deplorable downfall;

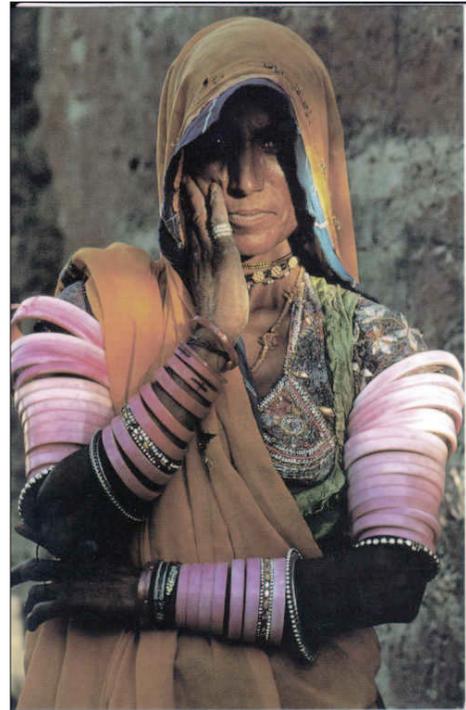
for he was worked on, dark-subdued,—gore-burst—brutal and severe—by
the jack-hammer hands of the high-speed son of Aiakos Man of Sighs
in the drinking river, and Akhilleus Man of Pain, with burning-battle-
teeming war's-wildfire-filling mind, carried away, close-kept, the chin-
kling gold.

And Sarpedon and stainless Glaukos, Silver-Seeming, led the Lukioi,
the Night-Glowing Wolf People

from far away out of Lukia, Flaming Wolftown, by the bubble-swirling
rainbow-waterfalled whirlpooling color-clashing clown-painted tender-
shadowed sun-breaking moon-bouncing star-banded time-thrust orbit-
glowing space-robust Xanthos, Yellow River.

NOTE

This transduction of 'Book II' of Homer's *Iliad* is treated as an autonomous poem, to be enjoyed for its effervescent multitude yet brilliant coordination of sound, rhythm and image. The continuum of the story alone exhibits an unparalleled propulsion. Whereas 'Book I' focuses on the rage of Akhilleus and the plague of Apollo, 'Book II' revolves around the dream of Agamemnon, the test of the soldiers and the list of ships.



In Plato's *Republic*, Sokrates, in a discussion of 'dikaiosune' (justice), responding to Polemarkhos, uses the images of shield and lyre. He arrives at the ironic conclusion that when these two objects are to be guarded and unused, justice is useful, but when used, justice is useless, for in the latter case, the hoplitical and musical arts would be more useful. In 'Book II' of the *Iliad*, we don't see too much of the shield (in fact, there are no battle scenes), but we can hear the lyre, for Homer's music perforates the soul.

In the *Poetics*, Aristotle talks about three elements of poetry as mimetic art: *rhuthmos* (a flowing), *logos* (a speaking), and *harmonia* (a fastening). Although all three are woven into the patchwork quilt of the *Iliad* as a whole, there seems to be a special conceptual correspondence with the themes in 'Book II', for the 'Dream', as it were, flows from the divine to the human realm, the 'Test' involves much discussion or the speaking of many men, and the 'Ship-List' is fastened together by its numerous contingents.

One can see this 'flow' and 'fastening' in the art of the 'mad artist', Hokusai. In his woodblock print, 'View From Umesawa in Sagami Province', a work of his blue group, from the series, *Fugaku Sanju-Rokkei*, the pink-tinged Yamato-e style mist seems to have a dreamlike fluid quality, balanced by the chainlike structure of the blue-and-green-hue-suffused mountains.