

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOK IV

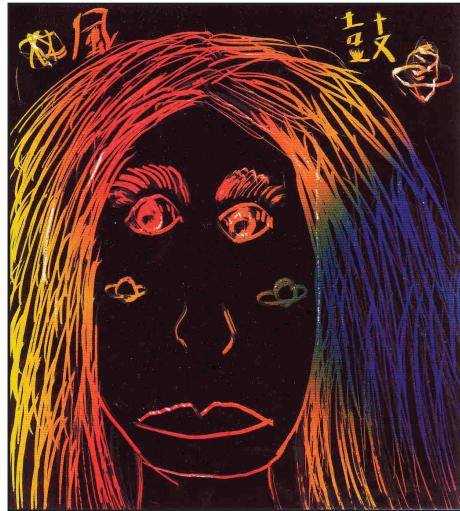
THE DASH AND COMMINGLE OF OATH-BARS
AND INSPECTION OF AGAMEMNON ADAMANT

transduced by

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Now the gods,—kathemic decedent together—prestigious in place, vivid and splendid, color-clad, sitting by luminous, valid, imperial Indigo Zeus were assembled along the solid and sunken, silver-speckled golden floor, storm-repellent glowcoat-shielded striking-arrayed, in level space, and among them queenly elegant sweet flower-gowned Hebe, Fire Girl,—zing-shot cheer-charged muscle-pumped cherry-cheeked—oinokhoic vinifusive—poured, dealt out the fizzy razzled punch-honey nectar,—rainbow-streaming skypop—and supplied with silver-chased bright-rimmed golden beakers the permanent people pledged each other, clinked bumpers, clear-beholding, vivid-viewing, the city superb of the Trojans. Subito son of ringbright Kronos, Tartaros-banished, tried to irritate, stir up, vex, Sky Queen Here, cloud-crowned, with—cordicisive keen kertomic—saw-tooth jeering—heart-hewing words, speaking dark-and-deviously, sideways, angled, odd-and-obliquely,—parabolic juxtaposition—mouthing propelling, sour, fluid fireballs: ‘Two Greek-favoring goddesses are prominent helpers, feminine aids to Menelaos People-Abider: Argive Here, Planet-Bender, arced in light, and Alalkomeneous cogent Athene, soaked in steel, Battle-Fender. But indeed these two, sitting apart,—beachhead-baubling exhibition-thrilled—delight in seeing a salient remarkable spectacle—playthings abused, toys broken, whims bowed, wishes submitted—toxic recreation room; and to Paris, in turn,—philommeidous amadilective—smile-loving Aphrodite—parabloskic juxtaposition—comes beside him, ever there, and wards off—beam-repels—the—dum-de-dum-dum—doom-goddess, soul-sucker, body-vacuum, big bad bane, far from him, and now she saved him, deeming doom yet bright-redeemed. But truly victory, bright prestige, belongs to Mars-a-matic Areiphilous battle-precious Last-Man-Up Menelaos. Now let us ponder, highlight, consider and point out what mode—martial fashion, warrior way—these actions will take, whether again we should fire-swirl, unfurl metal, stir up evil war,—miasmatic open conflict—blue thrust, yellow hurl, red clash—and gruesome rocky grim and sticky battle-din, blow around, let out, unbag, body-eating spectral-colored vapors, or strike up,—interpolate—scope out and launch a friendship between both parties. And if this, in turn, would somehow work, be fine and dandy, doable, pleasing and sweet to all, indeed the city of Priam the king might still remain inhabited,—dwelled and domed —prosperously-settled, populous-based, and Menelaos People-Abider would lead back lovely—chromocrystal-eyed multicolor-sparkle-veiled—sweet and winsome, charismatic—rhythm-muscled ripple-khitoned—Argive Helen, carved in light.’



Thus he spoke, splendid-toned, and hale Athene Head-Born-Armed and

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Sky Queen Here, timbre-jumbled, somber-mumbled, dull-murmured, dim-muttered,—mumu mumu—who, to be sure, sat near, and were calculating evils, fabricating setbacks,—cresting macabre catastrophes—plotting disasters, cocooning atrocities, working wicked unworldly things for the Trojans—Operation Giddy-up. Indeed Athene, Shield-Tamer, shining shapely Spear-Flamer, fierce and unobtrusive, kept quiet, nor did speak at all, redhot, furious—rage-enwound fire-whipped—at weather-governing father Zeus, and bitter savage acid anger, wild barbed corrosive bile, gullet-snagging, seized her; but Here's breast could not contain her anger, jagged and acidic,—gall-engulfed ire-knifed wrath-lashed-and-loaded—so she spoke directly to him: Most appalling,—ainotatic—ghastly son of Kronos, what horrendous words you mouth! How do you plan to make my hard intensive labor fruitless—void of point—and feckless, and the sticky scalding sweat,—solar-searing, pore-oozing, which I sweated, strip-mine-hot drained with tugging toil? My two tough horses, sky-car tuckered, gallop-fatigued, are pooped out, weary from riding hard while I gathered the host, a maneuver, move and operation bad and boding,—unpropitious minatory star-blasted favorless—disinclined for Priam the king and his royal children. Do what you want, but the rest of us gods do *not* go along, praise or approve, applaud your move'—commend your commanding enforced operation,—superimposed performance.

And ramped in anger Stormhead Zeus,—nephelegeretic nubicogent—cloudclasher, bright-compeller, weather-racker,—overcast-integrator—snap-plangent crackle-crepitant pop-strident!—spoke to, addressed her: 'Devil Doll, Queeny, Pussycat, what is so awful that Priam the king and the children of Priam supposedly did and continue to do to you,—allegedly actions so—horrible lowdown depraved diabolical—bad that you burn and obsessively rage, compulsively rampage, hysteria-jacketed, craze-interlocked around-the-clock, quickly and impetuously,—river-properant, rock-precipitous, waterfall-pulled, hydraulic-entwirled—to utterly drain, wipe out and clear the—euktimenous benestruktive—well-built abundant citadel lucent of Ilios? If you to be sure were to enter, invade the bright threshold, the tight double gates, and go through the tall dark impregnable walls, and eat Priam raw and the children of Priam—imperial purple people-eater—punctured fury, fizzled outrage, stubborn psychotic severe deviation—and gobble up in toto all the other tribes of Trojans, *then* you might supremely heal, stanch and quench, cure and cool your bitter anger. Do as you wish; to be sure, may *this* soft tiff,—trivial quarrel—crazy wrangle and row in the—retroponed—blind-behind, mirror-invisible future not be, to you and to me, a poisonous source of serious strife,—cause of collision, treacherous schism—a breach polarizing between us,—refractory friction galore—this man-sake god-scoped sky-scrap. And I have something else to say to you and you alone, and you had better pay attention,—bloom-fire pop-rivets granite-fuel rocket-plume icicle-glow—valid-embolize full-inject—nail it *hard* to your heart. Whenever I, too, ardent to utterly empty a city, wish and desire to drain one where valorous men and their nuclear kin colonize, prosper and thrive who are dear to you, do not try, in any degree,—perfricative diatribal—to rub away or grind down, thresh and

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pound my bitter anger,—bristling bile, sawtooth gall—but let me do it, no holds barred; for I give in, submit to you, yield *willingly*, bend your way for harmony's sake, with an *unwilling* vaporous heart. For under the sun and metal dome of—orbit-jeweled moon-mild—galaxy-gyring molecule-wild—star-welded sky, cities of land-dwelling ground-walking men are inhabited, duly colonized,—epikhthonious interranean—earthbound, of which settlement sacred Ilios—glorious-girded—has been honored, perpetually prized and revered with all my heart, held hale, deemed dear and highly valued—peritimed circumesteemed—and Priam the king and the people of Priam of the—eummelic benefraxineous—strong and slender—spiral-grained—snapback ashen spear. For never did my stepped and well-swept altar lack the five essential food groups, a parti-furnished well-balanced equal-divided banquet, both a drink offering, bright libation,—flicker-rills sparkle-arcs—and the burning savor, steam and aroma of meat encharred fat-encased thigh-bones, for in fact we obtained this sterling boon—reward royale—by our own doing.'

Then—boopidic—comely —bovoculous—ox-eyed Here, keenly, di-ademmed, word-exchanging, answered him: 'Indeed there are three outstanding cities, super-precious, ultra-prized,—carissimous lovely fond philtatic—dear to me: Argos, Glowtown, girl-tough Sparte, Scattered-Diamond-Dragon-Teeth, and wide-paved black-topped—lativious euruaguiic—beehive-tombed Mukene. Kick these back, knock them down,—diaperthic perdestructive—whenever they become abominable, grow odious to your heart,—overwhelmed with vile gyres—hate-en-hemmed spite-cradled, rancor-rocked; wreck these down, wrack them up, for I shall not thwart or hamper, fend off, obstruct you,—grease-gun glue-bomb—gunk things up or gum things down, stand in the way, object or deem it a big deal at all. For even perchance if I grudge or resent it, balk or refuse, and try, do my best not to let you exterminate, wholesale destroy,—squish and subdue—wipe them out once and for all, I shall not prosper, achieve or attain anything—gain or confect—by my slightful resentment, for truly, you rule, are far more robust, force-ful and stronger—dominant dyne, power-vector. But my toil, too, must not be in vain, *made* unfulfilled—unlit unperfected—foiled unbadged—unsurgent defused dudly unoriented—born defective, fruitless; for I, also am a god, and my stock and your stock *come from* the same place, and—angkulometric flexiexcogitant—secret-cindered spark-clandestine—crooked-scheming shady-machining Kronos begot, generated me, daughter esteemed supreme, double-honored, both in age, and on account too, of being assigned and called your wife, named your bed-mate, while you overlord, govern and rule over all the immortals. So indeed let us bend,—concedent—subvite—hypoeikic—succumb and yield up, give over these things to each other, I to you and you to me, and the rest of the gods will do too, fall in, follow up, the deathless immortals. But you, quite quickly,—injunctive order-bright epitellic—command Athene, the goddess of prowess, to go into, pierce and explore the grim din, invade the shrill daze, luminous roar,—motley jangle jagged morass, solar spiral, lunar cone—the body-block blowback, combat-shock and battle-jumble,—bloodshot blur—of tumble Trojans and tough Akhaioi, and—machinate and rearrange,—trouble-shooting, fix things

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so the Trojans will be first to fashion teen, damage things, trigger tumult,—monkey-wrench, crosswire, hurt conjunctions—oath-countering truce-transgressing,—violating wordbonds—deal-undo with the—hu-perkudic superglorious—pageant-teeming Akhaioi’—riddled-with-cells-of-twinkle-and-pulse-prestige.

Thus she spoke, and the high-up father of men and gods *did not* fail to comply—for the queen of the skies prevailed. He spoke subito winged words to Athene, the gorgeous goddess of purring prowess: ‘High-tail it!—take off!—go to the camp, the army entrenched of the—triumph-abeyant combat-limboed—vim-drained fatigue-fraught Trojans and Akhaioi, and—regroup, trouble-shoot, engineer,—work your magic,—operate, juggle, endeavor to fix, repair things so the Trojans will be first to fashion teen, damage things, trigger tumult, oath-countering truce-transgressing—violating wordbonds—for the glory-teeming Akhaioi’—dotted-with-distinction.

So speaking, he stirred up Athene—sky-ensparked imperial-spurred—of the polka-dot parti-colored cape, revved-up, burning to go, and she stepped down descending the cold combed snowcoated peaks of spectacular Olumpos, darting-bright ice-glancing bullet-like. As the—curviconsulent angkulometous—child of Kronos, crooked-scheming,—screwball-calculating—fades in, winds up, hurls a star through space, a sign or portent—sparky marvel, wonder-jet—for high-sea sailors or wide-band campfired armies, ballbeamng,—black-sliding white-trailing—a shiner offshooting—outer comet, inner meteor—multiple radiant points,—scintillating parachute, deinocosmic core-popper—focus-glowing perivaporous helibustive firetail!—so like a star did Pallas Athene, Molecular Brandisher—Sparkle-Caped Spear-Pumper,—beautiful energy, colorful force—spin-shimmer nonpareils—fade in fast,—highspeed goddess, friction-shaped, instant descent—skyzooming seaskimming earthdashing—golden-leaping silver-springing—goddess redolence-rush—and, she landed, down-bounding,—bellipulsive quatitangent—troop-centered, on-the-go, and holy amazement held the beholders, both—hippodamic equidomic—mustang-taming Trojans and—euknemidic beneocreal—spear-deflecting shin-guarded nailhard Akhaioi. And thus, someone, turning an eye to his neighbor would say: ‘Indeed there again will be foul, noisome, ugly war and gruesome and brutal, profane sounds of skirmishing,—faceguard-clang socket-thrust helmet-bounce plume-shimmer—disemboweled battle-screams, vulnerable sighs—or paramount Zeus, vibrant controller, who runs outer space, has founded, established, anchored friendship between both parties, who reigning supreme as monarch of meteors, king of comets, is fashioned and tagged, labeled by men as war-slicer, battle-hopper’—body-cleaver jawbreaker—neon peptides, sparkling polymers, painted swing-sets, gleaming gumballs—twist-jostle tumble-clang!—bone-coin money-changer.

Thus would one of the Akhaioi and Trojans speak. But Athene, chameleon-

esque,—kataduned degressed—slipped into, inlapsed the wound-up troop-pack,—metal-ruffled conglomeration—man-seeming, shape-shamming Laodokos People-Greeter, son of fearless Antenor, Man-Facer, strong launcher, mighty spearman, seeking out godlike Pandaros, hoping perhaps she—ephuric inventive—might light upon, come across, find him. She found the son—soon without luck—of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, stainless and mighty, blameless, robust, standing still, and flanking him, the mighty ranks of shield-bearing soldiers, infantry who followed him from the streams of Aisepos. And close-pressed, standing tight she spoke winged words: ‘Won’t you listen to anything I say, son of Lukaon, Glimmering Wolf Man,—pyrogenic daiphronic discimental—candidordial firehead—battle-propensive combat-inclined—word-absorber, knower of things? Why don’t you dare to let go a quick stick at Menelaos People-Opposer, and gain glad grace and elevated glory among all Trojans, and, above all, Man-Repeller Alexandros the—purple-appareled spangle-king—matterhorn underlord. Indeed, by him, you’d be first to be handed, royal-bestowed and walk off with radiant gifts, if he should behold warlike Menelaos, see the battle-turned son of Atreus, subdued, knocked down, imbued by your missile and mounted, crowned,—stuck epibatic inscending set up—on a—diadyne ignidome—painful looming dolorous dooming fire-rickle. Now, get with it! Shoot your airborne arrow straight at decorated glorious Troop-Warder Menelaos, and vow to Apollo Color-Bomber,—Lukegenic Luminatal—Light-Formed, bow-famed,—klutotoxic clariarcous—canine-arrowed wolf-fierce,—lupicolous—pounce! swipe!—pack-illumining metamorphic—to execute a sacrifice of high-grade excellent farm-famed—ceremony-adhered punctilious-performed—fire-pools—protogonic priminal—of firstborn lambs when he goes back home to the city of sacred Zeleia.’

Thus Athene Spear-Ensparkler spoke and cajoled the soldier—thought-robed brain-cored—stripped of sense, induced the impounded, suckered mind of the fool. He quickly unhooded, clandestine-detached, his—benelimative euxoic—keen-filed care-buffed field-polished bow—whipped out—star-path orbital-glow—the wrapped-up weapon—fine-composed of glistening horn—super-steam-sleek flex-flamboyant—sawn off a bounding full-grown ibex, frisky vaulting arc-horn, which he himself on a hunt had hit below the breast, after cliff-climbing, stepping out, from behind a rock, while he was waiting, whisperless, to take her in ambush,—having unhinged, flipping up the quiver-tube-top, dart removing, calibrated, launched—striking her heart; and arrow-struck, she fell straight back, supine-impelled, buckled on a rock—air-leap sky-eye sunflash bolder-trip cleft-tumble kid-baa-baa gulch-collapse hoof-click horn-clack body-crumple leg-kick blow-shock! From her head horns blossomed sixteen palms, from pollex to pinkie,—pulsing dendrites, luminous points—rain-bone stormbolt span-spark!—and these to be honed, the hornscraper bowmaker—cornulimatic keraoxous—worked down, fixed up,—fastened and furbished—enlaced into a brilliant-bound tight ensemble,—toing-ting twang-twink!—and rubbed smooth the total surface,—power-polished sheer-exquisite—coruscating keratin,—before he set the hooky golden—epithetic chased imponent—

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loop-catcher, bow-tip bright upon it. He strained and strung and set the bow—wooden-staved, strip-unstiff—outset-sinew inset-bone—cut and buffed, luminous-grooved—deponent katathetic—squarely down, while bending it braced, upon the ground upright, robust-erect,—organic rhythm—back into a maximal reflex,—anaclined taut innixous—oriental, curve-compact—and his brave and clanlike comrades held their tight-crammed seabright dawnbeam stiff-packed shock-metal stingray spinwhip shields ensheathed in front, lest the warlike sons of the Akhaioi—provolant, anaissic—make the first move, dart up, shoot out, burst and pop-go ahead, before Menelaos People-Abider, the warlike son of Untrembles Atreus, was missile-hit. At that point he stripped off the lid of his quiver, back-borne, and took out an arrow, never-shot, motley-feathered, source and base of dark and dolorous, loaded pains, and he quickly fit the pointed pinewood airborne arrow—katakismatic demundane—to the bowstring,—how exquisite!—delicate-plied, nicely met in beautiful sequence, balanced order, brilliant harmony,—scale-chromatic—and vowed to Apollo Color-Bomber, Number-Fighter, Light-Formed, bow-famed, wolf-wild,—sun-ring moon-pole star-core—to perform a crimson sacrifice of splendid glorious fire-pools of firstborn lambs when he goes back home to the city of sacred Zeleia. He drew the bow slow, jointly and gingerly clutching the notch of the dart-butt X-nock interlocking groove-caught ox-gut—transverse multicolored finger-grips—vulcanized-rubbermaid—infrared abscissa, ultraviolet ordinate, cosmic vector—bubble chamber, mini-thruster, superheated trails; the bowstring he brought to his breast,—stair-ribbed, kite-fight-tangent—and close to the horn bow,—deepfreeze rhomboid, crucial shot abeyed—the iron arrow-head. Now in truth when he duly stretched the huge stupendous bow and made an orthographic O,—kukloteric circulufrictive—loop-lathed ring-spun orbit-rubbed, the bow twanged brightly and—polar vibration—the string throbbed keenly, and—vector slide projection—the airborne arrow, color-streamered,—oxubelic acrijective—sharp-shot,—involatile—zoom zoom!—epipetic—leaped out, oxygen-burning, eager to fly through the tight-packed troops.

And you, Menelaos, Man-Abider, the blessed gods, the blissful immortals, did not forget,—celestial notice unescaped—and foremost the daughter of Indigo Zeus, ageleie, plunder-taker,—swag-driver booty-snapper, who standing before you, repelled and averted, warded off, wafted the fire-tipped bright-painted cone-pine toucanic—ekhepeukic habepunctive—telebolic proculjective—whizzing arcing missile. She blocked it from the body surface, flicking it, though slightly grazing, as when a mother multi-sweeps, shoos away a bi-winged fly from her child exposed, when, encradled, lies in luscious sleep; and she in turn—stern-steering—directed the shaft where the golden belt-snaps came together, were contained, and the 2-piece concave breastplate met, enclasping the belt in double support, 2-fold reinforcement. And the pointed pinewood airborne arrow homed in arc-like—spin-whoosh whistle-thonk!—on the—multicolored tribal-mongered—golden-pronged, snug-fastened, silver-eyed combat-belt. Then through the blazing spectrum-beaded jewel-embellished combat-belt the harsh propulsive dart was hard-

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driven, and tooling through the—poludaidalic multi-adorned—dexterous-hammered many-metaled breastplate it was pressed and planted, and *on* through the padded underbelt, which he wore as a buffering body-protector,—organ-cage gut-guard—dart-thwart, which sheltered and fended, screened him the most, but right through this, laser-drilling, it also, fierce and relentless, went. And so did the airborne arrow graze—close-scrape light-scratch—the outer surface—epigraphed, slight-inscribed—of man-flesh,—waterfront technicolored babydoll tattoo—and subito—disky erythrocytes—atrinubous—darkly clouded—kelainepheric—intrablue—blood, murk-turbid,—plasma pools, yellow-tinted—wound-gushed.

As *when* a woman stains and washes, deep-dyes ivory purple-red,—integrity-membraned ostro-outraged—metabolic ultraviolet!—color-wheel-violating—a lovely Meionian or a Kaeirian, buffed to be a bronco-bridle cheek-piece, and idle it lies in a secret room, and many imploring chariot-fighters pray to posses it, but it lies, actually, otiose as a—majestic affair, exalted object—glorious ornament, kept for a king, potentially both a glowing adornment—ultra-deluxe—kalikosmic pulchrimundane—for his car's mares and a glorious thing to a turbo-roaring windjammer-charging mustang-driving charioteer; so, Menelaos Man-Abider, indeed were your vulnerable thighs banged-up,—holoblastic hupomarainic—bone-impaired,—structural integrity debilitated—red-stained, dyed with blood, fibrous, field-tough, scarred, enmetalled,—shrapnel-shaped—and your shins and sandaled, dashing ankles beneath.

And thereupon, Agamemnon king of men—bifrost-broken—cold-shot icicled fear-shivved—shuddered when he saw black blood—dark rills, red jets—amorphous rockets, plasma pools—defluent katarrheous—flowing from the new-inflicted sparely scarring wound, and war-precious—Areiphilous Martamatic—Menelaos shuddered, quaked and convulsed on the spot,—cherry snow-cone-spike—to boot. But when he saw both tight-wound dart-head sinew-cord and missile-barbs embedded outside flesh, his rushing breath reversed—apsorrhous retrofluent—gathered in a backflow, sweeping to his breast—color-storm swirl-attack—rib-wreck stick-shock breath-block blackout! And King Agamemnon Stabilizer spoke among them moaning deeply, holding the hand of Menelaos People-Abider,—groan-engulfed sigh-subsumed—and his comrades also emanated moans: 'Precious brother, now it seems I cut and hammered oathbound-bars for your death, setting you up alone before the sea-vectored land-invading Akhaioi to fight it out with the Trojans, since Trojans struck you, arrow-hit,—streamer-blown sky-suborned—and—decalcatous katapateic—stomped and trampled trusty oathbonds. But *no way* is an oathbond bootless, weight-unbearing, and blood of lambs and rich libations, lush, unblended,—ruby bubbles, combustive fizz, chromatic cascades—pervading bouquets of splashbright godpop—plus propitious right-hand-pledges in which we trusted. For even perhaps if the foremost Olympian fails to perform, does not fulfill, promises subito, he will fulfill them successfully later, and—apotine cap repend—equalize, see-saw,—duly correspond—put a

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tiger in their tank, reimburse in toto, for payback claims a copious price, demanding the heads of the enemy, all of the men and their women and children. For I know this well in my heart and soul: there *will* be a day when sacred Ilios, mighty and bright, glorious, *will* be destroyed, knocked down flat,—gored and torched—and Priam and the people of Priam of the splendid—eummelious benefraxineal—slender snapback ashen spear; and Zeus son of Kronos,—hupsidzugous altitranstral—paramount-bleachered, dweller in charge of the upper air, sea-supple, gem-brilliant, storm-ruffled, he himself will shake and pump his dark-some-echoing lightsome-swiveling monster-sinister crime-containing dragonflaming snakehead-goatshield, ominous-emanating death-waves over—episseious—radiant clang, quatient spang, tangent tang—in-cussive—utter frictive olefaction—all the people, rancorous over this flagrant deception. And these things will not be effete, unfulfilled, but terrible agony, anguish galore, grim pain, for you will be mine, Menelaos, if you should die and occupy,—anaplete, implenish—fill up your sky-lotted—high-pressured doomcrashing—life. And most rebukable, base, compunctive, a target for blame,—a magnet of shame—I would go, deplorable, lost in stain, to—poludipsious multisident—too-too thirsty, rainless Argos, Land of Light, for immediately, battle-drained, the Akhaioi will lose their push, thrust and thrive, bright momentum, combat-drive,—dissolved convelled pillow'd poked paralyzed extirpated vaporized—so turn their minds to their birthland, and we would relinquish to Priam and Trojans their boast and plume,—glamorous swoon, pygian moon, beamy sun, configured stars—the busty bloom of Argive Helen, Light-Carved, and the ploughed and seminal earth will canker, rot and blight,—disintegrate—break down, blast your bones, so ho-hum-inhumed, with you lying cold in Troy, inert, with failed execution, performance imperfect, mission and charge unaccomplished. And so some sprightly super-seeming—huperenoreous ultra-virile—overweening Trojan, gleeful,—epithoric gay insalient—jumping around, up and down on the—sea-held shell-heard tide-told trampoline—sepulchered whelk-wound mound of Menelaos, famed and glorious, boldly will say: 'Too bad Agamemnon doesn't get even, glut his pique, round his wrath, temper-top-off, outrage thus in all his actions, even as now he did lead here, alas, on a fruitless journey,—ungleaned expedition—to no avail guiding divisions of staunch Akhaioi, and indeed then embarked, and went back home to his precious birthland free of bulk, with empty ships, lacking cargo,—buoyant keels, orbatic engines, phantom affairs—forsaking majestic Menelaos.' Thus at some point in the future will someone express; on that dismal day, may the wide, expansive earth—orange-equatored—yawn and hinge-out, quick-suck, swallow me down'—magma-sorber jaw-crusher—fang-thrust fire-echo water-glance, color-vacuum, gape-drop!

But yellow-haired Menelaos,—inhortative epitharsunic—bright and chirking, boostered, emboldened,—lumintoned—spoke to him: 'Cheer up and do not appall, repel,—frighten, drive off—scare, alarm in any way the troops of the Akhaioi. The sharp shaft came short, didn't cling fast, is not stuck in a vital spot, for first in front my metal-coated—panaiolic omnifulgurous—lightweight all-flashing varicolored—beambouncing surface-pierced coruscating—combat-belt bent and blocked it,—zone-

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buffer gut-guard missile-drag—and beneath, my—linen-corroborant—loin-girded, lower breastplate-pad and—metal-skeletoned—underbelt which coppersmiths hammered and worked,—sparked out sweat-beat sweet-shaped,—pound-and-blow, clang-and-glow!—stopped it, right before impact, dead in its tracks.'

And responding,—word-a-rang switch—abmutative apameibous—King Agamemnon Adamant spoke to him: I hope this indeed is the case, my brother, dear Menelaos; and, if so, the bright-healing doctor will duly endeavor to probe and examine the rip-red wound, and—epithete, impone—apply and smear on outer ointments, anodynes daub and administer,—work and rub in imbrocations, rectify the carnal damage—patch up, impink—robustly regenerate—put on salubrious plasters—which shortly should stop the dark pain, check and abate the black ache.'

He spoke to Talthubios too, urgent-addressing the sacred herald: 'Talthubios, hurry, as quick as you can, call Makhaon, Scalpel Man, tell him to come here, son of Asklepios, virtue-bent, a blameless man, surgeon superb, to diagnose, check, take a look at war-sworn, martial Menelaos, son of Atreus, *whom* some Trojan or wolf-glowing Lykian, well-skilled, apt at bow-aligning, target-aiming-trained—shaft-craft-deft—hit with an airborne arrow—to *him* a mark of glory, to *us* a cause for worry'—grief-gush, wind of woe—tribulation-trigger—sorrow-hole, catalyst for sadness.

Thus he spoke, and the sacred herald, hearing, heeded, did not disobey him, and he started to set out, go down through the—khalkokhitonic, aeritunical—bronze-clad Akhaioi, looking around, and searching for, seeking the warrior Makhaon, Trench-Fighter, and soon he marked him immobilized, standing by, and flanking him, bright-thronged, the strong and mighty, sea-powered ranks of shield-bearing troops who followed him from—hippobotic equipastic—steed-feeding graze-green Trikke. And standing tight, strangle-close, he spoke and stark-uttered winged words: 'Snap to and step on it, son of Asklepios; King Agamemnon is calling for you, to take a look at, check, diagnose warlike Menelaos, captain of note of the Akhaioi, *whom* some Trojan or wolf-glowing Lykian, well-skilled at bow-wielding, archery arts, hit with an airborne arrow—to him a mark of glory, to us a cause for worry.'

Thus he spoke, and subito stirred, cranked up, hot-spurred,—bright-im-pelled—the blood-rushing heart—clanking platelets plasma-pumping—echo-red conjunctive-blue transparent-yellow—phagocyte-storm—in his chest. And they started along, to thread, go down, through the tight-packed throng, and up through the wideband camp and ranks, empirically strong, of the Akhaioi. But when, indeed, they came to the spot where yellow-haired injured Menelaos was hit by the arrow, stick-struck, and round him were gathered the cream of the quantum

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supreme—special forces, earthquake guerrillas, volcano commandos, whirlwind warriors rainbow dragons, storm-eaters, halo-jumpers, the airless elite—in a ring, the god-equal man came over and stood in the middle beside him, and subito *drew* the stinging dart from the—buckle-snug hole-punched—compact-fastened color-beaded combat-belt, and being yanked out,—fast-extracted—sharp barbs, tip-torn bent back, broke off—warped in, cork-screwed—crooked-metal curl-snagged stagger-hooked saw-caught. And he unbound his metal-faced light-weight multicolored combat-belt,—perforated, ray-dancing, red-dotted, blood-wet—and beneath undid his lower, loin-girded breastplate pad—shining-linen-layered—and metal-embedded underbelt which copper-smiths fire-wrought,—molten-smooth—sweat-shaped—pound-and-blown, clang-and-glow! But then when he *saw* the rip-red wound where the keen pine shot shaft down-arced, with puckered lips bowed shut he sucked out blood—puncture-pout poison-squeeze plasma-tang mumuspout—and sprinkled and applied *efficiently* soothing surface ointments, balming plasters, softly placing on the pang, which, on a far-off former occasion, the kind Kentaur, Kheiron, Fingers, well-disposed, furnished gladly, gaily minded, favoring, fond of his father.

While they were focused, brisk-engaged—amphepic ambisequent—damage-absorbed, comrade-encompassed, attending Menelaos, plangent supreme, of the truculent war-scream, the ranks of the shield-bearing Trojans, encharged on-the-go fired-up, came in a storm, inspired to stun, driven to sting, and attacked; and in turn the entrenched Akhaioi metalled out, slipped on their seabright taut-built war-gear, well-inwrought combat-apparel, and bloodbent, fire-inclined, directed their minds to hand-to-hand—sky-matching land-butchered bitch-suborned—battle-bliss,—beside the sea—the glee of engagement, thrill of contention, joy of campaigns.

At that point, you would *not* see planet-lambent Agamemnon Man-Abider eyelid-gravid, ditch-dozing sandbag-slumbering, bunker-tucked, nor—kataptossic desubsident—crouching down nor cringing back,—yellow-turning abhorrendous—nor, not a whit, encounter-stalling, unwilling to fight, but, above all, burning and pressing for man-boosting battle—decorvirile kudianeirous—warrior-ramping commando-acclaiming. For he, dismounting, abandoned, left his equine team and 2-wheeled war-car, well-drilled, bright-riveted bronze-beaten,—Brownian-mobile parti-sparkle—beam-adash, still, undeeded, and his batman-charioteer, alert, kept and held the snorting, perked and puffing horses far away, Eurumedon, Wide-Patroller, son of Peiraieus' son, Ptolemaios, Slugger. Agamemnon Adamant—injunctive epithetic—commanded keenly him to hold, enrein, the stallions still, on standby, for *when* fatigue and debility should enervate, appropriate, take and rob, usurp his limbs, while wielding power, ruling uprightly, moving through the—chevron-shining—throng of many men, but he, on foot, interloped, pacing, ambled up and down the ranks of men as troop-inspector, battle-ranger, lord of formations. And walking starkly, any of the—puffpuff—takhupolic celerequuleous—quick-colted Danaoi whom he would see revved up,

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hastening, pressing on, bracing impistoned for battle, drawing near and standing by them he would inspire, cheer on, *embolden*, exhort them robustly with words: 'Argeioi, Men of Light, don't let go of your coiled tension, tight and propulsive energy—spring-loaded—lion-prowling tiger-trained—power-leaping pounce force; for father Zeus of the asteroid belt will not be a helper to liars; but *who* were first to mar, do damage, mangle and monkey-wrench, counter to oath-bars, skin-scraping vultures—bone-gnawing buzzards—*amuck* will eat and pick, bolt down, rip for sure their furbished flesh, tender cumbent body surface,—beak-drill claw-poke—and we, in turn, their precious wives and word-deficient children—high-chaired play-penned—shall, enshackled, lead out, bring away iron-chained, stash empacked in ships, after we tag,—squeeze, engulf, cling around—latch onto, choke—take down, deracinate the city.'

Whomever in turn he'd see remiss,—slipshod, slacking—leaking joules, pent-up strength, potential energy, slow-dropping, hanging back from abominable combat, *those*, above all, he would cample and grill, rail at, berate with bilious words—syllable-blast: 'Argeioi, Men of Light and Prestige,—iomoric sagittafurious—bow-wacky—arrow-crazed, ignominious, dull of voice, *here, right now*, where is your face, have you no shame? Why in the world do you stand there thus, still and astonished, paralyzed, puzzle-eyed,—kick-uninclined, vacant-varoomed—frozen and fazed like fawns, which, when pooped and dizzy from gamboling, scampering—bound-bushed rush-worn dash-drained—over a spacey plain, stop and stand,—no more oomph!—for there is no trace of kinetic strength, no fending surge churning or power emerging or glowing charge turning around in their hearts. Thus you stand stunned, immobile and dazed, and do not engage, attack or fight. Is it that maybe you're waiting it out for the Trojans to hasten and make their way here, to come up close helmet-to-helmet, under the shadows of crashing of combers, corroding of keels, to march undemanding and tightly approach where your—benepuppous stark eupruminic—well-swabbed bright-pooped ships—color-crumbing weather-smacked cruisers—crepuscular afterglow lit—are drawn up, deft-disposed, on the—foam-lipped sandpacked wave-lapped moundstacked—beauty-looped beach of the dawn-coned spectrum-sparkling beam-clanging gay-engulfing peritropic kalichromic hydrosphere—aurora-rubbed lux-robust organotropic whale-blowholed dolphin-arcing echo-locating coral-plated wind-singing wave-dancing fish-dreaming salty misty soft gray sea, so you can know if son of Kronos Circle-Maker perhaps will hold, encup and mold his mighty hand in manual safety—metacarpaled sky-protecting—over you?

Thus he ranged through the ranks of men, wielding supreme command, and going along, he came to the Kretans, making his way through the bunged-and-wound-up—craze-tanked turma—war-absorbed striking throng of men. Now, they were plating out,—apparel-luminescing—gearing up for metaled combat,—togged for bright contention—taut-flanking, weapon-organized—daiphronic ignimental—Idomeneus Tim-

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ber-Tough,—frenzied battle blazing through his head. As Idomeneus, battery-bright, loomed among the fire-line front-fighters, wired champions, worked up like a wild boar in bare boldness, bent to charge, in raw prowess, power-packed, so Meriones, sharp-impelled, was stirring up and spurring on the slogging rearguard, tailgunners, clanking terminal troop-lines. At sight of them the king of men, Agamemnon Adamant, exulted, reveled, smile-slashed, and subito, straight to Idomeneus he spoke with soothing words: 'Idomeneus, I prize *you* above and beyond all Danaoi, lords of the quick colts, both in combat—body-jarring mind-hacked—and other hard tasks, glorious missions, special, covert, select and assorted assignments, and even on plush, lavish occasions,—exquisite imperial banquets—at royal luxurious gay celebrations, covered-dish formal affairs, when the best of the rugged Argeioi enmingle and swirl in a mixing-bowl—aithopic candidoculous—fire-irised warlord-worthy—ceremonial, kindle-eyed—fizzy, tony,—triumph party wine. For even, to boot, if the *other* robust, might-flared flamehaired Akhaioi, drink their carbonated quaffed-up quantum,—troop-permitted potable portion—*your* single cylinder, silver and foaming, forever stands flowing and full,—swishing, unbroken—brimming nonstop just like mine, to drink and drain—abundantly down—to your fierce surging heart's wild content, and stormy commanding desire. But now,—get with it, undishevel, organize, cohere!—*pump* it up for battle like you *pumped* it up with mettle on myriad past occasions—previous episodes, prior junctures—walk the talk, baby!'

And to him, in turn, Idomeneus, chief of the Kretans, shot right back: 'Son of Atreus, I shall be like blood-joined kin, a faithful mate, loyal cohort, trusty companion, true to *you* above all, a cogent link, just as at first, I head-down nodded and duly promised,—denoted an oath—and I strongly do stand on my word. Now go and incite,—hotwire, charge up—goad other hair-streaming,—multispectral sparkwake—rocket-flamed—exhorted Akhaioi so we can subito battle, contend, since the Trojans commingled,—sungkheuous confusive—jumbled and mingled,—crisscrossing, mixed-up—lane-jumped vow-balls—blowtorched oath-bars,—pledge-poles razed and bulldozed—while woes of death and troubles and throes will rack and cark, inform their future,—eyeless painted retro-mirror throwback-glass—since *they* were the first to break the truce, to counter, damage, flagrant-violate oath-bars.'

Thus he spoke, and son of Atreus Untrembles passed on by, heart-delighted, and he came to the gallant Aiantians, Great and Less—Ajax 2-pack—Mammoth Shield and Mini-Sprint—winding enthroned through the weapon-blinking bright-cleated striking cluster color-striped of men, and the two were donning their war-gear, helmet-tuning, faceguards flashing, and at the same, similarly, a cloud of infantry, fearless foot-fighters, dark and dense, shadow-dropping—vanguard ground-huggers—fully engaged, focused, alert, were checking their weapons. Just, as when, from a mountainous lookout, far off a goat-ranger, pie-high-up herdsman, sky-close, crook in hand, sees a force-driven cloud,—sailing, fractal, locomotive—coming over the open sea,

supermarine bright-propelled, plangent-thrust by the spin-ramming, ineluctable, pending pressure-pop, gale-howling hulking frangent rumble-snap—jumbo demented pinball machine!—of Gloom-Insuming Zephuros West Wind, and to him far away it appears quite black, like creosote, sticky thick pitch going over the open sea, and it brings, turbulent-sorbing,—bouncing wavebreak, slamming windburst—many a harrowing hurricane, circumsuming storm,—perileptic shrieking funnel, spectral skyhole, vault-vacuum—whispark dragon-clang color-boom swirlbright—and as he spots it,—spine-shudders—freeze-quakes, and drives his goats,—hupoelastic,—shiver-rippled, inclemented, shelter-ushered,—dark-subpelld—crammed into a cave; suchly, quickly,—so simultaneous—right along with the wild Aiantians, wound way up, did close-packed cut-knuckled fist-clenched lines of platoons of—diotrepthic—valid and vigorous weather-fostered element-gathered—color-flavored particle-punch!—jupampliant—sky-backed cadets—cloud-curdled—ultra-shift, move and dash into fire-lanes of orange battle, cobalt lines of bright-cut soldiers, bristling, asperous,—terrible-blinding radiant horror!—jagged integral silhouette—windbanged ragged-edged cloud-combo—jigsawed, sparked with tight-packed spin-disc shields and hush-headed color-ringed spears. And seeing these in operation, spright and ert, Commander Agamemnon gloated,—gay-suffused, way-exulted—joy-injected, smile-slashed, and addressing them, spoke winged words, syllable-bubbles: ‘Electric Aiantians, leaders and chiefs of the bronze-clad Argeioi, indeed it is silly, crude, unbeseeming—superfluous, loony, uncalled for—to spur on or stir you both up. I doubtless don’t need to exhort or enjoin, urge—imperate—drive. or impel, bid you at all, for you yourselves utterly govern, command, order your army to fight full-force—fuel-combusted, muscle-unbound. I do wish, Sky-Crowned, Father Zeus, and Athene Robust, Fabulous-Caped, and Bright-Quivered Killer Apollo, such a spirit, wound-up, smoking—blast-colored shrill-rushing storm-pounded circumplosive yellow-red-green-lit enginesque—were generated, sparked in all breasts; thus would the city of Priam the *king* quickly totter, bow and teeter, soon swirl and splendid-swoon, unspool subverted, evanesce—quicksand-tank—disintegrate—tumble and bubble, inundate—sink like Houdini—fire-drops tear-falls—conquered and cracked, seized and sacked by our hands.’

Speaking thus he left them there and went to the others. Then the canny clear-toned talker, Nestor, musical mouthpiece, voice of the Pulioi,—machine-gun-posted searchlight-slicing swingback ramproof—Gate-Protectors, mind-assembling, soul-equipping—kin-clan propped and prepped—his comrades—bright-arrayed—flaming chevrons!—furnished fresh—and keen-rousing, lighting the fuse of their will and desire to foray and fight, flanking mighty Pelagon, Deep Sea Man, and striking escape-proof Alastor, Wander Man, and Khromios, Crash, and Commander Haimon, Disco, and Bias, Power Man, land-force chief, shepherd superb of the people. First he organized charioteers and lined them *up* with horses and cars—autonomous team of point-drivers—massed and amorphous clash of chassis, twist of axles, bang of rails, bounce of wheels, jerk of horses,—rein-tangle, hoof-kick, metal-fire,

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sonic spectrum—clothes-dryer color-swirls, washing-machine body-twirls—warrior-agitator, blood-dispenser limb-and-organ rumble-drum—Coriolis drain, psychedelic helix, interpenetrating sky-eyed host—and rearguard foot-fighters, many ready, brave and proficient, prepared to be gritty bashing battle's blocking crowbar, combat's cogent bulldoze blade;—bioautomatic war-wall, invader-impervious force-field—and he squeezed and drove poltroons between, so even, unwilling, every last man would fight full-throttle, agonize at maximum pressure. He issued orders,—fast commands—injunctive epithellic—first to the charioeteers; now instantly he monished them to hold their horses back, and not to drive chaotically,—go berserk—wheel and swerve, headlong, out of control through the bunged-up throng,—press metal, headbutt—push through the sphere of confusion, penetrate, charge through the painted turmoil, clashing core,—coruscating organ-crush of discombobulation—pierce the many bleary sights and tangled sounds of troop turbulence, colored clangor,—dolor-sights gloom-shrieks ghost-howls death-screams doom-swoons: 'Let no man, trusting his car-driving skills, and banking on puffed up machismo, fuelling his fire, fulfill his desire to fight with the Trojans, armed and alone, in front of the rest of the men, nor let him withdraw, pull back, give ground, for *you* will be of no avail, power-drained, ineffective, empty-slotted enemy-licked. But whatever man, rushing ahead, with his souped-up flamed-out—rainbow-snow-coned—air-rammed car should come to a well-built stripped-down enemy war-car, let him lunge and lash with his 2-part lance, since, no doubt, this thrash and pounce would thus be better by far. So, too, did the men before now, long gone, besiege and destroy, knock down, bash, obliterate cities and walls, possess in their breasts this intransigent drive, compelling robust infrangible cast of purpose, and hurricane-like inexorable steel outragous kilnhot spirit.'

Thus was the old man inciting desires, exhorting impulsions,—spark-ing propensities—stirring them up, being well-versed in wars anti-quated, with long-time-ago campaigns well-acquainted. And seeing him King Agamemnon exulted,—jubilant-soothed delight-imbued—joy-absorbed, smile-gashed, glory-scored, and addressing him, spoke winged words, syllable-bubbles: 'Time-torn Chief, *just* as your turbulent—color-stormed—spirit heaves,—huffs and puffs—fans, inflames, blows and resounds,—batters and clangs—barrels, bounds through your breast, how I wish truly your knees would hold out, follow in step, and abiding, keep up, reclaim your body-strength, maintain your life-force, be firm, unfoundered, embedded, well-grounded—nature-nurtured, power-wired—sky-combustive sea-robust earthbound. But old age, the common denominator,—vim-splitter—joint equalizer,—expeditious hourglass—goal-drowner dream-guillotine—rubs you hard. How I wish some other man could assume your hard senectitude, and you, like magic, turn back time, be a teen, meta-mingle!'—retrotropic enzyme-tingle!

And then, to him, the Gerenian horseman Nestor responded: 'Son of Atreus, I myself, indeed above all, might wish too that I were robust

as before, and still the same man who KO'd, did in—incident—and killed,—kataktenic—dispatched Ereuthalion, skybright Red Sea, cut him down. But in no way do the high-up gods hand-over, hopper, give all things to earthly men at the same time; though then I was green, a callow youth, now in turn old age protrudes, prods and dogs, robust-adhering, debilitates, sticks to,—bone-engaging brain-impelling—drags me by a chain. But even so I shall interblend with charioteers and fierce-exhort, pep up, drive them on with uttered words and resolutions, for *that* is the honored apanage,—prerogative earned—glorious gift of timeworn chiefs. And younger men will launch and hurl hush-headed lances,—chuck, propel, candy-cane cusps—atrocious points—flicking whizzing colored streamers—who,—vim-filled verve-shoved—nerve-waxing weapon-bearing,—zing-borne—are younger than I and trust their greenhorn gusto-generated fire-bobbing body-power.'

Thus he spoke, and son of Atreus Untrembles passed on by, heart-delighted, gay-clad. He found the son of volatile fast Peteos, Bright-Winger, staunch Menestheus, Abider,—plexippous equiferient—horse-striker, whipstick-wielder, standing by, and flanking him the Athenaioi, painted lords of the dayglow blowdragon battle-scream, and—multiconsulting polumetic—scheme-teeming ultra-crafty darn deft Odusseus Hated Man stood near. And flanking him enspangled ranks of Kephallenians, ready for action—combat-a-go-go—vacuum-cleaners—headlights blinking—red and blue, yellow and green—beater-bars splendid-spinning—revving up—not power-drained or enemy-licked, stood by, for their host did not yet hear the howling locust-blasting battle-scream; but combat troops had just begun to step it up, spark and pop, provade, move out,—with all 10 cylinders clicking, firing—bam bam bam!—the bright array of bronco-busting Trojans and fierce Akhaioi. And they stood around sticking it out, abiding, waiting, entrenched, for another tower, tiered, instorming of crack Akhaioi topping out, bright-engulfing, to come upon, adit, strike at the Trojans and counter-mobilize, push them back in retroaction—bash and attack, shock and assault, blow and invade—and be the first to charge, advance, tackle battle, smash and skirmish, kick off combat. So seeing them, dark-beholding, stiff Agamemnon, king of men, upbraided, railed at, chewed them out, and addressing them spoke winged words, syllable-bubbles: 'O son of noble Peteos, Bright-Winger,—diotrephic caelaltous weatherbacked sky-promoted—Zeus-cherished cared-for king, and you who excels,—circum-shines—in diabolic stratagems, malicious tricks, trap-tactics,—cryptic crafty vaframatic—labile-minded ploy-bent—lucramental kerdophronic—grasping gain-brain, why in the world are you standing apart,—subsident cringing kataptossic—crouching down, quake-crunched, terror-taut, fear-hunched, squatting here consterned and waiting for others? It is more suitable, right, beseeming, for you both, as chiefs, to be among, front the foremost, to stand in the van, and charge and hit the blasting hell and burn of battle, bash and bore the intransigent core, hammer protruding platoons head-on, baffle and ram commandos and cars, hurtle and bound into steel-clashing war's riddled glare and raddled fire,—refractory crackling carnage-olfactory orange noise—an-tibolic contrajective—for you are first in line to hear about any prosper-

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ous, chic and elegant feast or triumphant party to toast I throw too, whenever we Akhaioi whip up, organize, furnish and tool out a many-dish meal for the chiefs. Then it is good to eat and consume spit-roasted fire-grilled flesh and drink and imboozie fresh wine-filled steep-hoisted beakers,—guzzle bumpers—quaff cups, brims aflash with—meliedous dulcifaval—lollipop-colored rainbow-fizzy tropical-fruity cherry-toned vibrant-tanged citrus-tinged—honey-sweet wine, as long as you wish. But now you would gladly mark and observe, stand by inertly, even if ten impregnable stark intimidating towers of luminous-storming ec-trenched Akhaioi should fight and collide out front—while you, malinger, hang back—and make quick work with ruthless bronze.'

And then to him with a crooked sneer and umbrous glare, spoke scheme-teeming—varihoaxy many-chicaning—astute Odusseus: 'Son of Atreus, what shocking words—outrageous bursting diatribes—have bolted and fled from the—krypton portcullis, diamond braces—electrum-glittering Stripe-brushed gum-based—ring of your teeth! How can you say—how dare you declare!—that dronelike, idle, from war we drop back, go slack,—dilly-dally digit-twist—for we Akhaioi are waking up—snooze-swizzle dream-wreck—vein-slashing—organ-squishing gore-sloshing—artery-squirted Ares, stirring up dark-bladed bright-needled battle, drumming up booby-trapping barb-wired war, against the immutable horse-taming Trojans. You will see, if you are willing, and if these *things* are points of interest, objects of care, clear and sincere—affairs of concern to you, soon the fond father of housebound Telemakhos Faraway-Fighter intrepidly mixing, fully engaged, harshly combined with the fire-front-fighters, champions cheered and apparent of horse-taming Trojans. And you say these things are inane, unstable, sublimitous, windy and blown-about,—fluffy debris—lightweight balloony pneumatic.'

Then—subrident epimeidous—Commander Agamemnon smiled at him and mildly spoke, as he knew he was tartly irked, worked up, so he swiftly snatched, took back his words: 'Zeus-produced son of Laertes, ancient Ant Man,—polumechanical multiexpedient—ever-ready, smart and resourceful,—trick-teeming spectrum-charmed organic machine—Odusseus,—sphered in splendor—man of many modes, I am not lambasting or upbraiding, brusquely chiding you in a stark extreme untempered tone, or—inordinate-exhorting, reprimand-engulfing—coming down on,—obdurate-prodding redhot-poking—bawling you out unduly, for I know the vaporous heart in your breast knows good—well-founded luminous-favored—counsel, clement and kind, for you deem and ponder the same things that I do. But carry on, go to it, and we shall huddle, get together, and effectively iron things out,—intersolve—shake, make *up* over this—square and reconcile—in the seeled and eyeless future, if anything bad now—improprietary undeserved exorbitant ungermane compunctive—has been spoken, and may the gods make all things blowbright windborne spinbound'—metamonious phullodinic—whifflesque postvental kitelike.

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Speaking thus he left them there and went to the others. And he found the son of Tudeus of Kaludon,—hyperthumic ultra-anomous—super-souled flame-driven Guardian-Bright Diomedes, standing by his horses in his gassed-up air-dammed—arc-welded bright-riveted—blue-glued red-taped yellow-pasted—war-car, and beside him stood bazooka-powered Sthenelos, Mighty Man, Kapaneus' son. And when he saw him, Commander Agamemnon, reprimanding, let him have it, acute-harassed, and addressing him spoke syllable-bubbles, words winged: 'O my stars! Son of Tudeus, Enemy-Thumper, horse-taming—face-splitting battle-minded—firehead, why are you crouching and cringing in fear,—scarecrowed jellyfished catshocked—and why are you broad-scanning,—periscoping—spike-spotting, idle-gazing—hollow view—at spear-space—sword-time, atomic bow—helm-redeemed—arrow-vacuum shield-warp—tumble-purple clash-red rumble-blue clang-green rattle-yellow—metal-mowed colorfield, sky-traces, rank-links, winding invisible pathways, water-alleys, fire-lanes,—the bright-structured iodine drawbridge—aniline dam—organ-painted xylophone—of— deinoblastic biooblivious—body-dropping battle? Indeed Tudeus of the clanging shield—with burning sky and moon and stars—did not like to cower, lower, grovel and blench,—terror-taut fright-fraught—skulk, recoil and quail like this, but preferred to fight, engage in the van, contend and battle-ram, trade blows, way in front of his brother comates, companions beloved,—kind spunky kickball kin-clan—hurl and thrust, knuckle and knock, mix it up, bash with the flame-blasting trench-splitting spike-truncheoned mask-painted costume-monstered trained-up intransigent truculent enemy, as they say who saw him, grim-embroiled, cruel-encoiled, caught in battle's dire drudging body-slogging toils; for I, to be sure, never met or faced him, one-on-one, but they say he surpassed, eclipsed, outbeamed,—beat hands-down—done ran circles around—all combateers. Now indeed he came into, entered the land of Mukenai,—lion-gated Cyclops-built beehive-tombed—with-out the wish of war—proleptic mission, preliminary peace—or battle aim, as a guest together with frictive godlike Poluneikes—strife-strafing—Wrangle-Monger, to gather a host. They, at that time, were going to try in a bright campaign to metal-engage,—drag fire—endeavor to puncture, scale—overwhelm—the holy and mighty, musical walls of moon-scoped star-scaped Thebe,—song-hopped dance-scotched ball-bouncing clef-chained string-tuned lyre-trained drum-toned air-traced orbital-lit rhythm-built—holographic zodiac-active polychromic chime-enchanted electromagnetic vibrations—and they begged in profusion, fierce-implored the golden-rayed Mukenaioi to lend and render notable allies. The—Medusa-head, discus-cast—Mukenaioi, render-willing, move commended, men commanded, kindly bid; But Zeus of the blue-flaming skies reversed, goal-changing, switched their minds, aims and ends, termini shunted and sheered, by exhibiting spectral goddess-spun out-meted signs,—paraisious juxtaparcal—sinister creepy celestial objects—flashing unturnable downfall-imminent ominous doom-doom signals. So when they had gone and were on their way and came to dark-lit Asopos, green-banked blue-bottom diatomic red—fish-frisking plant-languid moon-meandering melody-brushed—bathuskhoinous altijuncal—swamp-lush deep-reeded bulrushy—latiscirpus—grass-sleepy couch-cushy—lekhepoious cubigraminous—pool-pale utter-

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bunk, there in turn the Akhaioi did send Tudeus of the moon-starred shield on a readymade prearranged message-bearing mission—bright-furnished well-dispatched dark-trajected expedition—dangerous big proleptic surprise. So he left on foot and found, came upon—keenly alighting—many Kadmeioi, Dragon-Teeth-Germinated, chowing down, wholesale-feasting—splendid-distributed banquet—crisscrossing color-matching Tupperware bowls—in the well-built house of noble mighty Truth-Enfamed, Eteokles. Then, though a stranger, utter outer-man,—hippelatic equipellent—Tudeus the whipbright charioteer was not alarmed or filled with fright, the lone stranger, ultra-man, installed among many Kadmeioi, Dragon-Teeth-Expanded, and he challenged and dared them to mixed competitions, and vanquished all comers quite easily; such a helper and aid, availing and true was—epirrothous indashing impetous—volant Athene to him, a goddess agleam to the rescue—chiming windrush, booming airblow!—the singular noise—crest and crash—of many waves. But the camouflaged lurking clandestine Kadmeioi, bile-swelling gall-engulfed steed-tappers, alien-heated,—booby-trappers, baffled by surprise—as he went back, while they lay low, suddenly set up, led and conducted a boxed-in tight-tied fist-formed digit-clenching ambush, fifty young fighters; and two were leaders, Maion, Seeker, priest of Apollo, Thumper inhumers, son of Haimon, Disco-Bleeder, closely resembling the splendid imperials, and son of Autophonos, Kin-Killer,—menepolemous mansiproelias—battle-abider Poluphontes, Quantum-Killer. But potent Tudeus of the burning sky shield, fired, unleashed, let go upon, launched at these yellow-bellies, scummy dastards, low-down depraved poltroons, too, a dreadful, unseemly, cadent and shameless, nose-diving destiny—deplorable lot, heinous fate, unpropitious star; he killed them all but one, the *only* one whom he let go, who subsequently hastened homeward. Maion, he dispelled, complying with—temporal portents, spatial prodigies—solar wonders, lunar marvels, stellar monsters—they came from beyond!—the startling symbols,—outer-space objects, amazing to sense—astonishing signs of the gods. Such was tough, Aitolian nailtough Tudeus, but a son he produced, inferior, worse than himself in the world of war, though superior, more than adroit, at the organized place of assembly.'

Thus he spoke, lambent-timbred, yet, to him, not at all, did mighty Diomedes back-remark, counter-speak, abashed at the tongue-lash, pungent monishing,—bare barbed objurgation—rocky reproach and rage-unleashing—oral assault of the purple-caped venerated, majestic, awe-beaming king. But the son of glorious City-Torcher Kapaneus—gold-enchased fire-charger—traded words with him: Son of Atreus,—don't tell lies!—stand by, support what's right, what you know to be fact, the genuine, crystal-clear truth. We soundly assert, claim and affirm to be better by far than our fathers. We appropriated, took and subverted, tumbled and wrenched the bright, exalted precious-stone-encrusted throne of golden-hinged bronze-plated silver-bolted—heptapulic septemporal—Thebe of the seven gates, the two of us leading a smaller army, scaled down without reinforcements, up to and under a well-braced better-built wall, trusting the wonders,—reverberant luminous numberless—marvels and signs of the gods, and—syntactic

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disasters, beautiful orbitals, variegated configurations—the succor sufficient and adequate aid, special avail of Sky-Warden Zeus; but damage-gained, deluded, they perished, destroyed by their own operation and—harum-scarum precipitous outrage, erroneous bumptious abyssmal presumption, bewildering lack of circumspection,—brash and impluming contumely. So don't ever escalate, place or impose, our fathers ago in esteem on the same plane as us.'

And then to him with a crooked sneer and umbrous glare spoke stark and mighty, sea-valid Sky-Guarded Diomedes: 'My dear little friend, Mini-Might, calm down, clam up, heed my word, for I do not indign or resent, begrudge Agamemnon Super-Abider, shepherd of hosts, spurring the shin-guarded face-shielded taxed Akhaioi to fight and contend, clash and engage; for glory will follow and trail him in tow,—a radiant rocket-flumed ornament—wake-iridescent prestige—should the enshored Akhaioi slash and burn, squash, extinguish, smoke the Trojans, smothered, snuffed, and boosted, jacked-up, packed with gusto, take and torch, bazooka, bash—overpower, decimate—flamethrower sacred mighty Ilios. And massive sorrow, serious stress, tremendous grief will split and consume, sear him in turn if the frazzled Akhaioi are toasted and torn,—incinerated—coarsely sundered, severed and burned. Snap to! Let's go! And both of us concentrate, focus on force,—salient bounding booming robust—pulsating strength, storming power, kinetic boldness, mobile control, repelling prowess.'

He spoke, and sparked, geared-up agleam from his gassed-up car, pointed, edged, plated, detailed, leaped in a flash to the ground, and the copper clanged, rattled and creaked with a terrible clish and a horrible clash on the rib-caged breast of the wired, fired-up warlord, robust-impelled, as he moved. Terror and horror, full-scale fright would have seized from below, clung-fast, enlooped, impinged upon even a—patip-raecordial talasiphronic—steel-shelled hardcore man.

As when turned on a many-toned glassy vibrant iridescent—poluekhal multistrepitous—drum-and-cymballing shell-shone beach,—wave-flex purple-curler roller-rumble surf-sizzle comber-crash!—the birthing shining antediluvian swell and swirl and swing of the sea moves,—sweet marmairous liquefaction, orbit-beautiful locomotion, bright-propelled—organic rainbow—rhythm-erected roller-coaster—valent-tunneling—blue-combustive bubble-chaos—shaking shingle, dashing castles, swishing tiny antler tangle, flexible skeleton blooms amingle,—forms galore, kaleidoscopic diatoms, bell-phase hyaline jellyfish, shape-shifting glowing debris—wave upon wave, procession compelling, in rapid succession, by Gloom-Punctured Zephuros, storm-colored West Wind,—zoombright wave-veils—perpetual undulation—violet disheveling, indigo disorganized—silent dinoflagellates, assembled, bioluminescing—moon-shoved star-driven, light-shot, and looming offshore on the open sea it first tops out, curved and gleaming, helmet-like, and then,—mist-burst!—broken and shattered on hard dry land it rings and

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roars, clashes and booms,—rumble-spray!—and around the headlands, brushes cliffs, sweeps capes, propelling and arcing, head-lifts, land-breaks, tops out cresting,—ben-day dotting,—blue-burgeons, green-splashes, white-plunges—dragonlike, helical-dashing sonic-scaled convex-coruscating—high-enhelmed, and paramount, spits water, spouts froth, spumes foam,—out-tousles suds-splintered sea-detached flying ocean-surface, vomits, disgorges—perpetual-cycles—rainbow-born brine-breakaway; likewise then bright battle-lines of go-ahead Danaoi moved compelled in nonstop pressing patterns, pulled out war-ward rippled, ranked in a sparkling valid continuum, and each of the leaders exhorted, enjoined his own men, iron-urged, driven robust, and the others marched in pointed silence. You would not guess that so vast a host, which followed with wist, possessed in their breasts invigorous voices, so cowed in quiet they were, fearing their signal commanders. Left and right, front and back, about all men, beamed many-metalled well-built color-spangled complex sea-thrown sky-catching battle-armor, which they wore as they marched in brilliant order. But the Trojans, like countless ewes which stand in the open-air courtyard, still, of a—multipotent polupamonous—man, possessor of sheep flocks galore, getter of many things, udders squeezed, white milk squirting, bleating nonstop while hearing the voices nearby of their lambs, thus had arisen the loud battle-cries of the Trojans throughout wide-deployed varied brigades, for the sound of all voices was not the same, or single in speech, but shrieking tongues and shouting mouths were bent and blended, intermingled, stark in timbre, voluble, as men were called from many lands,—polukletous, multivocative—motley places. Red-Mouth Ares stirred *these* up, but braid-swinging bright-limbed Athene, khiton-curved, of the star-golden-seasilver eyes, and Battle's shadows, Deimos, Fear, and Phobos, Fright, and Eris, Strife, burning ensashed in a savage rage, bundled and braced in a wildfire, out of control, sister and tandem companion of—androphonic viricaesive—man-killing Ares, god of war, stirred *those* up, the beach-arrayed Danaoi. She slightly rears her painted helmet at first, and then she sticks her head in the sky—pokes her plume and spikes her heel—salt-map clown makeup, primary-color-mixed, fierce, out-volting—rad-a-matic—phantom-structured luminous-oscillating polar aurora—electro-protonic magnetic invisible double-entubing vibrant-slung Van Allen radiation belts—cosmic ray nonpareils, interlooping orbits,—charged plasmatic bright-cohering—pink-and-orange-iced party doughnuts, rainbow-jimmy-sprinkled—and patent-leather-steel-toed, germinating spores of perpetual combat, treads upon the earth. At that time too, she injected, tossed and tumbled, rammed infected floods of equal-shared abundant wrangle-oil, fracas-fever, quarrel chromosomes, right into their midst while tooling through the bunged-up throng, increasing sighs and boosting moans of men.

Now when indeed assembling,—thorny percussive luminous interface—convasive frantic xuniontic—they came into a common ground, contention-sharing single space, they dashed together oxhide shields, spearshafts shift-shot, spearheads nick-knocked—swordblades clang—*and the flaming might and tidal force—pumped combustion, bright cojection—bump and thonk—of—khalkoethorekic aerilori-*

cous—copper-plated chest-protected men met. Knobbed round bullhide inkdark-dented tassel-tossing shields were making contact, intercharging,—squeeze-metal, body-ram—bash-tumble, rumble-bang—and—armor-clangle chariot-roar—the sound of many noises arose—rattle-silver gold-clatter! And then emerged, simultaneously, screams and wails and vows and swashing of man-destroyers and men destroyed, and the earth began to flow with blood—ruby-sponging dawn-enveloping indigo-orbiting—sapphire sky, emerald sea, topaz earth—citrus-dotted—glowing-crystal hue-suffused pink-envapored offing. And just as margin-thrashing snow-flowing ice-sliding drinking rivers gushing down, splashing mountains—twinkling pinwheels, sparkling whirlpools, chiming stones, gonging rocks, current-colognes, eddy-bouquets stream perfumes—chromatic hydraulics, redolent richochets—beautiful functions, flash components—brilliant-governed escalations, color-coated terraces, multiversal diatonic shimmering sound-and-light performance—in superb exuberant aqua-go-go infra-thrilling ultra-thralling ruby topaz emerald bright cascades propelling arcs into a bending dell or dingle, collide and clash, dash together—bumper-car pole-sparks—angle-blending misgangkeious—fleximix—crazy clock—sumballic clang!—tom-tom-batter, rivet-sizzle, swish-pang pop-tingle, bang-fizz, timpani-boom—bash their weighted mighty waters from stupendous springs within a hard-edged stratatomic crizzled hollow cutout honed arroyo,—swinging switchbacks, plunging setbacks—coruscating chromotones!—treehouse-sweepers lowhead-dams—torrent-tearing plangent-scarring supple bright cojection!—and far away a sharp-eared shepherd hears the crystal-crash and bubble-boom of rushing detonations, headbutting heaving brittle waters, brutal-charging,—elevated wild pushing flumes—penetrating curve of combe, vent of vale,—dragon-ravine, gravity-clinging, bringing tiny trains of debris, floating twinkling food-chain-torn—painted loop of acoustic glen—gorge-glitter basin-gurgle!—thus, man-mixing frenzied shrieks and battle-toil burgeoned.

Antilokhos, hovering Bushwhacker, broke the ice, was first to take a visored fighter, armed to the teeth, of the Trojans, efficient, good in the vanguard, Ekhepolos, Colt-Keeper, son of Thalusios, Bloomer. Him he hit, was first to strike with a streak and a hurl, toss robust on the metal-ridged air-whipped blade-gashed plume-socket—whirr whoosh thock!—of his rocket-sleek, nicked and pocked—hippodasieous equidense—bright-thrilled bushy—sunbeam-brushed—horsehair-undulating pompom helmet, and straight-on he stuck the low-sailing spear in the space right between his unforeseen eyes surprised, and so—metaopic interocular bleeding woodburned face-hole—the whizzing copper flashing spear-point, face-warrening, drove right through, ultrapulsive, piercing bone, and darkness veiled his two eyes, color-fading, sky-reflecting, and—rattle-dronk!—he crashed and tumbled, fell, dashed down like a tower collapses, tumble-crashes, sinks, implodes in the powerful fight, combat of might, battle robust. When he fell, Elenphenor, Commander Tusky, grabbed him, clutched by the feet, son of Khalkodon, Man of Bronze, leader and chief of the—megathumic noble magnanimous—spirit-storming heart-expanded soul-supreme Aban-

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tians, and he tried to extract and drag him out from under the flurry of missiles, eager and keen, exceedingly striving to seize and impound, briskly pull, pry and appropriate, strip off the bright-hammered armor as quickly as possible. But, alas, his impetus ebbed, his push puffed, his onset subsided and started to shrink; for soul-supreme upright Agenor, bad-ass, Macho Man, seeing him dragging along the stiff ground, the bare dead body, struck his rib cage, as he stooped, sticking out from his circular shield, torso bending, protruding, overt, from the snapdragon-variegated pinwheel-decorated egg-and-dart ornamented spikehead-mace-dented rim. He thrust with a many-grained, planed and polished,—keen khalkeric aerifixous—copper-tipped spear-shaft, and subsequently, quick-unhooking, loosened, wound down, disengaged his foundering limbs. Thus his lightsome storming soul abandoned him, and over him, his darksome cadaver, the harsh push and sharp pull,—ineluctable gauntlet runway—thorny standoff—painful grave incisive heavy—trouble-packed battle-work, martial deeds, of Trojans encrossed and Akhaioi echinoid—hack and thrust—was brought about, implemented, wrought—reverberating flickering fricative tangle-bang configurations. Even as wolves assault each other, fierce-stirred up, whipped to a frenzy,—limb-grapple trunk-twist skin-rip muscle-slice face-bash skull-clang—bone-splinter organ-spill gore-splatter—man shook man to darkness—body-knock shadow-fling—gloom-propelling twilight-swinging.

Then Telamonian Aias, Everlast, missile-hit bloom-luminous, proud Anthemion's son, the bloom-beaming prospering youth, mateless teen, Simoeisios, whom on a previous, noted occasion, his mother begot beside high-standing slender-current flow-kneaded banks of Simoeis, dilatory-drifting, after coming down from Ide, slow-descending Timber Mountain, when she accompanied, patient, expectant, her parents, to watch, keep an eye on, look out for their sheep and goats; on account of this occurrence, they called him Simoeisios, but, he did not, cat's-cradle-like,—abdate apodose—tender kindly to his parents, give back, render, dear and doting, the nourishing, cherished, unconditional love confirmed—omnitrophic—which they gave him,—for his truncated life-span, time-space limited, was curtailed, docked and dwined,—fate-turned River Boy having been tamed, broken, whelmed by the pike-pole point of soul-supreme passion-swollen spirit-storming Ajax. For he shot-hit him hieing hard, fighting among the frontline, veering through the van-o-fire, in the chest, beside the right breast, and right through his shoulder—iron-rent, ice-ripped, laser-like-perforated, fire-whipped tassel-hissed—went unblocked, plasma-pervading, the copper plunging 2-part pike. He fell down on the ground in kicked-up dust-clouds—Brownian movement, stairwelled, opaque—like a breeze-twinkling scale-petaled cluster-drooping poplar which had shot up,—pop-bright—lushed out, in a big and hollow low-ground riverside marsh-meadow, saturated bog, a smooth-bark swamp-tree,—glimmer-twist—but way up high from the calm tiptop, branches burgeoned, broke out,—but phantom low boughs, chain-sawed, barren, plucked, lopped—plume-sway socket-wobble trunk-shock root-tingle bloom-pop!—and this big tree an arc-welding pressure-blasting rivet-pound-

ing piston-sparking chassis-shaping master-trained chariot-maker—cur-rifixer metalhead harmatopege—ring-bared, cut down with glowing iron,—ax-thonk light-whoosh shadow-swish leaf-shush—so that he could bend and warp it like a saw-leaved acid-sapped thin-twiggid willow, wound into a supple felloe, outer wheel-rim, spoke-proponed salix-circle for a—circumpulchrous perikallic—beauty-orbited 2-man war-car; and there it lies, air-seasoned, sun-sucked, to dry, by the el-eved muddy banks of a drinking river. Subito suchlike Ajax,—dio-genic jovinatal—Zeus-produced, stripped the bloodstained sticky spoils, trophies of triumph, from bloom-luminous bold Anthemion's son Simoeisios; soon-torn teen, and—micalorical aiolothorexic—An-tiphos, furnished, adorned with a hue-changing ray-pinging—spangle-popping—breastplate, Priam's royal son, hurled his hush-headed sharp wooden color-streamered javelin, angling down through the throng. He missed his mark, but Leukos, Hail-Spotted Bright Man, Odusseus' companion brave, he hit with success in the groin, while ground-dragging, cling-tugging the dead body across to the other side; and he tumbled, tripped, collapsed upon it, X-shaped deranged ensemble,—bungle-blur jumble-shock!—and the corpse slipped, dropped from his hand. Now Odusseus was vexed and turbed in his hectic heart by his killing—ca-dent abcision—apoktanic-frantic, So, undaunted,—diabatic—he—per-gressive, proelivading—stepped through the frontline, metal-wading, harnessed, helmed in—ray-banging beam-blinding cone-prism orbit-glow—ai thiopic oculardent—eye-burning bronze, and enemy-nearing, positioned himself, stood close-by, throttle-tight, and hurled his hush-headed javelin, wooden-shafted, shiny-trailing, looking around him, flank-scoping target-seeking hostile-scaring; and, indeed, the Trojans circumspect receded, wary, subbounded, circumspect, backed up, withdrew by degrees—scalar shrinkback, stark suggestion, retrograding pale platoons!—as the commando keenly cast. And he did not launch his airborne missile in vain, but hit the illegitimate son of Priam the king, Demokoon, People-Alert, prepped and roused, upright, poised in attack mode, just as he stood upon, stern on the floorboard, pooled and pocked, red and black, of his dawn-painted bear-clawed battle-car, who came for the king's sake, straight from Abudos, parted from, stark-forsaking his stable of high-speed horses, war-car racing-mares. Subito able enraged Odusseus, frantic, furious, fumed for his army companion, wild-inclined with his wooden javelin struck his temple straight-on, and the rushing copper spear-point pushed, drove through, pierced the other side of his forehead, striking head-bone hard—skull-rattle incus-clang brain-jolt orbit-knock; and darkness veiled his two eyes, and he fell with a thud,—blong glunk ka-bong ker-plunk!—blank-wobble swoon-drop glomp-sizzle clangle-splash!—and hammered armor me-chanical-clacked—jumbo jangling measuring spoons—bowling pins, ball-knocked, undermined—fang-bash pop-grinder bronze-pang silver-gnash gold-crush crash-jangle rattle-clock—like clicking teeth upon him. Then the front-fighters, subsequently, unstealed, about-faced, and luminous Hektor made room, gave ground, retrograded, sublocated, backspaced; and the glad Argeioi, the Gleamers, whipped to a frenzy, shrieked with a shock, and dragged off, ground-tugged terminated numb bodies, and incited,—propelling in rectitude—persistent pressed on straight ahead, endeavored to push and proceed much further. And

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Killer Apollo, provoked, became indignant, disorder-perturbed, gazing down—despective katopic—from Pergamos, the tower-teeming citadel,—glittering gold, elevated silver, circling bronze—and called to the Trojans, battle-shouting, blowing injunctions: ‘Arise! Rev it up, horse-busting Trojans, and don’t unfizz your battle-lust, don’t creep back, recoil and quail from the kick of combat against the Argeioi, the Glimmer Men, since their skin, not made of iron or stone, cannot hold up to flesh-cutting bronze, body-surface scrapes and tears,—tamesikhrous cutisecant—if, punctured, slit, missile-hit; nor indeed does Akhilleus Man of Pain, child of Thetis, adorned with beautiful—benecrinic eukomic—sea-dyed hair, fist it, fight, but at his ships, cherishes, dark-digests heart-hurt, hot-charged, boiling bile’—flame-absorber heat-changer!—thum-algic core-sore animadolorous—smoke-ache soul-simmer!

Thus did the scary mighty god radiant-speak from the city. But the Akhaioi, the true august daughter of blue-banded Zeus, most glorious, charged with prestige, Tritogeneia, Libya-Lake-Born, stirred up, tooling, hovering, magic-mobile,—curve-pumped beauty-adorned—through the throng, where she might spot, identify, the ones losing nerve, lacking drive, dropping back—the slackers.

Then sparkle-throned Amarungkeus’ son Diores’, Zeus-Suitable, fate fettered, destiny chained, doom entangled, skybound shadow-tackled; for with a jagged 5-finger mini-boulder,—many-pointed mobile monster—he was missile-hit beside the anklebone, bang on the right shinbone, and the leader, chief of the turbulent Threikians, the Agitators, strength-enthroned, with a powered windup threw it, Peiros son of Imbrasos, Man of Many Endeavors, who had come from Ainos, Bleaktown. The bones and sinews, both tendons, tight-stretched, tissue-joined, the shameless stone, cogent-cast, utterly crushed, totally threshed, marrow-tunnels ground and pounded—shank-shatter pulp-smash; and backward under clouds of dust—katapiptic occident—he fell down face-up, spread both arms and stretched his hands out, flat on his back, to his dear companions,—exflative apopneumatic—gasping out—darn done lost—his coursing life—blown ghost gone, last doom blast—palpitating expiration. Then—incurrant epidramic—he ran up, who shot and hit him, Penetrator, Peiros, and dealing out a coup de grâce, crowning deathblow, struck him with his wooden spear beside the navel—wound profound, ultra-thrust; and consequently all his bowels, both intestines large and small, spilled out on the ground,—technicolored organ-gush—macabre cored cascade—clean evisceration—and darkness veiled his two eyes.

But Aitolian Thoas, Runner, missile-hit him, driven back and dashing away, on the verge of escaping—chased, abpellé, aposeuic—struck him with a power-cast of his spiral-grain wooden spear in his chest in the major pectoral muscle, and, oxygen-absorber penetrated, deeply the copper head stuck hard, embedded in, puncturing—rib-cage-rammed—his air-sucking lung; and Thoas, Runner, on the move—angkhimolous

propeventive—went up to him, strangle-close, and wrenched the heavy flamed propulsive color-streamered red-and-blue-and-green-grooved mighty compound spear—fire-slide, blood-hole—plasma tube, metal glaze, crimson fountain—from his chest, and drew his sea-keen silver sword—swish-dazzle clangle-flash!—and—perpetrating parallel—he struck him, straight to the quick, in the middle of the stomach—gut-slice—and took out, swiped his coursing life. But he did not—apodune despoliate—stip off clean his hammered armor, hell-and-back-weath-ered battle-shine, for his kinlike comrades circled up, the—akrokomic apicrinic—high-and-loose-top-knotted dragon-haired Threikians, clutching long bright compound spears in their hands; and although Thoas was quite big and muscle-necked and glorious they shoved him from them, bright-repelling, so—trench-thrust tough-rebuffed—he pulled back, pressured, polarized,—palinelaunic, nudged and pushed, driven, dragooned—crowbarred in vibration—shieldquake shrinkback, retro-mobile orbit-tremble! So—antithetic cold-conjoined—both in the dust lay stretched out bare beside each other, chiefs in fact, one, head of the shield-light Threikians, peltasts superb, the other, head of the bronze-clad, brilliant-equipped Epeioi, excellent leaders, and many others all around were killed too.

Then—metelthic interitious—moving through the troops, no longer would a man condemn, bad-mouth, knock, snicker at, slam or bash the business of war, field prowess—action!—battle's blunt work, whoesover, still around, not yet downed or shot by dart or struck by sharp-tipped bronze,—tin-blended copperheads—might whirl through the middle domain of the drumfire, spin through the core and components of combat, deal with the carnage and crimson debris of collision, the whizz and bash of maces and slings,—the clash and boom and rat-a-tat of Thompsons, landmines, bayonets—the colors of conflict,—the numbers of convicts!—the sighs and tears of hurt and loss; and Pallas Athene, pin-up-a-go-go, muscle-laden Missile Maiden, planet-charmed Color-Changer,—khiton-clinging pink-maillotted *voluptuous-decolleté* moon-and-star-crowned orange-sherbet-espadrilled Karyatid Queen—figure-8 Wonder Broad would lead him, tender-tangent, taking his hand, and keep back, repel, fend off the force, power-punch, pumped-push and voluminous rush, thunderbolt-thrust of velocitous siloless missiles. For many Trojans and Akhaioi, on that day, facedown still and marred in clouds and mounds of dust lay stretched out, broken, mauled and bent, oblivious under constellations, sweet and rhythmic, radiant-patched, purple-stitched, beside each other.

NOTE

In Book I of Plato's *Republic*, Sokrates, at one point in the course of his discussion of 'dikaiosune' (justice, righteousness), convinces Polemarkhos that harming horses or dogs for whatever reason is counter-productive because they become worse in regard to their equine or canine excellence or virtue, and immediately poses the question: 'But is not justice or righ-

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teousness human excellence or virtue? After Polemarkhos admits that it is, Sokrates concludes that humans who are harmed become more unjust or unrighteous. I take this to mean that willful human injury makes the most beautiful human quality (i.e., justice or virtue) less beautiful. Although this consideration would seem germane to the current state of affairs in the modern world, its simple logic lies somewhere outside the *Iliad*'s sphere of outrage-charged disaster-laden passion.

Where a single combat episode draws 'Book III' to a close, the end of 'Book IV' contains the first true battle of the *Iliad*, and the perfunctory process of war begins to operate, and inevitably, humans are harmed. The immediate cause of the first encounter can be traced to the breaking of an oath in the beginning of this book, a compact which was formulated in the previous book.

Even before the first fight begins, the liquid velocity of the Iliadic rhythm pulls the reader into its hard and exquisite molecular beauty, and when the two sides meet for the first time, Homer compares the clash and clang of shields and spears to the splash and boom of water and rocks: a battlefall?

A similar type of beauty might be seen in 'Oji fudo no taki', an ukiyo-e woodblock print by Ando Hiroshige, from the series, *Meisho Edo Hyakkei*. In that picture, one is awed by the centrally-saturated blue and misting-out-into-white of the tubular waterfall, and the seemingly hearable ion-emanating boom-crash and pool-burgeoning bubbles below, enhanced by the diminishing rocks with their interlocking fingerlike lines and the enchanting and diminutive kimono-clad creatures, umbrella-equipped, in a seeming state of permanent amazement.

