

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOK VI

THE JOINING, REVOLVING AND UNRAVELING  
OF HEKTOR AND ANDROMAKHE

transduced by

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The turbic battle-rattle and macabre combat-clangor, the strident scarlet scrimmage of the Trojans and the Akhaioi was left to itself, god-untouched, and so the skirmish pushed ahead, macheteesque, in brutal fashion, stinging like a whiplash in slow motion, —jerk and bounce, snap and flash—like an epileptic electric eel, propulsive as a planet—deviating rectitude—over and across and stylized, repeatedly, —multi-directive superpelled—the sandal-pounded plain, as they aimed their spear-beams, —stern khalkerous aerifigent—dour-determined all-out stringent, swirl-grain copper-tipped, at each other, between the streams of Simoeis, shining wire, bending beam, and Xanthos, Yellow River—stomalimnous orilacunal salt-trickle flow-pool mouth-mere.

Telamonian Ajax, body-blocker battle-bunker of the Akhaioi, was the first to break the array, crack the formation and shatter divisions of Trojans, and to make a puncture, slit of light for his clanlike comrades, for he hit with a hurl a man who was trained as the war-bold best of the Threikioi, son of Eussoros, Akamas Indefatigable, tall and august, utter-majestic. Him he hit, was first to strike with a hurl and a streak, cast supreme, missile-smite, on the metal-ridged air-rubbed blade-thrashed plume-socket—spin shock shake!—of his keelsleek keen-pierced moonbeam-finecombed—hippodaseious equidense—spear-nicked sword-pocked skull-rocking snap-bushy horsehair-breeze-veered oscillating star-crowned helmet, and straight-on he stuck the implacable stick in the spot right between his inspiraling eyes, joggled, surprised, and so—metopic interocular thornless flowing rose—the whizzing copper gleaming spear-point, face-spelunking, drove right through, ultrapulsive, penetrating bone, and darkness veiled his two eyes, color-fading sky-reflecting,

And then Diomedes Sky-Guarded, war-scream-supreme, killed Craggy, Axulos, son of Teuthras, who dwelled in, inhabited—euktimenous benestructive—fine-furnished prosperous-colonized people-teeming well-built Arisbe, a rich man, wealth-wound, kind and hospitable, esteemed by men; for, dwelling in a house by a popular road he would welcome and accommodate all. But, from him, not one of them, now, to be sure, warded off dolorous deadly destruction, stepped not up to meet the attack, encounter the enemy, face-to-face, before him, —subobituous hupotukhic—but Diomedes took away, soul-absuming, the blood-dashing life of the fighting team, Craggy himself and his batman, Kalesios, Party-Inviter, who at that time was the—rein-controlling—huphenio-khal subfrenatentous—mustang-governing subaltern, wielding and guiding, in charge of the 2-horse car, and both, soul-stripped, plunged below, invaded the earth.

But Dresos and Opheltios did Eurualos Wide-Grinder, —Epigon, After-born, wallbreaker, bright invader—kill and spoliage, spear snatching, shield wrenching, and he set out on foot after Aisepos and Pedasos Bounder, whom on a former occasion the river-maiden Abarbaree, Inopaque, —squeaky-clean quotidian mudpacks—bore to blameless Boukolion Herd-Driver. And Boukolion was son of superb and exalted People-Guardian, Laomedon, his oldest child, but his mother bore him hidden, dark-sparked, lacking wedlock. Sheep tending, cloud-shielded, Boukolion, with the maiden, mingled in love and tumbled in bed, and after conceiving secretly, —hupokumic infra-partal—sub-abundant, she

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bore twin sons. So, of these, did son of Mekisteus, Moon-Supreme, — subsolvent hupolusive — loosen the base of their burning might and shining limbs in sonic subversion, bright-dissolving, — bone-clang socket-pop cockle-sparkle! — and strip off the flash-hammered armor, ganic gear from their shoulders — collared body-cargo.

Then — meneptolemous maneproelial — standfast stillfisted trench-staunch staytough battle-abiding Polupoites killed Astualos, swift-slain, and Odusseus Hated Man killed and ravaged Pidutes the Perkosian, south-inhabiting Hellespontine, bang with his compound copper spear, and Teukros took down candent Aretaon. And Antilokhos Ambush-Facer, son of Nestor, killed, enmarring, Ableros, Rein King, with his shining whizzing spear-beam, — death dominoes, rapid mire — automatic body count, spotlight-lacking gun-drop — and Agamemnon, king of men, took out Elatos, Silver Fir; he lived by the elevated banks of — eurrheitous benefluxive — beautiful-flowing Satnioeis set in steep and lofty Pedasos, Sky-Hurdle. And Phulakos, Trench-Warder, — star-turbed excubitor — the soldier Leitos crushed and took out as he tried to flee in bright conation, and Eurupulos, Wide-Swinger, killed and plundered, body-stripped — booty-swiped — Melanthios, Black Flower.

And then Adrestos, Inescapable, did Menelaos, Brigade-Abider, war-scream-supreme, take alive; for his two horses, discomposed, horror-shot, fear-infused, — mustang-mumble — coursing across the hoof-enhammered plain, velcro-cluster — ornamental bush caught — tangled and trapped, blocked and balked in a sea-near marsh-lush scale-leaved pink-bloomed — angiosperm obstacle — tamarisk branch, the bright-welded moon-curved car they broke at the end of the pole, — snap and drag — and the two themselves took off, kicked toward the city, where the others, agitated, fear-struck, panic-pushed tizzy-pulled terror-slit, horror-hit, were flight-driven, — bronco-baffle — but Adrestos himself rolled and tumbled out of the 2-man war-car beside the battered spinning wheel, headfirst facedown, slap in the mounds of dust, earth-choked tooth-chipped. And stood beside him the son of Atreus, Brigade-Abider Menelaos, holding his — chang-ying kivulikirefu dolikhoskious tensiumbral nagakage — longcut-shadow-casting spear — turbo-tonic prolix helix! And then Adrestos clasped his knees in imploration, low beseeching: 'Take me alive, son of Atreus, — zooactive, vital captive — and accept a proper reparation, well-considered remuneration — red-redeeming; many latent treasures, idle valuables, lie stored up in the palace of my wealthy father, rich, endrenched in opulence, bronze and gold and steel-evolving hemeral-hammered — polukmetic multilaborate — much-worked iron, smith-sparked weary-wrought toil-tapped sweat-wrung — bang and blow, pound and glow; with these metals would my father favor you with countless ransom, — splendor-gladden — gratify with boundless compensation, if he should hear that I am alive beside the ships of the Akhaioi.'

Thus he spoke, bright-intoned, and was starting to stir, beginning to sway, slowly induce the plasma-throbbing heart in his breast; and indeed Menelaos was intending subito to turn him over to his batman to lead down, — katactivate — beach-conducting, — bright-deduce — to the high-speed ships of the Akhaioi, but Agamemnon on-the-go came running up to meet him, and rebuking, reprimanding, — homoklesic communi-

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vocal—uttered a word: ‘Softy, Menny, ripe and pulpy, tender-minded, why indeed—digested head, mitigated heart—sun-mushed mellow man!—are you troubled, thus, over the men? To you, is it true, can it be, the best, things—paragonal, chief—have been done in your home by Trojans? Let not any one of them dodge or secret-run away, escape from steep and sliding, angled ruin, dizzy sheer destruction,—quick clandestine subevasion—hypofugitive getaway—and slip and wiggle, sift through our hands, not any sheared and blushing teen whom his mother is accustomed to bear in her womb—embryo-butchered germ-abolished; let him not attempt to flee, but let them all together die, utterly perish, vanish from Ilios, traceless, phantomesque, unlamented, unmarked, exed out, eliminated, gone for good,—aberperditive apollic—unradiant, invisible, blotted out, forgotten.

Speaking thus, the royal warrior turned his brother’s mind, and prevailing indirectly, destined things he did induce,—pareipic juxtadictive—and Menelaos, with his hand, thrust from him the warrior, Adrestos; and him did royal Agamemnon strike close-up, angle-down, on the slack attackable flank, between the rib cage and the haunch bone, and he tumbled, fell back, earth-tripped sky-turned,—inverted anatrepic—and the son of Atreus planted his foot on his chest, and drew out the painted ashen labile elastic compound spear—gut-extracted grooved engoring stick.

Then Nestor exhorted the Argeioi, the Luminous Ones, and shouted long and far: ‘Dear Danaan warriors, batmen of Black-Caped Ares, let no one now remain behind or hang back, reaching out to—injective epiballic—pounce on plunder, bound on boodle, aim for loot and linger, so that he may come to the ships, armor-teeming, bringing the most, fully-loaded—helmet-dangle spear-rattle shield-clangle sword-clatter—but let us kill the men; and then untroubled you can strip these things to boot from the dead bodies scattered across the sandal-pounded plain’—earth-dotted red-twisted apprehended body-cargo.

Speaking thus he stirred up, excited, the flammable might and the turbulent soul of every soldier. Then in turn the Trojans, by the—areiphilous marsamical—battle-loving Akhaioi, would have been pressed, war-car-chased, driven back to Ilios, retropelled and overpowered, vanquished in their soft defense, vulnerable loose and porous, betraying, performing a perilous lack of prowess, if the son of Priam, Helenos, the best by far of—oionopoles avivagants—bird-rangers—king of winged cries, lettered flights and fabulous bright formations—had not then approached and—parastatic juxtastemal—stood beside Aineias Man of Fame and Hektor, Clutcher, and expressed his thoughts: ‘Aineias and Hektor, since the labor of the Trojans and the sticky toil of the Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf People, leans on you especially, bright-inclined, because in every enterprise upright, probic plan and straight intention—rectitude-injected—you are the best in battle and counsel, make a stand right here, zigzag through the troops and keep them back before the double gates—glory-snapping omni-rangers—before they try to flee in turn and flutter and fall—fold and furl in flight—in the hands and arms of women, and become a source of joy and delight to their fire-minded enemies. But when you two have excited all the echelons, stirred up all the ranks, we shall dig in, remain, stick it out here and fight with sword

and shield and spear against the hard Danaoi, on the spot, — ground-adhering planet-clinging — even though supremely rubbed, combat-raded, drained and fashed by battle friction, for choking necessity pushes and presses us — skirmish-squeeze battle-throttle; but you, Hektor, go to the city, and thereupon speak to the mother of you and me, and — bright-instructing high-exhortive — tell her to gather the women together, ancient, aetatic, elegant-veiled, to the temple of — glaukopidic oculo-coruscous — Athene supreme of the blue-green eyes — spear-sparkle shield-echo — in the citadel, and open the double doors of the sacred bright-built edifice, bar unthonging, bolt unlatching, key inserting; a multicolored sparkle-veil — maiden-made battle-embroidered — which seems to her to be loveliest, most stupendous — grace-crowned charm-charged — in her colossal oracular chamber and most cherished, precious by far to her herself, tell her to set and place upon the knees of — eukomous benecrinic — Athene of the beautiful hair, — rhythm-braided color-beaded — and make a pledge, — word-sustaining — vow to her that she will offer, slice up, sacrifice twelve heifers in her temple, tap-and-stick-and-whip-untouched, goad-unknowing yearlings, — head-bang sky-shriek neck-slit blood-drain — unprofaned and marvelous, if she would show pity, feel compassion for the city and the spouses of the Trojans and their not-yet-speaking children, should she hold back, stiff-arm, keep away the son of Tudeus from Ilios, sacred and glorious, a wild savage spearman and a stark and supreme planner of panic, a hardy deviser of fear-driven flight, whom indeed I deem to be the strongest of the Akhaioi. Not even Akhilleus Man of Pain did we fear thus, to be sure, a leader of men, — fruit-tree-radiant — *whom* they say is goddess-born; but *this man* rages off the grid, exorbitant-storming, and no one can match him in flammable might, — antiferent contratutlic — equilative isopharic — no one robust and combustive in balance.'

Thus he spoke, and Hektor, Clutcher, not at all did disobey his brother. Subito down from the sound-built car in his bright-pounded armor he bound to the ground, and wild-wielding, flashing, brandishing, two sharp river-grain spear-beams, ardent-pacing, he went ranging everywhere, here and there, throughout the battalions, stirring them up to fight, and he woke up grinding, grim battle-din and dread, macabre combat-clamor. Coiled up, they whirled around, perked up and rallied, a mobilized magnitude, — spark-twirl fizz-twist sun-blast moon-mist — and bright-across stood face-to-face with the Akhaioi. The Argeioi subhumed, baby-stepped back, receded and ceased from slaughter, and they thought that one of the deathless ones from out of the concave star-fixed light-sieved ever-revolving blackholed sky — time-squeezing space-whizzing — had — katelthic descending — come down to defend, support and help out the Trojans, for thus did they whirl down, globalize, roll up, dinotrope, rally. And Hektor called to the Trojans, shouting long and wide: 'High-hearted Trojans and far-famed allies, — huperthumic superanimous telekleitic proculclarative angkemakhetic comminuspugnant — hand-to-hand fighters, be men, my friends, and turn your minds to bounding fending boldness, leaping warding prowess, while I go to Ilios and tell the ancient counselors and our wives to pray to the gods and promise them oxen firepools' — screw-horn immolations.

Thus he spoke, lambent-timbred, and — abgrading apobatic — departed, —

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cassidcoruscous koruthaiolic—Hektor of the hue-changing ray-pinging weather-colored eye-shadowed cheek-blocking helmet,—beam-bounce plume-blow!—and the black flayed hide beat and bobbed about his ankles and neck, the outermost rim which ran around the knobbed and bullhide metal-plated tassel-tossing shoulder-slung figure-8 body-shield.

But Glaukos, Turquoise Man, son of Hippolokhos, Horse-Ambusher, and son of Tudeus came together in the space between both hosts, enflamed to fight—head-hammer brain-batter—keen collision, bright encounter. And when indeed they approached each other and were shield-to-shield, Diomedes, war-scream-supreme, was the first to address his foe: 'Who are you, most dauntless one,—demortual katathenetic—of death-bound death-down men? For never have I noticed you in—kudianeirous gloriovirile—man-exalting battle until today; but now, to be sure, you—probatric pregressive—have stepped ahead of all, advancing far, in your boldness, in that you do brook and abide my long-shadow-casting painted javelin-beam. Soon despondent are the ones whose children face my flaming might,—disaster-swept complanet-whipped—turbo-torched crisp convergence. But if you are one of the deathless celestials who has come down from the rotating sky,—declining micatic empyreal—hurricane crystals, palpitating pixels!—then I, to be sure, shall not fight with, confront the—incaelonists epouranians—gods enskied in superior space. No, for even the son of Druas Robust, mighty Lukoergos, Wolf-Wrestler Starlight-Worker Moonray-Monger Sunbeam-Wright—Edonean tribe chief—did not live long, who chronically strove and tangled with the gods enskied in luminous space, who, on a former occasion, Thrace-based, chased across supernuminous Nusa the nurses,—bright-propelled—of shrieking intoxic Dionusos, jaguar-delirious—googoo-gaagaa tickle-suckle—cheery galactic candy strippers; and all the girls, at the same time, cast down their immolating tools to the ground, the torches and wands, pine-cone-crowned, ivy-wreathed,—bouplegic boviferient—struck with an ox-ax, face-bashed, by—androphonic viricisive—man-killing Lukoergos; but shrieking Dionusos, fear-struck, flight-driven, down he went into the wave, lucent-swollen,—plunge-bubble—of the sea, submerged into expanding blue,—crystal-crested, germinal-laced—and Thetis below and between the domains of Samos and Imbos, dwelling in silence, serene in her cave underwater ensconced,—subterranean sparkling space—subcipient hupodekthic—did receive him in her bosom, fear-shot, for a vultic quaking held him, tremble-gripped, by the basting, joint rebukes and castigations, menace medley, wild threats of the man—flaming subset of monitions!—grill-quiver jaw-jar. Then against Lukoergos were the gods who live at ease enraged, and the child of Kronos made him blind,—burn, baby, burn!—encountering secret rituals, crashing coded ceremonies,—rings of Saturn, springs of smoke, spoke-sparks vapor-veils—and not for long did he exist, since,—apekthtic abosous—somber-abominated, he incurred, cruel-contracted serious hatred, stern rancor, from all the immortal gods; not even I would wish to take on, battle the blessed blissful gods. But if you're of the human race, who eat the fruit of the arable earth,—blow-stars plow-bars—soil-spinner cereal-sumer, boxtop brand-eater—Battle Creek, decoder rings, Lucky Charms, jet-puffed rainbows, Fruit Loops, tropical circus toucans, Trix of the mini-planets,

raspberry citrine antijawbreakers—come closer,—throttle-propic—so that quicker you can reach the fatal joints and toxic knots, ultra-limits of destruction’—bane-bounds bone-bonds.

To him in turn did speak the radiant son of Hippolokhos, Mustang-Ambusher: Soul-supreme son of Tudeus,—magnanimous megathumic—*why* do you ask about my descent, precisely spotlight, probe my birth? Even as are the seasons of leaves,—splendid-succeeding chromosome-toned choreographic variegated palette-pepulous pigment-populate—vivid-generated livid-disintegrated—twilight crash, auroral splash—germinate swell zenith swoon retrograde—color-passing wonder-cycle!—such too are the tribes of men—tint-teem hue-burst dream-abound passion-twist! The scattering leaves the wind does pour and chute to the ground,—blue-blow jewels, red-flow gyres, yellow-glow newels—but the forest, blooming, hue-exuberating, burgeons, bulges, pretty-prospers, interspersed with highlights and the season of spring, luminous-spawned, is subsequent-born; so of men, one generation burgeons and swells and another abates in a beautiful burst and a mystical blast, brilliant-diminished—space-knocked time-kicked—in transitive twirled succession. But if you will, learn this too, so you may know well, apprehend, my blood-line, and many a man know what it is. There is a city Ephure, lush and majestic, rich in a recess, tucked in the innermost eye-shut nook of—hippobotic equipastive—horse-feeding Argos, Glowtown, and there abided Sisuphos, Crafty, who, conjure king, was the trickiest—crack at the fake-out—of men, Sisuphos, son of Aiolos, Shifty—wind-wiggle space-spangle; and he sired a son, Glaukos, Silver Eyes, And Glaukos sired superb and blameless Bellerophon. To him the gods gave beauty and lovely virility,—charm-enteamed glamour-engaged valor-clung—but against him Proitos schemed and charted evil in his stirred and smoky heart, and drove him out of the land of the Argeioi, since he was much more powerful; the Lumineers’ domain, for Indigo Zeus by his proppy baton, the badge of command, controlled and tamed, governed them. Now the wife of Proitos, scintillous Anteia, was crazy for him, gaga to mingle, rabid to meld in cloaked clandestine love, but not at all did she induce him, being moral-minded,—daiphronic ignianimous—sparkle-souled Bellerophon. So she spoke and lied to Proitos the king: ‘Die, Proitos, die, or kill Bellerophon, cut him down, who wished to mix in love with me, disinclined, unwilling.’ Thus she spoke, and bitter anger, branded ire, sudden rage, impacted urgent boiling bilious, grabbed the king at what he heard. He avoided subtracting and killing him outright, balked at, abandoned the bent to rub out or do in, knock off or end, for his throbbing heart was shot with fear, wonder-struck, wary of *that* to be sure, but he sent him to Lukia, Glowing Wolftown, and he furnished him with damaging doomy pictorial tokens, malign signs, baleful symbols, having scratched and bane-inscribed on a folded tablet many—thumophthoric animaperditous—mind-infecting skull-corrupting life-destroying things,—braintaint heart-mar—and ordered him to show them, bright-exhibited, to his father-in-law, so he would utterly perish, purple-murdered. Now he wound his way to Lukia, Glowing Wolftown, under the blameless benevolent escort of the gods, celestial-sent, sky-convoyed. But when indeed he came to Lukia and flowing bubble-tumbling Xanthos, Amber Stream, zealously, van-minded, did the lord of wide blue-green capa-

cious Lukia, honor and esteem him; nine days straight he entertained and tabled him, and did slaughter and enflame nine striking oxen. But when indeed the tenth aurora, supple-blossomed hue-perfumed, appeared, — rhododaktulous baradigital — rosy-fingered dawn in her veil of many colors, sea-unprisoned sky-imprised, *then* he questioned him and asked to see the grooved and painted tablet, whatever index — constellated code — from Proitos, his son-in-law, he bore. So when indeed he received the carved and colored evil token marked with sinister symbols, fatal letters, unpropitious signs, from his son-in-law, first he commanded and ordered him to slay the unbeatable invincible battle-proof improelial inflammable Khimaira, combat-buster. Now, her line was divine, of sky stock, not of man-faced creatures — jumbo thunder magma monsters, lurid lightning sky-screamers, earth-crack creepy-crawlers, gorge gases nuclear-bright: in front a lion, in back a dragon, clanking-scaled and coruscating, and in the middle a she-goat, winter-fending, snow-surviving, — terribly apopneious, horribly abspirant — a baneful sight! — breathing out the flaming might of lurid fire — shocking potent orange ignition — glowing helix, pink volcano, viper-kick vapor-crackle! And Bellerophon — decisive kataphenic — slew her, cut her down, depending on shimmering Pegasos, trusting in the portents of the gods. Next in turn he duked it out with the glorious notable mountain-dwelling Solumoi; indeed this was the mightiest fight among men, he said, into which he had plunged — bright-invaded brutal battle. Third in turn he slew, cut down, the — antianeirous contravirile — man-equivalent Amazons — smooth-busted rainbow-quivered supple-thighed beautiful-shaped. And then against him coming back the king entwove a thick trick, loomed out a packed bait, worked up a stratagem; he picked out of sky-wide Lukia the best men, and set up an ambush, but these in no degree did come back home, for supreme and blameless Bellerophon cut them down, slew them all. Yet when indeed the king perceived that he was the child, noble and brave, of a god, he detained him there on the spot, and he offered his daughter to him, and gave to him, royal-rendered, half of all his kingly office and honor; also for him the Lukioi, Glowing Wolf People, cut out a precinct, marked off a clear-cut domain, extra-tribal, preeminent, quite above all in bright exhibition, a beautiful sector of opulent orchards and plowable fields, so he would enjoy and possess purple-distributed germinal fruit and wheat-bearing zones. Alkimedousa, Warden Queen, bore three children to sparkle-souled spike-minded Bellerophon, Isandros and Hippolokhos, Horse-Ambusher and Laodameia, Man-Tamer — later Artemis' wrath-zapped, and sudden death succumbed. With — paralekhic juxtajacent — Laodameia lay brain-inflamed passion-pushed pulse-pressured Zeus, and she bore godlike Sarpedon, sky-mirror, — aerarmatic khalkokorustal — bronze-harnessed gleaming-gearred light-screaming — firecrash beamslam. However when even Bellerophon incurred hatred among all the gods, indeed down over the hoof-pounded Aleian Table, the Plain of Wandering, he roamed alone, a shining ranger, slow-devouring — dark consumer, kataphage — his storm-subsuming soul, eating up his spooming spirit, shunning the path of men; but Isandros his son, Blood-Spurtled Ares, war-insatiable battle-unpallable bullet-brimming weapon-packed, — decisive kataktanic — cut down, killed while fighting against the notable glorious Solumoi, and his daughter, — khrusenious aurifrenic — beautiful



Artemis, maiden superb, of the golden reins, exacerbated, slew — flicker-snap tinkle-whip! But Hippolokhos sired me, and I declare I come from him — gene chain, colored body, metaphase equation; now, he sent me to Troy, and me above all he expressly ordered, — injunctive epitellic — distinct-instructed, precisely charged, to always be the war-bold best and sublime and super-eminent beyond all others, and not to scar and disgrace, smear and deface the race of my fathers, who were the war-bold best by far in lush and majestic Ephure and in spacious Lukia. Truly of this line and blood I declare and proclaim to be.'

Thus he spoke, timbre-bright, and Diomedes, war-scream-supreme, jubilated; his balmed and beamy spear he stuck in the — poluboteiric multipastive — many-feeding bounteous earth, — planet-jab poke-down orbit-tap bosco-pop! — and with mild gentle words he addressed the shepherd of the people: 'Now indeed you are my father's former long-ago guest and friend; for splendid Oineus on a prior occasion entertained blameless — sterling and aerial — Bellerophon in his many-room halls and kept and detained him twenty days — bright dilation; and they furnished each other with beautiful guest-host gifts. Oineus conferred a combat-belt beaming with crimson, — purple-red-radiant — and Bellerophon offered a golden reversible — amphikupellic ambipoculous — double-dipped cup, which I — delinquent kataliptic — left behind, abandoned, coming here, in my splendid-erected palace. But I don't remember Tudeus, since I was still little when he left me, forsaken, delinquished, when in Thebes expired, perished the platoons of the Akhaioi. Therefore, to you now, I'm a dear host-friend, if ever perhaps you come to the heart of Argos, and you are to me in Lukia, whenever I happen to come to the land of the Lykians. So let us avoid each other's spears even throughout the throng; for there are many Trojans for me and renowned and famous allies to catch, overtake, conquer, kill, whomever a god should furnish and cede, to be sure, and I outspeed with my feet, and in turn, for you, many Akhaioi, whomever you're able to slay — spoil-snap booty-twist. Now let us — epameibic immutant — exchange our well-built armor with each other, so these men too will know that we declare and proclaim to be hereditary guest-friends due to our fathers.'

Thus both spoke, timbre-bright, and the two darted down from their horsepowered cars, and clasped each other's hands and traded pledges, oathbound credent and cemented; then, in turn, Indigo Zeus, son of Kronos, took out, removed the mind of Glaukos, brain-adeemed, who switched, commuted well-built armor, gleaming gear, with the son of Tudeus, Diomedes, Sky-Guarded, trading gold for copper, the equivalent of bartering a bunch of bulls for a lesser batch, a hundred head of kine for nine.

Now when Hektor came to the Skaian Gate, double-swinging sunset-coated, and the acorn-edible oak-tree, then the bedmates and the daughters, ambicurrent, of the Trojans, ran up to, beflanked, him, asking about their sons and brothers and cousins and spouses; and then he commanded and urged them to pray to the gods, all in sequence, but troubles and sorrows were bolted and bound to many.

Now when he arrived at the beauty-bound well-built palace of Priam the king, — perikallic circumpulchrous gorgeous complex — made and ar-

rayed with a polished and planed sun-catching ray-kindled colonnade, fashioned and furnished with moon-matching beam-dandled corridors,—and in it were fifty, rear inner chambers of scraped and polished stone, erected near each other, there the sons of Priam the king were hushed in sleep, dream-stretching by their wives to whom they turned their minds; and for his daughters on the other side, opposite, within the open-air court, were twelve roof-proximate inner chambers of filed and polished stone, constructed near each other, and there the sons-in-law of Priam the king were hushed in sleep, dream-stretching by their tender adored wives—there his—epiodoric multsimuneral—bounteous boon-balming mother came to meet him, face-to-face, leading in Laodike, of her daughters best and most robust in cast—shape-en shifting hourglass—dayglow bangles, helical tangles, bulging cheekbones, whizzing toptones; and then she clasped his hand enclinging,—mothered manual implantation—grabbed his rugged arm embracing, spoke a word, timbre-beaming, and addressed him: Child, why, I wonder, leaving bold audacious war, have you come? Indeed do the doom-named darkmarked—dusonumous malnominal—sons of the Akhaioi superbly rub, supremely rade you as they battle about—keen-contend—the city,—circumdimiting—quirk-crackle quark-sparkle; and your heart, bright-charged hard-storming, prompted your advent, pricked you to come here to lift up your hands in sublative love to Indigo Zeus from the luminous crown of the citadel. But stay where you are, until I have brought you soul-sweetening cinnabar wine, so you may make a libation—fiery rainbow, tonic parabola—to father Zeus of the moon and the stars, and the other immortals first, and then you yourself will profit and benefit, should you partake and drink. For a man fatigued, toil-drained, wine supremely increases and swells his combustible strength,—power-boosted—even as you are fatigued defending your clansmen, repelling the enemy.’

And then to her, exchanging words, responded volted Hektor of the beam-bouncing ray-dancing plume-jolting helmet: ‘Do not bring or offer me—brightly prohibited—honey-breasted cinnabar wine, majestic mother queen, lest you might enfeeble me,—abartic apoguious—make me minimal-limbed and lumbered, and I leak and let escape my flaming might and fending prowess; with hands unwashed I stand abashed, stickle and blench, shot with awe, to make a libation—pour and flow—of burning-eyed wine to Indigo Zeus—athopic candidoculous—cool cochineal curves; nor is it any way permissible to pray to, beseech, the black-clouded son of Kronos,—kelainephic atrinubic—spattered and spoiled, tattered and tainted,—disk-flicker plasma-pop—with blood and gore—depleted particles, bright-drained dots. But you make your way and go to the temple of striking Athene Raider Maiden,—luminous rattle, blowtorched wake—plunder-driver, go with flaming immolations after you gather together, collect the ancient women; and the high-shelved veil which is loveliest, most favorable, amplest to you—charm-charged grace-groomed—sea-supple sky-ripple—in your spacious chamber, and the most precious and dearest by far to you yourself, this gently set and tenderly place upon the knees of Athene superb of the beautiful hair,—comet-quiver fire-gyre ocher-twinkle amber-tumble—and vow to her that you will sacrifice twelve heifers—solemn-subhibiting—in her temple, unwhipped yearlings, unprofane and wonderful, if

she would show compassion for the city and the spouses of the Trojans and their not-yet-speaking children, should she hold back, stiff-arm, keep away, the son of Tudeus from sacred Ilios, a wild ferocious spear-man and a mighty contriver of panic, a hardy deviser of fear-driven flight. But you make your way and go to the temple of Athene Raider Maiden, plunder-driver, and I shall seek out and go after Paris in order to summon him, — call and quest — sequitive meteluthic — if only he would hear and heed my words. I wish the earth would yawn on the spot for him, — ground-gape — for brutally and mightily did the Olympian bring him up, — noxiously concrescent — fostered and reared as a bane — exotic battered unpropitious — dragon acid, drone disaster — to the Trojans and — megalotric magnicordial — majestic-hearted Priam and his children. If I should see him, to be sure, going down to Ais the Invisible Sphere, I might think my heart, strident-shadowed, had utterly forgotten — oi! oi! — its wailing woe.'

Thus he spoke, and she did go to the spacious palace and summoned and called her close-engaging handmaidens — amphipoles ambivagants — color-coded vacuum-rangers; and then they assembled and gathered together the ancient women — silver-tressed cave-eyed — thronging up throughout the city. But she herself, stepping down, — degressive katabatic — descended to the fragrant interior — burning swerves, increpitous spectra — incense-hovering treasure-chamber, — violet-vapored basement — and stood beside the trunks, wherein were stored her cool recumbent brilliant-tumbling robes, — pampoikilic omniadorned — parti-colored rich-embroidered daidal-needled subtle-spoiled woven work of Sidonian women, whom Alexandros himself, Man-Repeller, god-cast, brought from Sidon, when he sailed — spars spangling — over the wide and scopious sea, on the journey on which he brought back noble-sired *Helen, Taken Girl* — murex-loaded purple-packed pit stop. Of these did Hekabe remove one, uplifted, and bore it as a gift to Bright-Built Athene, the one which was shapeliest, most beautiful and many-colored, bright-embroidered, lovely-woven, most abundant in brocade, and beamed out like a star, extreme, — ablucent apolampous — and lay idle, super-precious, underneath the other garments. Then she set out to go, and many ancient women — silver-locked clear-boned — metasseuic sequiproperous — hastened after her.

Now when they came to the temple of Athene Loom Queen on the luminous crown of the citadel, Theano of the beautiful cheekbones — kallipareiiic pulchrigenic — pump-sparkle shimmy-bomp orbit-twinkle bubble-pink — opened for them the double doors, daughter of Kisses Ivy-Crowned, wife of — hippodamic equidomic — broncobusting Antenor, Man-Facer; for the Trojans made her, splendid-designated, priestess of Athene of the whirling veil. Then all of the women with loud and glad voices and cheer-encharged cries — ritual shrieks, conventional howls, ceremonial wails — ololugic ululatal — held up their hands, lifted in prayer to Athene of the violet veil; and then Theano of the beautiful cheekbones took and grasped the tumble-bubble garment, tenderly placed and gently set it upon the knees of Athene of the beautiful hair, — comet-cancan bebop-combustion — and making a vow she prayed to the daughter of towering Zeus of the colorized stars: 'Majestic

Athene, Javelin Queen, —urbiservative rhusipolitan —city-redeemer, undimmed among goddesses, sky-candescent, break now and shiver the compound and air-piercing spear of Diomedes, and grant in addition that he will trip up and fall — anteportal — facedown, pommelled and prone, in front of the Skaian Gate, — amber-limber sunset-nestled — hinge-twinkle shadow-swing double-clang prism-swivel! — so that to you, subito, now, we may slice and sacrifice twelve heifers in your temple, unwhipped yearlings, unprofane and wonderful, if you would show compassion for the city and the spouses of the Trojans and their not-yet-speaking children.'

Thus she spoke, lambent-timbred, bright-beseeching, but Pallas Athene Missile-Maiden, threw her head back, nodded up and hard denied the imploration. Thus were they praying to the daughter of towering Zeus of the musical stars, and Hektor made his way on foot to the beautiful well-built palace of Alexandros Man-Repeller, a striking structure he had fashioned and raised with men that then were the best who worked with wood, master carpenters, in — valdiglaebal eribolaxic — loam-lumpy big-clodded lush-soiled Troy. They for him produced and made a chamber and a well-based wall and an open-air court near the digs of Priam the king and Hektor, Clutcher, in the paramount citadel. There Hektor, sky-precious, blue-sustained, came in, and in his hand he held a compound thrusting-spear, eleven forearms, swirl-grain, and before him shone the beam's quiet copper point, around which ran a golden headhoop — socket-tight circumcurrent ring-sparkle. And Paris he found in his chamber engaged in his gorgeous well-hammered war-gear, his bright-streamered shield and double-snapped breastplate, and handling, play-shooting — pull and snap! — his curvy compound bright-buffed target-pumping bow — double-horn dell-cling twang-twink; and Argive Helen, carved in light, among the war-broken chambermaids, the blade-conquered slave women, was sitting still, and the vacuum-rangers, she commanded to perform and execute their tightweave spin-bright loom-built work — periklutic circumnoble — lightning-resonant thunder-splendid rainbow-glorious! And when Hektor saw him, he slammed, reproached and blistered him, bawled him out with abusive words — eye-lightning ear-thunder locust-face jaw-water spitfire: 'Fissile louse, it's not good, not beautiful, to lodge this anger, to bank bile, — sulk and dort — in your black-dyed heart — passion-battered. Our people, our troops, are perishing — plangent-fading body-dwindle, bright-inspired dragon-spindle — around the city and the steep and lofty ring-wall hooked in fighting, blood-embroiled, combat-bricked; and because of you the shout of battle and torch of war — the spark and bong of combat's tom-tom — are blazing about the city — amphidaic ambi-accendent urban swirled ignition; and you would even wrangle and bicker with another, whomever anywhere you should see abandoning, letting go of, retreating from abominable battle — drifting redshift, pale postmission. Now *up*, lest rapidly the city burn — heat-ramped — with battle-kindled bright-consuming wholesale dark destructive wildfire' — crown-glow chiton-crack peplos-sizzle torso-tumble.

Then to him in turn did speak celestial-seeming Alexandros: 'Hektor, since you've duly chewed me out, but not out of bounds to a dizzy degree, on account of this I'll speak to you, so learn — synthete compone — and

listen to me. Not indeed so much because of acid rage and dealt-out indignation against the Trojans did I sit, thumb-twiddling, in my chamber, but I was bent to turn and crash into the wall of pain—praeverse protrapic—double-depressed woe-impelled throe-thrust. But now my bedmate won me over, swayed, induced me, uttering soft and pulpy words and tried to push and ram me into war—slingback socket-shock rocket-vapor blowpop; and this also seems to me myself to be more desirable, by far the better move, for battle-victory alternates, bounces, swings from man to man—reglemented random factors—combat conquest, swerving triumph, bright mutation. Come now, stay here, let me don my sound impeccable battle-tackle; or go ahead, and I will follow, and I deem I shall reach, attain and overtake you.'

Thus he spoke, yet to him, not at all, did Hektor of the ray-dancing beam-bouncing mylaresque helmet counter-speak—shimmy-shadow light-squiggle; but him did Helen, shaped and shot with splendor, address, mouthing soothing syllables: 'O brother-in-law of me,—kakomechanical maliorganic—bane-plotting snowconic ice-bitch, would that on the day when my mother first bore me, shrilly ushered, into the world, a wicked rushing hurricane—stormblow windrattle!—had whisked me away to be carried ahead—fang-swipe claw-snatch!—swept away in dark objection, brushed into oblivion—to mountain or wave of the—poluphloisbous multicopial—fish-lush shell-clinking bioluminous whip-tail-stingrayed tom-tom cowbelled coral-singing sea, where the swelling blue of the pregnant wave might have swept me away in a panding and permanent, indigo mist, before these things arose, enloomed. But since these bad and baleful things, no doubt, the gods ordained, supreme-decreed—cloud-bound sky-marked time-fixed space-primed—would that, therefore, I had been a bedmate to a better man and braver, who might have known indignation, seen leruptive ivid anger, red-hot-dealt-out, and many disgraces and shaming abuses of men. But the heart of this man is not well-grounded, not now steadfast, nor will it be in the eye-back future; therefore even he, I deem, will criminally share in and luridly partake of poisonous fruits, rancid vintage. But over here, come in and sit down on this sofa,—double-cushioned—brother-in-law, since toil-whipped trouble encases your heart, you above all, ambigressive amphibatic—twinge-striddle strain-sprangle—vice-tight vivid-squeezed—on account of me, a bold bald bitch, and the boobyness and bunk and damage of Alexandros Man-Repeller, upon whom Zeus of outer space set and placed an evil and appointed doom, that even in the time to come—the eye-back future—we may be lovely-chanted, subject of song, melodied by men to be, and remain in their minds and move through their dreams under vanished and mutated stars.'

And then to her, exchanging words, responded splendid Hektor of the ray-dinging beam-donging plume-bobbing helmet: 'Don't induce me to sit down, Helen, moon-beautiful, star-hued, a loving gesture though it be, since you will not sway me; for already my heart, smoking, turbatic, is supercharged, flamed,—episseuic improperous rushing—quite quick to repel and ward off the Greeks and defend and succor the Trojans, who fiercely yearn for and miss me while I am away. But you, to be sure, stir up this man, and let him push and spur himself too, so—katarptic deprehensive—he can catch me up within the city. For I shall

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go and aim for home to see my household and dear wife and infant son; for I know not if I shall still come back to them again, — hupotropic parashielded socket-bright subverse — or me too soon the gods will strike and crush beneath the hands of the Akhaioi.'

Thus he spoke and took off, left, Hektor of the amber-glancing umber-smear'd color-whirling rim-glinting motley-dented helmet; and thereupon, he straightway came to, reached his cozy prosperous well-constructed house, but he failed to find — leukolenic candidulous — Andromakhe, white-armed Man-Fighter, in the echoing redolent halls, or *she* with her child and brisk and bustling handmaiden, — ambiponent — lovely-mantled home-ranger, — eupeplous benetogic satellite — stood upon the tower weeping, power-bawling emo-flowing, bone-howling blood-wailing, melting into tears. So when Hektor did not light upon or come across his blameless unblushable spouse within, he went and stood upon the threshold, and spoke among the war-broken blade-conquered female slaves: 'Come now, chambermaids, tell me things that do not miss the mark; which way did white-armed Andromakhe go from out of the hall? Has she gone from here to the house of one of my sisters or beautiful-robed brothers' wives, or to the temple of Athene superb of the glittering beads, right where other — euplokamous benespiral — gleaming-braided Trojan women are endeavoring to propitiate the frightening dazzling goddess?' — bulging cheekbones, gibbous moons, turquoise eyes, tidal pools, twilight tones —

To him in turn a nimble bustling keen-engaging housekeeper spoke a word: 'Hektor, since you starkly command us to mouth the truth, — scope-inescapable, eyeball-inoblivious — neither has she gone from here to the house of one of your sisters or beautiful-robed brothers' wives, nor to the temple of Athene superb of the glittering beads, right where other gleaming-braided Trojan women are endeavoring to propitiate the frightening dazzling goddess, but she made her way up to the great projecting fortified tower of Ilios, because she heard that the Trojans were rubbed hard, terse and soured, dominated, and great was the power and force encroaching — spiky subsuming punchy enlooming — of the Akhaioi. Indeed having come from her chamber, pressing on, she must have gone to the ring-wall, like a madwoman, and together with her the suckling nurse is bringing the child.'

So spoke the housemaid, duster-clad, and — abproperous aposseuic — Hektor rushed from the tight-framed home the same way back, steps retracing — solarized track — along the — benerected — well-built stream-lined streets. When he arrived at the double-winged gate after passing through, bright-pervading, the majestic city, the sun-rinsed Skaian Gate, from where he intended to go out onto the sandal-pounded plain, there his bounteous spouse, — poludoric multimuneral — deeply dowered, tower-descended, quickly came running to meet him face-to-face, Andromakhe, Man-Fighter, daughter of great-hearted Eetion, dauntless Eetion, who dwelled below wooded Plakos, Flat-Top, in — subplanar hupoplakian — Thebe, shadowed by Mt. Plakos, governing the Kilikian people; indeed his daughter was married and bound to bronze-accoutered Hektor. She then came to meet him, and together with her the brisk and bustling handmaid went, holding the child, tender-hearted, in her bosom, a mere speechless infant, the beloved son

of Hektor, Clutcher, charming like a lucky star, whom Hektor called Skamandrios, but other men Astuanax, City Chief, for only Hektor was prime-attempting to guard, redeem, Ilios. Truly did he smile as he gazed upon the child in silence. Andromakhe stood beside him shedding a tear, and then, enclinging, clasped his hand, and embracing, grabbed his arm, spoke a word, timbre-beaming, and addressed him: 'O wonderful man, your kindled might will dwindle you, your gritty attitude will retrograde you, and neither do you pity, show compassion for your little speechless infant nor doom-dealt me, who soon will be your widow, black-enveiled, plight-caught; for soon the Akhaioi will kill and cut you down as they all—ephormic impetitive—rush, attack you. It were better for me,—abtactive apharmatic—deprived of you, swerving, unquivered, to enter the earth—plunging through tectonic plates—for no more will there be any consolation, no soft relief to warm me, when you to be sure have met your fate,—lot-enlocked, doom-encountering, lost in the ineluctable—but only the chain of pain will remain. And neither do I have a father nor a queenly mother. For indeed my father, burnished Akhilleus—abcisive apoktanic—cut off, killed, and he utterly ravaged, blotted out the well-dwelled city of Kilikians, —smoking shambles, buzzard trembles, twirless tops, battered thimbles—hupsipulous altiportal —high-gated Thebe; and he cut down and killed Eetion, but did not despoil him, strip off his armor, for his storming mind absorbed and felt the holy shock of *that* at least, but he—katakaustic decandescent—burned him up in his war apparel, curious-cast marvel-made, wonder-built,—fire-componed water-toned—and he poured and mounded up a tomb upon him; and the mountain maidens planted elms around him,—arch-branched saw-leafed—circumdrilled germ-crowned—daughters of Zeus of the—aigiokhic caprihabent—goatskin bellclang hornbutt gleambash!—dragon-flashing stormcape. And my seven brothers were in our redolent echoing halls, all who in one day, invading, went into Ais the Invisible Sphere—molten tunnels, burrows swooning, frozen funnels, axis tuning, crystal rainbows, cool volcanoes; for shimmering—pedipellent footfast podarkic—Akhilleus, turbo-tarsaled, mowed them down, slew them all, while in charge of, precious-tending, their conglobal-tracing rolling-gaited mobile-huddled cattle—eilipods volvipeds—shamble-shanked shuffle-hoofed—and white shining ruminating neckbelled knockhorn sheep. But my mother, who governed and reigned as queen under woody Plakos, Flat-Top, when he brought her here together with the other screaming gain and arrogated baubles, bagged-up booty, inanimate spoils, he indeed unbound, released her, freed,—absolvent apolutic—taking, copping countless carmine coin redeeming, but in her father's echoing redolent halls—sagittafusive iokheairous spiculifructal—dart-delighting arrow-rainer Artemis missile-hit her—cloud-drilled tight-toned spark-veiled moon-glow. Hektor, however, you, to me, are my father and queenly mother and brother, and you are my lifesaver spouse, blossom and bedmate; but come now, show compassion and stay here upon the tower, lest you make your child an orphan and wife a widow. And post your troops by the wild fig-tree, where most of all, the city is scalable and circuit-wall stormable. For three times at this spot the war-bold best came and endeavored to penetrate, flanking the two bursting Ajaxes, the Greater and Less, and—agaklutic valdiglorious—super-famous Idomeneus, and

flanking the sons of Atreus and the valorous succoring son of Tudeus; either, perhaps, someone informed them, well-skilled in—theopropic deidistinct—outer-space-luminous inner-time-resonant oracles,—sun-shimmer moon-shimmy, goddess-vapor god-clangor—or it may be their own—inciting epotronic—throbbing spirit stirs them up and spurs them on,—exorbitant-torched tornado-touched torpedo-turned—penetrating, bright-commanded strike-exhorting surging, urgent.’

Now to her in turn spoke stupendous Hektor of the sun-battered moon-buffered sky-beaded helmet: ‘Indeed to me too all these things are objects of concern, woman; but above all, terribly, too-too much, I’d be ashamed to face the Trojans, both the men and the trailing-robed women—helkesipeplous traxipallic—colored whiptrain—rainbow tulle-tumble, crinoline crush-bubble—if like a coward, vile and base, I flee afar from war,—skulk and shunt—shirk the hack and gouge of combat, wander from its spark and blow; nor does my red-drumming turbulent heart command me to flee, for, well-trained, I learned to be brave and noble, always able, valorous, and vimmed up to fight among the foremost Trojans, engage in the frontline, seeking, attempting to gain and uplift—brilliant-elevated—my father’s paramount mighty glory and my own. Yet I know this well in my heart and soul: there will be a day to wail when holy Ilios, bright and mighty, majestic, marvelous, *will* be destroyed, blotted out, perish, and Priam and the people of Priam of the—eummelious benefraxinal—lovely ashen snapback spear. But not so much to me is the pain and grief of the Trojans an object of care, in the eye-back future, nor that of Hekabe, nor of King Priam, nor of my brothers, who, many and brave, will fall down, slowly sink in mounds of dust—dark-enswirling hoof-kicked wheel-grooved hard-unfurling—beneath the imbustive adversary,—misforced dummeneic—clashing inflammable enemy, as much as the pain and sorrow of you, when some—khalkokhitonic aeritunical—bronze-appareled Akhaian will take and lead you weeping, away, and wild-wrenching, rob you of your state of freedom. And stuck in Argos, Flashtown, you’d weave the web, ply the loom,—beam-loop warp-work—at the beck and call, nod and wave of another woman, and you’d be compelled to bear water from Messis, Middle Spring, or Hupereie, Upper Spring, much reluctant, and stark necessity—torque-throttle trope-rattle—injacent epikeimic—will be laid upon you. And then someone may say, beholding you cascading tears—turbulent chutes in blurred defusion, plangent seismic prism-spasm: ‘This is the wife of Hektor, who was caught in fighting severe and weapon collision—bolt-tilt belt-jolt—the war-bold best of the horse-busting Trojans, when tandem nations—amphimakhic ambipugnant—contended and clashed around Ilios’. So will someone say then, and you will have in turn new pain, fresh grief, in need of, craving, such a man to ward off and repel a state of bondage. But may the scattered soil mounded, heaped-up earth, cover, enseat me, when I am dead,—chthonic decelation—before, to be sure, I hear of your loud impiercing crying and screaming in any degree, and you being forcibly dragged away—power-chained scratching refractory violent traction.

Thus speaking, radiant Hektor reached out to his child; but the child leaned back against the bosom of the—euzonic benecingulous—suckling nurse, beautiful-belted firm-sashed, canted back crying, sloped



back shrieking, startled and stunned at the sight of his own dear father, frightened and shocked by the bronze and —hippiokhaitous equipilic — horsehair-shaggy crest, the long and flowing, vibrant-billowing plume-stream, — air-rubbed blow-threshed — wind-rind whiffle-husk — as he peeked and marked it dreadful-nodding, terrible-bobbing, wagging away from the helmet-tiptop. And his loving father and queenly mother laughed and smiled. Immediately radiant Hektor took the helm from his head, and set it down, — deponent katathetic — all-shining — pamphanoic omnilucent — upon the ground; but when he kissed his dear son, and dandled and bounced him in his arms, he spoke in prayer to Indigo Zeus of the 7-hued spheres and the other gods: 'Zeus and you other gods, grant indeed this child, my son, to become, turn out as well as I, distinguished — eriprepic valdilucid — acclaimed, candescent, among the Trojans, thus superb and surpassing in might — splendor-crammed, seemly sublime — and guide him to govern Ilios with muscular dint; and sometime in the far-off future someone might say, 'He indeed is better, braver, than his father,' when from war he comes back; and may he bring back blood-boltered booty, spoliated metal, — wound-welled-rend-rilled-gore-hardened plunder — having slain the battle-bent headflaming enemy, and may his mother rejoice in her heart.'

Thus speaking, he placed in the arms of his precious spouse his child, and she received him in her warm and fragrant bosom as she laughed and smiled through tears; he felt compassion as he fixed his eyes upon her, and light-caressing, stroked her hair, soft, demulcent, with his hand, and spoke a word and addressed her: 'Angel babe, do not at all for my sake rack and crick, — excessive-afflict — distress your pulsing heart; for no man beyond the things ordained will send me forth, cast ahead, — praemissive proiaptric — dark-chuted, subliminal-shot to Ais the Invisible Sphere; and doom I deem no man has fled, escaped his span of space, or spin of time evaded, not base poltroon or valorous man, when once he has been born. But go to the house and handle, betackle your tasks, attend and achieve your own chores, the vertical loom and flax-wound staff, and command your ambi-nimble handmaids to ply their work, shuttle-engage, loop the loombeam; war and the affairs of war will be an object of care to men, all men, and especially me, who were born and reared in Ilios.'

So spoke keenly radiant Hektor, and he took up and grabbed his helmet, hippourous equicaudal — horsetail-decked, plume-adorned; and his precious bedmate, supple-stepping, aimed for home, turning round repeatedly, inversative, bright-revolving, raining down abounding tears, crystal chains of blossom-drops in undulous defusion, tinkling in compassion and compunction. And straightway then she came to, reached her cozy prosperous well-built palace of man-killing Hektor, Clutcher, and found within, encountering, many nimble handmaidens, pre-engaged vacuum-rangers, and among them all she stirred up rounds of wails and howls, inciting lamentation. They wept for Hektor, still alive, plangent-moaning in his proprious palace; for they thought that he would not return from war, would not come back again, failing to dodge and escape the flammable might and hands of the Akhaioi.

Nor did Paris tarry, linger, take a long time in his lofty chamber, but not whiffing, disinclined, when he had donned his stunning armor,

flash-hammered multi-glittered copper-glorious, then he scurried, dashed through the city trusting in his spurting feet. Even as when a stalled horse, having champed on barley at a feeding-box, — abfractive aporrhagic — severing, snaps asunder his binding halter, scampers stamping, gallops glamorous, across the hoof-imprinted plain, — earth-rumble moon-rattle — accustomed to bathe in the tranquil twirls and buoyant purls of a beautiful-flowing drinking river, auto-glorious, over-groomed; high he holds his head, and his streaming mane tender-tumbling, limber-rippling bright-splashed, around his shoulders, and trusting in his splendor, hurlingly his knees convey him flashing right to the spots, inveterate haunts, key places, scattered pastures, — distributed fields — of mares; thus the son of Priam, Paris, dainty-stepping, descended from the citadel, the top of Pergamos, all-engleaming, — carnival-colored — in his hammered armor like Elektor, Sun-Ray, molten gold and silver fusion, glowing swirling — amber-beaming orbital-popping — quark-congo hula-bongo! — laughing loudly, cachinnating, loose unlashd, and his rapid feet propelled him; then straightway he reached and overtook his brother, sky-mirror, refulgent Hektor, on the brink of turning back from the place where he fondly conversed with his wife. Celestial-seeming Alexandros broke the ice and addressed him first: ‘Honorable brother, indeed I hold you up, detain you quite, thwart your dash to combat, due to my primping and dawdling, by not coming promptly, aptly, as you ordered.’

And him addressed, word-exchanging, Hektor of the astronitent menemigrant star-sparked moon-hued colorfast helmet: ‘Strange one, there is no man indeed upright and probic, fate-harmonic, who could mock your battle-work, disesteem your war-performance, since you do repel and succor; but you dally deliberately, let things go, and disengaged, deny your will to act; and this dearth my heart in pain begrieves and hurts in my troubled and buffeted breast, when I hear regarding you abusive things, base and shaming, from the Trojans, who are toil-torn trench-spent spear-drilled blood-drained — space-swell time-swoon, star-mill moon-bone — on account of you. Now let’s go, and these things in the eye-back future we shall put together, tighten up, make good, reconcile, if ever Zeus of the tonic orbits should grant us to set up in a feast of celebration, a mixing-bowl of freedom in our lavender-redolent halls, for the gods supernal, phantom-bright, and unsurpassed empurpled goddesses, — aieigenetic epouranian sempennatal incaelical — time-detached, after we drive, power-push, fire-thrust from out of Troy, the — euknemidous beneocreatic — shield-tapped-spear-blocked-shin-guarded Akhaioi.’

#### NOTE

In *ILIAD VI* we see a string of small-scale skirmishes, the encounter between Diomedes and Glaukos, the return of Hektor to Troy, and the culminating meeting of Hektor and Andromakhe, a profoundly moving scene due to the foreboding sense of permanent separation between husband and wife.

In Ernesto Cardinal’s epic poem, *Cosmic Canticle* (tr. John Lyons), the poet asks the question, ‘Do we know the universe’s metabolism?’ If it is pos-

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sible to FEEL the metabolism of the universe, I say letting the poetry of Homer flow through one's spirit may provide the opportunity, for the music of the Iliad is quantic like the twilight flashes of fireflies, and its rhythms push and pull and twist throughout its beautiful adamantine structure like the colored planets in their invisible orbits.

Taking a look at one of Ando Hiroshige's ukiyoe xylographs (floating world woodblock prints), 'Massaki atari yori Suijin no mori Uchigawa Sekiya no sato wo miru zu' (View from Massaki Water-god Grove, Uchi River and Sekiya Village', from the series, *Meisho Edo Hyakkei* (One Hundred Famous Views of Edo), one can also feel a potent and expansive rhythm, a supreme invisible flow. A kind of fragile sadness subsumes the scene, punctuated by the male and female twin peaks of Tsukubayama, with the crepuscular light washing over the blue mountain and the green grove girded by the disintegrating red paste-like horizon. Yet, unlike Andromakhe and Hektor, we know the eastern and western peaks will be together forever.

