

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOK III

OATH-BARS, WALL-WATCHING,
AND THE ISOLATED SINGLE COMBAT
OF ALEXANDROS MAN-REPELLER
AND
MENELAOS PEOPLE-ABIDER

transduced by

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Now when *each* contingent,—all fighter-groups—tribal-organized bright-kicked beach-parties—shingle-clanking fire-turgid color-robust sea-perfumed—aurora-rinsed-and-roaring-rayed—cosmic clamor, brilliant beauty, windblown whiffle, tangible thrill—were majestic-marshaled, well-lined up with their warlords, chiefs and captains,—splendid-ordered motley-arrayed—catalyzed cogent striking formations—the Trojans uncaged, came screaming and screeching, shrieking like birds,—wing-bang claw-flash air-cleave tail-bend beak-clang—eyes unseeled—just as the screeches of crockling cranes move against, scale, the concave sky,—vault-backed ruffle-aired rocket-dizzy color-mixed ray-toned bright-propelling weather-honed cycle-involved migration—when they escape, sidestep, outwit, white-whipped cold-coating—crystal-dotted diatomic—sky-reeled mask-wound hail-nailed—icicle-versi-chimed—winter,—dipped in poplin, cupped in chaos—duck, evade rambatter blizzards,—brilliant bypass—swing around, slip through flow-flame snow-swirls, squeeze up, go between free-flake squalls, swerve and dodge—circumvent, peribat—the elements, turbulent-bent,—counter-warp the wind-whirls—and—athespatic indesdeclarative—god-ineffable goddess-aghost high-up outbursts,—blue-subsuming green-engulfing—most immense atrocious nightmare monster-blast—blustering boundless gust-ingouging—sun-dazing moon-dizzing star-dazzling—rain-storms, screeching, and, en masse, they fly in fact to the streams of Earth-Ringing Ocean, bringing slaughter and doom to the cave-dwelling Pygmies,—troglodytes—Fist-Clenchers, jungle-people, upper Nile dwarfs; and by the sea, in the airlow sunblow dawnglow, they bring and unleash bizarre incongruous battle-strife. But the Akhaioi came quietly, breathing might, spitting fire, burning in their bold-thrilling—rib-caged vim-knocked—blood-throbbing hearts to protect each other,—ward off enemies—watch each other's back.



Even as sticky Notos, South Wind, swervy, swoopy, coats and colors, cogent-downspouts, spews and saturates mountaintops—katakheuic spoomy defusive—with mist, not at all lovely to shepherds, but better than night to a sheep-rustler, cattle-lifter, lowdown thief and sneaky *swiper*, and one can see only as far as one's able to throw or hurl, *let go*, cast a stone—low visibility, high opacity; so, a tight-twirling dust-cloud—goggles de rigueur—rolled-up packed-close—cone-shift kick-storm—rose beneath their feet as they came, and they crossed and traversed the sandal-pounded plain in a swirl and a rush.

And when they were close, moving in tight, coming up face-to-face, among the Trojans, godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller,—bragger-king swagger-queen—challenger, burned to be a front-fighter, aimed to be a champion,—sun-spill sea-spot spear-flash—with shoulder-bedraped leopard cape, and shoulder-slung curved-out skill-strung bow, and sword-bearing; but debonair-posing, poising double-bright bronze-

tipped spears,— sham-flamboyant brilliant-brandishing—loud he called out, challenging, all the best of the mobile Argeioi, Men of Light, to contend and fight, face-to-face,—antibious, oppotent, ignifrictive—interlocked, crammed, in a cruel encounter—bitter cleft and kindled battle.

But when Menelaos People-Abider, dear to Ares, god of war, saw him coming in front of the troops, before the vanguard, tight-packed unified throng-bright, taking long bold strides, just like a lion, prowling at night, rejoices in fierce delight, when *lighting upon* a large carcass, having found a nimble buoyant antlered stag or mountain-darting wild goat,—hillbound bendlhorn ibex—famished, so he devours and laps it up—deconsuming kataphage—rapaciously,—teeth ripping flesh, awash in blood, like red-disclosing-tablet-stained—nevertheless, canines keen and blooming teens, vigorous hunters and growling hounds, sapping the king cat's soaring strength with muzzles snapping, rush him; even thus, Menelaos People-Resister rejoiced, engladened, aware with his eyes, beholding godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller, for, in fact, he deemed he would pay back, retribute, tit for tat, the elusive culprit,—disentertain the violator—avenge the squirmy—skirmish-swerver—battle-dodger. And *subito*, he bound to the ground from his bolted war-car agleam in his hammered armor.

Now when godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller saw and marked him out, appearing among the front-fighters, his heart was struck down,—kataplegic pulsed deferent—panic-pounded jitters-attacked core-shaken dazzle-tight, and he crawled and crimbed,—retrograded—shrank, retracting, back into the body of his disconcerted brave companions,—avoiding the darksome toucan-faced ineluctable she-monster—numbers-safe soldier-covered troop-absorbed—ducking the doom queen. Like when anyone, *subito*, steps and spots a big-eyed snake in a mountain drumble, terrible-shining horrible-shadowed,—pebble-creeping spectral-painted monster viper—palinorsous retrocitatic—bounds back, stands clear, startled and stirred, and trembling grips his limbs below, and soon recoils, makes room, shrieks back,—arabesque-loom dragon-crangle!—and paleness, chilled, infuses, seizes, ghost-enclasps both cheeks; thus did godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller, fearing the son of Untrembles Atreus, in turn slip *back* into the ruffled, chevroned, tight and metaled pack of proud encharged impressive Trojans.

Now when Hektor saw him, he came down hard, chewed him out with shaming words —eye-storm ear-smoke locust-face jaw-water spitfire: No-good Paris, headturner, bobby-soxer-captivator,—femindemented gunaimanic—girl-crazy, babe-flaming, body-swindler hoodwinker!—would that you had been unborn, should that you will die unwed. I wish this were or could come true, and it would be, without a doubt, far more fruitful than to be—a terrace scarecrow, rodeo clown—such a disgrace—combat-blot—and gazed at, stared down, looked upon with low explosive plunged eyes of interrogative stark condemning blunt suspicious people. I deem the hair-streaming Akhaioi are cracking up, cackle-clacking,—giggle-gongling teehee-trapped—con-

sidering clearly a chief to be *best*, merely because, he, like glass, cuts a dashing figure,—unbruised debonair coreless puppeteered brilliantined—but whose rubbery—neon play-doh—*heart* hisses, whimpers, leaks,—oomph-defective jello-charged drive-detached—blatant-lacks body-breakout, somatic active lightning strength and potential thunder power. Showing such silly otiose colors adroop, did you sail over, cross, the convex sea in—pontoporously marivading—sea-piercing ships, having collected, gathered up trusty comrades, tight-linking,—moonblot star-sink—combat-furnished, having fused with foreign people? Suchly did you bring a shapely woman back from a distant land, the daughter of doughty spearmen? For the dame is one big bane, an utter blight, an outer shock, a drastic plight to your father and city and people, and a joy to the evil forces, the dire—dusmeinous—jagged-thrust disaster-powered spike-dyned spoke-moled—mean misvalent—ram-volted black-fired block-watered—enemy, but an eyedown shame to you yourself. Will you not face and stick around, confront, stand up to martial—quickdraw—battle-precious People-Resister, blood-absorber Menelaos? You would find out the cut of the man, whose lie-by bloom-glow spouse you possess. Your bright triangular seven-string lyre *will* not help you, that or the gifts of beauty-shot Foam-Born—crest-sparkle trough-echo sun-thrust moon-squeeze—sea-colored star-coated—wave-braided Aphrodite, both your flaming hair and dashing figure, when disheveled unmade-up, limb-mangled bone-mashed, you mingle and mesh, particle-mix with planet-dust. But lucky for you, the Trojans are radically frightened, panicky,—yellow-striped, chasable; or else indeed, by now, you would be wearing a rocky frock—asphalt curtain, concrete khiton—stoned to death—for having performed,—executed—pulled off so many base and horrendous, way bad things.'

And to him, in turn, godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller spoke: 'Hektor, though you've duly, no holds barred, truly let me have it, your assault is sound, a suitable upbraid, but not extreme, supersuitable. Ever is your *heart* stolid, steeled, unrubdownable, indestructable like an ax,—infricative hard refractory—which goes through, gut-rips trees,—bark-hacking beam-invader—with the tight-gripped swing of a man who cuts out colors of rings and hews into shape a ship with fruitful birthlike skill, and the chopper compounds the burst of his blow—boosts the force, robust and buoyant, pulsive, prosperous, *bright-expanding*; thus is the heart in your breast unalarmed, fearless, tensile, bold—atarbetus, tough intrepid hard impavid. Do *not* bring out and—stark-confronted—parade before me the lovely, glittering—ostentatious—gifts of golden Foam-Born Aphrodite. The super-glorious gifts of the gods,—hypermundane boon—I presume, are not to be tossed away, dismissed—abjected apobletic—whatever they happen to give, and no one could take or, willingly, would choose them. Now, however, if it *is* your wish that I flash metal, strike colors, fight afresh, make all the others, force and compel all the rest of the troops of the Trojans afield and entrenched Akhaioi to grab some ground and sit down, but hurl *me* and battle-precious Menelaos People-Resister together—biff! bash! thonk! bang!—sumbalic clash! conjective clang!—quarantined in midfield—sun-caged moon-gazeboed—

plasma-rinked octagon!—to trade blows,—monger punches, poke pikes, duke it out—over Helen Girl-in-Hand and all her things. And whichever should conquer his counter and win, turn out terminally mightier,—kick face—finish with a flourish, let him take, with happy hands, *all* the fragrant, pretty possessions, and bring the woman back home; but the rest of you strike and inculcate, make truces, slant and slice throats,—sky-pointed, immolated—*cement* trusty friendships, to the result, precise effect *you* may live and dwell on, in super-lumpy—clod-abundant dirt-luxurious luminous-dotted color-germinal—cool soiled, many-hue-layered Troy, and let *them* go to hippobotic equi-pastous—horse-chewing Argos, Land of Light, and to Akhaiis,—pulchrifeminine kalligunaikous—land of beautiful women’—sunbright hairbraids, moonfull cheekbones,—skymirrored seacolored irises—cloud-round muscles, starglow limbs, riverbend-bodies.

Thus he spoke, and Hektor Clutcher, in turn rejoiced, richly cheered, gay-suffused, bright-enthralled, when he heard these mouthmade words, and going into the octopus eye, the central, marked-out space, he bridled and kept back, waved down the Trojan battalions, 2-hand-gripping the middle of his oaken pike-pole, and everyone grabbed some ground, took a seat—spear-stilled, beam-steered. But the hair-streaming night-scarred Akhaioi were bending bright their bows at him and aiming arrows, right on the brink of letting go, and about to pelt and batter him with a hurled barrage of stones, so Agamemnon king of men along the breakers shouted far—shingle-tinkle shell-echo whelk-whipple jellyfish-glow ricochet-mother-of-pearl—photic bing, sonic boom: ‘Stop! Argeioi,—don’t shoot!—hold it, boys,—fire-ready go-go commandos, ammo-crammed whipped-up rangers—time-trained, of the Akhaioi, for—cassidamutant koruthaiolous—Hektor crowned with a hue-changing helmet—ray-pinging metal-bright—flashes a signal, makes as if to speak some word.’

Thus he spoke, and they stopped accordingly, held their stations—circumspectly disengaged—knocked off, quit, kept back from combat, and gradually, got quiet,—piped down hushbound; sounds soon,—tumult-seeping rumble-ramping, at first—quick-outfading, foundered. Then and there, Hektor Clutcher spoke to, addressed both sides: ‘Listen, Trojans and—beneocreal euknemic—missile-blunting shield-tunking—shin-guarded Akhaioi, hear from me the mouthmade word of Alexandros Man-Repeller, for the sake of whom strife has arisen. He orders the other contingents and troops of the Trojans and all Akhaioi to—apothete abpone—lay down their well-made beautiful weapons upon the—autotrophic chlorophyll-lush—poluboteirous multipastive—much-nourishing—fruitbright dirtdark—earth, for he himself and—Areiphilous Mart-a-matic—battle-loving Menelaos People-Abider, right in the middle, will fight in single combat over Helen Taken-Girl and all her things. And whichever charged-up soldier will prevail—cogent-vanquish conquer-robust—and appropriate, *snag* the upper hand, let him duly pick out, obtain the treasures, seize all the precious possessions, take the fair objects and bring the sea-beyond woman back home; but let all the rest of us—cantilever pledges—make truces,—slice oblique scapegoat throats—strike up,

cement, trusty friendships.'

Thus he spoke, timbre-bright, and then they all became hushed, the heavy air unagitated, vacuum-packed, still-pointed, keen and crystal-line, and among them spoke Menelaos of the whipped-up cave-wild trenchant war-scream: 'Listen *now* to me, too, for far above all, does grief and sorrow, sickled pain—a truculent cycle of aches—encroach and come to,—coat, core—utter-percuss—my—hot-spurred cold-spiked—stormripped heart, and I propose that the rape-torn ripe-worn dented and dulled Argeioi and Trojans be parted now by a single fighting space, since you have suffered many bad things,—so heinous—oh!—how horrid—circumsorbed icky actions, taken in and blotted up wicked external impressions—due to my—strife-wrack life-wreck—war-quarrel, battle-fit, and the first cause, the crooked invasion and crude affair, vile desire and venomous dreck of Alexandros Man-Repeller. But for whichever one of us, death and doom—motley-spun whim-dispensed—titanium-tombed force-unturned—has been wrought and dealt, red-dotted,—bright disaster—twist and snip—distribution dark and dire—let him die. Now, you others, break apart—perpone, dissolve—subito. Bring two lambs, a white ram and a black ewe, for Earth and Sun. We shall bring another, special-colored, for Skyhead Zeus—torch- infringement host-transgression alien-redshift-skyshield. And bring sebastive Priam the king, so he may cut bonds,—burnished tight-shut trusty oath-bars—in *person*,—since his sons are pompous, haught-caught, overweening—huperphialic super-orbital—smugnosed, 2-faced too and treacherous, *not* to be trusted—just in case anyone happens to overstep,—supergress huperbase—violate, smash and break the oaths of Skylord Zeus, Weather-Cranker. For always do the hearts of younger men, battle-tackled, trench-tooled, float in the air, heave and pant, wind-turning mood-swinging—temper-whiffle passion-flicker!—but whatever an ancient man takes on, enrolls, involves himself, he looks equally up and down, before and after, in order that the total outcome, consequence, may be the best by far for both sides'—balance-germane disaster-proof robust-engaged—holorrheic—wonderful-integral glorious-governed bright-cohering.

Thus he spoke, and the Akhaioi and Trojans cheered, rejoiced,—gay-engulfed—skyful swing of helmets—hoping to rest and take a break from the dreary drive and naked cry, the slow hard grind and woe of war. So they curbed their cars and stayed their steeds in the panoramic ranks,—glittering gorgeous equipages—painted apparatuses—and they themselves stepped off the dented running-boards, and doffed their well-made sets of war-gear. And they laid these down upon the ground in sparkling colored stacks,—pretty keen propinquitous—near each other,—both sides dual-disposed—and scarce was space there, barely-raked, in the spot between. And Hektor sent to the city besieged a couple of sacred touchables,—two handpicked special agents—goldfelt-petasossed silvercaped heralds, to bring back lambs on the double, and summon Priam the king. And King Agamemnon Stabilizer sent on ahead Talthubios to go to the bright-scraped hollow ships, and ordered him briskly to bring a lamb, and right away, he

did not disobey rainbright Stabilizer Agamemnon.

But brilliant Iris, Rainbow Girl, Paint-Roller of the sky—Color-Slide Glow-Tunnel Sparkle-Swing Pastel-Chalk-Arc—went in turn as a messenger to—leukolenic candidbracchial—Helen of the snowwhite radius, shamming the shape of her husband's sister, the slow-tamed wife of Man-Facer Antenor's son, whom King Helikaon, Twisty-Bright, Man-Facer Antenor's son, possessed, Laodike of the colored veils, sharp-shaped, charm-shot,—*hands down a pin-up babe*, magnetic maiden, gorgeous twist—star-clipped mooncast—paradisal nonpareil—color-dotted-glamour-veiled—the utmost beautiful daughter of Priam. And she found Helen, transmarine, engaged in the high palace hall, the big room, majestic, spacious, lost in weaving an intricate web, vast on the vertical loom-beam, 2-surface double-fold *sparkle-purple*, ensprinkling many vivid combats, interlacing tribulations, both of horse-taming Trojans,—hippodamic equidomic—and—khalkokhitonic aeritunical—bronze-clad Akhaioi, which, for whose sake, they took hits, were socked and whacked, combat-battered, struck and shot, slapped *around* by the teeth-embedded blistered palms of—bruise-colored batblack—backbone-splintering ribcage-crushing skull-snapping—Blood-Bespattered Ares. And standing close,—throttle-tight—palette-pulsating pristine Iris, quick to the feet,—bending brilliant fermionic stripes of red and blue and green—firmament-luminant molecule-redolent climate-colorfast spectrum-tingling motley-flavored—primary-colored popsicles!—spoke to, addressed her: 'Come here, precious pupa, so you may see, absorb, behold, godlike deeds and wonder-works of broncobusting Trojans, and copper-appareled Akhaioi, who, before, bore war still borne and drained of many tears—poludakrous multilacrimal—downcast rapids, anguish-gush—crystal-tumble orbit-drops—against each other, sharp-opposed—sorrow-splash, crying-pool—lucent lines of lamentation—between the city besieged and the sea, parted on the sandal-pounded plain wheel-rutted, burning alive for destructive battle,—metal-rubbing combat—who now indeed, cool their boots, silent-linger, still-dwell, for the skirmishing maybe, it seems has stopped; so they lean on their round plated shields, and beside them their long quiet spears are stuck, organ-corrupted, blood-enrusted, stained with gore in the earth. But war-retractive Alexandros Man-Repeller and battle-precious Menelaos People-Resister will fight with their shark-long bright-feathered javelins over the likes of you—brilliant blur of whirring lance-lock; and the one who triumphs, conquers one-on-one and wins, you will be called his precious bedmate.'

Speaking thus, the goddess embedded,—color-rammed sparkle-injected—lodged in her hard-jarred whip-barbed—wimp-trumped clown-tricked anti-scarecrow-sycophanted—heart a spurious sweet unwanted yearning robust for her former husband and city and parents; and veiling herself, suddenly, with glistening airspun snow-white lovely—honeysuckle-tube-scented—loom-heddled linen, dismayed she dashed off, hastened from her chamber gushing charming tender smooth and lucent tears—softly iridescent—not alone, for together with her as well, two—amphipoles—body-rangers,—taffeta-swishing

satellites—bright-engaging handmaids, trailed, with languid graces, vibrant garments, supple and striking, mingled movements—lovely Aithre, Burning Sky, daughter undimmed of Pittheus, and ox-eyed Klumene, Glory Girl; then quickly they came to, reached the place of the double-doored triple-hinged—sun-governed moon-hovered, western-facing Skaian Gate—spear-scarred shield-conked ram-battered metal-splashed flame-flecked smoke-sucked blood-smeared bone-embedded organ-traced death-funnel.

And those around Priam the chief and Panthoos, Nimble Bub, and Thumoites, Storm-Bright and—Tithonos long-gone Dawn-drawn—Lampos, Beamer, and Klutios, Jumbo Ears, and Hiketaon,—nuclear masked commando—martial germ ashimmer of Red-Painted Ares, and Oukalegon, Untroubled, carefree and perfunctory, and Antenor, Man-Facer, both acute,—pneumatic-bright—both brother breathers of many airs, sat as chiefs at the twin-doored Skaian Gate—raycone-perforated late-sun-lubricated golden-hinged silver-knockered scream-dented life-ejector. Indeed due to *age* they refrain from war, no more ding shields, tap spears, but they, no doubt, are excellent speakers, utterly valiant, ear-alluring, eloquent, like—turbosalient, bush-basking—green-angled blue-shadow—wing-striking grasshoppers, which down in the woods, light-and-dark-striped, sitting in a tree on a limb light-clinging, loose, unleash, languid lush lovely lily-like voices; thus were the Trojan leaders sitting, grizzled, engrossed, and arranged upon—disheveled champain spellbound—the crenelated tower-lined well-manned wall. And when they saw Helen, Molested Maiden, coming to the wall, they spoke to each other tranquilly with syllables winged: ‘No wonder the Trojans and—euknemidic beneocreal—shin-bone-guarded Akhaioi,—ripped with righteous indignation—suffer over,—stick it out—plight-pocked dilemma-stuck—with such a woman—shimmer-shaped dawn-paletted melody-made twilight-dotted rhythm-chased—in a space of time,—rape-hooped obscene-assigned broad-hoppered—pain-stamped. She’s astonishing,—earth-thrilling sea-mounding sky-striking orbit-swerving—universe-flash circums-woon!—resembling, twinned to a T, a sempiternal trancy deathquelling goddess with—color-osmotic crystal-prismatic—maze-engaging funhouse-ambling gazable eyes; but even so, being a *wish*, such a ravishing beauty, let her board ship, and go back home, nor let her remain, stick around here, the wick of woe,—calamity core—an enzyme of disaster—for *us* and our children both, in the future.’

Thus they spoke, and Priam the king called glow-colored pump-limbed glamour-bound Helen—timbre-bright: ‘Come here, dear child, and sit down slightly in front of me, so you can see your former spouse and kin and friends,—you aren’t to be blamed, in any way, as far as I can see, *for as it is*, the gods, I deem, are in fact to be blamed,—battle-pushers blood-pullers bone-stackers—pickup-sticks!—who set in motion, agitated, wound up tight this teardrop-teeming war of the Akhaioi—so you can identify too, for me, that monumental man, that Akhaian soldier who is *so* impressive, tall and imposing—looks and appears *so* strong and noble. *Indeed* there may be other creatures, warriors, champions, oozing prestige, who are taller,—a tad no

doubt—even higher by a head, but I have never seen such a striking fighter,—chryselephantine all-weather statue—pool-mirrored—colored spotlights—moon-and-star-encaped—nor one so majestic,—trophysque—for he seems, I deem, no mere man but a bright-throned crownbound king.'

And alien-abducted seabright Helen, sky-lit-up,—color-pumped—sweet undimmed—enfamed among the whole of women, word-exchanging, responded to him: 'In my eyes, you are venerable, dear and precious, father-in-law, paramount, august—halodeinic—and tremendous. Would that grotesque and pesky death had lured me on, slaked, delighted,—saccharined, sated—downed, *did* me in right then and there, when I, submissive, trailed your son here, leaving my scented—black-fluted pink-scrolled lavender-pillared—interior chamber, all in a blur, and the people I know, my kith and kin, my—telugetic proculnative—darling late-born child, and beloved age-similar peers. But those things indeed, did not transpire, happen or occur, so I cry and lament,—dissipate, plore—melt in a candle of tears. Yet I will tell you whatever you want to know, and wish, enquire, probe in your quest—I'll do my best—of many things. That man to be sure is the son of Atreus, wide-range-governing Agamemnon, both a good king and a mighty spearman. And he was once my brother-in-law, *kin* to me, a *bitch-eyed beast*, if ever there were such a great, incredible being—did I dream this thing?'

Thus she spoke,—rimmed in light—and the old man, astonished, stilled by wonder, counter-toned: 'O blessed son of Atreus,—moiregenic parcanatic—luck-born moonbound planet-pirled—majestic-auraed—orbit-beaded charm-haloed olbiodaimous beatanuminous—bliss-abounding sky-kissed,—bright-favored weather-with-us cloud-unclewed blue-unglued—indeed, at this point, many cadets of the trained Akhaioi are controlled and commanded by you. Previously, too, I invened and entered—helix-lucent spiral-lyric—vine-clad tendril-clasping Phrugie, where I saw vivid magnitudes—keen-arrayed—of Phrygian warriors,—aiopolous equulefulgent—lightning-manes and thunder-hooves—riders of glittering chargers, the people of Otreus and god akin Mugdon, who then were encamped along the tall and shaded banks of Sangarios; for I also, being an ally, was counted among their host by luck on the day when the Amazons came,—overwhelming, underpounding, out of nowhere—smooth-busted rainbow-quivered supple-thighed beautiful-shaped, a match for men, a tight encounter,—tantalizing, terrible-charging horrible-screaming—color-atrocious painted commandos—combat-pumped—an amazing body of females—such exotic foreign raiders clad in red and blue and yellow and green—glamorous phantom invaders, never *before* heard or seen—but not as many as the wavelike ranks of—helikopic spiraloculous—dizzy-causing daze-striking bright-eyed Akhaioi.'

Next, beholding, seeing sharply Odusseus Hated Man, the old man thus did ask, appeal: 'Don't stop now, tell me *all about* that man too, lovely child, who he is—shorter by a head than Agamemnon son of

Atreus, but stocky, broader in the shoulders and chest when side-by-side. His well-built war-gear, fire-forged, sword and spear lie rusting on the fruit-teeming—animal-germinal—beast-feeding earth, and he himself, like a docile mellow bellwether, wires and ranges, works his way through the ranks of men—a superb meandering 1-man parade; yes, I imagine and deem him to be like a—pegesimallous crassilanic—massy full-fleeced ram that roams through, threads,—baabaa-wanders—pervades, a sizable flock of cloudwhite—powder-puff foam-fluffy—sheep—shorthorn bleachbright dew-bead-glistening.'

And then Helen,—heaven-hovered glamour-glowing holographic go-goesque—charm-inhering—Sky-Pop-generated, answered him, word-exchanging: 'That man there is son of Laertes, Ant Man,—polumetic multi-crafty—ultra-adroit fire-player, skill-abounding water-swerver—trick-entrancing—subterfugic—Odusseus, who was reared in the land of Ithake,—petrographic saxialtic—earthquake-prone, rugged, rocky, a knower of motley tactics, assorted devices, clandestine impermeable canny blueprints, and tight-gripped fist-clenched stratagems.'

And Man-Confronter, tough Antenor, in turn, breather of many alien airs, spoke to her face-to-face: 'Dear lady, your aim is true, you fail not, in fact, to hit the mark with infallible words, for previously luminous Odusseus,—suntorched moonfused—came here too, for your sake, yes, on a mission with Menelaos, dear to Red-Mouth Ares, And openly I welcomed them, embraced and entertained, in my palace of many rooms, and I can't *forget* each of their heights, quite considerable statures, and tight-gripped bunched and razored counsels,—I learned their ways and close-packed wiles—color-wired artifices. When, indeed, they mingled among the assembled Trojans, Menelaos People-Abider, broad-shouldered, outtipped, overtopped Odusseus when standing up, but Odusseus Hated Man, when both were sitting down, was more majestic. And when they endeavored to bob and weave a web of words, enlooming game plans, all ears aimed at them, indeed Menelaos People-Abider spoke trippingly,—waterwheeled—incurrant epitrokhic—ting tong ting—like a—bouncy crepuscular vacuum-propelled flying saucer—brook-skipping rock, briefly but quite clearly, since he was neither—polumuthic multivocal—word-teeming, talky, glib nor—aphamartoepic inabattingdictive—aimless-syllable-shooting, although he was younger. But when indeed—strategic-thinking tactic-toying affair-deploying—Odusseus of the many hives of devices, arose, shot up, he stood and looked down, paralyzed, poled, perpetually still, and fixed his eyes on the ground,—orbits anchored—voodoo-esque—earthbound,—gaze engaged like a zombi—and did not air-trace,—wild-wield—push or pump the power-baton back and forth, stressing particular points, but always held it stiff, unshaken, still, unstirred, like a man deranged, disoriented, not too swift; you would deem him dull, glummy, supersullen,—maybe crazy—quite perturbed and wholly unaware of things, skull-void,—head-shrunk brain-banished—seemingly mindless. But whenever he uttered a sound or peep, released his big, reverberant voice, lung unloose, from his chest, and let go crystal syllables, words like snowflakes, swerving, symmetric—ineluctable, concrete, aggregat-

ing—wildwhite fire-wired—slow-whirling dream-driven,—mowing blizzard building up—*then no other human could vie, to be sure, with magic-mouth—uvular-swaying, oxytonic—loquacious Odusseus.* As a result we were not so perplexed, astonished or puzzled by—lexiflutive—*Odusseus'*—organic whim—baffling aspect.'

The old man next, saw—jungle-commando mountain-ranger—all-terrain-trained Ajax, the third man up, and asked: 'Who is that other Akhaian soldier, majestic and monumental, projecting over the splendid Argeioi, high of head and broad of shoulder?'

And—tanupeplous tendistolic—color-lit Helen of the flowing robe,—organza-rainbow tulle-tumble!—sky-fused earth-sparked—undimmed, enfamed among women, word-trading, ripely replied to him: 'That is colossal, mighty Ajax,—mobile concrete—battle-bunker, shutter-down of the Akhaioi, and Idomeneus, Timber-Tough, opposite, stands among, moves through the Kretans aglow like a god, sky-striking,—earth-entrenched—and flanking him the Kretan chiefs are gathered. Many times Menelaos, precious to Red-Splashed Ares, entertained and welcomed him in our home, whenever he came from Krete. And now I see all the other such soldiers,—dizzy-causing dazzle-whipping—bright-eyed Akhaioi, whom I could well identify and tell you their several names; but I cannot see, make out, behold, two outstanding marshals of the battle-people,—cosmotropic geminal-jeweled orderbright—broncobuster Kastor, Beaver, and the snapping boxer good with his mitts, topnotch puncher—bang-up slugger—Poludeukes, Super-Glorious, the mask-painted tag-team switchback gods, my own dear brothers, whom the same sweet mother bore. Either they failed to follow and trail enfoamed the silver fleet from—moon-rattled star-colored—blossom-lovely—trees and rocks in phantom twilight—Lakedaimon, or they *did* follow, and co-sail here in their—pontoporous marivading—hard-driving sea-piercing—perihalic—keel-clearing ships, but now, in turn, they're unwilling to plunge and career into bright-helmeted warriors,—dash into combat—bolt unbaffled,—straight—unjarred into—metal-biting organ-mauling bone-exposing bowel-baring body-dropping—man-battle, fearing disgrace and tremendous blame appended, stuck, attached to me—immersed in remorse, piranhaed by compunction, swimming in shame, undertowed, circumstained.'

Thus she spoke, but already the rich—viviparous, phusizoic—animal-generating grain-birthing barley-sprouting *earth*—body-absorber carcass-keeper bone-box—bound them below, held them down there permanently, loss-enlatched, in Lakedaimon, Sky-Rattled—sunray-dwindle jaguar-scream toucan-swish iguana-gleam jungle-crash moonbeam-brush bongo-batter cymbal-sizzle—orbit-swing planet-glow—in their fond dear fatherland.

And the sacred heralds were bearing alive through the city for the high-up gods, the soon-sliced crimson immolation, pledge-victims, animal pair, and sacrificial holy symbols, oath-emblems, two lithe lambs and cheering wine, fruit of the dark-tilled earth, in a goatskin

bag,—red-sloshing low-swinging lightweight elegant-tied—and the herald Idaios duly brought a beaming silver mixing bowl and gorgeous golden beakers. Standing beside the grizzled old man he stirred him up with words: 'Rise, son of Laomedon, up and at 'em, People-Protector, the overlords are calling you, the chiefs of the horse-taming Trojans, and copper-coated Akhaioi, to descend, go down to the boot-pounded plain,—katabane devade—so you can open, slit and drain, bleed out sheep-throats, cut a deal, cement unsevered trusty compacts. But Alexandros Man-Repeller and Menelaos People-Resister,—combat-precious blood-tenacious—bonebound—battle-fond, will fight it out with longbeam spinning painted spears,—steelhead javelins—over the sea-swept shimmer-rimmed—ceremony-expropriated—prestige-packed sea-swooned woman. Let the woman—moon-and-starred—and her powdered possessions and assorted accessories follow and trail the duel-victor, superior warrior, champion, and the rest of us, slitting sacrificial throats,—knife-mirrored welkin-oriented wee-bleating—cementing friendships—clean-cut—and trusty oaths, tight-shut,—wire-sealed bright-threaded socket-sucked—slider-slam portcullis-boom!—will dwell in—germinal-filtered radix-pushng rodent-tunneled jewel-lucent color-percolated—super-lumpy mineral-luminous lush-soiled Troy, but they will go to steed-feeding herd-nourishing Argos, Land of Light, and Akhaiis, land of beautiful women'—pink-pumped orange-gowned yellow-scarfed sapphire-chokered emerald- bangled.

Thus he spoke, and the old man shuddered,—frost-daggered ice-fanged polar-punched—and he ordered his clanlike companions to yoke the horses and, stirred up, exhorted and roused, they quickly obeyed. And then King Priam mounted the chassis and, red-knuckled, drew back the tight-stretched reins, and beside him, Antenor Man-Facer, mounted the bloodstained floorboard aflash of the beauty-ringed bright-rimmed amber-railed 2-man war-car, and the two of them held on tight, and drove the moon-swift mane-soft horses straight through the sunspiked Skaian Gate to the—orange electrons, pink protons, yellow neutrons!—low-built—boot-drubbed hoof-pounded—axle-clanking gearbox- bounding plain.

But when they came to the battle-tangent, point of combat contact, the—roller-derby color-clang wheel-roar rink-sparkle—paramarine sandblasted—space between the Trojans and Akhaioi, after stepping off the running board of the double-teamed-car to the animal-nourishing color-spinning fruit-teeming earth, they approached in a line the middle vacuum—dirt inert—parallel ground of the Trojans and Akhaioi. And then straightway arose, stood up, Agamemnon king of men, and scheme-abounding skill-imbrimming stratagem-buoyed Odusseus too,—crammed with calculations—but the glorious heralds brought together the trusty oath-tied animals, about to be knifed for the gods, and mingled wine in the blending bowl,—color-whirled immolation punch—and poured bright water, citrus-cool, over the hands of the kings. The son of Atreus, stern Untrembles, drew with his hand a big battle-knife—all-purpose gem-starred dagger—which always hung—handy-depended—directly beside his honed and mas-

sive, dangling sword-sheath,—dragon-flamed and electrum-chased—cut wool from the heads of the lambs, and then the efficient sacred heralds duly dealt and parceled it out to the chiefs of the Trojans and Akhaioi. Center-stage for one and all the son of Atreus with hands uplifted prayed with passion—submissive-appealed, robust-be-seeeched, implored in soft profusion: ‘Father Zeus, guardian-bright of Ide, Timber Mountain, most glorious, utmost eminent, most supreme and paramount,—chthonic-empowered-river-revered—and Sun who sees and beholds all things and hears and harks all things, Drinking Rivers and Earth, and you two who way down below pay back, punish and castigate men—king-enthroned queen-enthralled—who have finished their work up above,—subinvaded, superdefunct—invisible avengers, underground retaliators—*whoever swears a leaky oath, you be witnesses, stay alert and guard these trusty tight-shut oaths, all-out-action-blockers.* On the one hand, if Alexandros Man-Repeller kills Menelaos People-Opposer,—deincident kataphenic—cuts him down, then let him keep—sea-swiped ship-swarmed—kiddnapped Helen Girl-In-Hand, and all her things, and we will *go* in our vibrant-painted blue-beyond sea-crossing ships; on the other hand, if yellow-haired Menelaos People-Opposer cuts down, kills Alexandros Man-Repeller, then let the Trojans give back pilfered, radiant, knocked-up Helen Girl-in-Hand and all her things, and pay back compensation—apotine repend—which seems so apt and suitable to the combat-drained Argeioi, consequences—marvel-packed wonder-crammed space-unwarped time-unbound—now unknown, which truly will move, wander and range through the words of men of the future—fascinate, engulf and spark, permeate imaginations, inter-penetrates dreams. But if Priam and the sons of Priam dare to refuse, are not disposed,—booty-hoard plunder-impound loot-cocoon spoils-stash—actively entertain second thoughts—unprepared to reimburse me, all unwilling, to pay me back with precious objects, special treasures, electrum discs, murex shells, after sneaky Alexandros Man-Repeller falls, even then, I shall *still* continue to fight—you can count on that!—for the sake of red-dyed retribution, remaining here on the spot, until I encounter and land a conclusion of war.’

He spoke and slit the open throats of the trembling lambs with pitiless bronze, and—deponent blood-soaked katathetic—set them down,—life-slipping gore-pooling—collapsing on the ground, gasping, lacking the rush and the swell of breath, for the bronze took away their spark of strength, their heaving burning life-force. And drawing wine from the blending-bowl with—mini-lightning, tiny thunder—buffed exquisite swishing polished amber beakers, glowing-rimmed, they poured an arc to the ground, and prayed to the everlast gods—the then-and-now-and then-agains—aiegenetic sempernatiue. And, at random, thus would one of the Akhaioi and Trojans say: ‘Zeus empalaced,—crown-majestic throne-imperial mirror-pooled—most eminent, utmost glorious, most paramount and supreme, and you other immortal gods, whichever warrior, one of the two who is first to subvert, twist and blast—mar undo calamitize—the barred and blocking oaths, may their head-hemmed brains—spill and ripple—dash and

flow, flicker and splash upon the ground, gurgle and drain unclothed, shining like this wine, theirs and their children's also, and may their wives, their cozy bedmates, be subdued, pinned and conquered,— overpowered subjugated—crushed and quelled, ripped and raped by others.'

Thus they spoke, but, not yet, did son of Kronos execute, fulfill their wish. Then Priam son of Dardanos spoke a word among them: 'Hear me, face-masked Trojans, and shin-guarded Akhaioi; I indeed shall go on back to windhammered—blowbright suckdark cloud-chambered dust-funneled—Brownian-mobile—Ilios, for I cannot bear and yet do not dare to behold with my eyes my precious son—metal-engaged might-uncaged—fighting it out with Menelaos, precious to Ares Human-Eraser; but Zeus of the molten stars, I presume, and the other immortal gods, of course, know the unobstructed outcome, for which of the *two* the terminal, single point of death—dash and jolt, disjoint of life—has been set, infallibly furnished, soon foredoomed.'

Thus he spoke, and the godlike man securely set the lambs in the 2-man war-car, and he himself then mounted, and drew way back the shine-tight reins; and beside him Antenor Man-Facer mounted the rainbright beauty-ribboned swerve-superb 2-man war-car. And then the two took off, hightailed it back—*varoomed* in vanishing violet—scramming, flowing madly backwards—celestial current, foambuilt blowpurple rayglowing firewaked—to Ilios. But Hektor, son of Priam the king, and welkin-luminous Odusseus first measured out a piece of appropriate ground-space, and thereupon they took and shook the lots, variegated coded pebbles, clinking in the pocked—khalkeric aerifixous—bronze-fired blade-dented dogskein-lean-lined helmet, to see which one of the two would *be* the first to hurl, launch, let go, his coin-copper compound hush-headed spear. And the people prayed in pointed submission, and lifted their hands to the gods, and thus would one of the Akhaioi or Trojans say: 'Father Zeus, warden of Ide, Timber Mountain, most glorious, eminent, lordly, whoever laid down this course of events, the cause of troubles between both peoples, let him fizz, dwine and die,—chthonic eclipse—then go down—apo-phthine fade dissolve abwane—to the black-built gloam-governed chambers—rainbow-banished moon-and-starless waterfall-vanished galleries—of gloom-engulfed sullen Ais the Invisible, and we in turn shall have sure airtight friendships, and well-bound steel-barred trusty oaths.'

Thus they spoke, and majestic Hektor Holdfast of the hue-transmuting—atom-luminous patchwork-metal beam-dinging—switchback helmet shook the lots, looking away, and quickly Paris' color-coded pebble leaped out. *Then* the men sat down in the ranks, where each warrior's—aersipodous tollipedal—hoof-uplifted high-profile—supple-tripping brisk-trotting horses stood and parti-metalled color-flashing well-built weapons lay. And Paris, spiffed up, snapped down—ambiorned amphiduned—donned the beautiful well-forged spark-splashed flame-banged mask-hammered armor, unsure about his shoulders, see-through sham Alexandros Man-Repeller, tinsel-

flashy, spouse of Helen Appropriated, the girl with the—benecrinic eukomous—fire-flowing jungle-lush honey-tumbling hair. First he placed the beautiful shin-guards—shield-clanking arrow-thonking—around his legs, fastened with silver ankle-clasps—clickflash snap-bright! Next in turn he slipped on the cuirass, light-caressed, of his brother Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, about his chest, and adjusted and joined the two tight plates. And then, over his shoulder-pads he promptly slung a silver-studded tin-copper sword,—swivel-radiant felt-hilted—and then his wicker ox-hide bronze-plated concave figure-8 body-shield, great and compact, tamped and kicked, battle-tested. And upon his soft-muscled—blowdried hairsprayed—gummy jammed head he set a well-made horse-tail houndhair-lush-lined helmet, and terribly,—wicked, grim—fantastically—flexi-snap rhythm-whip dinobop—did the free-swinging crest wiggle and wave, flicker and nod from above. And he took the averting prowess-siphoned strength-inspired 2-part spear, girl-gripped finger-fastened palm-pretty. Thus in the same way, waxing Menelaos People-Abider donned his armored war-gear.

And then when they were ramped up, bright-harnessed, weaponed-out—geared to go—on each checked side of the thick-packed troops, they walked alone into midfield, the ground between the wound-down Trojans and wired-up Akhaioi, glaring terribly,—glowing meteors,—fire-engines dragon-orbits tong-tips chromocores—and wonder possessed the beholders, both horse-taming Trojans and shin-guarded Akhaioi. And both stood near in the marked-out space shaking their compound spears and raging,—rancor-brimming ire-piling fire-cresting—swearing at each other. First Alexandros Man-Repeller hurled his air-splitting—dolikhoskious prolixumbral—part-grained long-shadowed spear, and struck the son of Atreus squarely; nevertheless, hit-unavailing, the tip waded in, on his tuned and balanced, tassel-tossing horrendous-mirrored black-skulled shield, but unpervading, the bronze did not break through, and its spear-point warped, was bent back, blunted, snubbed in the strong and shimmering shield. And next Menelaos son of Atreus—uncrouching, unper-turbed—arose in a rush with the bronze aflash, javelin-charging, verve-impelled, after he prayed to Sky-Pop Zeus: 'Sky King Zeus, let me avenge and sabotage him who first,—clandestine, tricky—sneak-like, did me wrong, flimflam flashy Alexandros Man-Repeller, and crush him under my hands, so any—serinatal opsigonic—late-born man might shudder and freeze to do a bad thing to, undermine, screw, his kind—xeinodokous hospitatceptive—favor-entertaining—guest-receiving host, who, hoodwinked and bamboozled, would—parekhic juxtaphabent—offer and extend, furnish innocent friendship.'

He spoke, and prepping, gripping, poising in delicate launch-mode his long-shadowed 2-part spear,—ampallous elibratic—letting go he threw it, and hit the son of Priam squarely, penetrating, slick, precise, on his tuned and balanced—pastel-flowered—tassel-tossing bell-encircled bloodless shield. The heavy compound mighty spear bore through the shining plated shield,—clapper-tapping jingle-jerking flash-embellished—and tooled, to boot, through the—poludaidalous

multiornt—intricate-shaped rich-rimmed many-metaled twin-plated breastplate—tatter-crinkle rip-snag whip-tear blow-force; and right beside the slack flank, between the rib cage and the hip bone, straight through the ringmailed frock—scale-tinkle pop-spangle—mowed the compound spear, but he dodged the head and avoided blackwinged doom—swerve-sparkle star-swivel planet-bump twister-spots. Without a blink the son of Atreus drew, unsheathed, shined out machine-like—orthodox flourish, chainsaw finesse—his silver-studded sword, and he, self-rising, auto-elevated, reared way up and—no dice! snake eyes!—smote, struck down the valid protruding luminous mobile plume-socket,—hack clunk! shimmer bang!—and breaking about it in three or four pieces,—flash-fling clang-clash!—perfractive crack—echo glitter—diatruphous snap—the shattered sword disintegrated, fell apart, dropped pell-mell from his hand. And the son of Atreus cried out—oi moi!—looking into the hard wide sky: ‘Sky-Father, Blue-Domed Zeus, no other god is more outblotting, catastrophic,—trouancy—hoppering disasters—abortive or destructive,—a wiper-out supreme, crack havoc-wreaker—ruinous than you. Indeed I deemed I avenged, paid back, Alexandros Man-Repeller for his wickedness,—his cold bald scalding crime of bold raw rape—but now my sword was sharded, shot, shivered, shattered—trenchant flashing fragmentation—broken to bits in my hand, and my spear shot futilely, veered in vane, from my palm,—scintillating scorched debris—fruitless flying metal—and I did not strike and subdue, damage or dent him.’

He spoke and jumped up,—quick-probounded—and grabbed his—hippodaseious equivillootive—ray-breaking beam-drilled gay-winging dream-gonged—oscillating—wave-endappled ripple-woven—spectrum-spangled—horse-hair flick-bushy helmet, and turned around, to try to drag Paris,—skull-pillowed face-guarded headlocked twist—adversive—corkscrewed,—epitrepic—straight to the middle of the shin-guarded hard-scarred Akhaioi; and the—polukestic—seasonal patchwork—multiacupingent—astropunctive lunar-pinked—pretty-pricked leatherback needle-looped chin-strap—padded and pranked—of many stitches, under his soft throat, slowly choked him, the snapper-thong of his blade-blocking—point-obstructing—helmet—four-ridged gore-edged—dainty-painted delicate-pastelled—drawn up tight, blue-throttling, beneath his bloom-bright chin. And now, he would have dragged him away, and been boosted, lifted high up in unspeakable—decus ineffable—glory, had not the daughter of Sky-Pop Zeus, Aphrodite Foam-Born,—crest-built trough-tucked—passion-puffed love goddess, quickly marked it,—kaliscoped—who snipped and broke his chin-strap, oxhead-dagger-sliced bullhorn-hammer-blown,—entropic Trojan centrifuge—and the empty helmet—snap-loose disembodied headless—trailed in tandem, swinging free in his callus-fastened blister-bunched—inflated fearless fist—scab-crinkled thick-boned hand. Then the warrior whirled around—bright-revolving—sky-shimmer sun-bounce moon-skip cloud-stretch—tumble-colors, spiral risers, glowing newel—inrotational epidinic—socket-streak paint-swirl plume-flare—and flung it afar with a topspin, right to the middle of the shin-guarded—rocket-shocked—Akhaioi, and his trusty buddies, clan-tight, caught and

kept it; but knocked off keel, disoriented, way stirred up, distraught he rushed back, burning to pommel and kill,—decapitate—cut Paris down,—decident—boneshred—kataktanic—swift-dissect with his tin-copper 2-part spear, yet—cave-eyed sea-scented shell-curved color-veiled—Spume-Born Aphrodite snatched him up, love-lifted luck-wafted,—fight-whiffled pluck-waffled—quite effortless, easy for a goddess, and then enwrapped him, draped in a dense blinding magical sweet invisible-dubbing mist, love-spun, low-blown, and—combat-vanished—set him down in a—euodus iucundolent—sweet-smelling punk-burning—fire-fragrant stained-glass flower-radiant waterfall-stoned—fountain-effervescent—war-oblivious—color-beamed pool-furnished—pink interior chamber, and she herself, in turn slipped away, went to call Helen Taken-Girl. She found her on the stormproof tall-entowered wall, and Trojan women, royal-trained, were lovely-huddled around her. And with her hand she grabbed with a twist the wearable splashy—fruit-perfumed—wine-dashed robe and shook it, assuming the form of an—olimnatiive palaigenic—brittle-gaited antique stature-tilted woman, broken-eyed,—and as such—silver-tousled golden-graced—she addressed her, a—lanapex, eirocome—swollen-jointed wool-carder, foot-pedaled spinner, who used to intricate-ply, curious-work—loom-caress—complex-fashion, trick out beautiful wool for her when she dwelled in gloam-percussive wild Lakedaimon, Goddess-Rattled,—tom-tom orbits, tambourine-stars—and Helen of the 7-colored sparkle-threaded pastel-shadowing veils—beauty-haloed—loved her most of all. Resembling her, twinny, clone-like, skybright Aphrodite Sea-Sprayed spoke to her: ‘Come here, Helen. Alexandros Man-Repeller is calling you to come back home. There he *is* in the inner room, sprawled out on the well-adorned grain-perfumed,—dinotoned—spiral-styled—jewel-en-chased patchwork-quilted—thong-twisted lathe-turned—fine-framed couch, glistening, gleeful, with fugitive charm in—streamerhemmed joker-flashy rhinestone-rimmed—bounce-sheeted color-picked raiment; and you would not deem—all agleam—that he just came back after close-tapping steel, fighting it out with a warrior, but togged up going to a sock-hop, or sitting down taking a breather, casually, just—party-favors, animal-balloons, colored confetti, flaming punchbowls, jungle-blowouts—rounding out the dance.’

Thus she spoke, and stirred up Helen’s hurricane heart, profound-bestoked, provoked unbound in her breast; and then as she saw the beauty-abounding light-beneweled neck of the goddess supreme and her lovely breasts, lucid-brimming,—loaded with desire—and sparkling remarkable crystal-prismatic kirakira eyes,—marmairous iris, beautiful orbits, coruscating wonders—she was stunned on the spot, and spoke a rebellious word and addressed her: ‘Wonder-goddess, flame-veiled marvel-sparkled doom-dealer, why do you wish, hope and desire to dupe and cajole me so much in this devious manner—zigzag way, hairpin path, arabesque mode? Will you lead me alone off the grid to some well-peopled city, driven by force, either Phrugia, rhythm-and-melody-wrought, fraught with wild oboe music—flute-flowing drum-popping cymbal-clanging—tambourine-shimmering—gay-starred moonglow—or lovely Meionia,—bloom-ranged

fruit-fringed flower-flanged—if there might be there too, some—partivocal—speech-endowed—meropic—man, dear to you; for truly now Menelaos has conquered flashy Alexandros accursed, and wishes to bring abominable *me* home. On account of this, indeed, you appear near here, juggle-honed—dolophrionic astuputant—guile-minded trick-headed bait-bent. Go sit beside him. Shrink, withdraw from the aerial path—renounce the way—of the gods, and—hypostrophic twinkle-toed subversive love-proponent—don’t turn back any more to fabulous Olumpos, don’t about-face with your fair-formed—mollibellous air-balletic—feet, but go lament and wail for *him* forever, if you wish, and duly, baby, guard and protect him, until he will make you his bedded wife, or surely his toylike pull-string doll, submissive puppet, robotic sex-slave—perfunctory marvellous pleasure unit. But I shall not go there—for it would cause and clearly create just resentment, righteous pique, acidic, celestial, due and deserved indignation—to fill out his couch, to fluff up his pillows, for—saffron-long-gowned generations—all Trojan women to be, will scold and blame, upbraid, disgrace me—ultra-condemned, a marked maiden, made to mock—in the future. Plus, no less, I have indistinguishable nonstop pains—pointed, perked, unfiltered—in my palpitating storm-absorbed passion-jerked turbulent heart.'

And Aphrodite Foam-Born, sky-glassed sea-bright, wintergreen-scented, whipped to a rage, black-bile-blocked,—ire-worked-up—spoke to, addressed her,—ears steaming, aura-venting, spectral range of sublimation—outrage-pounded radiant diatribe: ‘Do not vex me, persistent bitch, wicked wretch, lest indignant, irked and angered, I forsake, abandon you, and thus I would hate you horribly as now I love you terribly,—don’t reject or lock me out—and lest I devise and inculcate, forge, organize sweeping enmity, bane-teeming sore-burning ruin-raining widespread hatred between both parties, Trojans and Danaoi soon, and you would indubitably die a dire doom’—universal chromatic disaster—glamour-impurpled empire, fire-spiraled throne-maiden—rock-cloaked, stoned to death for sneak-pressured passion-pushed love-revolving.

Thus she spoke, and stunning Helen Taken-Girl, produced from Zeus, started, frozen, shot with fear,—whipped into submission—and footfall light, she went away, elegant-wrapped in a radiant wearable all-weather polka-dot robe,—colorfast, clandestine-cloaked, mirror-veiled—in silence, mobile and inconspicuous,—unseen-seeming, sashed and swishing, palpitating—physically exquisite—and suddenly she slipped by, invisible to all the Trojan women, scope-escaping, and cogently the passion-dealing—heart-ripping, mind-pulling eye-trapping—fire-veiled goddess led.

And when they came to the beauty-ensphering well-built palace—maiden-cage—of Alexandros Man-Repeller, the handmaids quickly—ambidisponents, amhipoles—vacuum-rangers—turned then alert to their tasks,—adversive homed-in epitrepic—but she, undimmed among women,—limb-robust orbital-bright—muscle-mobile stature-ravishing—went to the high-beamed—hupsorhophic altitective—

cherry-wallpapered lavender-chandelered chamber. And then—philommeidous amasubrident—smile-loving Aphrodite—blue rods, green cones, yellow rings, red domes—took and brought over an ottoman loveseat, velvet maroon, and the sky-submitting sea-enswooning goddess set it down, facing Alexandros Man-Repeller. There Helen of the colored veils sat down, daughter of Zeus of the—aigiokhic capri-habent—chime-ruffled ripple-sonic goatskin-snakeshield,—orbit-whizzing glow-a-matic rainbow-dragon-pinwheel—sharply shunted, angled hard her—chromotropic retrowarped—back-abending eyes, pink-volcanic, rough-averted,—razor-slits—and ripped at, reamed out,—harsh-howling grim-screaming—lashed her war-torn par-amour, mouthing many a word: ‘You came *back* from single-handed open battle; would that you had died there, knuckle-pounded, fist-beaten,—ear-bashed eye-gouged nose-cracked mouth-punched—and body-crushed by a single-minded double-handed triple-wounded—sarcocratic psychopathic—man, who happened to be my former Spartan spouse. Indeed, to be sure, you boasted before to be better than—Areiphilous Mars-a-matic—combat-passionate war-in-love Menelaos, more valiant in your might and, more deadly with your hands and, topnotch, especially apt, at wielding your wild spear. Now go away! Get out of here! Go challenge, bug, call out, provoke, skirmish-craving, Ares-prized-and-superprecious Menelaos to fight face-to-face, kick it out, bang heads one more time; but wait, in my heart I exhort you to stop, cease and desist, and not to go at it, battle or clash in a metal-tipped fray—wound-draped affair, blood-dripped fracas—with yellow-haired frenzied Menelaos, not to go toe-to-toe blindfolded, fooled, recklessly,—impulse-popping—lest, perhaps you be conquered, pierced, quickly downcast, squashed on the spot by his sliding spear of hulking oak.’

And Paris responded—uttered bunk—with a mouthful abulge—marble-crammed kisser—of mongering words—labile syllables—dodgem cars—juvenile, fatuous, dopey, jejune, wimpy, to her: ‘Do not chide my charging heart or chew me out, alien woman, wild-wielding—frenzy-flailing—harsh reproaches. For now Menelaos Man-Withstander has, in victory,—pulp-whipped—Trojan-triumphed, overwhelmed, outskirmished—beat me—with success, flairless, and prevailed with the help of weaponed-up—vibrant-colored sparkle-mobile spear-propelling raiment-flowing cogent-shielded—glamour-pumped flaming aura!—Head-Born hydra-caped Athene, but *him* I shall vanquish with certain success, at another time and separate place, designated by the fates, for gods on standby—favorful—propitious, fending, glorious, are also near us. Come now, Hell, let’s have some fun and lie in love, amuse and gambol,—bomp and bounce—horizontalize; for never has love so overspread,—amphikaluptic ambitective—superimposed, enwrapped my heart, not even when I first intruded,—Sparta-barged—abrupt-encroached,—mask-invading guile-basking—snatched you away from lovely charming Lake-daimon, Goddess-Rattled,—earth-shimmy orbit-glow moon-drum star-cymbal—choric sky of colored balls—and sailed away on our-pontoporous ultramarine—deep-sea-piercing ships, and remote on

rugged Kranae, Rocky Island,—crime-clandestine yellow-molester black-entropic playground—when we mingled and tumbled—romped intrundled—in bed, lost and locked, immersed in love, as now I crave you, all alone, and honey burning love is grabbing,—sweet-clawed—grapple-hooking heated hormones—seizing me.'

He spoke and led the way to bed, while his bedmate trailed in tow.

So the two bunked down on the color-corded thick-thonged hole-bored pink-screened—bounce-sheeted spring-action—romp-robust lavender-canopied bedstead, but son of Atreus was ranging through the tattered throng of huddled troops like a wild beast, hoping perhaps to mark out, pin, detect, unmask celestial-seeming—circus-clad—Alexandros Man-Repeller. But not even one of the puzzled Trojans, or baffled and flummoxed, their glorious allies could finger or furnish, point out or cough up, turn over at that time, Alexandros to Ares-cherished war-adoring Menelaos. For they would not camouflage, hide or disguise him,—pancake with make-up—conceal out of love, to be sure, if anyone happened to spot him; for *he* incurred high-heated hatred—hissing acerbic supreme—like that of the black death goddess, equally-vented from all of them. And even Stabilizer, staunch Agamemnon, king of men, spoke among them: 'Hear me, Trojans, listen alert, and Dardanoi and allies. Ares-cherished Menelaos appears to emerge superb indeed from the—splendor-popping color-coated power-cored—battle-light,—combat-beams contention-clangs—robed in sparkling parti-oomph, crowned in glittering triumph—amorphous, spongy, ineluctable—abracadabra! whim-structured—jagged-engaging clash of tangible victory, so hand over Argive Helen,—orbit-curved—color-splashed fruit-pulpy ripple-gowned—rainbow-pumped—starchime moonglow—carved in light, and all the things obtained with her, and render proper reimbursement, something seemly and tremendous, pay back compensation which is suitable,—crime-incurred—a drastic famed germane and brilliant action carried out, strong-performed which will burn and bore, swirl, osmose, ray-invade,—slowly permeate—stick, remain and drift in the minds and move through the dreams of—dinochromatic space-numbers, antientropic time-colors—ultraviolet seasounds—blueshift soul-fire—infrared skysights—greenshift swoon-desire—past and

future generations.'

Thus spoke the son of Atreus, and the other enbeached Akhaioi let go, boomed and applauded, sea-ricocheted—moon-splendid star-plan-gent—bright-approved,—turbo-cranked crepitant-whipped—sky-exploded—vault-a-bust—in electromagnetic favor.

NOTE

No matter at what point one joins or drops out of the epic parade, one cannot remain the same after being swayed by such siren music, for the tidal beauties of the poem seem to circulate through one's mind long after the first encounter with Homer's charm-bright words, riveted harmonies and oceanic rhythms. As Polugnotos, according to Pliny, represented women wearing multi-colored headdresses, so Homer imbues the *Iliad* with a battery of hues, natural images scattered throughout the battle spectrum.

Eos, the gynemorphic rainbow goddess, as encountered in the poem, somehow seems to reflect and reverberate with both primal and ineffable elements and throbbing pulsations of the human psyche and the omniextensive entropic universe.

One could contrast the poetic image of the finger-painted Goddess of Dawn with Hokusai's wood block print, 'Sunset View across Ryou-goku Bridge from the bank of the Sumida River at Oumayagashi', from the series, *Fugaku Sanju-Rokkei*, where the hard silhouette of the dark blue cone of Mt. Fuji separates the horse-and-human-bearing ferry balanced on black-lined yarnlike waves and the fading iridescent strata of the mist-permeated rich-bound sky.

