

THE ODES OF PINDAR

OLYMPIAN 2

For Theron of Akragas

Winner in the chariot race, 476 B.C.

transduced by

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Lords of the lyre, my celebrant songs, what god, what warrior, luminous supreme, what man shall we chime and rush and whirl, color and dash in 7-string sounds? Now fountained Pisa belongs to Zeus, and Herakles founded the Olympian festival, funded by gain, — top-of-the-line! — sparkling trophies, excellent plunder, superior spoils of war — river-swerve stable-rinse — iron-fire guest-cheater; but Theron, for his — tetraoric quadritollent — victory-bringing 4-horse car, must be proclaimed, spotlighted, who's just in regard to his guests, upright, robust, the Atlas of Akragas, the — orthopolous regiurban — city-embracing blossom of his well-esteemed — euonomous benenominal — fathers.

By suffering, anguishing, toiling much in their stormbright swirling minds, they won a wondrous, holy home on the drinking river, and gleaming, were the eye of Sicily, precious-beaming, while their destined date, fixed fate, appointed time passed on, bringing wealth and grace to join, combine, team up their genebound virtues, bright inherent excellence. O Son of Kronos and Rhea, maintaining your throne on Olympos and controlling the crown of contests and games and the force and course of Alpheos, faint-fomented, melted and cheered by my songs, favorful-care for, fertile-keep, bright-preserve, further redeem their fathers' ploughland, turnable soil

for far and future generations. Of things done, deeds performed, accomplished, whether right or wrong, — paradikal contrajustive — not even Time, Omni-Pop, the father of all, can cancel, undo their completion, their execution decommission — wind down spools. But with a — eu-daimonic benenuminal — blessed destiny — rainbow-framing radiant falls — forgetting may occur, oblivion come. For under the force of good gladness, noble joys and brave delight, an erupting bane, gushing anguish, flaring pain, striking calamity, extrapressive, breaks out, bright-explodes, malignant-blasts and dies when conquered, curbed and crushed,

whenever Fate, a blessed element, part of God, sends upwards — brilliant blooming supermission — sublime bliss. This tale tongue-and-grooves with, grandly suits the beautiful-throned daughters of Kadmos, who — pain-pulled plight-pushed — absorbing external impressions — agonized greatly, suffered harshly, stuck it out starkly; but heavy sorrow, woe's gravity, grievous anguish — bright-expands soft-diffuses — spreads out, lightens, lifted by buoyant, robust and greater prosperity. Semele of the luminous, stretched and flowing hair, — tanuetheirous tendicometric — who died, killed by the thunderbolt's crash, — slap and boom of fulmination — splendid-dwells, lives among the Olympians, and Arch-Wielder, Top-Shot, spotlighted Spear Maiden, radiant Pallas, Brandisher, loves her forever, and father Zeus, Stormwright, and her — kissophorous hederigeral — exuberant climbers, lavish creepers, color-turning — how luxurious! — fruitful spirals — wind-scented double helix! — ivy-diademmed son, hue-festooned, loves her unlimited.

They say that in the sea, also, among the marine maidens, mermaid daughters of Nereus, imperishable life has been ordered, appointed and lined up for Ino forever, the circle of seasons, the whole of time. For mortals, indeed, the terminal time-test and aftermath, beyond of death has not been determined at all, nor when we shall finish off,

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round out and total-complete the quiet day, the child of the sun, with unerasive indestructible good; for various streams at various times go and step, sweep by men with bounty and cheer, toils and troubles.

So lot-hopper, invisible Fate, which possesses and twists, snips for them a multi-favored destiny, — euphronic benemental — bright-befallen, blessed, propitious, spun out like their father's line, with — theotic demotive — sky-incited godrushing light-impelled celestial bliss, brings distress, suffering, — palintropic retroverse — some pain retorted with time; since his fate-set, doomed son met, confronted and killed Laios, and so fulfilled the consulted oracle — palaiphatic antiquiloquent — gongbang vaporswirl fireblast bone-rattle — bright-declared, spoken long ago at Pytho.

Now the sharp-eyed Fury saw and slew, reduced the warlike race inducing mutual slaughter. Polyneikes, Manywrangler, when dashed down, left behind Thersandros, Bold Man, honored in the young men's division and in battles, firefights, contentions of war esteemed, a scion to succor the house of Adrastos, Intrepid Unrunaway. Germed and rooted from that seed, it is fitting — shine-clang color-clack pop-sizzle rattle-crash — that Ainesidamos' son light upon, hit the mark, triumph, meet with victory songs, fire-dances, pounds of drums and sounds of lyres.

For at Olympia he himself won the prize; at Pytho and the Isthmos the impartial and affable Graces brought to his — homoklarous communitotal — equal-lotted, coheired brother, the bright-colored flowers for the 4-horse teams in the 12-lap race. To hit the mark by endeavoring, venture-attempting the contest — paralytic fast-dissolving — detaches a man from — discordant ill-disposed dusphronic — malignant heart-bad worries. Surely wealth enriched, embellished, etched with virtues brings the season, proper proportion, for various things, sustaining deep fierce wild thoughts, out-of-control sollicitudes,

a — valdiclaric arizelous — visible star, the true light for a man. If any man has it, he knows the future, the fate-to-be of those who die here, that the heedless no-hand helpless crazy reckless souls immediately pay the price, — red splash, bloodbath — and sins committed, sky-transgressive, offenses performed in this blue-involved kingdom of Zeus, splendor-crowned, are judged according to ancient custom by one below the earth declaring a loathsome heinous pressured — hatepacked gloomsqueezed — command;

but with nights forever equal, along with days of equal sunshine, the good receive a rather quiet tranquil life, quite trouble-free, untoiling gained and gotten, and do not disorder, stir up, jumble the earth with their pointed fingers, or disturb, whip up, muss, harass the sea's water, for an empty mode of life. But beside the esteemed and honored gods, those who were glad about keeping their oaths — euorkic benejuris-jurandal — are dealt out, and dwell in — lucent-dispensed — a span of life unfolding years without tears, but the others endure, stark-sustain un beholdable antiscopic tight-eye-shutting drudgery, dark distress, brutal trouble, moil-laden pain.

But those who dared and endured three times, did undertake to bold-remain, dwell and abide in either world, polar realms, total-abstaining,

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holding off, keeping away their souls from glaring wrongs, unrighteous deeds, go by, wind down the road of Weatherlord Zeus to the tower of Circlewright Kronos, where cool and thrilling, backflowing, retrofluent ion-twinkling ocean breezes ringbright blow around the Isle of the Blessed, — peripneumatic circumflated — and flowers abloom are blazing in gold, combustive electric diaphanous blossoms, some on the firm dry land, the beach, tremble and burn, shimmer and dangle, ripple from fruitbright trees, others enflamed in fluorescent hues the water feeds; with fastened strings tight-fashioned from them, — anaplekic circumtextous — dexterous-woven, daidalous-wrought, they entwist their wrists, enloop their hands, entwine their heads with garlands and crowns,

in point of the upright counsels, straight advice, of Rhadamanthus, with whom at hand the mighty father — paredral juxtasellic — co-assesses, the husband of Rhea, Rattle Queen, her spouse who holds, possesses the uppermost — bright-set amber-chased ruby-embedded emerald-zigged sapphire-zagged halo-backed — hupertatic supreme — throne of all. Peleus and Kadmos are numbered among the — have a share in — members of this club, and Akhilleus was brought by his mother, when she swayed and persuaded, won Zeus' heart with pleas and prayers, implorations.

He tripped up reeling Hektor, Troy's battleproof column, unturnable pillar, and dished out death to Kuknos, chinstrap-choked, and the burning-eyed Ethiopian son of Dawn of the broken colors. I have many shining, stinging, streamered arrows under my elbow arrayed in their dark-covered quiver that speak to the wise; the bright-committed, but all points crave expounders, dragomen demand. The wise man, artist, knows many things by nature; but loud learners, unstable and boisterous, turbulent, gabby, with untied tongues, — panglossic omnilingual — like two crows, clack, prattle and jabber in vain ungoverned

against the divine and majestic bird of Zeus. Now aim your double-horned compound bow at the mark. Come, my heart, on whom do we draw a bead and hit, once more shooting from a soft heart celebrated bolts, well-heard shafts? Yes, on Akragas I focus and stretch my bow, and I shall utter an oathbound word with a true mind: not for a hundred years, at least, has his city produced a such a man, a benefactor, doer of good, so uninvidious, lavish and lush, greeneyeless, benign and bounteous, well-willed, open of hand

as Theron. Yet insolent impudence tramples and stomps on, — epibatic crushing ingressive — squashes accolades, excess encroaches praise and acclaim, and too-muchness not teamed up with justice, but occasioned by insane and furious raging rapacious grabby voracious men, is burning to cloak by its babble and drool the beautiful actions of good men; since — perifugitive circumcondite — crumbling sand defies counting, number-escaping, of all the joys that noble man has brought to others, who could declare the quantum?