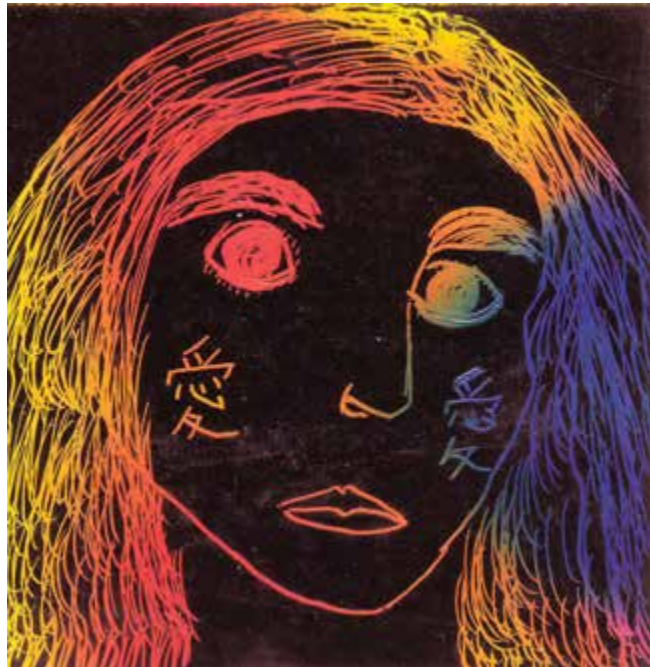


THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOK V

THE SUPREME VALOR OF DIOMEDES SKY-GUARDED

transduced by
Ellen A. Hunter



Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Then in turn to the son of Tudeus, Diomedes Sky-Guarded, blossom-vibrant Pallas Athene Missile Maiden gave and rendered burning might and solid courage, spirit bold; so among, throughout the troops, all the Argeioi, the Radiants, lighting from afar, he would strike fire, streak light, —Olympic-dosed, dashing like a comet—conspicuous sweeping outshining ekdelic—reap and raise flamboyant triumph, harvest and hoist efficient glory, sun-electric moon-magnetic—gain and exalt, elevate—flame-on!—celebrated fame. She kindled, ensparked from his eye-shadowed helmet and steel-plated shield a tenacious, untired, toilless, tough and unflagging, fierce, indefatigable fire, like the late-summer bloom-suffused fruit-popping space-majestic brilliant far and tremendous star, Sirius, Spiral-Scorcher, hydrogen-dominant, primary-magnitude, Red Dog, which shines quite bright, all-beaming, —pamphainic omniluculent—fresh-washed deep-cleaned—having bathed in—periphonic circumsonic—offing-fringed horizon-haloed—blazing zylophone, iridescent drum—planet-ringing Ocean. Such a flame did she fuse from head-helm, orange and yellow and red, and kindle shoulder-shield of him, —fire-ranger dinoholocaust painted danger—agleam with fumes, rocket-thrust color-trailed palette-whipped, and she stirred him up and spurred him on, —invisible-pushed robust-exhorted—agitated down through the middle where most men wavelike thronged, battle-addled, combat-mombed, —moonbound constellaton-blasted—sun-blinded sea-deafened, dizzy and disoriented, dazed by war's manic tonic—weapon-whipped body-bunched, bone-warped flesh-cleft, blood-drunk.

Now, there was a certain Dares, well-known, wide-heard among the thriving colonies, clan-based vivid tribes of Trojans, prosperous, rich and unimpeachable, an unstained, blameless priest of Hephaistos, overlord of pink volcanoes, venting winding precious warrens, magma-meandering plangent tunnels, —color-glowing fountain slinger, crystal-colored hammer handler—paramount incinerator, holoblastic blacksmith—Element-Monger, Fire-Clinger, Metal King. And he had two sons, tough Phegeus, Oak-Eater, and Idaios, Mountain Tree, both well-trained in offensive right-and-left defensive moves and monkey-rolls and flanking maneuvers, practical sundry battle tactics. Those two split off posthaste, —abstinctive apokrinic—locomotive disjunction—detached themselves from the mauled marred mess of most mass fighting, bright adhesive hub of blood, to engage and charge against, confront and face Diomedes, bracketed unblocked brisk-bounding bold-impelled, immured and boxed in a violent blur. Both with a bolt dashed off in their 2-horse car, —spectacular integrated equipage—while *he* on foot broke out in a rush and a sweep and a surge on the ground—anarupt exoriented clangorous. And when indeed they approached each other, close enough for a clean shot, rugged Phegeus, Oak-Eater, first propelled his—dolikhoskious prolixumbral—long-shadowed keen-cast 2-part pike. And over the left, vulnerable shoulder, scarred and turquoise-wave-tattooed, of the son of Tudeus, Dragon-Roarer, —star-circled full-moon shield assaulter—took off, sailed, tooled the cool propulsive quiet point of the compound spear, but him the hurl hit not. Next the son of Tudeus outburst with a blast and a blaze from his rib-probing cage-caught bronze. Bull's-eye! And not in vain did the airborne missile escape from his hand, but struck with a cast the chest of Phegeus, —in-

terpectoral metamadzic—between the nipples, and him expelled and bumped from the 2-horse car. And Idaios, Mountain Tree, bolted back, abandoning, darting from the—perikallic circumpulchrous—beauty-bound 2-man war-car, nor did he dare, inadequate, to—peribatic circumgressive—circle off and body-block for his brother slain and same of womb; for himself, he,—hupekfugic subevading—making off, secret-fleeing, would not have escaped the black and somber goddess of death, had not Hephaistos, tinker king, who makes things go, Robot-Erector,—gizmo-whiz—Volcano-Ranger, Anvil-Banger, Fire-Singer, disendangered, protected, redeemed and cared for, kept him safe,—undercover invisible—night-shrouded, haze-wrapped, indeed so his ancient priest august would not be totally pounded with pain, consumed by grief, sunk in distress. But the son of—magnanimous megathumic—soul-supreme storming Tudeus, Dragon-Screamer, drove the horses from out of the battle and gave them in haste to his clanlike pals to lead the steeds down,—katactive deducing—straight to the tree-ringed echo-hollow sap-scented ships. But *when* the soul-supreme blitz-hearted Trojans beheld the two sons of Dares, one backing off, hot-tailing it,—battle-dodge combat-swerve retro-roam palin-wander—the other killed by his bright-pounded car, every blood-tumbling heart, drammed with dismay, was swizzled, surprised—pepped with panic, pinched and poked with consternation. And—glaukopidic coruscoculuuous—star-spears moon-spars!—owl-eyed Athene, Gleamer Queen, of the sea-silver iris, grasped impetuous rage-whipped trench-leaping War-Painted Ares—potential menace, kinetic monster, fiend on the loose, by the hand,—blow-toned blast-wound jack-in-the-box—and spoke to him with humanized words: ‘Ares, Ares,—brotoloigious mortalperdent—human-ruiner, havoc-maker, man-bane bone-crusher—miaiphonic tingocisive—blood-stained body-tainting face-blotting stone-cold killer,—teikhesiplotic moeniappotent—fort-approaching color-coated-ring-wall-razing batter-ramming storm-blaster, should we indeed not now allow the Trojans and Akhaioi to fight it out, battle and bash, and observe, uninvolved, whichever side Weather Lord, sky-father Zeus, sphered in blue, should stretch out, hand off noble glory? But let us both right now retire, shrink back, shun and avoid the burning outrage, red-hot bolt and yellow-belt flash of Blue-Ensphered Zeus.’

Thus she spoke and led impetuous, rampant Ares, War-Painted Color-Numbered, acquiescing, blind and obtuse, from out of the battle. Thereupon—kathedent desessate—she made him sit down by the bloom-dotted eddy-gurgling stone-shining lavender-hued eucalyptus-and-camphor-perfumed high-banked Skamandros, and the brisk Danaoi did bend the Trojans, slant their assault, squadron-breaking tail-turning. Each leader, eager chieftain, killed, took down a man, opposite warrior overpowering. First the martial king of men, Agamemnon Adamant, cast, expelled from his manta-ray-decaled 2-man war-car the captain and chief of the Halizonians, the Salt-Sashed-Sea-Bracers, mighty man Odios; for as he was first to lose control and turn about, skid and spin out, Agamemnon stuck a quick pike, dark-oak-oracular, flat in his back,—postmid-torso, metaphrenic—behind the diaphragm—muscular barrier—dome-shaped membrane—between the shoulders, spearing rear intercostal spaces, and drove it through his upper chest,—perpellent dielaunic—crimson ribcage penetration—spine-thrilled—and

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

he fell with a tunk, a clonic clunk, and his well-built armor rattled upon him — teeth-click bone-clang gold-sizzle copper-pop silver-sazzle!

And next Idomeneus Timber-Tough killed Phaistos, armor-battered, — splash of spoils — son of Boros the Meionian, he who had come from — eribolakic nimiglaebal — loam-lumpy cool-soiled earth-smelling Tarne. Then — trabiclaric douriklutous — Idomeneus Timber-Tough, javelin-glorious, beam-famed, pierced him with the quiet point of his long, bright-grooved, compound spear in the right shoulder, angle-down, about to mount his horse-powered chariot, — epibaine ingrade — and hurled headlong, dashed down, he tumbled and plunged from the jerked and skewed, cohesive car, warrior-carrier, and subsequently creeping darkness, hated horrid hideous, glommed on, grabbed and took him by the hand.

Then the satellites, chevroned companions, of Idomeneus Timber-Tough, stripped off, robbed his battered armor, body-cargo, and Skamandrios, son of Strophios, Peppermint Twister, — Holy Hasbro! — colored spots, invisible spectrum, sparkling newel — river-lover woods-walker water-fall-wanderer — cunning tracker, — leaf-crunching blood-spotted branch-snapping — bow-twang dart-kindle doe-down heart-tremble — crack at the wild beast hunt, did the son of Atreus, Menelaos Brigade-Abider, take down with his keen beech compound pike, a trained hunter in fact; for Artemis herself — bear-dancer, bird-singer, twilight goddess — Star-Ringed Moon Queen, taught him concrete techniques: how to focus and shoot, tracking tactics, stalking skills, missile-modes, how to down all wild terrene, elusive and treacherous land-dwelling things which the mountain forest fosters. But — iokheairous sagittafusive — rapid-shot Artemis, arrow-pourer — metal-gushing fire-raining feather-spectroka-leiding — did not defend him then, that time, — no oracular buffer, protection, no warding off or blatant snubbing, sidestepping steel-plated fate, inexorable doom, nor did his far-shooting archery skills — hekebolic proculjective — priming, prepping, loading and scoping — in which he excelled, surpassing the mass of ubiquitous soldiers, at least before now, deflect catastrophe, fend off disaster, repel devastation or drive back destruction, ugly, ordained, or foil his downfall at all; but the son of Atreus, Brigade-Abider Menelaos, spear-celebrated, hit and hurt him trying to flee in conative flight, with an oaken pike, in his back behind the diaphragm, bang between the shoulders, spearing posterior intercostal spaces, and drove it unstopped through his upper chest. He fell on his face — prone-dash bone-founder gleam-swivel gloom-swoon — and his gear gonged and rang upon him — cowbell-clang woodblock-click pang-swish cymbal-wash sizzle-crash.

Meriones killed Phereklos, tackle-cratered, son of the dexterous wood-worker, Harmon, Joiner, who knew how to make with his hands all kinds of curious, singular, mystic-modeled, cryptic-crafted — ignitexive fire-woven — torch-traced things, talent-granted, for Pallas Athene Missile Maiden loved him eminently, tight-favored, most of mortals. And he it was, for Alexandros Man-Repeller, who blueprinted, prepped and framed the keel-symmetric well-balanced wave-harmonic ships, — arkhekakic incohamalous — trouble-makers, wells of ills, atrocity-sparks, disaster catalysts, — vessels of bad beginnings — pods of the sea which became injurious, damaging objects, contaminants teeming with love and death in the eyes of the Trojans and in his own eyes, since god-

talk he knew not at all, —thesphatic up-said desdeclarative—bright-ordained dark-decreed—bowling-thunder pinball-lightning—entropic universe antispectral—out of tune!—sky-blinding sea-ringing earth-impinging oracles—transaegean crime, ocean-faring nightmare, acropolitian doom. Meriones, involved in a state of pursuit, when indeed he impounded, overtook, fell upon tackle-pocked gear-cratered Pheroklos, —katamarptic deprehended—catching metal, missile-hit, angle-down, in his right rump, and the quiet point, spot-on propelling, went right *through* the receptacular bladder membrane, muscular sac, banking *down* below the bone. With a wail, —oimoi!—doubling up, he fell to his knees, a brittle collapse, and—bone-dash muscle-tumble—amphikaluptic ambitective—death encaping—duck and cover!—overshadowed, tucked, bedimmed him—final-coated, circumdated.

And then Meges, Big Man, columnesque, slew, deglotted Pedaios, son of Antenor, Man-Facer, concubine-born, but trusty noble sky-refracting devout Theano, Pallas' priestess, reared him well, tender-suckled, hardy-fostered, firm-handed, exactly like her own children, obliging, showing favor to, gratifying, contenting her husband. The son of Phuleus, spear-famed, coming near, strangle-close, missile-hit his neck-nape muscle, angle-down, —blow occipital, head-dangle— with his sharp and quercal spear-shaft; and bang against the crashing teeth the bashing bronze broke through—gum-gashed jaw-sockets, pulp-splashed masticators and—hupotamic infrasective—cherry-bright, stark-severed, cut away the tongue—U-shaped fractured hyoid slingshot, uvula grapeburst, speedbag battered—bright smash, dark crack, swing-pop! So—trip-splat clangor-puff—he fell *down* in the whoomping dust,—hoover-blast particle-hover—thunk-topple tumble-crash!—and took the cold bronze in his teeth, dashing dentine, blowing metal, spitting rust.

And Eurupulos, glorious Wide-Gates, son of Euaimon, did in, downed Hupsenor, hulk sky-radiant, beaming He-Man, son of—huperthumic superanimous—soul-of-might, holy Dolopion, who was highly recommended, marked out, made and groomed for the role of priest of Skamandros, —waterfall minister, lord of cascades—and was honored, revered by the people as a god; him, Eurupulos, glorious Wide-Gates, Euaimon's splendid son, downed, chasing him hard, hot-pursued, gripped and locked—escape-endeavor—in conative flight in front,—sequicurrent metadrome—fugitive on the run,—shield-disc-spinning, sword-charging,—bright-inclined silhouette—and he struck his chevroned upper arm,—flash-metal blade-blush!—bronze-darting, gold-glancing, silver-swinging, planing off his lower arm, heavy, mighty, rapid-severed, swift-lopped—shoulder-shingle hand-haggle bone-chop limb-drop. And the bleeding arm, with pulp fragments, fell exposed, sank to the soul-sucked—sandal-pounded—blood-soaked ground, and wet-and-dry-mixed—moonlight-mingled monsoon-mangled—corrugated, mussed, unrainbowed sea—dark-gleaming death, violet-scarlet, and mighty destiny,—brightly shuffled, cut-and-dealt,—engine robust—resistless perpetual motion machine—organ-occupied, spectral-conveyed,—molecule-transported—took his two eyes below—orbit-scooped infrasumed—phantom-scream vapor-clamor—purple-dyed plume-glow.

Thus they toiled,—got down!—field-labor dune-drudging—swamped,

submerged in the mighty battle, rocky combat, — faceguard-fortified spin-shield-powered — prestige-deflated glamour-poo-hooed rule-rejected beauty-suborned — fight robust, but you could not tell, make out, determine — ubiquitous blinking uncertain electron — which side the son of Tudeus was on, whether he rolled with the Trojans or — troughed and crested, roller-coastered — mixed, enmeshed, intermingled — fists of fury, feet of steel — V-kicks W-chops — merging limbs — Mobius-strip, figure-8 — tectonic-plate push-up — surgent plunging disengaging color-spangling shifting friction — with the trench-tough Akhaioi. For he rushed along, darted over, dashed across the sandal-pounded plain, like a — kheimarrhous fluxihematic — polar current, cold stream — torrent-teeming force-gaining gravity-centered power-garnering bare abrupt snow-flowing ice-clinking drinking river, — boom-whoosh! — broken braids, plangent bangs, clastic rapids — tree-brush rock-bash! — white-lined whirlpools, prism-mist — which flowing quickly shatters dikes and breaks up dams, batters banks and scatters matter; and heaped-up earthmounds, high-barred banks and well-bound dikes don't keep it back, — brumal storm-controllers punctured, — subverted, debunked — inundation-barricades turbulent-beheaded — bursting unblocked, dremming undammed — disintegrating twisted troopways — nor do the braking hedges, fortified ramps, blocking walls of the — erithelic pluri-floral — rich-blooming fruit-abounding much-blushing hue-exuberant sun-bruised moon-pounded star-threshed garden-orchards bridle, inexclude it, keep it back or shut it in, suddenly, coming out of nowhere, when yellow lightning, red thunder, blue rain of Sky-Scarring Storm-Swirling Zeus — ingravative epibrithic — dribble anchors, drop cables, dangle chains of heavy water, — wind-shining, slanted lines of H₂O — and under the ponder — how asunder! — many works of engineers, beautiful labors of vigorous humans are ripped up, torn apart, dashed down — deflitive katereipic — topple-tumble slam-shatter! Thus the fist-clenched close-packed — golden-helmed silver-shielded bronze-knuckled — battalions of Trojans, troop-array, were battle-addled, combat-mombled, bright-swirled, tight-snarled, pitch-perplexed, by the son of Tudeus, and so did not abide him, though they did outnumber him.

But when the glorious son of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, marked him, rushing across the storm-colored plain, sandal-pounded, driving battalions, tumult-compelled, proelial-premed, turmoil-trapped, metal-enmeshed, mobile and jumbled in balls of confusion before him, quickly quite at the son of Tudeus he primed and aimed his caeliflective sky-curved bow, back-bent tight-stretched, shimmer-rimmed, and — toing-bonk! — he hit his mark — bull's-eye! — missile-struck him; anamicative, bright-charging, rushing out, the arrow propelling angle-down, deep-darting, driving through his right shoulder, through the convex buckled breastplate — corslet-curve, hollow arroyo — clavicle-clatter marrow-squirt scapula-drill bone-hole splinter-poke scarlet-splat! — and the flame-tipped cone-pine airborne arrow flew right through to the rigid backplate, appertained, course-clinging way-tenacious path-enthralled, and the breastplate, red-flecked, jetted splashed and sprinkled blood — plasma-spatter, platelet-strinkle — barber-poles, ruby-finkle! And the splendid son of incited Lukaon, glory-superb-elevated, Glowing Wolf Man, triumph-shouted over him, long and lofty jubilant-yelled, hyperbolic-pumped: 'Up an' at 'em, soul-supreme Trojans, whip-snapping

horse-horters—kick-starting mustang-spurrers—go go go; for the battle-best, bravest of all of the bold Akhaioi is missile-hit, and I don't think he will hold up, last long, weather, withstand, sustain the concentrated—validjective kratobolic—impact of the arrow,—prolix blow robust—if me indeed, the king of light, quivered might, Apollo supreme son of Zeus, color-changing Orbit Lord, bright-impelled in full support, stirred up, urged on, setting out from Lukia,—light-incited aboriental—Glowing Wolftown.'

Thus he spoke, boast-burst, brash-broadcast, blew his horn; yet *not* Diomedes, storm-robust, did the swift shaft, sky-shot, force down—tame trounce subdue—but back he drew, gave ground, and stood before his 4-steed team and his still car, bright-hammered, color-gearred, and spoke to Sthenelos, Mighty Man, son of Electric Man, Kapaneus: 'Hurry up, step on it, cherished son of City-Burner, Kapaneus, bright and peptic,—katabaine, degrade—get down from the double-space car, so you can pull the airborne cone-pine fire-tipped arrow—fading spiral—star-moon whip-swoon—out of my shoulder.'

Thus he spoke, and Sthenelos, Mighty Man, bound down from his 2-horse car to the ground, and came and stood beside him, and drew out, extricating, yanked the—fire-slide exit-angle—deep-pierced air-cast back-barbed quick stick clean through his shoulder—perimpalant diamperic—burning hole, scapular tap; and blood shot up—red jets, hot squirts, spear spurts blow-spouts!—through the pliant well-spun heddle-woven thread-twisted poplin—ring-mailed hoop-clang!—flexible metal—chain-armored bright-scaled turnable tunic. Then indeed, Diomedes Sky-Guarded, good at the war-scream, started to pray: 'Hear me, child of Indigo Zeus, who wields the snake-head goat-shield,—ai-giokhic caprihabent—biomorphic dream aurora, tiger-clang dragon-gleam—diamond-muscle Atrutone, Unrubdownable, vibrant-limbed, Unremitting Maiden, if ever, precious-minded,—pop-propitious—favor-bent, you stood by my father, firm-enfolded, jeopardy-rolled in burning rending grim revolting battle, now in turn be kind to me, clement, benign,—help me out—precious Athene, goddess paramount, figure-supreme, fashioned fair in sparkle pumps; and grant me to take down this man and make sure, tweak luck that he come in the petuous path, catching the critical cast of the sleek crowning point of my overpowering, red-blue-and-green-painted, superpulling spear, who, one step ahead, anticipating, arrowed me, and subsequently boasted in jubilant glory, and says not for long will I—vision contain—continue to see, absorb and insume—too soon ingloomed—the radiant light of the sun.'

Thus he spoke in imploration, and Pallas Athene, Beautiful Brandisher, Missile Maiden heard him, and subito, antigravity-prone—poof!—she made his superconductive limbs extreme and light, buoyant-brilliant, nimble-keen, his feet below and hands above, and she stood tight, strangle-near, and uttered syllables winged: 'Be now bold, Diomedes, to battle it out, contend with, fight against, take on the Trojans—spare spear-tip tap; for in your breast I sent and propelled—paternal-imponed—the flaming might of your father, a brisk-flowing husky burst, unquaking burning bent, pop-injected molten volts,—quantum orbital telemutant chromodynamic transmission—dauntless force intrepid, such as—sakespalic scutuvibrant—pack-swinging load-librant shield-

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

wielding horse-rider, — pounder lord of the Proitid Gate — soldier supreme, aggressive Tudeus used to have — wicker-packed metal-loaded — dot-connected kool-aid pools; and in turn I have taken, uplifted, enclasped, securely *removed* the violet veil — caliginous curtain — of tinkling mist from your eyes which before was upon them, — vapor-shift swing-drisk! — so you may mark well, apprehend, both god and man. Therefore now if a god in disguise should drop in, show up, — make the scene — hither come to pop-test, tempt you, human-assuming, make sure you *not one jot* attempt to tussle, attack or mix it up with the other immortal magnificent gods, fight against, charge or exchange blows, engage them face-to-face; but if Zeus's daughter, the goddess of love, Aphrodite Foam-Built, — ocean-surfacing sea-sonic aqua-choric crystal-blast! — hydroiridescent — should go into battle, *hit* her, *hurt* her, — slap and drag her, yank her by the hair — at any rate, wound-strike sword-thrust pole-push pierce with pointed copper.'

So after she spoke, owl-glaring flashing-eyed Athene, — iris-blue-and-green-infused — bright-limbed velocity girl, took off, vamoosed, thin-air-vanished — gone abgressive apobatic — pop-tingle blow-sparkle! — celestial scent, remains of perfume, redolent as a starry moon — and the son of Tudeus, going in turn, mingled again with the fire-lane front-fighters, valiant-mixed, infixed with the champions. Though before, his storming heart, stoked and kicked, boiled and burned to knock and drag, fight it out, bash, percuss, oppone and oppugn, clash with the Trojans, now, indeed, a greater triple flaming force, gene-shot bright-plumed plunger-swirling, grabbed and thrilled him, clawed and fanged like the flaring might of a lion at night on the prowl, which a shepherd alert in a grazable field, keeping an eye on his — eiropokic lanavolsive — wool-fleeced sheep, — card-a-matic — cowbelled hoof-frisky horn-thrusters — slightly wounds, scrapes and bruises, — wild cat contact! — but, alas, though grazes, doesn't subdue while on the make — supersalient manesway waterfall — courtyard caper — bounding over — a windblown rockwall, right into a bright green open space, expansive, overgrown, lush below a zone of blue; he has stirred up lionpower, sweeping, pricked, and subsequently, doesn't scare, repel or scat, keep off the cat, but the shepherd slips down, sneaks, discreet, to the — animal-station helter-skelter — sheep-shelter, — hectic stables, frenzied pens — slinking, safe and out of sight, and the desolated ungulates, panic-packed, are chased away, — jitter-jetted fugitive ruminants, on the run — and the heaped up sheep, ewe cluster, huddle-throttled, fizzy-bottled, stall-compressed, interfusive each to each, have poured upon one another, — pronograde cascade, quadripedal inundation! — but in haste the hot-clawed cat springs fluid with a bound off the windblown wall, — alas! — graceful, racing aflash through the grass from the farm-framed barn-broken baa-baa-outburst — machine-gun ripple-bleating — strident-frenzied slender-siloed coruscating-weather-vaned far-flowered deep and open space; thus enflamed did bold and mighty detonated Diomedes Sky-Guarded, titan-strong, tank-tough, a lit and loaded black canon, body-blending, mingle with the Trojans.

Next he tripped up, took down, nailed Astunoos, urban-bent, and noble Hupeiron, shepherd superb of the people, *one* he hit with a hurl and a heave, rib-cage-quivering, punctured, lodged above the nipple, super-

mastic-stuck, with his — aerifix khalkeric — many-grained copper-tipped spearbeam, the *other* he smote with his sizable sword with a blow to the vulnerable collar-bone, breast-bolt necklocker — clavicle-rattle — bang beside the shoulder, — key-tinkle bar-smash! — direct hit, dead-on strike! plangent crumple, limb bash! — and he severed, unbound, the thick upper arm from his neck and back — bloodshut, arm-exclusion — humeral sunder, scapular slash! He left these for now, and went after Abas and sharpy, Poluidos, special and singular Knower of Things, many and marvelous — postsequential expedition, animated metaquest! — sons of seer Eurudamas, Wide-Crusher, an old somnivagant — canous oneiro-pole — gray-curled cave-eyed keen-boned dream-ranger; the antique man did not mark out, expound the dreams of sleep for the soldiers war-ward going, but planet-mighty star-strong Diomedes Sky-Guarded — soul-outripping — factory-killed, put them down, body-stripped spoil-grappled. Then — metabatic sequiventive — he went afet Xanthos, Yellow Man, and Thoon, Nimbles, the two dear sons of cheerful Phainops, Shining Eyes, both delightful, also green — telugetic serinative — late-born; but the sanguine sire was rubbed by drear old age, baneful crepitous subtle sore senectitude, and begot and reared no other son to whom he could leave, bequeath his possessions. There Diomedes duly killed and overrolled them, body-stripped, spoil-grappled, took out their soul, life-snapping, stark-exumed, pressure-precious, both of them; and he left their father groans and wails and sullen moans, haunting howls, sad-teeming troubles, hurt-filled scars, heirless cares, — saturnine strains, solicitous residue, glooming grief and tribulation — since, no more, would he see them again, returning alive from battle, no hugs or smiles, no welcome home; and the unkilld kin of desolated Phainops, Shining Eyes, would divvy up his cumulated quinta-vacant things.

Then he subtracted, took the two sons of Priam the king, son of Dardanos, Amber-Born, Ekhemmon and Khromios, Crash, being in one, 2-man war-car. As a lion smoothly springs upon cattle and breaks and clamps, shivers the neck of a cattle-ranger, or maybe a heifer or cow, grazing or lying, tended, reclining throughout a dark tree-planeable place — depastive kataboskic — bovine chow-down, timber-tones, beam-polish, bush dreams; thus did the son of Tudeus compel, pressure and yank, crow-bar, squeeze out, force both men from the 2-horse car atrociously, fierce-eject against their will, brutal-boggled, and then stripped off, despoiled their well-built armor, splendid plunder, body-cargo, painted gear, and the horses he gave to his clanlike comrades to drive to the beachfront fanned-out fixed fleet, shoreline-curved configuration, form and function retrograding — metelaunic bright-compelled — of ships — paint-pealed keel-rusted engine-shot.

But Aineias Man of Fame observed, saw him draining the mobile and ravaged ranks of men, and stepping up, proceeded to go to the horrible heights and blur of battle, slipping into the bright confusion and flurry of spears, a reeling ballistic hullabaloo, to seek out godlike Pandaros, if he might find, discover, encounter him anywhere. He found the blameless and mighty son of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, and he stood right before him and spoke a word, face-to-face: 'Pandaros, where are your 2-piece mark-hitting bow and bright-winged air-drilling arrows, and

celebrated fame? In the realm of archery no man contending can truly rival you there, nor does anyone local in Lukia, Glowing Wolftown, boast to be better than you to be sure. Come now, gear up, snap to! Unleash an air-shaft, color-ringed dart at this man, after you lift up your hands in prayer to Indigo Zeus, whoever he is who emanates might and who here has brought about many bad things, made wicked work for the Trojans, since he has debilitated, loosened the knees—unpinned popliteus, mobile patella empowdered, detached—of many good men, that is, if he is *not* some steaming god, rancor-reamed, infumed by the Trojans, inflamed by lack of holy immolations, —warpath-bent—for the rage of a god is hard to take, and—hot-trailing, locked on target—soon pursues in subsequence—neck-breathing acid-blasting limb-numbing bone-burning.'

To him in turn spoke the splendid son of fierce Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man:

'Aineias Man of Fame, —blueprinter boulehore—crisp adviser, counselor keen, of the—khalkokhitonic aeritunical—scale-clatter ring-tinkle—sound-pitchers light-catchers—frock-spangled metal-clad chain-apparelled Trojans, I deem him, indeed, to be in all things like the—daiphronic busticapital—proelipropensive bellicandent—face-splitting head-flaming son of Tudeus, battle-bent high-noon Cobra-Howler, Knowing, detecting and picking him out, by his sunbeam-bouncing rainbow-streamered bull-roaring boom-clashing shield and—vultifensive prosoparkic—faceguarded slit-viewed side-vented—aulopidic tibiocular—tube-eyed crest-keepered spangle-popping helmet,—socket-surfaced crystal-blown groove-gleaming oscillator!—ray-grill plume-prism—neon gazebo strobe-light-cage rumble-bomp dashboard-hula Toots-a-go-go whip-dancer rocket-vapor cool-jerk color-beams ballet-mixing ultra-bop—and spotting his horses; but I do not know absolutely—seeming frosted glass partitioned—if he clearly is a god. If he's the man I think he is, the skull-bashing head-flaming son of Tudeus, vim-ramped war-pumped Cobra-Howler, not without a cogent god does he rage, blazing thus, fury-sucked, fire-soaked, but one of the bright imperials stands upright, phantom-colored, posted beside him, strangle-near, his shoulders shawled in a cloud colossal,—pensile particles, fractal ice, embracing clear and radiant clavicles!—molecule-hover chromosome-glow—who deflected, averted, turned the swift shaft, air-shot, away from him, bull's-eye-baffled, target-interrupted, alighting, deviating elsewhere. For I, in fact, already let go, released an arrow, sharp-projected, arcing at him, sored a hit, off course, off-point, shaft-shot, nonfatal, on the flaming-double-ax-tattooed and bleeding right shoulder, clean through the convex hollow of his 2-piece lateral-double-buckled side-attaching breastplate; and I deemed I would send him ahead—praemissive proiaptic—to subterranean Aidoneus, the—palace infernal, bodyless inner space, elevator nadir—Invisible Realm, yet I did not crush or subdue him at all. Logic brutally dictates, demands he must be some rancorous grudge-engouged god,—combustive celestial dynamo—volatile dart-swerver, transmudane. And horses and heat-infused war-cars are absent and not standing by on which I could—anabaine, step up, ingress—in promptitude mount. But back in the tall scented lavender chandeliered halls of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf

Man, I deem there are primed, overhauled, polished, eleven 2-man war-cars, beautiful blowtorched — primapangent — spot-welded — protopagic novifactive — glow-touched — neotukhic — rivet-popped, — gas-tang tool-clang! — the just-joined, latest models, — spanking brand-new coups — and over them poplin dust-protectors, bright-spun combat veils, are spread; and by each single gleaming well-stored aurora-colored car stand double-yoked steeds, tidy-stabled, feeding on vitamin-fortified cereal — nightly munching, chowing down — of snow-white starch-rich barley and single-seeded rye. Indeed the old spearman, Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, — chariot-prosperous bronco-abundant — bursting with muscular gusto commanded me thus — epitellic imponed — in our well-built house, when I started to set out, before I began to go off to war: he horted and pelled me to mount upon well-harnessed horse and flame-painted wind-ramming car and lead, bright-govern the Trojans supreme through deep and spectacular, mighty, ignivalent, sweeping, dynamic, atrocious, robust — monster-appalling — face-masking storm-punching battles; but needless to say I *did not* obey, — in retrospect, it would have been worth it, quite beneficial, profitable, paid off better indeed — something done, fruitful, gained not gone or drained — sparing the mares, for I was afraid they would go without fodder, lack tuck, — subalted hupopherbic — with the men balled up, stark-conglobed, horses accustomed to eating their fill. So I left them there and came on foot to Ilios, trusting in full — to a high-degree — my target-piercing compound subordinate bow, but *this* is not about to help me — look and see! — obviously — you can bet on *that!* For already I fired at two of the best of the chieftains, war-headed champions, son of Tudeus and son of Atreus, and striking both, I swift-shot sure, shaft unswerving, track untwisted, scoring scarlet, sifting blood, — surface-forced — a burst of red, a luminous plume, but instead I stirred them up the more. Thus with gruesome objective I took from the pendent projecting solid peg my curved and compound bow on the day when I led the Trojans intrepid and brave on-the-go to lovely Ilios, boon-jagging, bringing grace to Hektor luminous. Yet if I return and behold with my eyes my land of birth and wife, whose dreams I dream, and my large and majestic — hupserhephic alticontective — high-roofed well-built home, then may some alien, total stranger, subito — apoteme — cut off — absect — my head, — perfunctory decapitation — if I don't fling this 2-bit bow, wing this toy, plastic plaything, bang into the blazing fire, after I smash it — utter-demolish — hack ensplinter pulverize — turn into a sawdust cone — perfrangent diaklastic — and break it *up* with my hands, for hollow-aired it follows me — gale-impermanent hurricane-huffed harpy-swiped — wing-clanging claw-traced talon-tracked — nonfunctional reject — retro-fangled windblown futile tool.'

To him in turn Aineias Man of Fame, leader of the Trojans, voiced his piece, face-to-face: 'Indeed do not speak thus; things will not change, immobile-appearing permanent-seeming, remaining in time, stuck in gear — will stay the same, to be sure, until we both with horses and car, axle-bright, well-bolted, come upon, charge, power-clash, konk, go head-to-head, deal with this man, and test him enarmored, tight-suit-ed-up, bright-sworded-out. Come now, let's go! Mount my well-built wind-jamming storm-painted — fuel-injected — car, step upon the running board, so you may see the incomparable cut of Trojan steeds, —

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

stock of stealth, clandestine-bred — well-skilled, sky-reared, primed up, — ground-rushing battle-ready keen-trained — prepped to pursue or flee quite quickly, switchback-like to zig and zag, pivot and veer, steer *everywhere* — crayon streaks, vapor trails — across the wheel-cut pastel-flowered tropospheric cloud-carved hoof-pounded plain. Both, too, will bring us safely to the city, if again high Zeus of the lucent blue should stretch and furnish glory — circumprecious — beaming majestic fame and august prestige to the son of Tudeus, Diomedes Sky-Guarded. Let's go now! You take the whip and right-hand grip of the color-trembling rhinestone-lined swine-entwining reins, and I'll dismount to engage and contend, — apobaine abgrade — step off the running board, fire-absorbing, in order to fight, or you wait here to brave-receive, face the foe, take him on, and I'll take care of the horses.'

Then in turn the splendid son of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, spoke to him: 'Aineias Man of Fame, you, yourself, keep and control, hold onto the reins and your specialized, drastic, do-or-die team of double horses; both will conduct the curved and jacked-up, cherry-flamed battle-car better under their customary rein-holding charioteer, *if* in turn we should flee in fear from the son of Tudeus. Let the pair not dally, idle, linger, — let us down — freeze in fright, lounging, locked in alarm, nor let them — trepidation-driven — be unlit, loath or jinxed, abortive, disinclined, — shiver-ripped panic-targets — frenzy-whipped chaos-objects — unrobust to bring us redeemed, unbroken, intact out of battle, the two being tone-trained, true-expecting, longing, athirst for the full, distinctive, singular timbre and sound of your voice, while the son of Tudeus, spirit-supreme, would leap upon us, cogent-rushing fierce-assaulting, valent, impetuous, kill us both and drive away the — digit-integrated — solipedal monukhous — single-hoofed uncloven steeds. But you yourself, drive, to be sure, control your own aurora-painted fire-pounded battle-car and steer your own spry wind-blending mane-streaming mares, and I shall dig in, face the push of his turbulent raid and invading rush with my sharp and hard-beam spear.'

Thus they spoke and subito boarded the bright-railed many-colored metal-mottled battle-car, and both, fired up, held on tight and drove and aimed the rapid horses straight at the son of Tudeus. But Sthenelos, Mighty Man, glorious son of fierce Kapaneus, savage raider, Town-Torcher, saw them, and instantly to the son of Tudeus he uttered winged words, syllable-bubbles: 'Son of Tudeus, Diomedes, shot of joy to my storm-battered soul, I see two men, mighty and stark, sparked to charge, ignited to metalize, fit to fight against, clash and engage, — bang steel! — take you down, possessing unlimited muscle-bound power. One is a canny hitter of marks, archery-dexterous, dart-apt, well-skilled at bow-aiming, Pandaros, and pumped with pomp he boasts, to boot, to be the bold son of ferocious Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man; and the other, Aineias Man of Fame, boasts to be the fearless son of stainless Angkhises, Foam-Enswirled, of sterling stock implumed, and his mother is Aphrodite, who, moon-and-star-charmed, blue-enloomed, rose like a crystal fountain bloom from ocean-flashing spume. Well come on, let's ebb and fade, fall back for a bit and be on guard in our 2-horse car, quick-withdraw and don't storm thus, *whatever you do*, through the hot front line, lest you possibly, chaos-caught, conquered lose your precious

life.'

And then to him with a beveled gaze, brow encowled, spoke mighty Diomedes Sky-Guarded: 'Don't talk to me, gab about back-stepping, pulling out, proclaim and jabber such base unabashed poltroonish performance, contagious and shameless, deplorable fresh-pushed panic,—Dillinger escape plan, fear-fraught exit—automatic fright-fueled dread-driven flight, for I surmise, bet and deem you won't succeed to prompt or induce, persuade me. For it is not part of my make-up to shirk, circumvent fighting, bolt from contention, flee, keep away from the hazard of battle,—machine guns and flame-throwers, scam and skedaddle—strife forsake and seek escape—in war I do not wander off—orbit-swerve colors-uncling—or—subsident kataptossic—crouch down, cringe in trepidation; still is my fire-stoked strength steadfast,—TNT-shot dynotroph—my volatile force well-grounded. I stickle and shrink, govern-revolting, from mounting upon my 2-horse car, but just as I am I shall go against them, face-to-face; for me to take off, vanish and flee from the form of fear, Pallas Athene Spear-Ensparkler doesn't allow—hero-sanction. These two enemies, brisky horses will not bring away, carry off again, will not bear both back from us, convey through the escalating chaos, even if one or the other attempts, endeavors to flee. And I shall tell you something else and cast and lodge—enball inject—it in your mind: if—poluboulic multiconsilial—tactic-jeweled stratagemmed—counsel-rich Athene of the polka-dotted dented dress should stretch and relay, rich-extend glory to me,—killer prestige—to delete, wipe out, kill both enemies,—blow-splendor—*then* you govern, hold back, curb these breakneck horses, checking them right here, under control, straining the black-gleaming tight-stretched reins—twist and pull—around the painted chariot-rail,—leather-looped metal-tethered—and concentrate, focus on rushing at, dashing for, dart-like, the horses of lightsome Aineias Man of Fame, and driving them out from the Trojans away to the hub of the—euknemidous beneokreal—shin-guarded Akhaioi. For they are indeed of the stock from which—latividant euruopic—wide-gazing Zeus *gave* to Tros as amends for his son, Ganumedes Bright-Guarded, bumper boy, because they are the battle-trained best—car-tethered sparkle-reined—of all the horses, majestic, supreme, which canter and trot, gallop and *go* like the colors of wind which blossom and blow, flicker and flow, dynamic-transcend and gracefully glow, winging way under the dome of the dawn and the sphere of the sun. Of that sleek august impressive breed the profound king of men, sage Angkhises, Foam-Enswirled, Bubble-Subsumed, stole some stallions, stealthily matchmaking, pairing them up with the suckling mares of Laomedon People-Guardian, neighmates connecting, notice escaping, in secret enstalled supposition. From these to him a stock of six was born within his looming halls. He himself retaining four, gallop-glad gambol-jubilant, tender-cherished, gleeful-tended, reared them up at the feeding-box, but two he gave to intrepid Aineias Man of Fame, seeming and subtle planners of flight, plotters of panic—Hi-yo, Silver!—wroughters of rout. If we should triumph, take these two, we would gain sublime and paramount,—splendor-lifted honor-adorned—noble and famed, nitid-diademmed glory.'

Thus they spoke about such things, spectacular actions bold and bright, to

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

each other, and quickly came near, rapid-approached the two enemies, driving the brisk, lightning-branded, thunder-hoofed horses. First to him the splendid son of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, spoke: 'Karterothumic validanimous—battle-minded fire-rushing soul-mighty—voodoo glowskull!—knower of things, son of exalted Tudeus, indeed my rapid missile-shot did not debilitate, nail, subdue you, failed to bring you down, the flame-tipped airborne pine-cone arrow—red-and-blue-and-green-stripe-painted; now again—power-probe—I shall test you with my quiet high-speed 2-part spear, sparkle-pointed, if I scope out well and prosper, govern and penetrate, happen to hit the mark.'

Thus he spoke and—swing and dash—buoyant illibrant anapallous—slowly swayed and poised in launch mode, cogent-propelled the—dolikhoskious umbraproleptic—long-enshadowing compound spear, and angle-down he echo-struck the bullhide metal-plated tassel-tossing shield of the son of Tudeus; the sprinting copper spear-point glancing winged right through the shield, and gaining metal, magnetlike, drew near the brilliant double-buckled breastplate, and the splendid son of Lukaon, boosted, Glowing Wolf Man, boasted to him, shouted—sanguine, heightened—long and lofty: 'You are hit, missile-shot, wounded clean through the flank, the hollow space—bang-on blow—abdominal-poked, unblocked and bare—below the rib cage spiral-punched and serious-pierced, solar plexus penetrated, and I don't think you'll endure, hold out or last much longer; thus have you so abundant-handed—how tremendous!—princely, eminent-given to me my wish supreme, desire prime, prayer-responding, foremost boast and aspiration, awesome dream of glory.'

But stiff, unruffled, self-controlled, frightfree, fazeless, unalarmed, Sky-Protected spoke to him, valiant champion unperturbed, robust and dominating Diomedes: 'Man, you missed, not hit, your mark; but I doubtless deem you both won't pull out, quit, cease or stop—apopause absist—before one of you, at least, dashed, drops, or the other one death-fraught, falls and gluts with blood the god unhinged of battle, body-scrounger, spine-sucker, Black-Caped Bat-Capped Ares,—duripelous talaurhnic—the welkin commando who wields the dented hide-bound indelicate jacket-backing bull-roaring brain-bashing shield.'

So he spoke and hurled, and Ripple-Gowned Athene perfect-steered the rocket-powered projected spear, triumph-trained, straight ahead, crossing space and spareless time, to his nose beside the eye, and drove it through his—orbit-reel olfactory tang—conical frangible—star-white saw-shaped ripe bleeding teeth—jaw-socket pink-shock—choke-gargle, pop-rocks—tube-squeezed Stripe toothpaste—pulp-jello gum-smash! The stubborn bronze, unabradeable, radical-unsevering, cut off and tore out his tongue at the root, and the spear-point propelling, rushing in brutal gradations, degreed, wound down pinned, by the genial base, came out the bottom,—burgeoning rubies—emerging, enhoused, from his bloom-bright chin; then he fell down, crumpled up, stumbled out of the valid-axled bright-gear car,—bonk-kuhdong! klomp-jangle!—metal-plash body-tumble earth-dash!—and his flashing armor, fondly fashioned, hue-changing particle-pinging nonpareils—pamphanic omniluminous—quantum-colored galaxy dance—chime-bouncing all-beaming, clattered like a thousand dice,—varicolored can-dancers,—

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

yatzee!—shaken and cupped, upon him,—bone-rattle canine-click!—and his horses,—fear-poked, territorurbed—flinched, shied away—kicked dust, jerked rein,—parafugitive juxtatremlers—quaked apart, bolted oblique,—velopedal okupodic—quick to the hoof; and there his precious ice-blown soul and flame-glow might were phantom-loosened, bright-dissolved, robust-unbound.

Then Aineias Man of Fame, aborient soldier, quite excited, stirred up, charging, rushed off with his bullhide shield and long-beam spear, fear-shot, dreadful, lest somehow, the cluster-forming Akhaioi might drag away the corpse from him for plunder. Then he dauntless-overcrossed, straddled, enshadowed, the carcass of Pandaros, lion-like striddled,—amhibainic circumdative—trusting true in his fending force, counting quite on his blocking power, mustered mobile strength robust and tableau-tight, for him, in front, he held his wave-grain long-beam spear and bullhide Oddjob shield, equally omnidirectional,—ignihorted fire-whipped—eager to slay, finish off, kill, whoever might dare, come face-to-face with, opposite the corpse, care-clamped,—shock-shrieking razor-roaring dire-packed—but the son of Tudeus Sky-Puncher scooped up, seized a colossal stone, missile-utile, coarse and crass, in his hand, a mighty action, notable deed, phenomenal feat, which two men, no doubt could not bear, sustain or pick up, such as—warmblooded bipeds, earthbound beings—mortals now are, however prodigious, yet even alone, he plied it lightly, poised it easily. As a result, he hit Aineias Man of Fame on the hip-joint, tropical thigh-top,—proximal epiphysis—femur head and innominate bone conjunction,—pelvic nexus—where the thigh-bone turns in the hip-joint—they call it the ‘ko-cup’; he crushed the cuppette, bruised the bone-hole,—pulp-splash, compact-shatter, sponge-squish socket-batter—osteoblastic blot-out!—and, in addition, smashed both tight-stretched tendon-bands, and the jagged stone, lapis asperous, thrusting flesh back, ripped the skin away—red-expelled—epidermal push-off. Then the warrior fell to his knees,—popliteal drop and collapse on the spot—remained dizzy, drained, but propped himself up with his scarred stark solid hand,—limb-boost—leaning on earth, and black night cloaked his two subliminal, well-bottom eyes, violet-veiled, vertigo-seamed, seeled, swooned, in a luminous gloom.

And now right there, Aineias Man of Fame, majestic, noble lord of men, would have kicked it, dark-succumbed, perished had not adash the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, queen of love, cobalt-robed Foam-Breaker, suffused with the scent of the sea, quickly-keen beheld, distinguished, marked her son, his *own* mother, who single-bore him to Angkhises, Spume-Twirled, caught in a passionate moon-starred encounter, love-conjunction, sex-cage, while he tended cattle; careful around her precious son secure she streamed her two translucent tender snow-white arms,—ambifusive amphikhutic—pale limbs poured in radius graceful embrace, and in front she veiled him, warded superb in a buoyant fold of her color-beaming welkin-woven rimple-tumbling shadow-crinkled robe, to anti-bash, be a bar to mortars, rockets,—flying debris—missile-blocker, bullet-screen, lest any ektrenched of the bold Danaoi of the quick colts,—takhupolic celerequuleous—hot-hoofed, might hurl a bronze spear in his chest and take away his blood-charging plasma-pumping life.

She was trying to carry her precious son unconscious out of the battle below the flash and impact, volley and squall, mangle and hurtle of metal and force, chaotic streaks of crossfire whizzing, vibrant color-heated swerving atomic components, interpenetrating pungent reek of yellow sulfur, sudsy sheets of

swirling dust, blossoming shards of motley shrapnel, vicious thick blood-laden darts, bone-dented blades—circumtropic continuous discrete—periodic table of elements thrust and thrown—but the son of wild man, bold Kapanus of the golden fire, did not forget the framed instructed pact, the charge composed, direct order,—synthetic command—which Diomedes Sky-guarded, battle-scream-supreme, enjoined; for he curbed and kept back, stilled, restrained his own—monukhous—sleek, trained—solipedal—single-hoofed steeds,—controlled uncloven ungulates—crimped aloof, away from the bone-bash—swith-back whiplash—batter-ramming body-blow of sound-abounding battle, kaleidoscopic submarine blur and cyclones of confusion whizzing bright ubiquitous combat-din, psychedelic mind-glow sucking in, stubborn-absorbing blood-blooming shriek-teeming war, tugging at, straining the jangling reins, tight-stretching cross-tangled dust-coated sweat-enswired, bunched up but bound to, secured from the chariot-rail, and—impetual epiaikic—rushing at, darting for, luminous-shooting, the—kallitrikhous pulchrijubal—beautiful-maned, shining mares of Aineias Man of Fame, he drove them from out of the zone of the Trojans, intractable-steered and careered to the middle section, cushioned core of the shin-guarded spin-shielded sparkle-helmed glad Akhaioi, and gave them to Deipulos, his cherished kinlike comrade,—whom beyond all peers of identical age he esteemed,—aequaevous homelikal—for he thought about things in similar ways, heart-harmonic, mind-attuned—to drive to the sawed-up scraped-down sea-knocked tubular ships. Then the warrior stepped upon, mounted his 2-horse car and grabbed the rhinestone swine-twinking reins, and quickly drove the—krateronukhous validungulate—tiny hovering shimmering—spark bang!—anvil-hammered force-fields—strong-hoofed horses—clang klong clomp!—methopic postsequential—pursuing, in quest of the son of Tudeus, teeming and turning with fire and zest. But he, unheeding,—accedent epoikhous—unhinged, was danger-bolting, making for her who had surfaced in Paphos, copper-toned Kupris, Passion Maiden—scimitar-flash uranium-hack organ-splash ocean-mingle swish-and-crash—noctilucae-beaded Bubbles,—bomp and glow, swizzle and blow—the queen of love, wild and crazed with pitiless bronze, discerning that *she* was a powerless goddess, not a menace or one of the pushy, truculent, war-bent goddesses, flaming wardens, dragon marshals, riled and rearing and roaring to fight, who utterly governs, supremely commands and total-controls the battle of men, neither Steel-Gowned Athene nor—ptoliporthic bellivastant—city-sacking lipstick—smeared Enuo. But when, indeed, chase-engaged, speed-pressing, hounding her hard through the gaseous thick conglobal throng, he reached, lit upon, overtook her, *then* the awesome noble—super-souled—chromosome-stormed—son of Tudeus,—brash por-rigent eporexix—striking out, in lunge mode,—methallic postsalient—bound with his sharp and silver breeze-gleam spear-beam, and slight-struck the top of her hand, soft celestial slender languid and delicate; venturing straightway through her vulnerable chichi nonresistant supermundane loom-built apparel, loose, translucent—shimmer and shift—which the charm-bright comely crystalline favoring Graces themselves, her sweet and lovely, color-schemed attendants, delight-inoculated, had woven in toil, warped and woofed, worked for her, the wooden spear-beam,—imperial thrill!—antitoreic contrapungent—speedy, frictive,—how velocitous!—passed and pierced, more than whooshed, rubbed against, hugged and—like an ice-skate-blade—brushed by the surface of her hand-bottom, right above the palm-base, pliant, flesh-torn, perforated,—carpal bone top—tilted movie-star mirror-stand—and—mirabile visu!—the superlunary sparkling blood of the goddess gushed, spilled, unspooled,

wonder-splashed, outfountained ghostblue fluid, holographic sublimation, sea-dazzle sky-glow, fuel such as circulates, swishes and flows through the blessed empyreals; for they forego, do not eat, chthonic-consume grain-based food, nor drink—aithopic luminoculous—radiant-bursting fire-flowers!—iris-flash orbit-bang prism-pulse—fire-eyed twinkling wine, on account of which, ikhor-enseaed, they are bloodless, circulate dreams, and ordinal-dawned, thus are called unkilld eternal. Shrieking intensely she let her son suddenly fall, slip away from her, flung down,—dejected catabolized—dropped; and Phoibos Apollo Beaming Destroyer, bright-redeeming, drew him up in his arms, enshielded and saved in a dark-blue cloud, lest any from out of the quick-colted car-acclaimed Danaoi, hurling bronze at his breast, might subdue, take him out, do away with his blood-rushing life; but staunch Diomedes Sky-Guarded, good at the battle-scream, yelled at her, shouted, screaming, long and lofty: ‘Recede, draw back, daughter of Zeus, gold-shielded silver-speared, from shrill and jagged, swelling war and burning battle. Is it not plenty, enough that you—space-swell time-teem star-swarm moon-ting!—cold-cozen, cheat, bamboozle, deceive defenseless women,—domestic unmartial maidens beguile—cruel-cajole—hoodwink, hothoax, dupe and gull the powerless tribe with your bag of tricks? But if, to be sure, you battle-meddle, mess with conflict, again interact, amble and range over trenches and mines, engage in combat,—locative-versatate—I indeed deem you will shudder and quake, come apart, at the mere idea or word of war,—frost-tink blood-tang ice-clink bone-clang!—even by chance if you hear it in passing, sometime elsewhere, future-uttered.’

Thus he spoke, and she stepped away confounded, fluttered,—circumverse—distracted, beruffled, grief-fraught, wobbly, jumbled, knocked off balance—mind-momble thought-wander—psychoclonic parastatic—and upset, throe-rubbed, anguish-squeezed, was terribly tripped, horribly turbed; then—podenemous pedivental—color-blown paint-pumped windfooted Iris, Rainbow Girl, empyreal agent, took her hand and led her shedding shining tears from out of the throng, pain-loaded, pride-pricked, hurt-hot, and her beautiful skin, grazed and wounded, slowly swelling, blackening, bruised, was—turquoise indigo violet spectra—stained with bluish liquid crystal. Next she found impetuous Ares, body-leaper,—bloodsucker bone-eater outrage-regenerator—god of permanent war, inevitable swing, transmutation,—mobilized orientation—thunder-scrum rumble-flash—dilatatory red-shift—to the left of the battle, circumnubile, nimbo-invisible, cumulus-kept,—aloof on the edge of keen contention—still and idle, crimson-caked, and sky-ensloped, his soft-propped compound spear was leaning, lined with clingfast gore, impressed on a low-built airblown cloud bank,—pillow-puffy powder-milky turgid terrace—and idle too his separate high-speed white-veiled black-grilled smoking imperious 2-horse car. She fell to her knees—popliteal drop—and keenly beseeched her beloved dear brother, asking for the—khrusampukic aureinfulous—horses hung with flanking danglers, silver ribbons, golden streamers, mylar strips: ‘Dear brother, save, relieve and bright-redeem me, stable-heed, and—quick!—hand over, give me your horses, so I may ascend, hurry and go to steep Olumpos, where glitters and gleams the undimmed and beam-adorned stained glass dome of the zodiac-gemmed astralthroned eternal. I am weighed down, too-too taxed, with a torn and bleeding wound, which a blood-pumped mortal earthbound man pointblank consigned and tendered to me, struck with a thrust, the son of Tudeus, who now to be sure would even go *at it*, scrabble with, fight against skyfather Zeus.’

Thus she spoke, and Body-Binger, Shield-Banging Ares, gave her his horses,

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

electrum-embellished, flamboyant and flanking with silver jingles, golden streamers; and stepping up softly she mounted the war-car with room enough, floorboard for two, troubled and pained in her precious heart, and color-stripped Iris, Rainbow Girl, sky-subsuming cloud-perfuming, space and time, superorning, mounted beside her and took up the reins in her hands, and whipped the horses, empyreal-lashed, to drive to the stars, and the pair, vivid-space-tracing, flew in view of the planets and orbits and swelling of spheres not unwillingly, steeds unstickling, path ensparkling—dot-connected constellations interjecting. Then they came quickly arush to the outer-space crystal empyreal dome of the purple-clad gods, gorgeous-enthroned, steep soaring staggering Olumpos. There brisky wind-footed color-blown Iris, Rainbow Girl, Electromagnetic Go-Go Dancer, halted the horses, their harness unbound from the bright-built car, and flung before them chopped-up stalks, threw and tossed out heavenly provender, chow prejected, sky-tuck precious-provided, but Aphrodite foam-fresh Spoom-Born, moon-luminous, sun-liminal, star-laminate, fell upon the lap and clung to the knees of Caelo-Cobalt Dione, Dodonic dove queen, swirling aquamarine, lover of Zeus of the bright flowing water, her mother. She gripped and held her daughter close, clasped in her bent embracing arms, and—demulsive katarhezous—caressed and patted, gently stroked her with her hand and spoke a lucent word in address: ‘Now *who* of the blessed Ouranions, *who*, sweetly, *who* of the Sky People, did such feckless, brash, horrendous, crass, outrageous things to you, *who*, dear child, performed in a fruitless mode such operations foolish-made, as if you were doing a dire deed, something bad, an eyeballed crime, in the light, before the obvious face of all?’

Then to her responded charm-bright foam-built wave-shaped, word exchanging,—aqua-vivid turquoise-irised—subridamatic philommeidous—smile-loving Aphrodite: ‘Tudeus’ son, super-souled bold outrageous rushing rash Diomedes Sky-Guarded—sun-puncher moon-pouncer star-lunger—wounded me, because I was bringing my sole precious son out from under the glitter of sonorous battle, the engine of war, the clatter of quivers and whistle of arrows, the clangor of swords and collision of shields, the hurtle and rattle and streamers of spears, Aineias Man of Glory, brave, who to me above all is the dearest by far of all men. *For* no longer are there only chthonic spectral battle-screams and shocking combat-shrieks—jittery chirm, hideous jangle!—horrible clangs, terrible tones—of Trojans and Akhaioi, but now by degrees, the brash Danaoi, to be sure, even fight, duke it out with the deathless imperials.’

Then to her, responded Dione sky-dyed, goddess candescent, Sea-Bright, word exchanging: ‘Take heart, my child, and—stick it out—hold up, hang tight, endure, abide, though in distress; for many of us, who have and possess Olympian homes, have certainly suffered at hands of men, setting hard severe pain, difficult agony, stiff affliction, grinding anguish upon each other. Ares Body-Monger suffered, when Otos and stout Ephialtes, sons of fierce Aloeus, Bruiser, bound him in sharp-edged reinforced bonds, solid urn-strong silver shackles, and cramped, cooped up in a copper vessel encapped he was kept, incarcerated, stuck and bound, for thirteen months; and then and there imprisoned Ares Body-Squeezer, war-voracious battle-unquenchable, trench-crazy,—apollic abstractal—would have perished, suffocated, had their stepmother,—circumpulkhrous perikallic—charm-encircled beauty-shot—Eeriboia, not brought word, informing Hermes, crafty god of the golden wand; and he, spy-like, sneaked up and unjarred,—twist-off top, baton-tapped—purloined, absconded

with, stole away Ares, black-wrapped gorehound, Battle-Spinner, by that point, purple-bruised, scarlet-scabbed, hard-rubbed, blistered, dark-scarred, scraped up and deformed, for his rasping handcuffs, rusty chains, were overpowering, truculent-taming, volition-subduing, freedom-usurping, breaking him down. And Here Sky Queen suffered sorely, injured, man-stung, when the semi-celestial child, valid and strong, of Amphitruon Body-Corroder, titanium-limbed Bull-Catcher, struck her clean, straight in the right breast, angle-down missile-shot,—triple-ripped—with a 3-barbed airborne arrow, long-range shot; then, too, unmitigating pain, unhealable grief, an ache undiminished, incurable anguish, gripped her. And monstrous Aides, Invisible Brother, king of the unseen, grandmaster ghostkeeper, phantom of the underworld,—hupogeous subterranean—glow-in-the-dark overlord,—among and along with the others, suffered the same, and took a quick shaft, shrill-air-shot, when this same man, son of Zeus of the snake-head goat-shield,—storm-boom sky-crack!—stick-struck him in Pulos, Gatetown,—Thebes-basher, Poseidon-supported, backer of bright-ringed Orkhomenos, Ploutos-proponed—commander-in-chief of the mirror-rinked invisible precinct—having meandered, tunnel-exploring,—abrupt and violent penetration—gloam-engulfed, sunk and immersed among—Kerberos-collared clubbed and obtained, underworld-worked-up jumbo-exacerbated—acrylic-spray-painted, temple-suspended racks and rows of riveted skulls—the medley macabre of dead bodies, field-battered, frenzy-bent—and gave him pain, dished out anguish; yet abused, he traveled and went from the underworld to the overruled—Coriolus-factor kinked, encurled—revolving firmament, newel-sparkle—space-elevator—GOING UP—peristaltic tube-wobble—za-za-zoomed—in a ravish and rush to the sapphire-emerald-ruby-chased palace of Indigo Zeus, stratus-buttressed cumulus-columned nimbus-beamed, cloud-built—splendid-inculcated—and duly advanced to the—Pop Top—constellated pinnacle, musical zenith, colorful altitude, blazing peak of star-tall luminous Olumpos, heartache-packed, pierced with pains, for the airborne arrow, clot-lodgeable, dug way down, was driven-profound into his compact cleatproof atral-tattooed stout immalleable shoulder, and troubled and turbed his pulsing soul. But upon it Paieon, the upper-air god doctor, sprinkling drugs, ache-counters, and external-applied painkilling ointments, gingerly dribbling, healed him hale; for he, ensteemed, refused to yield, hang it up, would not die down—throw in the towel—at all, being tenacious, not declinable, since—demorient katathnetic—he was, no doubt, more than mortal-made. *Persistent wretch*,—obrimoergic gravilaborate—doer of ponderous conduct indecorous, chief of nefarious actions inapposite, worker of turbulence, wreck-er-ball swinger, crazy performer of wild affairs, who, feeding on evil, awful deeds doing, bad seed being, no doubt did not heed, who, furnished and cross-slung with double-horn bow, troubled and vexed the imperial gods, high and sublime, who hold and inhabit the bright regime, sky-colored Olumpos. And upon you the goddess Athene robust of the aquamarine, sea-and-moon-glowing eyes—owl-glare, crepuscular gloam, auroral gleam—has secret-set—hush-hush-immitted—this man,—wordless bafflehead; unaware fool—for the son of Tudeus, mind-benighted, does not know this one ineluctable fact: that especially not long-lived is he who—hypotropic anticosmic—fights with the valent empyreal people, nor do his children, at all, say ‘papa’ or ‘pop’ at his knees after coming back, returning from truculent head-splitting battle, intransigent flame-spitting war. Therefore, now, let son of Tudeus, although he is strong, quite robust, consider, self-indicate,—auto-clear, cogitate—lest someone better than you—piston-fisted—should fight against him, lest Aigialeia, Beach Girl,—

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

periphronic circummental—thought-encircled guess-encompassed introflective daughter of Adrestos, stout Unrunaway, wail long, slow moan, howl through the night,—successive nocturnal lamentation—and wake up her menials, loyal servants,—dear domestics—break them out of sleep, yearning for, missing her legal-wed spouse, prime and intrepid in prowess, the best of the brave Akhaioi, Aigialeia, muscular potent tight-built dreammate, stalwart spouse, limb-robust, splendor-pumped, of—hippodamic equidomic—bronco-busting Diomedes Sky-Guarded.’

So she spoke, and with both hands she wiped the bluish liquid crystal from her hand and arm; her hand, hurt, hot turned hale, quick-became cool, whole-healed, cured, and the heavy pains were lightened, soreness lost and mild-melted, dolor drowned undone diminished—katepious calmed demitigated—holographic radiant-pulsed ramped-robust regeneration. But in turn, snidely sneering, Head-Borne Athene and Sky Queen Here, looking at her, eyes aglaze, with—cordisectic keen kertomic—mocking, lip-smacking, tongue-clicking, meat-cleaveared, heart-hacking words attempted to irritate, vex and provoke Indigo Zeus, son of Kronos Accomplisher, lord of the luminous circle. And among them the first to utter a word was the goddess Athene hurricane-curved, of the sea-sky blue-green eyes—owl-glare planet-glow orbit-sparkle: ‘Father Zeus, will you be, to any degree, enraged at me, for what I might utter, express, should say? Truly quite, Kupris, Bubbles, queen of desire, prompted,—immitted—tempted, tricked some Akhaian woman, gullible, green, with her gold tureen of cinnamon fire, to tag along with, tight-engaged, accompany, stick to the Trojans, by whom she now is shameless-smitten, bonkers over, crazy in love with, headbashed thought-banished,—crush-kick passion-smack!—sky-coerced empyreal-plied planet-promoted hand-puppeteered hard-love-landed judgement—and while patting, impromptu, this striking Akhaian woman apart—eupepic dolled-up benetogate—ribbon-adorned with bunny odango—eupepic benetogate—sparkle-veiled superb-robed,—dark-dented parti-colored tumble-gown—she scratched and pricked her slender hand,—derasive katamussic—manual mangle, nail polish muss—on her piercing golden brooch.’

Thus she spoke, but the father of men and gods smiled, and called and spoke to golden-crowned silver-pumped Aphrodite Foam-Breaker: ‘Not to you, my child, have warlike deeds been given, but you, to be sure, constantly go after, seek and pursue the vectors of love,—meterkhic sequitious—connubial-quest, spur turbid passions, ignite ripe desires, excite blind emotions, winsome and wonderful, wild and wavering, bridal-charm-aim, poke around for pairs, stack up and stoke deeds of wedlock,—stick to your function, adhere to your role, and get on board the loove train—and subsequently all these things of firefighting, connected to war will be objects of care and vital concern to the mummy-runner, sleek and spanning, redhand-reeking blackfoot-spinning rapid Ares Body-Collector and Head-Ejected radiant-armored Athene.’

Thus they spoke and uttered such things to each other, and Diomedes Sky-Guarded, battle-scream-supreme, stirred up, rushed at Aineias Man of Fame, knowing that bright-toned Apollo himself, Mirror-Beaming Decimator, held his high-ohmed hands over him in manual palmed protection; but he did not back down or stand in stark awe, majestic shock, of the great solar god, au contraire, he was whipped to the pitch of a being berserk, champing, charged up, at the bit, keen, ever bursting to kill, finish off, slay Aineias Man of Fame in crimson culmination, and strip off his wonderful glorious gear, bright-constructed

armor—plunder-rattle spear-sparkle. Three times succedent,—attack hurl thrust repel and bounce—encharged and wound-up, he bolted and rushed at him, eager to kill him—combust kataktane—in heated decision, and three times Apollo Planet-Blaster packed, delivered a serious punch, beat him back, jammed his face-guard, crumpled his breastplate, pounded his seamless sun-battered moon-beaming star-flaming bell-clanging shield. But when he continued and kept on indeed, incurred the 4th time, offended and charged at him, lit out and darted, came on like a god, hard-driving doom-dealing fire-veiled, then luridly, will-driven pungent-bursting—hekaergic function-radiant procullaborate—Chief Decimator, Blaster Apollo, bright-shouldered god, of the rocket-launcher, macabre-acoustic articulate-timbered,—homokleic simulvocal—lungtop-shouting terrible-yelling horrible-hollering bright-exclaiming, spoke, exclaimed to him: ‘Cogitate, son of Tudeus, and shrink back, disengage, withdraw and be not game—retreat!—to deem you are perpetual-par, a peer on top, empyreal-parallel, firmament-fit, sky-tantamount, uppercut, equal to, resemble, commune with, match and mirror the paramount gods, for never is the race of the deathless gods conjunctive with that of bipedal men—orthograde heterotrophs, carbon-based humans—who come and go upon, tread and traverse the earth.’

Thus he spoke, and the son of Tudeus receded a little, behind his eyes, backed up baby spaces, shunning the burning rage of—hekatebolous proculjective—far-shooting Apollo Body-Lasher. But Aineias Man of Fame, Apollo Lacerator set apart from the balled-up throng in sacred Pergamos, where high-up his temple and shrine, to be sure, had been built. Indeed, him, did Leto and Artemis, radiant, strong arrow-streamer—groove-sparkle shimmy-bongo!—heal and allay in the tall and spacious limited-access innermost sanctuary, statue room, and exalt and glorify him; but—argurotoxic argentarcous—silver-bowed Apollo Decimator fashioned and built a phantom resembling Aineias himself, Man of Fame, and well-built armor like his, and flanking the phantom the Trojans and air-bright Akhaioi gashed banged blazed hacked clashed cleft clanged flashed swung brandished burned about each other’s chest the bullhide bumpers, smooth and circular rainbow-streamered shields and lightweight shaggy winglike rawhide shields. Then indeed to impetuous Ares, body-leaper, god of war, spoke the god of the 7-string lyre, Phoibos Apollo Bright Demolisher: ‘Ares, Ares, wicked wretched human-havoc-maker, bloodstained killer, fort-approaching clodhopper, repulsive ring-wall storm-blaster, might you not indeed proceed, enter, plunge, go bold, barge, bore into the blare of war, hard and plangent, harrowing, hot, penetrate,—make your way—swim in the metal vortex, invade and explore the glowing core, and valid-redeeming, draw this man out of the fire, away from jarring fiendish-seeming fierce-subsuming dismal dazzle, jungle-blear and jangle-blur, the son of Tudeus, who now, to be sure, would even take on, fight against sky-father Zeus? Kupris, Bubbles, queen of desire,—germ-crystal foam-metal—first he struck close-up on the hand and wrist inwounded, and then bearing down upon me myself he rushed like a god, awe-striking doom-dealing fire-veiled.’

Speaking thus he himself sat down, enthroned upon the peak, twinkling

zenith of Pergamos, and destructive Ares Bone-Snapper, squadron-intragrading, went among, stirred and stark-spurred, dislodged the ductile Trojan bright-rowed warriors, — colored mirrors — resembling nimble Akamas, Indefatigable, leader of the fierce Threikoi, and he bid and exhorted the bucked — diotrephic deucrescent — sky-suckled perked welkin-gelled sons of the great tribal chief, Priam: 'Sons of Priam, the sky-gelled king, — cloud-curdled firm-formed — up to what point will you let and allow, abandon the troops be left to the cruel Akhaioi to be killed? Will it be at the point of no return, until they are fighting enringed about, gouging our walls and besieging our skillful-built scorpion-scarred bazooka-proof flat-link-chain-driven-polybolos-pelted cement-reinforced double gates? There still lies a man whom we highly admire and deeply esteem, equal to moon-gleaming star-fired Hektor, Clutcher, Aineias Man of Fame, son of — megalotric magnicordant — colossal-hearted august Angkhises; so kick it in gear, let us save and redeem from the truculent teeming battle racket and fulgent abounding intransigent tumult our brave and plucky kinlike comrade.'

Speaking thus he stirred and spurred the flaming might and storming heart of each enspaked eager warrior, every man. Then in turn Sarpedon, Snatcher, rash-chewed out, robust-rebuked radiant Hektor, Clutcher: 'Hektor, where indeed has your valent combustive power gone which you had before? You clearly declared that you *could* and you *would* hold the city, without the addition or help of your troops or alloyed lined-up layered allies, alone with your own sisters' husbands along with your brothers. Now, of these, I cannot see, mark or make out anyone, but *they* crouch down, cower, fear-shot, cringe like hounds around a lion; yet *we* shall fight, we who are here as committed allies to aid, reinforce, help you out, back you up. For truly, I, as a constant ally, a stripe to the rescue, for you to rely on, come from, anon, quite far away; for far off is Lukia, Glowing Wolftown, by fish-hush bubble-swirling whirlpooling Xanthos, Yellow River, where I abandoned, left behind my precious wife and not-yet-speaking baby son, and many things which I acquired, forced to relinquish now and let go, things which he who lacks, ungotten, wishes for. But even so, I alert, stir up the Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf People, and I myself am fire-keen to fight my man, yet I have nothing here at all of use or value, precious such as portables or animals, which the Akhaioi might carry or drive away; but you stand idle, like a drone, and do not command the other contingents to stick around, dig in, remain and abide, defend their dear wives, assault-repelling. Beware lest, somehow, as if caught or entrapped in the tight-entwined loops and velcro-lined wire-bound close-fastened meshes of all-snaring flax, — blue-blossom drive-tangle, green-hook cling-tingle! — you should become a conveyor-belt hand-taken spoil and lit-upon loot for your might-ignited potent and venomous enemies; *quickly* they would wipe out, vaporize, — utter-annihilate — squash your lush-dwelled, well-peopled city. It is *imperative* all these things are on your mind, affairs of care to you, tender objects, close-attended, night and day, and to deep-implore, beseech to boot the chiefs of your — telekleitic proculclarous — ultracandid far-famed allies to — apothete, stick to their guns, abpone — hold out perpetually, hang on tenaciously, man their posts, and put away, cast aside, can robust and rocky cutdowns, scaled scoldings — pyrojective superpulling igniballistic fire-blasting —

valid grinding reprimands, barking bristled admonitions, blistering useless blunt abuse, batter-ramming rash rebukes and jagged ripping objurgations.'

Thus spoke Sarpedon, Snatcher, and the mouth-made word bit and stung the heart of Hektor, Clutcher. Subito down from the landborne car in his lucent-built armor he leaped to the ground, and flourish-flashing, brilliant-brandishing two sharp river-grain spear-shafts he went everywhere, here and there, troop-explored and got around, paced up and down throughout the platoons, stirring them up to fight, and he woke up truculent combat-tones and macabre battle-screams—sword-dazzle shield-shock spear-whiz helmet-rattle! Coiled up they whirled around, perked up and rallied—injunction-inspired conjunction-inspired—and brightly adverse stood face-to-face with the Akhaioi; and the staunch Argeioi, the Men of Light, remained together, balled up, stuck tight, sparkle-thronged, and were not alarmed, struck by panic, driven to flight. As the wind bears airborne winnowed husky chaff in layers down, across and along the holy siloed threshing-floors of basket-dancers, grain-separators,—bright-chased stylized color-shifting kallitaxic limb-elastic clear precise percussive rhythms galore—when yellow-haired Demeter, Cereal Queen, season-fresh berry-fragrant citrine-misted fruit-crowned,—virgin of the veg-o-matic—among the pelling, swollen, swelling gusts of wind, sifts and isolates fan-plied air-tossed grain and shelly chaff, and heaps of husks and banks of bran grow white below, becoming subalbus cumuli; thus, then, the Akhaioi turned white, became blanketed, blanched and spattered,—particle-coated open targets—superfused by a cloud of dust from above, which through and around the throng of men the hooves of horses clipped and kicked up, struck and whipped up, drove in a wave to the—polukhalkous multiaeric—copper-teeming sky, with the warriors mixing it up again, battle-engaging—fixed bayonets, barrels and butts; and the rein-holding charioteers spun around in bright subversion—axle-creak wheel-spark rumble-pop! The flame-trailing might of their knuckle-bunched hands they bore straight ahead, and raging Ares, spring-loaded, gore-chewing god of war, wound up, lightly twirled a circumdating vulture-winglike veil, and magic-wanded, conjured night, dark-unfurling bright-proponing, boosting Trojans in the battle, pacing everywhere, omnidirectional combat-ranger, red-glowing god; and so he fulfilled the impelled commands of Phoibos Apollo Bright Destroyer,—khrusaoric, aurigladious—god of the golden sword,—silver hanger, argopendent—dangle-clang swish-dazzle!—blazing scabbard, jungle-jeweled, meteor-gemmed—who ordered him to—striking-excite—prick, wake up the quick volcanic spirit, vim atomic, fervent verve of the Trojans when he saw and beheld, noticed luminous Pallas Athene Missile Maiden, goddess agog on the go in a gleam had departed and split, suddenly disappeared, vanished like glitter, vamoosed like a tachyon, going and gone, for she upshifted, highgear-locked, was on the move like a brilliant streak, a booster and spark for the Danaoi, celestial-swift, a bright-proponing battle-ranger. Apollo himself impelled and sent Aineias Man of Fame from out of the twilit—extra-rich—oil-gleaming pool-reflecting torch-spacered column-shadowed limited-access secret inner sanctuary, adyton, and hurled, injected, burning might, combustive force, in the breast of the shepherd redeemed of the people. So eager Aineias Man of

Fame came and stood among, joined his clanlike comrades, and perked they rejoiced when they saw him approaching, preserved and alive, in one piece, and possessing valorous flaring and vehement prowess. They did not probe him at all to be sure—no data-quest or head-pump; for another clearly defined operation, task of war took precedence, did not allow or let them, which the solar god of the silver bow, — arrow-glow sulfur-fizz target-tonk! — was awakening, a nitid instigation, and Skull-Scarred Ares, god of combat, brotoloigious, wrecking ball of earthbound men, and Eris, Strife, rampant-raging, — pressing on implacably — can-opening cranked-up quarrels, crowbarring mobile soldiers, colliding bright-apparaled human bodies.

But the two Aiantians, Greater and Less, and Odusseus Hated Man and Diomedes Sky-Guarded stirred up, incited and spurred on the Danaoi, staunch, blanched, drenched in dust, to fight; and the soldiers themselves seeming stolid and steeled, did not shrink back, duck, recoil, being not fear-struck, frozen in fright—though anchored tight—by the gathered force and multiple might and stark impulsions, hard-punching drive of the Trojans, but they stood fast, stiff-remaining, immobile like clouds, which the son of Kronos, Space-Halo, sets in a pendent windless hush, a bright-expanding violet blush, unblown, soft-surgings, — unceremonious, tangible, stark — on sky-encased high-ranging peaks, — sum-murburn akroplic — orange-chipped cherry-chapped, crowning spikes, mountain tiptops, quakeless, while the burning force of Boreas, North Wind, mountain-sucked, and other blitzing airbursts sleep, snoozing super-assailants, — whiplash hueflow hushdark dream-glow — which unleashed, blow and scatter the shadowy clouds with whistling blasts, shrill-shot bright-toned powder-pushed puffs; thus did the Danaoi be, abide, undaunted, steadfast, solid-steeled against the Trojans, robust and posted, unperturbed, not buckled, aghast or unbold, and did not creep away, make a break, flee in fear. But the son of Atreus, battle-ranger, roamed and wandered through the throng, brilliant-jumbled, blowing out injunctions: 'Precious warriors, *most* of all be *men*, and clutch and temper, valorize your tough intrepid enemy-fending hearts, bold them up, and obey the code of combateers throughout the mighty battle. Of men who possess a sense of shame, more are saved than slain, but minus those whoever remain, endeavor to flee and make an escape, arises, balloons no battlefieldd glory, celebrated fame, or burgeons, illumines — spherechrome wakeflash — vigorous prowess'.

He lucent-spoke, and quickly hurled the color-circled silent wooden javelin, and hit the vanman leading a charge, a chieftain, a kinlike comrade, clan-close pal of soul-supreme Aineias Man of Fame, Deikoon Enemy-Spotter, son of princely Pergasos, whom the Trojans honored equally with the sons of Priam the king, for he was quick to fight, nimble-keen, striking among the foremost. Him on his shield, bullhide-bound, did Chief Agamemnon hit with his red-and-blue-and-green-ringed spiraling spear-beam; and this did not slow down or brake the compound swift unstoppable whispering spear, but the bronze, impaling, went right through, and, bright-perpelled, puncture-sleek, drove through the shining combat-belt, exoskeletal zone, zooming into his lower abdomen, continuous-piercing peritoneum, double-layered membrane housing flat and squamous, endothelial cells; and he fell down, — clangle,

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

whomp! — collapsed with a clomp, and his well-built armor rattled, enchimed, like a chain of stars upon him — radiant dots, prismatic jacks, crackling discs.

Then in turn Aineias Man of Glory knocked out, took down, two of the war-bold best, singular men of the Danaoi, two tough sons of Diokles, Krethon, courage-clewed, and Orsilokhos, supernal raider, Ambush-Rusher, whose unsuspecting father dwelled in well-peopled skyscrapered — wild-beast-inhabited — Phere, Monstertown, who was rich and bound by abundant substance, throngs of things, and his line, generation, water-born, emerged from the river Alpheios, which flows out-flared and wide through the land of the post-hole-digging Pulioi, the Gate People, and which bore Orsilokhos, Ambush-Rusher, careered to be king over many men; and Orsilokhos, Ambush-Rusher, raider-in-chief, bore super-souled Diokles, and from Diokles, high of heart, were born twin sons, Krethon and Orsilokhos, Ambush-Rusher, well-trained, adept in sundry battle tactics. So the two upon tall black ships as teens to well-folded foal-filled — benepullic eupolous — Ilios trailed as a team with the mountain-based, full-steam-ahead Argeioi, the Gleamers, to try to obtain, gain esteem and score amends for the sons of Atreus, Chief Agamemnon and wife-swiped Menelaos, tandem blood, but the terminal doom of death, abysmal-gloom-encaping, spread over both of them, creepily, phantomlike — scare-o-matic — on the spot. Like, 2 tawny lions, roaring to tear and digest, to be sure, on mountaintops, which are reared by their dam, in the thickets and wild and shadowed and trunked, coagulated twist and tangle, gorgeous gloaming, angled glades, of a deep wood, and both on the make, snatching cattle and vigorous, cute, bell-jingled, hoof-scraping sheep and goats, plunder the stables of men, — leap roar fang claw — lamb-scream sky-blur — till both, too, are cut down, killed by the tight-palmed dark-deckled ax-wielding hands of men with razored copper; suchly clobbered, broken and crushed by the hands of Aineias Man of Fame, both fell down like silver firs which loom below the stars and moon — dawn spikes, dusk sparks — shadow-beam crackle-boom!

But when they fell, war-precious, caring, aware Menelaos People-Resister, compassion exhibiting, pitied them, and stepped through the foremost fighters, charged-up champions, harnessed and helmed in eye-burning bronze, shaking his hush-headed spear; and Gore-Smeared Ares, god of war, revved up his fuelled and volatile might, outcomes invisible-formulating, wild-concocting subversive events, wily-working wicked affairs, scenarios darkly calculated, cooking things up so he might be subdued, crushed and conquered, marked out, whipped and tamed by the hands of Aineias Man of Fame. But Antilokhos, Ambush-Facer, son of majestic-souled Nestor, saw him, and he, advancing, stepped through, pergraded the frontline; for he was encompassed, ringed with fear, — macrophagic — ghastr-engulfed, circumturbid, — ultraphobe — for the shepherd superb of the people, lest he take, receive a blow, wallop-packed, and trip them up, royal-hit, thwarting their toil and making them reel — disoriented dizzy unspooled — with swerving and dinical energy. Now both were upholding their hands extending, keen and compound spears proponing, against each other, combat-yearning, headbust-burning, bold-bewrayed, — a bright and jagged exhibition —

bone-breakers body-bashers—and Antilokhos, Ambush-Facer, stood quite near, strangle-close, by the shepherd of the people. But Aineias Man of Fame did not dig in, abide, stick around, though a quick and nimble combateer, when he saw the two men remaining beside each other, steel-toed boots cleating earth; and when they had dragged the corpses back to the camp of the Akhaioi, they released, let go of the luckless two in the arms of their kinlike comrades, and they, themselves, turned around and continued to fight among, mix with the foremost.

Then the two took down Pulaimenes, Ares-equal, body-mower, leader of the great-souled Paphlagonian shieldmen, the storm-roaring clang-masters, bluster kings, Bubble-Blasters—sky-scream sea-boom wind-whistle wave-wrestle dragon-fire snap-simmer pop-sizzle! Then, him, did the son of Atreus, spear-famed Menelaos, prick with his 2-part pike as he stood still, hitting his mark, poking through collar-bone, neck-and-breast-locked, fast with a pole-thrust, quick in a burst of bright debris; and Antilokhos, Ambush-Facer, hurled with a whirl at Mudon the mighty, his rein-holding batman, supreme charioteer, the good gallant son of Atumnios, who tried to switchback, turn around, reverse his single-hoofed impulsive horses in abrupt and brilliant quick subversion,—vivid scarves of Brownian motion—polychromatic atomic swerve—and he hit him with a boulder at the middle of his elbow, bull's-eye with a big stone at the bend; and then from his hands the slipping reins, coruscating, adorned with discs of creamy ivory, dropped to the ground in mounds of dust. And subito brave Antilokhos, Ambush-Facer, rushed at him and gashed with his sword, caved in, struck his temple, cheek and ear ablush and bubbling blood, and gasping, gurgling, panking pink, blowing rubies, dark-succumbing, he collapsed, fell out of, tumbled from the foreign-made fine-engineered well-balanced 2-man war-car headfirst in the dust, cracking his forehead—brain-slam, sincipital split, scarlet skull—and bashing his shoulders—clavicle-clatter, humeral tangle, scapular smash! He stood there, sky-down, quite a while, for he lit upon,—plangent-toppling—landed in deep sand, a sun-tight moon-loose blow-dried quick dune,—star-crumble sea-rattle!—until his pair of horses, stuck,—car rocks, wheel sticks, time ticks, space tocks—struck and kicked and cast and tossed him on the ground in mounds of dust; those, Antilokhos Ambush-Facer, lashed,—booty-snatch thong-bright jerk-spark whip-snap—and drove into the middle of the body of the Akhaioi.

But the foe did Hektor well observe through the ranks, and he marked them down on the go, and—shadow-shifting troop-ripples—springing out with a leap and a lunge he shocked and assaulted, rushed upon them wild-screaming, eardrum piercing; and clinging together, violet-filed, the battle-parties, varicolored ranks of the Trojans trailed as a team, bright-engaged, stark and mighty; and Eye-Gouging Ares, god of war, and Nose-Breaking butch Enoo of the skull-stitched eyepatch, hatchet-swinger, combat queen, conducted, led them, she yanking and hand-holding Kudoimos, antitragus-blasting Uproar, fusing shameless shocking chirm and shattered tones and infra-red and supra-blue of flaming war,—yellow banging fireballs!—while Body-Dropping Ares wielded, plied a prodigious compound pike in his palmed unpretty hands, and roamed and wandered,—black and luminous bob and

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

weave—at times in front, at times in back of Hektor Clutcher—rasping planet, wild ranger!

So at sight of him, Diomedes Sky-Guarded, hard-charger, enemy-changer, battle-scream-supreme, bone-cold fear-shot, shuddered; as when a man unaided, at a loss, going across a sky-wide sun-skipping plain, stunned, stops and stands at the brink of a rapid-flowing drinking river gurgle-surgling seaward,—rainbow-gash boom-tumble gush-bubbles!—beholding it burble and roar with foam,—spume-pop prism-rumble atom-snap!—runs back,—counter-orbit retro-nimble—so then did the son of Tudeus recoil,—god-shock shrink-back!—and he spoke to the troops: 'Precious friends, how indeed we marveled and wondered at sky-glowing Hektor, welkin-cut, for being a spearman supreme and a bold and fearless warrior; and ever by his side is one of the gods, to be sure, who wards off ruin, stiff-arms havoc. Even now Ares, black-face-guarded, Body-Tripper, is right beside him, shamming human shape. Now you, outfaced, turned to the Trojans, eyes straight, enemy-nailed, dream-like drop back, slow-recede in circumspect succession, and retrograding, ultra-alert, bend not your desire, drive, to toy or play with celestial fire—don't submit to raw emotion, regiment your rage!—or duke it out, tussle with the bulky muscled no-neck might of the gods.'

Thus he spoke, and the Trojans came quite close to them, shield-hole sunbeams slitting mud-seams. Then Hektor, Clutcher, cut down two men adept at, trained in trench tactics, well-versed in, knowing battle bliss, combat kicks, both in a single metal-riddled 2-man war-car, fighter and driver, Menesthes, Abider, and coastal Angkhialos, Sea-Choker. And as they fell, great and mighty Telamonian Ajax took heart and compassion-touched, pitied them both, and going their way he stood close-by, throttle-tight, and heavy-hurled his lulled and shining wooden spear, and struck Amphios, son of Selagos,—wobble and crash—who dwelled in Paisos, prosperous-bent, a knick-knacker, grain-gainer—thing-bustling field-bristling kine-inclined; but spinning dispensing unturnable fate led him in order to aid and team up with august and majestic Priam the king and his sons. *Him* did Telamonian Ajax hit with a downcast dart in bright dejection—whiz whirl!—and pierced his combat-belt, and in his lower abdomen, peritoneum penetrating,—wimble-thonk!—the long-shadowed low-lunging lance lodged,—bowel-bowl shaft-shimmy!—gut-stuck, and down he fell with a bong and a clunk—pop-rattle sizzle-bounce; and shining Ajax, power-sprinting, dashed and rushed upon him to try, attempt to strip off spoils, disengage his brilliant armor, sound-constructed body-cargo; componential gleaming gear; and so the Trojans poured upon him frequent reams of beamy spears,—showered warp-bright pickup-sticks—keen and totally twinkling,—pamphanoic omniluminous—cloud-chamber-particle-traced—rocket-blooming fireworks—swizzle-bubble flicker-clash boom-dazzle fizz-clang—colors in collision—and his concave wicker-packed—bullhide-loaded—metal-plated sky-pooling shield shook, shocked, shunting shafts, blocking clubs, pole-absorbing, circumsuming, clobbered, turbed, took many hits. Now body stepping, foot implanting, firmly from the corpse the spear he did succeed in pulling out, extracting quiet copper, yet was still not able to snatch, take away the rest of the beautiful well-built armor from his double shoulders, for he, engaged, firestorm-swarmed, was

missile-pressed, beam-tamped. And he was scared of the stubborn ambitious unbustable force-field, power-ring, of the mighty majestic protective tremendous Trojans, who, many, efficient and brave, set upon, whelmed him instantly, possessing spears, launch-mode-poised, and even though Ajax was massive and muscled and eminent, they thrust him from them, bright-repelling—color-clang glitter-clatter shield-quake retro-mobile shrink-back orbit-tremble!

Thus they toiled, bludgeoned, trudged and bandaged, drudged through—echo-bang!—the spiky battered battle-tunnel, worked down through robust and rough, atrocious combat, stepping over body-parts, dark-slogging, bright-slugging—squish and slide; but Tlepolemos War-Sustainer, son of Herakles, Hydra-Decapitator, brave and big, spinning dispensing unturnable time-driven space-riding diamond-hard destiny stirred and installed against godlike Sarpedon, Snatcher. And when, indeed, they came close-up and each to each confronted, face-shields oxidized, blue-green-bumped, plume-tubes blooming, iridescing, son and grandson, geminal germ, double bud, of—nephelegeretic nubiconjective—cloud-crowding Zeus,—crystal-clash nimbo-boom!—*then* Tlepolemos, War-Sustainer, Battle-Stand, was first to speak a word, blow syllables, utter content to his rival, arch-opponent: ‘Sarpedon, sissy, the man with a plan, counselor, minister bright of the Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf People, what utter-compels, forces and binds you to crouch and quail, choke and blench, cringe here, a man untrained, drill-lacking, unskilled to fight? They lie who purport, say you’re weather-spored, sky-spawned, the high son of Zeus of the snake-head goat-shield, since you, eclipsed, fall short, lack luster, fizzle, fade, dissolve, impaled and pale beside the beautiful turbulent bunch-puffy rocket fumes—color-packed thrust—of those marvelous men, amazing-bent, who were Zeus-produced in the time of the first opposable thumbs, upright-walkers, man-faced wonder-bound creatures. Of another cut, tougher line,—superior genes, higher caliber—strong and mighty, they say Herakles the bold, my father, was, intrepid-abiding, lionhearted, tigersouled—storm-blast jungle-quake—sucking quicksand!—swamp-shimmer bongo-bounce!—who coming here one time before on account of the miracle mares of Laomedon, People-Guardian, slender-fleeted, barely outfitted, grouped with 6 lone ships and far fewer men deleted and drained, utterly emptied the city of Ilios, making naked, desolate, bare, the car-driven streets—vrroom-vrroom body-vacuum—orphan-vanish widow-echo; but *you* have a vile, timid heart, and your people are utterly perishing—pine-pain dwindle-gloom. I think that you, coming from Lukia, Glowing Wolftown, will not at all, be a defense, dart-thwart, beam-blocker, weapon-repulse for the Trojans, although you are tough, considerably strong and powerful, but crushed and conquered, trounced by me you will pass through the double, rust-riddled gates of the abyss of Ais, the sub-surface gloom-room, Invisible Sphere’—the ultra-trip to the infra-pit.

To him in turn Sarpedon, Snatcher, leader and chief of the Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf People, spoke face-to-face: ‘Tlepolemos, War-Sustainer, indeed Herakles, Hydra-Decapitator, utterly demolished holy Ilios, cause-and-effected before by the folly and blindness,—nonconsider-

ation—sense-void of the glorious man, Laomedon, People-Guardian, who, objugating, chewed him out with a scratchy word, syllable-drubbed, let loose on him who did a good job, and yet refused to fork out funds, did not pay up,—round up, hand over—proper-deliver the mares, for the sake of which he had ventured and come from far away. But here for you I deem that doom, painted slaughter, swooning disaster—red gore, black bane, moonblush gloomglow—will be wrought, performed by me, and tamed and whelmed,—underturned—snuffed, subdued by my color-spun beam, spear-suppressed, acclaim to *me* you will render and give,—swash-bang, blow-sparks!—and your icebound fire-wound crystal-pop soul to—claripullous klutopolic—Ais the Invisible, god of the glorious foals.'

Thus spoke Sarpedon, Snatcher, and Tlepolemos, War-Sustainer, held up his slender snapback hush-headed ashen spear, and the long wooden javelins, time-joined beams, locked in launch mode, shot from the hands of the two men; Sarpedon first struck Tlepolemos bang in the middle of the neck, and the painful point went right through the throat,—cervical snap, jugular gulp, bone-pop gurgle-jerk—and dark and gloom-down, hovering night, soon enwrapped, covered his eyes, vermilion-veiled in loose obtection. Tlepolemos simultaneously had hit Sarpedon hard in the left thigh with his—thonk-splinter femur-crunkle—long-shafted short-headed pike, and the quiet point propelling shot through, air-burned, trembling, target-panting, shaking, packed with bloodlust and desire,—flame-quiver pank-fire gusto-quake shimmy-pep—and close-approaching, beam brushed bone, slight-grazed the surface, swift-swept, soft-skimmed, tangent-turbed, but his father Blue-Domed Zeus blocked havoc, warding off bane and harm, for now, sufficient-repelled, firm-fended from him.

Then his wonderful kinlike comrades carried godlike Sarpedon, Snatcher, sea-radiant, sky-mirror, from out of the battle, and the long beam, leg-dragging, weighed him down,—retarded friction, heavy traction, bumbling pace—but no one absorbed in the quick chaos, slow-sucked, grabbed by the plangent vacuum, metal vortex, spectral glowing cone chromatic, liquid palette, shining gas, contorted mess of ambling trouble,—spurious path, false trail—made a point, their minds uncrossed, to pull out the ashen, bobbling spear from his thigh, so he, perhaps, could hobble or limp, try or attempt to stand up and walk; for such an awkward, sticky task the men did have as satellites, encompassing, attending him.

And at the same time, on the other side, the spear-catching shield-tapping shin-guarded rock-and-shockproof Akhaioi bore Tlepolemos, War-Sustainer, away from and out of the battle, and sky-beaming Odusseus Abominated marked the move, soul-bold blood-belled, and his precious heart, passion-packed, quiver-ripped, tight-bounced, ricocheted and flickered with desire, and so he was stuck, toggled and turbid, frustratingly anxious, troubled and torn in heart and mind; and then he, cherry-picking, wondered, whiz-pondered, whether to chase, hound and pursue the son of the lord of the weather, Boom-Clasher Rumble-Popper, lightning-lobbing thunder-pounding Zeus or rather, soul-adeeming, take away the atom-bustling lives of many more Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf People. But for big-souled Odusseus Abominated, large-

living battlefield calculator, it was not ordained, fore-doomed, determined to kill, delete, take out or knock off the no-neck son of Sky-Pop Zeus with razored copper; therefore crystal-gowned Athene turned his purple-storming mind in bright diversion down throughout the teeming pack of Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf People. Then he took down Koiranos, Man Supreme, and Alastor, Inescapable, and Khromios, Crash, and Alkandros, Man-Warder, push-off king, and Halios, Sea-Enamoured, and line-of-sight Noemon, Eye-Catcher, enemy-scope, and Prutanis, Black Cat Chief. And now still more of the Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf People, packs and scads would radiant—king-on-the-loose—Odusseus Hated Man have killed, if—koruthaiolous cassidifulgent—keen-eyed majestic Hektor superb of the hue-changing ray-pinging sea-misted moon-immersed sun-stunned metallic star-scanned helmet had not quickly marked and sharply tabbed his men, dominoed, drubbed and downed; he stepped through the wolf-pack, frontline-fighters, fulgent fierce prebellous champions, helmed and geared in eye-blazing bronze, bringing fear to the feared Danaoi. And at his approach, immediately, glad became Sarpedon, solid soldier, son of Zeus, but he wailed and groaned, moan-intoned, spoke a word of lamentation: ‘Son of Priam, don’t abandon, leave me here or let me be supine plunder, prone spoil, sprawled-out vulnerable future booty, taken by the scavengerlike Danaoi, but help and defend me; and *later* let life leave me, let my space of time forsake me in your famous city, for as it turns out, it’s not in the cards for me, to be sure, to return home to my precious birthland and—hey—make gay,—the man from glad!—and fill with cheer my loving wife and not-yet-speaking son.’

Thus he spoke, lambent-timbred, yet to him, not at all, did Hektor super of the hue-changing ray-pinging metal-bright helmet counter-speak, but darted by,—who was that masked man?—whoosh sizzle—come and gone—so that super-quick, velocity-locked, in a whisk and a rush, soul-striving, highballing,—smoking beach, burning shingle—he might shove, ram and push back, bright-repel the Argeioi, retro-thrust the Beamers,—streak-rattle whiz-glitter—and soul-adeeming, take away the atom-tapping lives of many. Then his skylit kinlike comrades made amazing godlike Sarpedon, Snatcher, sky-mirror, sit down under a beauty-enstreamed acorn-edible oak of Zeus of the snake-head goat-shield; and subsequently muscle-necked Pelagon, Sea-Serene, who, as always, was his precious kinlike comrade, shoved the slender painted snapback ashen beam, robust and rubied, thick-sunk, from out of his thigh through swinging door-like skin-flaps. And him his icebound fire-blown soul abandoned, and a mist was shed, a caliginous issue, spread down over, webbing his eyes—lash-tinkle gush-sparkle. In turn he perked up, retro-swooned, and the blast of mountain-born Boreas, North Wind, buoyed him, coolo-infused, in circumanimation,—turbo-pump dyna-flow thrill-swirl kick-start!—inspiring epipneumatic—a booster shot, a blaster-jolt, breathing upon him, after he, gasping, bane-fully gulping, huffing and puffing, ghastly exhaled, expelling his spirit.

But the Argeioi, the Luminous People, pushed back, punched up, pounded down by jackbooted Ares Body-Twister, Head-Snapper, and, in addition,—khalkokorustic aeriornate—bronze-accoustered Hektor, Clutcher, neither skirred, turning tail, to the black ships, in plangent blurred

preversion, nor did they ram, battle-face, butt heads,—interact—clang copper, spear-tangle, fire-dance, fight—antipherous polar contraportal—contend with the Trojans, but, by degrees receded, bowed out, backed up, baby-stepped when they ear-learned swerving Ares, swinging metal, trench-pervading, furtive-afield, repulsive-masked, infiltrating, moved among the Trojans.

Now who was first and who was last to be deprived of shield and soul by Hektor, Clutcher, son of Priam,—degenerated, orbatized, gone—and bronze-clad-clanking army-clubbing tanklike Ares Body-Treader? God-like Teuthras, celestial-parallel, sky-glassed, and subsequently, mustang-striking Orestes, Mountain Man, and Trekhos, Roughy, the tough aggressive plucky Aitolian spearman, and dauntless Oinomaos, gallant and brave, and the dear son of Oinops, Red Eyes, Helenos, Enemy-Catcher and—baltecoriscous aiolomitric—Oresbios, radiant-zoned, of the metal-plated tint-mutating beam-bouncing bullet-repelling color-beaded 7-holed belt,—congo-shimmer mountain-mambo rainbow-bongo limbo-pop!—who, soaked in coin, supremely enthralled by brimming wealth, used to dwell in, formerly inhabited Hule, Treetown, sloping, embanked on, enshored by the eel-laden bioluminous umbrous cool Kephisian Lagoon—swang-bubble swamp-gurgle moon-pool dragon-gloom; and nearby him, propinquitous, other Boiotoi, the Cattle People, dwelled, possessing rich and plump, earth-sparkling, mineral-loaded land.

But indeed when the goddess,—leukolenous comely candidulnaed—Here supreme of the cell-white radius, marked and noted Hektor's soldiers blotting out, killing, wholesale destroying Argeioi, the Radiant People, racked up, right on the spot of jagged obdurate combat, subito speaking to Supple-Gowned shining Athene she vented, unloading, addressing winged words, syllable-bubbles: 'Oh my stars, poopless child of Zeus of the snake-head goat-shield, Atrutone, Unrubdownable, truly it was—and no doubt is—an idle deed to underbolt a mouthmade word, fruitless, abortive, pointless to promise Menelaos Brigade-Abider that he would be able to head home, depart, leave after wiping out, leveling well-walled Ilios, if we let lethal, toxic, destructive, sanguineous Ares, Skull-Squeezer, rage uncaged, thus. Snap to! Let's go! Be alert, and both of us, bright-enteamed, concentrate—power up—on bounding blocking boldness and immerse, infocus, verse yourself in leaping warding prowess.'

Thus she spoke, splendid-timbred, and the goddess, Athene, ingleamed, of the blue-green iris,—burning aqua, crystal twilight—soon did not disobey. Sky Queen then, bright-inspecting tight-engaged, prepared, hitched up, groomed, adorned the cloud-clinking steeds, decking them out with sparkles and colors and pom-pom and bells, in headgear of gold and streamers of silver, Here, the age-bright goddess august, senectic daughter of great majestic sovereign Kronos. And vibrant Hebe, Fire Girl, zing-shot cheer-charged glow-limbed cherry-cheeked, quickly adhering, cast on both wheels, bolted and bound them on both sides secured and enstarred to the car, sparkle-spinning copper-curved 8-spoked dexterous-crowned double-capping the iron axle, embracing the glowing pole. The golden felloes, outer wheel-rims,—dazzle-flash—indeed are rustproof, indeclinable, reinforced, zircon-flecked,

antimagnetic, Vulcan-valid, eternally—slick, revolving flamelike—in-destructible, built for bumps, and over the gold, copper hoops are ginger-engaged and sufficient-adjusted, a marvel to mire, behold; and the nitid naves, the wheel-centers, gleaming nodes, are made of silver, shimmer-brimming beaming hubs, turning tones on either side in—circumcurrent peridromic—bright rotation, tandem lit-up tilt-a-whirls in outer space; and the fine-set sideboards, well-engineered, of the constellated—zodiac-winking—light-weight 2-man war-car strapped with gold and silver thongs, a glinting network, lush-speckled precious-metalled, empyreal-TLCed, are tight-stretched, high-tension,—photoballistic battle-ball—ejecting tiny bursts of light, and a streamlined double guard-rail radiant runs around, bends, encurves the truculent canted front rim, body-painted terminal-looped. From the frame a silver pole projected, permanent-linked, and on the tip she bound a beautiful golden yoke, a radical-reinforced double-looped crossbar, and lovingly slung on neck-connectors, stunning golden collars; and beneath the yoke, Sky Queen Here drove the hot-hoofed horses, bent on, burning for cochineal strife and ocherous strafe, the deadly stuff of battle-screams and toxic chaff of combat-keens—storm-veil blow-metal glow-wire thunder-pop!

But brainy Athene Spear-Ensparkler, daughter of Zeus of the snake-head goat-shield, coolly removed in quiet cascades her supple poplin shimmering mantle, slipping in folds on her father's floor, threshold-down, in slow defusion,—muscle-slide limb-tumble!—many-colored polka-dotted bright-embroidered, glamor-packed, which she, herself, had made, interlooping warp and woof, shuttle shifting, pedal pumping, and had loomed out with her hands; and subsequent-donning the thunderbolt tunic of Sky-Flashing Zeus, cloud-compeller, she harnessed herself with spangling chromatic well-built armor, bright-arrayed, tackled and clad in a 2-piece breastplate, pumped robust for tear-bursting war. And she, enshawling,—wrapping in wonder—threw around, mantled her shoulders in comely, entumbling candescent, commanding and kempt circumdation the—amphiballistic ambijective—tassel-tossing storm-screaming curve-puffy wind-battered goat-cape, scary and terrible, ultra-macabre, around which Phobos, uncontrolled Panic, is cast in a ring, circumloomed, and thereon set is Eris, Strife, and Alke, Repulsion, and icy Ioke, Pursuit, and the grim and gruesome gorgon head of the hideous monster, creepy Medusa, stone-turning cobra-coifed, terrible horrible rank and icky,—shocking to see!—an utter freak, revolting mutant, marvel, wonder, boding badge, of Zeus of the snake-head goat-shield. Upon, topping off, her honey-haired head, she delicate-set the jaguar helmet, Vulcan-made, with radiant-welded, blade-clanging plume-sockets, double-crested, 4-disc-adorned,—chin-strap-snap-decked, opal-flecked, silver-tipped—gold-shot, fire-fastened, furnished and fringed with land-warriors, born of a hundred cities. She stepped with grace into the car, stable-framed mica-mixed candy-flamed, and grabbed her compound spear, heavy huge tight-tamped, with which she conquers, tames and crushes mobilized ranks of men, hard-core combatants with whom she is rancorous, brilliant Athene, braidbeaded beautiful—pumpswirl fizzpop curveblast Watusibop shimmy-jerk color-twirl go-go-goddess—Athene, daughter of a tough and mighty father. Then, subito, Sky Queen Here picked up, quickly clutched the twinkling whip, keenly wielded, touched and thonged the

hop-along mustangs—swivel-lash gem-whistle sparks of cobalt!—liminal light-surge, metal-singe, clank of hinge—and the—automatic ip-semobile—self-moving double-swing musical gates of planet-spinning quasar-colored Atlas-bracing star-nailed sky spontaneously creaked and roared, which the Horai, local Time-Queens, clean-maintained, to whom the big sky, the moon and the stars, the voluminous universe,—miatropé panel—and Oulumpos, gleaming galactic gazebo, were—committed epitrepic—charged as imperial portal-operators, both to push back and open, swinging ajar, the fist-like thick clenched cloud, and pull shut, bolt and solid-seal it. There through bright double gates they drove the goddess-goaded steeds, governed supernal, propelled orchestral; and, emanating majesty, they found the son of paramount Kronos, Circle-Maker, sitting apart from the other gods high up on the tiptop peak of—poludeiradic multicervical—many-chined Oulumpos, star-chained moon-chimed. Then the goddess supreme of the white radius, Cloud Queen Here, stopped the horses, and sky-lord Zeus, son of Kronos, Circle-Maker, she questioned, probed and addressed: ‘Father Zeus, aren’t you duly sore at Ares Body-Dispenser regarding these stark and brutal deeds, that he gored and hacked—maced and axed—a vast and competent host, a brilliant cast of Akhaioi, a quantum of the corps, distilled, wiped-out, helter-skelter, random-blotted ruby-dotted, causing sorrow, converging with pain, in my heart; but undisturbed, calm and tranquil, Kupris, Bubbles, wonder-teeming charm-built love queen, along with silver-bowed golden-beamed Apollo, quarrel-clanging, quivered up keen with cosmic rays, are diving in luscious delight, having, unqualmed, let out, released this mindless beast who knows not, being barbarous-bent, any custom-established law? Father Zeus, will you at all be mad at me if Body-Monger bad-ass Ares, I, with bias, harm and tang, strike and batter, battle-banish, chase and hound from red-rinked war?’

Then trading words, to her responded blackcloud-glomerous spin-storm-luminous Zeus: ‘Do it indeed! Stir up Athene, booty-driver, shine-extractor, plunder-queen, who is quite accustomed to bringing him into the ring of pain, bleak and brutal.’

Thus he spoke, and Sky Queen Here disobeyed not, the imperial goddess, limb-superb, of the moonwhite radius, and promptly—shwap!—she whipped the horses,—sparks of cobalt, S-lash fade-hiss, sonic debris!—and the pair, prepared to glide and sail, not averse took off, and—growl and rumble, poof and tumble—flew in a rush and a thundering blush, clicked in a clattering lightning dash, clanged in a colorful barreling gush, a beautiful gash in the violet hush, in the undermoon space and oversea peace, tonical traces between the parabolas, glittering glow-fast shapely slopes, of rainbowed earth and star-belled sky. As far as a man can see with his eyes, the dim and distant colorforms,—blow-mist haze-melt—sitting alone on a mountain lookout, gazing upon, dreamily scanning the wine-toned ruby-faced—sword-dancing shield-singing—shaken-crystal sea-surface, just as far do the high-headed hoof-clicking whinny-happy horses with maneflow aflash of the gods in space and out of time hurdle red asteroids, leap out orange comets, vault over satellites, yellow debris, spring at a bound. But when indeed they came to Troy and the double gushing drinking rivers, waters bright, where the

crystal-colored smooth Simoeis and Skamandros crest coil crease curl
heave inhere heddle hurl tort tiddle twinkle twirl with a tandem fling
their stone-singing sweet-flowing coruscating supple streams in bright
cojection, — aqua- tumble prism-pop! — there the goddess-in-charge
of the white radius, Sky Queen Here, stopped her horses, brought to
a halt, their gear disengaged from the landed car, cooling, stable and
effulgent, touched by the beach, and around them poured an impervi-
ous mist — ink-blown black noise, low-pooled blank space, fuse-sparkle
ring-tinkle; and Simoeis made sky-food, space-fare, — eternal-celled
celestial provender — anatellic chow exorient — bright-distributed crisp
exuberant, burgeon, lush out, germinate, pop up — push-up tuck for
them to graze on. Then both goddesses stepped with a gait like skittish
flickering ash-colored rock-pigeons, burning to aid the Argive warriors,
eager to ward off the enemy, to block doom, repel disaster. But when
indeed they came where the most and the best, the brave ones stood,
huddled around the mighty mare-taming Diomedes Sky-Guarded,
close-packed, appearing tough like sandy whiptailed — omophagous —
flesh-eating lions or — crudimandous — raw-chewing big-headed wild
boars, whose short-legged strength is not tapped, power-drained,
there, ejecting diatribes, blowing out scoldings, issuing opprobrium,
fire-spitting scorn, the goddess aglow of the white radius, Sky Queen
Here, stood and shouted, conical-screamed, masked in the guise of
great-hearted Stentor, copper-voiced, — metal-tones tunnel-moans — who
can speak or shout as loud as fifty other men: ‘What a disgrace, — out-
rage-stitched — Argeioi, Gleamers, embarrassing base vile shame-balls,
marvel-shaped, splendor-cast. While luminous car-quick Akhilleus Man
of Pain would sweep across, chew up, range the field of battle, never
would the Trojans dare to go before, come close or pass the double-
panelled amberine beambashed burnished Dardanian gates, for they
feared, fanned out, fled his heavy mighty tight-inspiraled sulfur-trailing
compound spear; but now beyond and far from the city, verging upon
the tubular tree-blown bright-shelled ships, they are locked, unpicked
and packed in combat.’

Speaking thus she vastly stirred the combustive might and concurrently
spurred the cyclonic soul of each man. And up with a bound at the son
of Tudeus, the owl-glaring goddess, air-ensparkling, rushed, Athene
aflash of the blue-green eyes; and she found that king, to be sure, by
the horses and bright-pounded car, containing and cooling the crooked
vivid ruby-ribboned wound that Pandaros made when his arrow hit
him — jerk and burn. For scalding sweat, clawing, crawling, rubbed him
raw beneath the wide-cut leather strap of the bright exquisite singular
disc of his metal-plated tassel-tossing bullhide hand-grip shield; by this
he was rubbed and raded sore, and he wore out, tribed his overtaxed
arm to the bone, and tough-lifting up, barely raising — hard to hoist —
the broad bracing flat frayed strap, he wiped away the black-clouded
blood. The goddess, engrasping, clung to the yoke of his mane-flinging
horses, the double-looped cross-bar, and razor-spoke, radiant-toned:

‘Truly Tudeus produced a son, sired a scion, little like himself.

Tudeus of the musical shield indeed was small in bone-frame, low-built,
not big, *but* a fighter; even when I would, then, not allow, at all events,
or let him battle or brush or wildly rush, dart deranged, crazy-invade

and high-dive, plunge impelled headfirst into the harsh ebullient clash and pummeling flash of a blinding brawl or coarse encounter, grinding fray, when he came sans savage Akhaioi employed as an envoy, merry messenger, special agent sent to the land of Thebai, among the many Kadmeioi, the Dragon-Molar Men—I ordered him nicely to feast and relax in the many-room palace, to dine in a guestlike unceremonious dilatory fashion, unracked, degage; but possessing a storm-crammed turbulent spirit, strong and robust, circumturbid heart, as clearly displayed, exhibited, shown in previous cases, on former occasions, at junctures germane, he promptly provoked and intrepidly challenged the hair-clipped teens of the Kadmeioi, the Dragon-Molar Men, and comers all, he conquered unequivocally—hands-down take-down; such an aid was I to him—windchime wave-dash skyblast seaclash! But by you indeed I stand and guard and arch-defend, and van-minded, zealously, I urge and exhort, prompt and impel, nudge you to fight against, take on the Trojans—blade-spangle shield-wobble; but either brutal—multi-impetuous poluaikic—many-bulleted enemy-charging weapon-engaging much-rushing toil-tapped battle fatigue has entered your limbs, languor-loaded, go-go-gone, or now perhaps pale gutless frozen yellow fear possesses, overwhelms and squeezing, governs you. Then, you, to be sure, in that case, are not the offspring, twig of Tudeus, the battle-minded wildfired dauntless son of Oineus, King of Kaludon.’

So to her, exchanging words, robust and mighty Diomedes Sky-Protected spoke: ‘I know you, goddess, daughter of Zeus of the snake-head goat-shield; Therefore, to you, zeal-infused, looking ahead, van-minded, I shall utter words directly, straight, and not disguise or mantle, hide, enmask them. Not at all does gutless fear encompass, cling to, govern me, nor any idle hesitation, but remaining mindful still am I aware of your injunctions, commands to me which you committed. Not me did you allow, dare let, permit but did forbid to bust out, battle or box with the other sublime blessed gods, to fight against them face-to-face; but if the hairblown daughter of Zeus, sea-surgent shell-plangent goddess of love, Aphrodite wave-waxed, Foam-Built, should go into combat, you assented I could strike and wound her, to be sure, with pointed copper. Now due to *this*, being admonished, I myself am pulling back, reluctant-withdrawing, and all the other also-advancing Argeioi, the Men of Light, I ordered, bid to muster, gather, fast-conglobe and huddle here, for I discern and recognize, spotting Body-Monger Ares cold-commanding, savage-ranging, —flesh-rolling bone-coining—up and down the battle-field’—ruby-blasted blue-swelling green-marging yellow-marbled power-bubble mud-pop!

And then to him, word-exchanging, owl-glaring brainy Athene, the goddess agleam of the blue-green eyes, responded: ‘Son of Tudeus, Diomedes, joy and delight to my heart, swirl-kicking ichor-cascading, don’t be afraid of baney Ares Body-Trader, at least, on account of *that*, or any other in-your-way immortal; such am I an aid to you—windchime wavedash skyblast seaclash! Now *step* on it! Go go go! At Body-Trader Ares, head-down, drive the galloping single-hoofed horses, and strike at close range, land a hit, and do not dread, wince or shrink from bolting foul revolting salient silent-springing queasy-waking mucked subitaneous, blitz-assaulting Ares, always seeking, looking for trouble, the

god in black, that patent rager, born to be bad, ill-made bane, double-swinging shifty fickle—dextrolaevopericlinical—nototropic renegade, who recently, speaking to me and Here Sky Queen, did reveal, indicate, promise, affirm he would fight, take on the Trojans and aid the Argeioi, the Men of Light; yet now he consorts, troops with the Trojans and chevron-oblivious, offhand-eliding black-outblinking, deletes, blanks out the Greeks, has atrociously failed and forgotten the forces refulgent.’

So speaking, timbre-bright, Sthenelos, Mighty Man, she yanked and drew back with her hand,—empyrean manual retrotraction—and from the rear of the 2-horse car, open-back, she thrust him to the ground,—jangle- drangle flash-apparel harsh abtrusion!—and subito, snappily, down away he bound; and gracefully she stepped into the 2-man war-car next to luminous Diomedes Sky-Protected, fired up, bright gown swept back,—color-beaded waterfall-braids, honey-swirling, slowly swinging—socket-sculpted sky-curved lids framing fractal, geometric, content-containing formal eyes, prismatic blossoming gorgeous storms—goddess-a-go-go; and strident-creaked the under-twirling oaken axle by its weight,—boom-rattle fire-blow ocher-blast turbo-pop!—for now it bore a scary wondrous mighty goddess, along with an excellent warrior. And Pallas Athene Missile Maiden took the whip up, lash ingrasping, and the reins; Subito, straight at crud-reeking Ares Body-Monger, fire-charged, she drove the keyed-up ornament-tinkling patchwork-quilted color-belled horses, single-hoofed ungulates, polka-dot-painted, glow-in-the-dark. Indeed the trappings he was stripping, spoils peeling, off of prodigious Periphas, Mirror Ball, super-abider, the best by far of the Aitolians, splendid son of Okhesios Super-Sustainer. Him was blood-stained gore-dyed Ares taking apart, plunder-sundering—organ-eater trench-invader bone-cracker combat-molester battle-brat; but keen Athene, rad-done-up in a diamond dress, donned the canine cap of Ais, Captain Invisible, panel-controller, chief of the underworld, sunless dungeon, lest her behold robust and mighty Ares agloom of the raddled dented red demented eyes.

But when Ares, in his element, ultimate human-havoc-maker, timebound-being-docker, battlefield body-scrambler, saw candescent Diomedes Sky-Protected, then indeed prodigious Periphas, Mirror Ball, he let alone lie—right there—on the spot, unperked warped gnarled inert forsaken, just where at first he had killed, dispatched him, having snatched, epprehending, taking out, cogent-ushered, shrill-adimed, sheer-undomed, his hasty-tracing shaded shattered storm-illuminous soul, and stepped ahead, straight toward Diomedes Sky-Guarded, horse-tamer. Indeed when they were face-to-face, approaching each to each, war god Ares, Bone-Knocker, arcing over the double-looped yoke and the reins of the mares, he slung ahead with his compound copper spear,—air-stretch shadow-lunge taffy-metal—whiz-warp—colored-streamer spinout!—burning to grasp and take away his atom-bumping soul; but owlglaring stealthy Athene, the goddess sublime of the blue-green eyes, to be sure, caught the spear, took it in her hand and thrust, reflected, drove and shoved it out of line of the 2-man war-car to continue unprolific, dart-inthwarted, warp-propelled. Next in turn, Diomedes Sky-Guarded, battle-scream-supreme, all wound up, pushed on, lunged out, rushed in with his compound copper spear, and Pallas Athene Mis-

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

sile Maiden drove and jammed it home, in his pierced and parabolic lower flank, where he was girded, strapped with an underbelt. There then—bull's-eye!—he succeeded, hit and hurt him bad, and gnawing through the body-surface, tender skin-top, the point devoured his glorious flesh, beam-consumed, and out he drew the spear in turn. Then stark metallic Head-Impounder Ares screamed and roared, howled as loud as nine thousand, *ten-thousand* warriors shriek and shout, yell in war when they meet, make contact, bright-connect, fully engage in the struggle and strife—fire-exchange—of rabid fragile Ruby-Shattered Battle. And then a quaking seized below both Akhaioi and Trojans, fire-5-alarmed, fear-shot, bear-trapped, —hupoleptic supprehensive—pinned in palpitation, so unearthly, stridently, did Blood-Drenched Ares, war-unquenchable, roar and shriek.

And just as germinal telesonic subcelestial coalpuff palmcool boomdrop rainblow undergloom appears, emerges from clouds—loom-rumble atom-tinkle mist-pop!—cabooing enwheeled out of solar sear of a blast robust, disastrous, fast, when a panking purling storm arises, detonated blossom, sonic debris, acoustic matter, scattered excited, tight-unspooling turbid spiral, vast disheveled deep implacable, spark-percussive coil-clanging, —musical whizzing circus top—touchdown bounceback spin-cone—thus to the dominant son of Tudeus, Diomedes Sky-Guarded, did stark Ares, torque metallic Head-Impounder appear, coalescing with the clouds, macabre loud, a tight tornado, sand-dune-devil, moving into spacious shifting star-appended heaven. He quickly came to the throne of the gods, steep and soaring Olumpos, and then sat down by Indigo Zeus son of Kronos, Space-Ranger, pain-shot twinge-racked, speedbag-battered tae-bo-bopped in his punchy heart, and showed outright the empyreal blood in a vivid brilliant exhibition, flowing down from the wound, and wailing in pain, weird-groaning, many-moan-emanaing, wild-crying, he spoke words winged: 'Father Zeus, aren't you indignant, duly rankled, high-beholding, viewing down below these stark dynamic deeds? Forever, here, now and beyond, do we gods *be*, endure, put up with, undergo perpetually, nonstop, the most atrocious cell-chilling things, due to each other's dinging desires, but bring to humans cheerful favor. All of us are fighting against you, for out of your head you produced single-handed a crazy daughter, brain-damaged, daffy, deranged, dangerous, *ever* to whom unseemly, wicked, indelicate things, evil and vile, are objects of care. For all the other high-up gods, all who, extra-atmospheric, are found and dwell on Olumpos, *they* obey, submit to you, and each of us is subject just to you; yet *that one* not in word or deed do you confront, face or deal with, serious-cogitate, master-control or anchor, showing absolute zero awareness, zippo care, but you, qualmless, turn her loose and let her run wild, wander off, since you yourself, Fire-Swallower, —Wisdom absorbed, Wish-ingested Dream consumed Desire-downed—skull-popping, strangely made,

unique-produced this whooping obliterating full-battle-garb-born child. She, the ravaging son of Tudeus, supersuming Diomedes Sky-Guarded, just now prompted and induced to rage savage, flare furious, blow brutal, go against, bust up the deathless gods. Kupris, Bubbles, — germ-crystal foam-metal — first he struck close-up on the hand and wrist inwounded, and then upon me myself, he, moon-boosted sun-jolted starbeamed, rushed like a god; but me my quick and suffering feet, low to the ground, bore away. Truly quite a while right there, woe-absorbing disaster-engaging, I would have caught, received, insumed external impressions among the grim and appalling, reeking stacks of dead, distorted, decomposing bodies, or brisk and alive, I would have become weak asthenic unrobust, bullet-felled fire-foiled power-failed demight-ed — force-drawn, strong-unstrung by a billion blows of bronze.'

Then to him, with eyes screwed up, looking lurid and oblique, cloud-pounding Zeus wind-swirler, spoke: 'Do not get near, sit beside me, ambiflective apostate, capricious wad of whim, candy-switchback, palindrome, or in any degree, repine and whimper, bitch and whine. Most hateful to me are you of the gods who hold and dwell in Olumpos; for ever is strife a part of, precious, dear to you, and battles and wars. You have your mother's burning strength, her genes and Here's feminine sway, unholdable staunch ungovernable force, labile clingfree thorny fierce entrenched unyielding stubborn fire, tough unshrinking quality. Her, with trouble, though a handful, I can conquer, overwhelm, am able to tame with words; wherefore, I deem you do insume these external impressions, dents enduring, blows brooking, due to her natural matriarchal — propounded immisions — injected suggestions. But truly yet not shall I let you sustain, long-withstand protracted pain, feel, experience physical hurt, for you are blood, — my offspring — you come from me, I sired you, with me your mother had, produced you. But if you, so war-obsessed, blotting out bodies, battalions expunging, exploding platoons, extinguishing squadrons — utter-obliterating bands — were spawned, to be sure, by *any* other god and goddess, truly even, long ago, you would have been, gone down, lower than the antizodiac retro-polar sun-subverted moon-mutated star-usurped Ouranionians, gloam-engulfed, the sky-kicked Titans, Light-Stretchers, way beneath the thick bleak sheath of dark and tonic Tartaros.'

Thus he spoke, and ordered Paieon, kit in hand, to go to work, to cure, to heal him, and upon him Paieon, the upper realm brighter-aired god doctor, designated medicine minister, sprinkling, distributing drugs, painkillers woundjammers, external-applied gum-colored ointments, healed him hail; for he refused to cash it in, would not crump, die down at all, not being declinable, death-prone or doom-mune, but definitely *more* than mortal-made. Just as sappy wild-fig juice, tart and acidic, presses impelling, condenses and packs and sticks together white candescent fluid milk, and although liquid, rather quickly circumcurdles as you beat it, — sour-twirl clot-wheel — so then swiftly he did heal the body-hopper, hadral-ponchoed war-impetuous black-masked turbulent Ares. And bubbly Hebe, Fire Girl, zing-shot cheer-charged zip-pumped chore-turned cherry-cheeked, bathed him, and did clad him, cleaned-up, graced in glad garb, and down by Zeus, son of Kronos, he did sit, — dark-desedent — exulting supreme in his glory, a far-glowing red

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

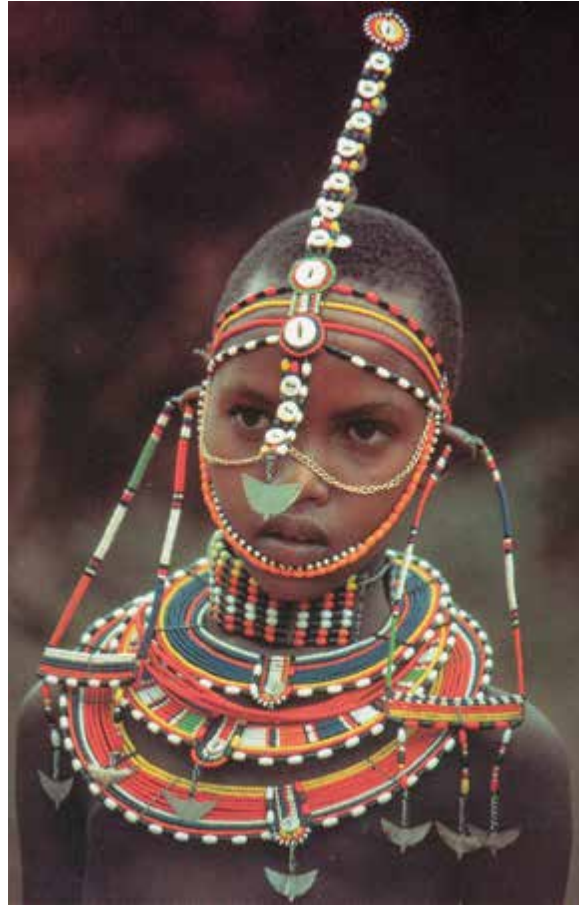
emanation.

Then back again straight to the many-room palace of paramount Zeus of the echoing stars they zoomed, Argive Here, spark-crowned Sky Queen, and deheaded Alalkomenean brilliant Athene, Combat-Buster, Battle-Warden, to stop the god of the ruby orbits, Ares, human-havoc-maker, timebound-being-docker, battle-zone soul-sumer, — androktone viricide — man-bane, psychophage, from soldier-slaying trooper-trapping squadron-squelching piecemeal-platoon-dispatching scattered-battalion-butcher, — multitudinous trucidation — man on land annihilating.

NOTE

'The 'small' is the abstract. The 'great' is the concrete.' Horace Zagreus thus caps a brilliant 'peroration' in Wyndham Lewis's tour de force, *The Apes of God*. I cannot think of a more apropos blurb for a modern book-jacket of Homer's *Iliad*, for the language of the epic is, above all, concrete, as is that of all great poetry. Its beauty as an aesthetic object is both clear and precise.

Hearing *The Cantos* of Ezra Pound, one can catch various tones of a Homeric echo. Working his way through Chinese history, Pound at one point in his epic poem remarks, 'a comet exploded in the Pleiades'. In 'Iliad V', the emergence and subsequent handiwork of the great Greek warrior, Diomedes, might be compared to such an intense expression of energy, for in his burst of slaughter he manages not only to wound Aphrodite and Ares,, the chief antithesis and exponent of war, respectively, (as G. S. Kirk points out), but outrageously attempts to go up against Apollo. The human and the divine meet, and the inevitable consequences ensue. Although the activity of 'Book V' involves unremitting violence, one can't help but be swayed by and drawn into the sensuous rhythms and lovely incantations interphasing within a supremely marvelous structural integrity. In William Gaddis's volcanic novel, *The Recognitions*, one comes across the phrase, 'the



Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

order of her bones'. I say the Iliad has a beautiful order in her bones.

One might feel an element of such architectonic yet somehow ineffable beauty upon viewing one of Katsushika Hokusai's ukiyo-e woodblock prints of Mt. Fuji, 'Sanka Hahu-u' ('Summer Showers beneath the Peak'), from the series, Fugaku Sanjuu Rokkei, with its darkly dominating base, red skeletal lightning, and white-topped cone, softened by lush mounds of green florae below, and punctuated by puffy strings of popcorn-like clouds, with the rich sea-blue fading into the ephemeral-seeming ghostly offing beyond.