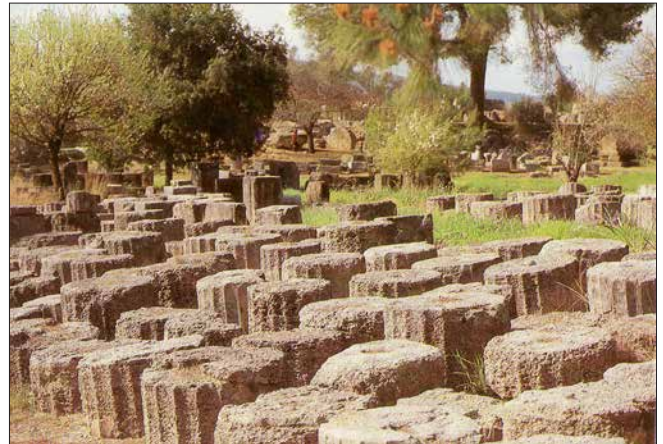


PINDAR  
OLYMPIAN 1  
For Hieron of Syracuse  
Winner in the horse race, 476 B.C.

*transduced by J. M. Wilcox*

As water, crystal supreme, is best, so gold, like blazing fire, dazzles, burns on, shines out, gleams—perspicuous scattered raybeat rushing diaprepic—superbeams, shimmers at night with whipping might, brighter than brinked and—meganorous magnivirile—man-exalting brimming riches, squeezing luxuries, pumped-up wealth. But if you desire melodies skillful, skeined with oomph, robust, triumphant, wish to sing about trophied contests, sports medals,—conquering entertainment—game prizes, champion jackpots, precious heart, look no further or longer in daytime, watch no more through the solitary, uncorrupted, elevated air above, luminous, sublime, for another star beaming, outer-space-heating, warmer than the sun, nor let us sing struggles, proclaim and utter tournament-tunes and competitions livelier, more eminent,. electric than Olympia. There the famous—multideclarative poluphatic—famous festive song, celebrant ode—amphiballic ambijective—circumdates, embraces, encompasses the focused burning cogitations, sparked thoughts of sharp poets, who gush and whirl, jet, cascade, chime and rush the child of Kronos, Circle-Maker,—iridescent rings of Saturn!—when they reach the rich and blessed, fruitful, opulent, flowered—colorful luscious horn-of-plenty—wealthy hearth of Hieron,



who—ambioperant amphiepic—waves and reveres the ordinant upright propped baton, the badge of command, custom-confirmed, sky-decreed, in—polumalic multipecudal—cattle-teaming Sicily, gorgeous germinal fragrant fruitful, plucking the peaks from all excellence, and he imbrights, delights in choice, exquisite music, such as we men often play gathered around the friendly table, 4-stemmed board. Now detach and take down from its pendent peg, pangent, fixed, the 7-string Dorian phorminx, portable tone-bright, twinging, indeed, if at all, the grace and charm and glory of Pisa, sounding with fountains and flowers and pools, and Pherenikos, Victory-Bringer, consumed and dyed, imposed our minds with candied thoughts,—dulcissimous glukutatic—when the charger rushed and darted by the rippling crystal fragrant flowing fair Alpheos supplying a frame unwhipped in the races, and enswirling,—punchbowl-potent cutglass-glittering—cogent-blended, highspeed-spun, swizzle-sparkled turbo-mingled, mixed his master with might,

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the king of Syracuse, —hippokharmic equigaudent—uma-cuckoo, crazy over horses. His fame and glory beams and glows in the man-exalting Ramboesque—euanorous benevirile—macho-crowning colony—apoi-kic abaedile—teledome laid—of Lydian Pelops, whom—megasthenic magnivalid—musclebound—gaaiokhous terrahabent—earth-supporting lucent blue Poseidon loved, orbic Neptune, when whirling Klotho,



iridic Spinner, Bobbin Queen, present-ruling radiant-spooling, took his hand and pulled him out of the clean and spotless, purifying, copper, scrub-bright cauldron, bathed and burnished, bare with remarkable shoulder shining with ivory. Indeed gazeable wonders are rife, marvels are many, and to some and a certain degree, regarding the words of mortals too, tall tales trick, embellished beyond the true account with dappled convertible lies.

Charm, which makes everything mild for mortals, bringing, bestowing esteem, often contrives the in-

credible to seem credible; but future days are the wisest witnesses. It beseems, is better and apt for a man to announce, proclaim, say beautiful, fine and favoring things about the empyreal gods; there will be less blame. Son of Tantalos, boost you I shall, splendid-extol, celebrate counter to previous poets, the time when your father called and invoked, invited the gods to a—eunomous benedistributive—picnic imperial—well-arrayed spread, and his precious and special, dear Sipulos, furnishing favors, hatching a chowdown,—for it was his turn—amoibaic alternating subselenic blowout—then the god of the eminent trident—splendid aglaic 3-tooth tool—snatched you, wave-wrapped, overwhelmed,

drowned, enwhirled, subdued by fire, fuelled desire, squeezing, invading, consuming his heart, and he—metabatic sequigressive—raced in his car of gold to the highest home, towering palace, crowndome, dwelling supreme of—eurutimous laticultic—Zeus wide-esteemed; where later in time Ganymede also came for the same service to Zeus of the bright-staired stars. When you ranged invisible, vanished, vamoosed, and canine search teams, well-determined, leaving no stone unturned, burned to find and bent to fetch you, unsucceeded, failed to duly lead you back and bring you home to your mother, then some ill-willed envious neighbor secretly, instantly—landmate wordcloak—made up a story, fabricated tale, big fat fib that they—clean decisive katatamic—bright-hacked, dark-hewed, cut off and cut up your limbs with a cleaver, plunged you into the fired and bubbling, boiling point, the nubilous bloom of water, and around the cherry oak—tetrapodal quadripedal tables—dining-boards they—diatetic distributive—divided and downed—bone-consumed—the—deutatic secundissimous—last plump pieces, diminutive dumplings, simple and savory lumps of your flesh.

I cannot say—intransitive-diagrammed, color me driveless, verbally

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stuck, unvasive, ne plus ultra man, — whether any or which of the radiants, — impressive blessed imperishables — blessed ethereal people possess and maintain — gastrimargal ventrifurious — stomach-storming man-size appetites. I — abstatal apostemic — stand away, blench and quail, remote-revolt. — Codurational zero lucre — lack of successes, lots of losses — sky-decreed fate-obtained — often land in the lap of — kak-



agorous improballoquent — ill-proclaiming defaming maligners — vituperative rep-wreckers, smear-campaigners, slander-mongers. If indeed the Olympian guardians, — skywatchers cosmoscopes — ever esteemed, valued, honored any mortal man, that man of worth was Tantalos. But guess what — he could not digest his capital, ample dough, cork his chips, — concoctive katapeptic cocktail! — so *he* received for his insolence, prosperous-bent, surfeit-caught, stuffed to the gills in plenitude, a — huperoplic supertooled — robust organic high-powered hex, — inordinate scourge, outrageous bane, exorbitant blight — a sizable jagged mighty stone which the father dangled, — huperkremic supersensitive — hung

high over him, and always longing, bent and yearning, burning to hurl, repel and cast this boulder above from his head, he roams and wanders, underponders, strays, enchained, from the land of straw-bright favors, — euphronic and blithe, benecordial domain — imperial-driven, sullen-expelled, banished from bliss.

He is locked in this unhande, helpless, hard anchored labor, eternally toiling unpalmed pattern, grounded in moil, impeded for life, a fourth labor along with three others, for he stole and bestowed to his drinking amigos, — sumptotic combibulous boon-companions — gave to his agemates — propinative pals — their luminous nectar and blissful ambrosia, multiflavored with boundless bouquets, with which they made him imperishable beyond the wane, decayless. If any man hopes to dodge the gods in anything secret or open he does, — view-swerve scope-escape — he misses the mark — target wobble! — making a big mistake. For *this* the immortals hurtled his son back, in turn, permitted among the — takhupotmous celersortal — short-spanned tiny-timed mini-spaced human race. And nearing the bloom of his prime, the down dotting his darkening chin, finely, faintly infra-crowned, he — anaphronic incogitant — whirled the whim of an ineluctable, certain and feasible marriage, a warranted ready wedding,

to win the — eudoxic benaestimatous — heavenly glorious Hippodameia, Mare-Tamer, from her Pisan father, to hold her hand in the land of infefable colorful fountains. Coming near the gray salt sea, alone in the moonless darkness of night, he called and spoke to the — baruktupous gravifragorant — heavy-crashing god of the true stupendous flaming trident; and to him, he appeared, close by his feet. And he said: 'Poseidon, if the cherished kind gifts of the Kyprian count, value-driven, for anything precious at all, arising in grace and bright favor, bind the bronze spear of Oinomaos, and furnish and bring, hasten and waft me impelled

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upon, driving the swiftest robust-welded war-car to Elis, and pair me with power, tangent force, boost and launch, sling me to victory, mighty and sweet. He has killed a wooing cluster of thirteen would-be suitors, potential out-revved lovers, and so—injunctive anaballic—spins on wheels, suspends the marriage, wedding-detains,

of his daughter. Big risks draw no dastards. Drastic danger takes no cowards. Liberal perils snag no yellow-bellies—impotent pale unrepellent poltroons But for those who must die, necessity-pressed, why should one sitting,—kathetic desedent—dwelling in darkness engage and attend, submit to in vain, unfruited, a nameless inglorious vague and oblivious, creaky old age,—pulchritude-disponed—unbound from all things beautiful? But beware: this contest, race, will swing my way in the last stretch—subjacent hupokeimic—underlaid, staked, established; please give me the cherished achievement, precious triumph, victory I crave.<sup>7</sup> So he spoke, ardent-addressing, and bound fast words not hollow-inhering, fired no fruitless utterings, fastened no unfulfilled syllables. The god bright-exalted and glorified, gave him a 2-man fierce-shimmering war-car of gold and steeds with unwearying wings.

Take down! He took the wind out of Oinomaos' sails,—pinched his power, clutched his might, subsumed his strength—then bunked the broad, took the maiden to tumble, made her his bedmate; She bore him six sons, superb special people leaders, burning for virtue, eager for excellence, valor and prowess propending. And now he is mingled in splendid oblations, blending in bright immolations,—haimakourious sanguijuvenile—teen-tined, shining sacrifices-joined, reclining, enloured by the ford, traverse of whirlwhite Alpheos, Quartz Pool, placed with a popular range-around tomb,—amphipolous ambimobile—by an elevated altar—multihospitable visitor-friendly poluxenic—tribute bursed by many. The glory of the Olympiads flashes from afar—rainbow dragon!—among the color-shot racecourses, stadium tracks of Pelops, where one strives, endeavors and vies, bends and contends for swiftness of foot and the—thrasuponic audaclaborate—bold-battling, fearless-working power-pinnacles, peaks of strength, zenith-might, in the fright and hurl and horror of height; and the victor has 'round for the rest of his life—here, there and everywhere—honey-sweet calm, skybright tranquility, drinking the sweet, redolent, lush, soft, delicious air,

at least as far as trophies and flower-crowns, cornucopious garlands, gem-diadems and games are concerned. But the good that comes successively, day by day, is always best for every mortal. I must crown that man with the horseman's 3-beat tune, color-coded mode, in my limb-vibrant spangle-popping shimmy-whip Aiolian melody; the seven-toned orbs dictate. I am persuaded, convinced, way-prevailed, do deem there is no foreign host, both more, to be sure, of a knower and master of noble obsessions and beautiful things, and at the same time, power-supreme, a chief with strength, on the blue and green earth, to embellish, deck and adorn in more glorious, famed folds of hymns, gay festive odes. A god as your guardian—epitrope, invert—nebulous-gleaming governor, cares for, concerned with your dreams and desires, aspiring fires, performing this role as a holy and luminous warder, Hieron, caught *up* in your thoughts and solitudes too; and if he should *not* subito leave and forsake you soon, I hope a still sweeter victory superb

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to celebrate, glorify, parade and proclaim, ignited and sparked with a souped-up, nimble, bright-welded, 2-wheeled car, having found a boosting, precise and assisting path of words, when I come by—eudeielous benevisible—sky-clear, Zeus-precinct-appositive Kronion Hill. For me, anyway, the burning maiden, dreaming Muse is keeping a missile, bracing a bolt, most mighty in strength, prowess-packed—potentissimos karterotatic—warder robust—splendid-repelling. Others are great at alternative things. But the ultimate thrill and uttermost kick peaks out, encrowning kings. Peer no further, overgazing. For now let it be that you scale outer space,—vibrating stairwells, xylophonic spectra—stroll among numbers and colors of stars, and that I may assemble, tribe up and circulate, roll tight with victors for as long a time, being the wisdom-well,—laser-relaying poetry's craft and sparked art—mirror of Pharos, seafarer-beam among Hellenes everywhere.

### NOTE

According to Quintilian, the first century Roman rhetorician, in his twelve-volume *Institutio Oratoria*, Pindar was the greatest in the canon of the nine ancient Greek lyric poets. He composed seventeen books (papyrus rolls), but only four survived: the epinikia (victory odes) containing forty-five poems. They are complex organisms employing an artificial language, designed to be sung and danced to the accompaniment of lyres and pipes (oboes or flutes). There was a legend that a bee built a honeycomb on his mouth. C. M. Bowra tells us that for each individual ode, Pindar invented a new metrical pattern, but all were based on distinct principles. The poems radiate a poikilic energy, interpenetrated with a driving rhythm and ineffable melody. The sentiment is always noble, and the overall impression is beautiful and luminous. To encapsulate the content or consistent theme of Pindar's odes, I turn to Swinburne: 'Things gained are gone, but great things done endure'.

