

**THE ILIAD OF HOMER**  
**BOOK VIII**  
**BATTLE BOBBED, COMBAT DOCKED**

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Now Dawn of the flaming veils, pink-injected orange-involving—kroko-peplous saffron-mantled—petal-wrapped, was soft-dispersing, vivid-spreading, luminous tones, vaporous limbs, over, around the disc of the earth, and—terpikeraunic fulminexhilarous—thunderbolt-delighting Zeus caused and composed a splendid assembly, order bright, of the gods upon the—akrotatic nitid summit—tiptop peak of—poludeiradic multijugular—color-lined—many-chined Oulumpos—star-chained moon-chimed; and he himself spoke to, addressed them, and all the gods with ears erect, listened up, alert—hupakouic pointed perked subauditive: ‘Hear and attend me, all you gods and goddesses, so that I may speak and utter what the cinder-throbbing heart in my breast commands. Let not, at least, any bloom-bright goddess—suckle-sparkle bang-tonic planet-pop—galactic-arcs!—or tattooed he-god try this, to be sure, attempt to—pertond diakeir—cut through, clip out, balk or block, blot my word,—scissored, snipped, sliced to pieces, buzzed in abolishing, slashed concision—but all you together commend it, so as soon as possible, I may perfect, achieve these deeds, execute, finish, accomplish these affairs. But whom I mark and deem with bent and aim apart from the gods, willing to go and succor and aid either Trojans or Danaoi, struck and shocked not lightly,—kratiplegic turbo-pulsive—blowpop knock-flicker whiptop spin-wobble—he will come back to Oulumpos—not in a mode proper, beseeching—katakosmic demundane—bright-arrayed splendid-ordered; or I shall grab, fling and throw him—heliorrhapt lunaject—khiton-clench himation-hurl sky-jerk glow-cast star-whiz—into the mist-teeming low-blown gloom and hollow haze of dark and murky, down-stretching Tartaros, black-aired blind-ruffled Jumble Zone, far, far away, where lies the deepest devouring pit—bathistic bleak altissimous—somber grim engulfing—penetrating elements empyreal-ingurgitating—criminal cast incarnadine cleft—down beneath the earth, where the double gates are iron and the single threshold bronze, as far below Ais the Invisible Sphere—gold-spliced silver-laced diamond-dotted mica-mottled—as the vault of the sky—bright-twirling Atlas-proponed—is above earth—4-storey, tight-proportioned color-banded universe; then you will know how powerful and mighty I am,—kartistic validissimous—the most robust of all the gods. *Come* now, try me, gods,—give it your best shot—so all you may know and behold. Hang a golden chain—luminous-fastened dangle-chinkling pendent aureal cord—from the orbit-welded sky, and all you gods hold on tight and cling to it,—bright-adhering cloudbound rich-attached—and all you goddesses; yet you could not yank and drag from star-nailed axis-flashing sky to hoof-pounded wheel-dented earth, the hued horizon’s surface, Spangle-Caped Zeus, supreme counselor, even if, toil-tapped, you combined your forces, pooled your energies. But when indeed, van-minded,—aim-enflamed—at my whim, I might wish to tug and drag you, I could tow and pull you with the green-pervaded earth itself and—luminous-compounded—haul and tug you even with the blue-abounding sea; then the chain, tight and nitid—rattle-swing sweep-shimmer—I would bind about a peak of Oulumpos,—spur-inspired pinnacle-wound twinkle-tight loop-grooved—and all those things in turn would hang and dangle—floating world, turquoise shift—bright-suspend—meteoric, buoyed, sublime. By so much do I quite surpass and circumcel the gods and men.’

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Thus he spoke, lucent-timbred, and subsequently all became becalmed, hollow-hushed, crushed in quiet, marveling at his mouthmade words, for superbly and robustly did he speak and address the assembled celestials. But after a while, indeed, the goddess did speak among them, — glaukopidic scintilloculous — Athene of the blue-green iris: 'O father, our sire, son of Kronos, ruler supreme, paramount lord, now well we know too that your strength is stark, your force inconcedent, your power unbending; but nevertheless we wail and moan, lament the Danaan javelin-men, who truly will seal a calamitous fate, fill up, infect a wicked doom, — dark-explete sullen-upstock — perish and die. But indeed we shall shrink and refrain from war, keep away, if you order; and we shall propound — hypothesize tips, counsel consign — submit our advice to the Argeioi, the Radiant Men, — bright-supponing — whatever will favor and benefit them, so not all will die — metal-destroyed — because of your burning disdain.'

Then he smiled and, timbre-lucid, spoke to her, — nephelegeretic nubiin-crepitous — cloudclashing Zeus: 'Cheer up, Tritogeneia, precious child; now *not* at all with serious purpose or plan in my heart, — van-minded — praecordial prophronic — zeal-propelled, do I speak, but I wish to be gentle and kind to you.'

Thus he spoke, and under his bright-axled car he furnished, twin-hitched, robust-arranged, double-harnessed, bronze-hoofed horses, — aeripeds, khalkopods — okupetic celerivolant — swift-flying, — meteor-mailed comet-tailed — with golden manes brushed and streaming, and he himself donned gold, — flash-apparel periduned, — body-surface circumclad, — and he grabbed the leather thong, golden, well-made, and stepped upon the floorboard and — ingraded epibained — mounted the 2-man war-car, and quickly — crack! — he lashed the steeds, whip-propelled; and the pair not averse took off and flew through the middle vacuum, moony space, magnetic-belted dizzy sheer subsolar mobile-bright, between the swells of sea-ringed earth and star-pierced sky. And he came to Timber Mountain, Ide of the many fountains, — polupidakic multiscatebral — bubble-flex tumble-cool pump-tones rainbow-twist prism-pop — mother of wild beasts, — badgers and jackals and boars — to altitudinous Gargaros, where is his sacred precinct radiant-cut, and redolent altar flame-erected — immolation-luminous, incense-penetrated. There the father of men and gods halted, stalled his steeds in array, their harness undid, bright-disengaged from the flame-wheeled car, and upon them poured in dense defusion a stormproof impervious mist — soft-gushing crystal-blown invisible-crowned. And he himself sat down among the crests and peaks, — kathedzic desedent — rock-throned sky-thrilled, majestic-pumped power-exulting, gloating in his glory, looking upon, wonder-beholding, the city of the Trojans and the cruisers of the Akhaioi.

And then the streaming-haired Akhaioi took their chief meal, steaming chow, swift-bolting, quick-consuming, down throughout the sloping huts, and after eating they geared up, metallated out, luminous-harnessed; and the Trojans in turn, on the other side, up throughout the city tooled out, primed up, radiant-furnished, a more diminished, fewer force; but even so, they were intent and eager, bent on, fired up to tap swords, twirl spears, battle-embrace combat-engage, through choking

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need and pressured demand,—throttling obligation—for the sake of their children and the sake of their wives. All the gates double-winged were opened, and the army, wound-up, rushed out, nitid-darting bright-propelled, both infantry and cavalry, and a big noise arose—shield-bang helmet-scream axle-rattle wheel-rumble spoke-clatter whip-slap horse-roar.

Now when indeed assembling, ferociously they came into a single common space,—convasive xuniontic—hurled together, bright-committed, and engaging, bashed and dashed and counter-clashed—conjection crisp and coruscating—blurry sonic sumballistics—vivid-clanging oxhide shields with tight-inspiraling compound pikes, and the flaming force and combustive might—colors bent, sounds blurred—thump and bonk—of—khalkeothorekic aerilorical—bronze-plated chest-guarded men met; and the round bullhide copper-plated knobby cratered shields drew near, toned to tackle, each to each approached, and a big bad noise arose—strident contact, plangent impact! And then emerged, simultaneously, wails and howls and vows and vaunts of man-destroyers and men destroyed, and the earth began to flow with blood—turquoise-twirling red-absorbing plasma-percolating.

As long as dawn was loosening her pink-blown veils, swirling out her orange-edge-brimming vials, and splendid sacred day was waxing, blue-expanding,—indigo suffusion—so long, nonstop, were the airborne bolts and projected darts of both sides target-clinging, bull’s-eye-binding, enemy-fastening,—drong-swonk!—and the troops kept dropping. But when the sun swung around to the zenith,—amphibatic ambigressive—stepping on both sides of the sky,—welkin’s glowing center—then indeed the pop-of-the-poles stretched out his golden scales,—utterly lucent, tightly elastic—dangle-buoyant brilliant balance; and he set therein double dooms of fret-stretched death,—tanelegic tensiturbic prolix-troubled—both of broncobusting Trojans—hip-podamic equidomic—and copper-appareled Akhaioi,—aeritunical khalkokhitonic—and grabbing the middle of the balance he held it high, prominent-poised—spangle-tingle supratraction! And down sank, fatal-verging, dark-declined, the gloom-spun time-stuck—stark-ordained—day of doom of the Akhaioi. The magnetic predominant elements of doom of the Akhaioi settled and sank, somber-subsiding, leaning low upon the—poluboteirous multipastic—much-nourishing lush-feeding earth,—fruitglow rainbow-rinse gemblast bosco-pop!—and the glamorous components of doom of the Trojans were lifted, bright-suspended, to the wide metallic vault of orbit-flashing sky. And he himself from Ide, Timber Mountain, tremendously, lashed out thunder, kicked out bolts,—beamcrash airwobble echoray atompop!—and he hurled and flung a kindled blaze, a candid blast, bursting flash,—torchcold cratered blinding moonlight—among the platoons of the Akhaioi; and seeing the jagged slash of orange they were stunned and astonished,—tomb-crackle jaw-rattle—and green-gone red-fading pale fear gripped them all below—bone-knocking supprehension, huphairctic bop and shock.

Then neither big Idomeneus Timber-Tough, dared to abide, to stick around, nor Last-Man-Standing, Agamemnon, nor did the two Aiantians, the Greater and the Less, remain, batmen of the god of war, Red-Striped Ares; only Gerenian Nestor stuck it out and stayed behind,

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warder supreme, guardian of the Akhaioi, not at all *willingly*, — he had no choice — but his horse was rubbed hard, conquered, broken, slowly subdued, dark-impaired, — worn out, overpowered — which debonair Alexandros Man-Repeller, paramour of — eukomic benecrinale — Helen of the rainbow-beaded waterfalling locks, hit with a high-hurled bolt, down along the top of the head, where the foremost part of a horse's mane grows out on top of the skull, and there, above all, is a vital and vulnerable point. Shot with pain, — anapallic — the horse sprang up, — ilibrative — crooked-bounding, swung around, and the dart, projecting, plunged into his brain, and he startled and stirred — utter-conturbed — the trace-horses, — suntaraxic pole and axis — kick-tangle jumble-blur — scarlet-squirming, circumvolving — rolling around with embedded bronze. While the old man shot up, dart-quick cut away, — apotemic severed absective — hacked with his sword the elevated side-traces, — pareorous juxtapendent — loose-harnessed, — hooves confounded, lost control — of the horse, — perissodactyl wild prancer — buck and rock, trip and drop! — at the same time, the celerous horses of Hektor, Clutcher, harsh-impelled, came up through the state of panic, bearing a bold charioteer, — habenahabent heniokhic — rein-gripping Hektor. And at this point the ancient man would have utterly perished, lost his life, — luminous-surgings — had not daring Diomedes, battle-scream-supreme, quickly marked him; and shockingly he shouted, stirring up, bright-impelling, — epotruned excited — Odusseus: 'Sky-born son of Laertes, — diogenic deinative — polumekhanical multiorganic — man of many machines, trick-teeming ever-shifting Odusseus, why do you flee, turning your back — metabalic retrojection — like a wicked coward in the wound-up — metal-packed tight-wired — throng? Make sure no one, as you flee, sticks a pike — transverse postsaeptal-pierce, metaphrenic-fast fix, color-streamered force-driven metal, ruby-jetted beam-thrust — in your back. But wait, so we may push and shove back — sharp-expel — apothic ganggong — from the ancient man this fierce and wild man.'

So he spoke, lucent-toned, but skybright Odusseus, — polutlantic multisubmissive — the man who undergoes many things, did not clearly hear him, but — paraissic juxtaprovolant — passed by, shot to the hollow ships, ax-scooped, — whiz-metal color-squeeze — of the Akhaioi. Yet the son of Tudeus, although alone, mixed it up with the foremost fighters, mingled among the champions, and he stood before the horses high of the son of Neleus, the ancient man, and addressed him, radiant-toned, and spoke winged words, syllable-bubbles: 'Chief, in truth, young combatants are beating you down, supremely rubbed, and your strength is destroyed, your force dissolved, and hard old age, — barbed and pitted, tight-engaging, luminous-tracing, tenebrous-tracking — presses and pads, chases, enshadows you, and now your batman is enfeebled, bumped abrupt — dented, down, debilitated — and your horses, slow-hoofed, hobble. But come, let's go! Mount my potent well-built car, step upon the running board, — ingressive epibatic — so you may see what the horses of Tros are made of, their war-car caliber, well-trained, sky-fueled, primed up — ground-rushing — keen-bent to quickly pursue, bright-propelled, or rapidly flee, flight-driven, — to zig and zag, everywhere, crisscross, pull in fulgent exorbitance — over the hoof-pounded plain, which on a former occasion I took from Aineias Man of Fame, twin panic generators — turbulent geminal mustangs! Your two steeds,

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two attendants will take care of, aptly handle, but *these* two let us direct and drive straight into the mare-subduing Trojans, — ram their core — so that even Hektor will know if my javelin rages too, — flame-painted storm-twirling — tight-poised in the palm of my hand.'

Thus he spoke, vivid-toned, and the Gerenian horseman, Nestor, did not disobey or fail to comply. Subsequently two attendants did take care of, well conducted, Nestor's mares, muscle-bound Sthenelos, Mighty Man, and super-macho Eurumedon, Wide-Patroller; and both stepped onto the floorboard of the radiant-welded war-car of Diomedes Sky-Protected. And Nestor took in his hands the sleek and glittering, rhinestone-wavering reins, and lashed the horses, — whiptang dragon-glow fire-spiral blowsnap! — and subito, strangle-tight, they appeared near Hektor, Clutcher. And Tudeus' son, red-hammered, perforated by desire, hurled at him his javelin while he burned and hacked his way straight on; but him he failed to strike, missing the mark with his streaming spear, — aberrant aphamartic — deviating metal — but his rein-retaining batman, son of — huperthumic supersouled — high-octane Thebaios, Eniopeus, while holding the reins of the horses, Diomedes struck in the upper anterior part of the chest beside the nipple — paramastic penetration; so he crashed and tumbled — wheelclang — from out of the car, sparkle-axled, — limb-topple bone-dash — and his horses whipped backed, reeled, jerked, recoiled, — swerving in jumbled summotion — celeripeds okupods — swift-hoofed crooked-quailing; and on the spot his snowblown soul and blaze-sucked strength were loosened, tart-dissolved brittle-unbound. And fierce pain and terrible grief closed around the heart of Hektor, violent-enveloped, — bunched up like a clenched fist — for his dear and rein-engaging charioteer. Thereupon he let him lie alone there, even though gloom-grieving, pain-nailed, sunk in bleakness, for his clanlike comrade, crimson-crumpled; and he tried to find — hard-seeking metaquest — a bold and fearless rein-wielding charioteer; consequently, not for long did his team of horses lack a signal-driver, for suddenly he found Iphitos' son, intrepid Arkheptolemos, Battle-Leader, whom then behind the quick-hoofed horses he made mount, step upon the running board, and he passed on the reins to his hands.

Then there would have been havoc and the state of affairs would have become unprosperous, impossible, and now they would have been penned in, shut up, down throughout Ilios, like lambs, had not the father of men and gods quickly marked it, saw the troubled spot at that point. And then he thundered dreadfully — boom-wobble clash-sizzle sky-roar earthbong! — and he with a quick release let go in a brilliant glow a vivid and glistening thunderbolt, — spiked keraunic cracked emission — fulminous volatile cocktail — and down before the mares of Diomedes did he launch and hurl the jagged ray to earth; and a terrible blazing flame arose of hissing burning sulfur, pungent baneful brimstone — yellow horrible swirling noise — and the two steeds, stabbed with fear, cringed and shuddered, cowered, recoiled, beneath the bright-wheeled car. The sleek and twinkling, purple-red reins, quick-flicked, slow-slipping, escaped from the hands of Nestor, and locked in alarm, he feared in his heart, — plasma-storming platelet-colliding — and Diomedes he addressed: 'Son of Tudeus, come now, grab the reins and hold on tight, and drive and steer your — monukhous solipedal — unclo-

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ven, single-hoofed horses away from here, out of sight. Can't you detect, don't you know that power's pageant, warding prowess, strength from Sky-Expanding Zeus does not attend you? For at this time, to Hektor, the son of Kronos Circle-Maker, Zeus of the purple clouds, bestows, engages glory today — stellar-infiltrated; later, in turn, to us too, should he wish and be so bent, he will give it — charmglow fameshimmer. But a man may not in any manner mangle the mind or thwart the aim of Zeus of the clanging stars, not even a man bright-powered with exorbitant muscles, since indeed he is much more potent and explosive, action-quick.'

And then to him, word-exchanging, spoke Diomedes Sky-Guarded, battle-scream-supreme: 'Yes, indeed, all these things, to be sure, chief, you have spoken correctly, according to what is decreed. But due to *this*, grim pain and fierce distress comes upon my heart and spirit — vivid-throbbing dark-invaded; for Hektor at some point will say, proclaiming to the assembled Trojans: 'The son of Tudeus, repelled by me, flight-driven, headed for the ships.' Thus at *some* point in the future he will boast and preen; at that time let the wide-spaced, blue-green, glimmering earth crack open, yawn and stretch for me' — canine-flash magma-snap jaw-quake gape-drop.

And then to him, word-exchanging, the Gerenian horseman Nestor responded: 'O my stars, son of Tudeus of the flame-honed mind, — diaphronic candicordant — what a *word* you have uttered! For even if Hektor, to be sure, declares and deems you a gutless poltroon and powerless pushover, — analkidic unwardable impotent — void of prowess, porous in valorous — nevertheless the Trojans and Dardanionians will not budge or be induced, nor the wives, the bedmate widows, of the Trojans, — megathumic magnanimous — soul-supreme shield-fighters, — blast-clanging storm-splendid combat-spun — whose zesty husbands, cogent sleepmates, you have hurled and dashed in swirls and clouds of dust.'

Thus he spoke, vivid-toned, and turned in flight the single-hoofed horses, back through the panic, stark-constrained; and the Trojans and Hektor with sky-rippled combat screams and supple-bounding wonder sounds, — thespesious luminous-blown desdictive — bright-ejected pulse-jagged — rained down sighing missiles, poured out moaning bolts. And over him stiffly shouted — blowing nails — superb and colossal Hektor of the sun-cratered moon-pooled opal-plated helmet — cassid-nitid koruthaiolous: 'Son of Tudeus, the quick-colted Danaoi — takhupolic velocipullous — used to bend to you, above all, in honor, — circum-esteemed — with a paramount seat and excellent meats and prominent cups, full and rimbright — throne-dazzle grill-sizzle bumper-bubbles cherry-swizzle — but now they will sneer and dishonor you, for it is quite clear as revealed in your actions, — your timorous pattern — you are the same as a woman, mantled and made-up. Get lost, spineless puppet, eyeball doll. Since I am not yielding or drawing back, you will not mount our towered walls, nor will our women you lead to your ships; before that occurs I shall split your spirit, dispense your lot' — soulhurl doomdrop.

Thus he spoke, splendid-timbred, and the son of Tudeus Dragon-Screamer was anxious and jittery, juggling potential courses of action, whether to

tight-turn his horses and fight face-to-face, force against force. Thrice he revolved these possible choices—paramount-pondered, wonder-stuck—in heart and mind, And thrice from the timbered Idaian Mountains, Zeus, whose mind is seared with wisdom, crashed and clicked with crooked red, rampant orange and prolix yellow, thunder-painting a subsolar sign for the Trojans, —razor-tangled skywriting—a heteralkic alterarcous power-shifting battle-victory—scale-tilt counter-slide lavaswish swing-metal. And Hektor, Clutcher, exhorted the Trojans, shouting deeply: ‘Trojans and Lukioi and tight-fighting—angkhimakhetic artipugnatic—Dardanoi, —helmet-thong-chokers, sword-sling-stranglers, jungle commandos—be men, dear friends, and turn your minds to leaping prowess, bounding boldness—power-rushing blade-bending. I know and detect that the son of Kronos, —van-minded—willingly, to me has nodded assent, has bowed his head to grant me solid victory and supreme glory, and to the *Danaoi*, calamity—mixed external impressions of pain. Wordless wonders, crass, they must be, who designed and erected these walls indeed, —moonbright and fortified—softheaded, slackbrained, nugatory, bunky; but these will not ward off, hold back or thwart my combustive might, and our horses will lightly ramp and overleap the trench, —huperthoric supersalient rugged-penetrated—the dug-out ditch. But when indeed I loom and appear at the hollow ships, —dark-scooped bright-scraped—then let there be some reminder and scar of a gashing abolishing fire, so with batons of fire, the ships, I shall torch—orange-twist blood-scorch gimbal-melt paint-crackle—and *them*, I shall kill to boot, the Argeioi, the people who glow, beside their ships, while they are bewildered with dread, distraught with fright,—panic-percolated—because of the smoke.’

Thus speaking he called to his horses and said, vivid-timbred: ‘Xanthos, Yellow-Tail, and you, Podargos, Twinkle-Foot, and Aithon, Sparkler, and skybright Lampos, Beamer, now repay me for the care and provisions, which, constant and considerable, Andromakhe, Man-Fighter, daughter of—megaletorous magnicordant—big-hearted Eetion, supplied and set before you on former occasions, honey-breasted wheat and bright-mingled wine to drink, when her vibrant heart exhorted her, attending *you* more than *me*, who, however, professes and boasts to be her hale and robust, exuberant spouse. But pool your power, stick together, jointly attack—commando-tight—and hasten brightly, step on it, so that we may take, seize as a prize, the sparkle-rimmed monster-spinning shield of Nestor, the glory and fame of which presently reaches the color-shot rotating sky,—all of it’s hammered gold, the two arm-bars,—parallel reed-rods—rubber hand-grips and shine-coated, the body of the shield itself,—and that we may take from the padded shoulders of Diomedes, horse-subducer, the bright-embellished wonderworked—arc-welded double-buckled—breastplate, which Hephaistos, Imperial Blacksmith—Fire-Blower Hammer-Swinger—banged out—sweat-blinded toil-drained. If we should prevail, take these two, I might hope—bright-deeming—to make the Akhaioi on this very night mount the decks of their rapid ships’—deck-clamber dark-embark.

Thus he spoke, luminous-toned, plangent-boasting robust-vaunting, and queenly Here, severe and august, was irked, rancor-racked, and she jolted and jerked on her jewel-empooled throne—star-sparked moon-

torqued—and triggered Oulumpos, bright and enormous, to tremble and twirl, and straightway to massive Poseidon, the paramount god of the sea, she spoke face-to-face: 'O my stars,—terriquassive ennosigaious—earthquaker, wide-powered,—eurusthenous latipotent—axiswing equator-swivel!—not even now, for the shattered and perishing Danaoi, does the blood-tumbling heart in your breast feel pity, contain a desire to moan or wail? And yet for you, by sea, they are bringing to Helike, Turntown, and Aigai, Blowtown, gifts and favors, many and gracious,—charmbright lovelylush—and triumph and victory for them you used to wish. For even indeed if we wished and were willing, all who defend the Danaoi as combat-aiders, to push back—retro-thrust—the Trojans,—ram, abpel their mass—and to curb and block—lativident europic—wide-beholding Zeus, then sitting there alone, at home, clinging to his throne, on Ide, Timber Mountain, he would be exacerbated, tangled in distress.'

And vastly vexed, superbly turbed, to her did speak, luminous-toned, the ruler of the fluid blue, enosikhthon humiquator groundshaker—waveslosh star-splash moon-swish orbit-wobble: 'Here, syllable-bold—period-plucky, syntax-spunky—aptoepic, verbal-unturbed—word-intrepid, what a statement you have uttered!—how taboo! I, to be sure, should not wish the rest of us to duke it out with Indigo Zeus, son of Kronos, to fight against the king of the sky, since indeed he is more dynamic, much more potent, combustive and stronger, action-nimble.'

Thus they spoke such things to each other, interspersed, and the site of their camp, away from the ships, as much as the trench enclosed and squeezed, counter-bounded, the sweep of space by the low-towered wall, was jointly filled with 2-horse cars and shield-carriers,—common-crammed tangle-teeming—vivid-huddled tight-turning—spring-wound kick-spangled sea-reflected conglobation; and Hektor, son of Priam, a match for nimble phantom-black Ares, god of war,—combat-parallel—couped them up,—shrill-packed bright-rolled—since, to him, Zeus of the colored stars gave glory. And now he would have set on fire, swinging flaming twisted torches, the beautiful-balanced battle-cruisers,—dark-swerved swell-rich moon-kneaded sea-dandled—had not queenly Here, stark and august, objective implanting, inserted and set the target and aim in the heart and mind of Agamemnon, bustling alone,—pressure-blown—to hasten the host, to quickly stir up—fire-spike—the Akhaioi. And stepping out he made his way to the angled huts and painted ships of the Akhaioi, holding his dark-gleaming red-purple cloak,—waving and snapping—battered and dashing,—curl-color blur-ripple!—in his massive hale-boned hand, and he stood upon the—megaketic magniinane—colossal-hulled, black and cavernous cruiser,—luciphagic monster-mouth—spaced midway on the coast, in order to call and be heard down the flanks,—bunched in brilliance—keen and clear, in both directions, both to the sloping huts of Ajax Man of Sighs, son of Telamon Undergoer, and to the huts of Akhilleus Man of Pain, who had drawn up and dragged to the outermost points their well-balanced lovely-shaped bright-swelling ships, counting on the qualities that make them men and on the strength of their hands; then he shouted, bright-proclaiming,—blowing darts—to the Danaoi—perforant diaprusion—shield-thrilling bone-piercing: 'What a disgrace,—shame-

riddled—base Argeioi,—black Gleamers—ignominious abject objects, wonder-formed,—luminous-cut; where did our vows and vaunts go, when indeed we declared we were tops, the war-bold best, which you proclaimed with empty plumes,—keneaukhic vacuexultant—point-blank-bragged, idle-boasting void-glib vainglorious—when stuck in Lemnos,—land of volcanoes—when, at the board, flesh consuming, eating ample mounds of meat of straight-horned—orthokrairous rec-ticornic—cattle, drinking splashing mixing bowls—scoop-scanning sparkle-brimming—epistephic circumdative—crowned with wine,—gem-bubbles moon-wiggles star-dribbles—the boasts you mouthed that each combatant would stand up against in battle-array, confront face-to-face, one hundred, no, two hundred Trojans; but now we can't hold our own against one,—being unequal in valor—Hektor, who soon will torch the ships, burn them up with blazing twirls of twisted fire. Father Zeus, can it be, to such a degree, that you, before now, damaged and dented, deluded and pucked with bewilderment, duping and blight one of the—fire-crowned—hupermenic supervalid—high-powered kings, and took away his fame, robbed him of supernal glory? Indeed I deem—direct-mindbeam—I never did skip or pass by—parelthic juxtavening—any of your splendor-rimmed flame-mounted—perikallic circumpulchrous—altars stoked with skybound sacrifices, in my ship of many locking rowing-benches,—polukleidic multiclaustral—as I unpropitious-wandered—in foreboding mode—hither,—disaster-grappled star-blasted—heading into harm, but upon every base I burned the roasted fat and bones of thighs of bulls, bursting and pumped to utterly empty and drain—blood-licking gore-mopping—euteikheic benemoe-nial—well-walled brilliant-fortified Troy. Otherwise, Zeus,—epikraine, attain—fulfill for me this wish at least, compass this desire: Let us at least indeed escape and flee successfully,—hupekfugitive camouflage, splendid subevasion—and thus do not allow the Akhaioi to be subdued and mauled, conquered and canned by the Trojans.'

Thus he spoke, lucid-timbred, and him the father, moan-drowning, wail-whipped, pitied as he trickled tears, and he nodded, confirming his people would last, be safe, unimperiled, and not be wiped out, obliterated. And subito an eagle he let go,—perfectissimous teleiotatic—the non-pareil of winged creatures, clutching a fawn in his talons, the blooming young of a nimble hind, quick to the hoof; and beside the elevated bright-brinked altar—orange-gorgeous beauty-looped immolation-teeming—of Sky-Appareled Zeus, he—dejective katabalic—dropped the fawn,—tender set-down—where to Zeus, who dances and sings empyreal things, the moon and the stars,—panomphaious omnicaelisonic, boom-sizzle gong-tinkle—the Akhaioi would arrange and perform sacrifices. And thus when they saw that from Blue-Suffused Zeus the bird came, They—insalient epithoric—starkly charged and pounced the more upon the Trojans, brutal-bounding, and turned their minds to battle-thrills and war's pull.

Then and there not one of the Danaoi, though they were many, could gush and swash, boast that he was first, that before the son of Tudeus, he wielded, steered, his highspeed steeds to drive them from out of the trench to scabble and fight, axle to axle, and to bash and crumble, faceshield to faceshield, for he was far the first to trip up, take down,

a helmeted raider of the Trojans, son of Phradmon Indicator, Agelaos. Now in flight he turned his horses, but as he spun around in a rumble—wheelsparks spokejolts—color-whipped metastrophe!—canted blurred conversion!—Diomedes stuck a pike, poked in his back, right behind the diaphragm—muscular barrier—bang in the middle of the shoulders, impaling posterior ribcage spaces, vulnerable grooves, intercostal points, and he drove it through his upper chest—postpraecordic—fast, robust and ruby thrust; he tumbled from the welded car—crashmetal bonedash—and his riveted armor rang upon him—clickmolar crown-clang jawrattle pulpclash!

And after him, to face the fire, came the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaos, and after them the Aiantians, the Greater and Less, clad in bounding warding boldness, arrayed in kinetic repelling power, and after them Idomeneus Timber-Tough, and the combat batman of Idomeneus, Meriones, quixotic and crashing, match for—andreiphontic viricisive—man-killing Eualios, Red-Swirling War, and after them Eurypulos, Broad-Limbed, the splendid son of Euaimon; and Teukros came ninth, slow-stretching, maximum-flexing his compound twinhorn—palintonic retrotensile—target-pumping backbent bow, bright-tooled tight-arc'd, and he entrenched himself,—pivot-sheltered—positioned beneath the radiant-loaded wicker-thick 7-bullhide metal-plated shield of Ajax son of Telamon. When lightly Ajax lifted up, slightly shifted, the slanting shield, underneath would the warrior, bright-inspecting, scan the field; when he shot an airborne shaft into the rumble-huddling throng, he would make a far-off hit; a man on the spot would drop and lose, dark-destroyed, his vivid-rushing life, and in turn returning, safety seeking, like a child drawn beneath his mother,—attached and agitated—he would plunge into the anchorage of Ajax Man of Sighs,—shoot-and-shrink, exotic tactics, oriental operation—and him would Ajax hide and shade with his shield, metal-plated 7-bullhide wicker-thick fulgent-packed—star-veil rainbow-swell dragon-clang.

Then whom first, of the Trojans, did blameless impeccable Teukros take down? Orsilokhos Ambush-Rusher first, and Ormenos, Swizzle Man, and Ophelestes Sky-Expanded and Daitor Flamethrower and Khromios, Crash, and godlike Lukophontes and Poluaimon's son, Amopaon, and Melanippos Black Horse. All these men in looming succession—bottle-brittle battle-throttle—he brought down and jerked to the earth, opulent-fostering—pouluboteiric multipastive—many-feeding—burst-wobble twist-dangle fruit-bubbles rind-aromas! At sight of him the king of men, Agamemnon Adamant, jubilated, joy-injected, as he knocked down mobile arrays, enucleated bright formations, due to his high-powered twinhorn bow—spinning prisms, spiked vibrations, rocket petals; and coming near he stood beside him and to him he spoke, royal-worded: 'Teukros, precious being, son of Telamon, ruler of armies, keep up thus the volley of missiles,—the cragged cranked-up rapid fire—if, in any degree, you can be a solacing light for the Danaoi and a surfacing light for your father, Telamon, who cherished and reared you when you were a tyke; and though you were concubine-born, he took care of, supported, you in his house, and though he is far away, boost and beglow, elevate, expand his sphere of glory and fame—aurora-bomped rainbow-ramped orbit-pumped. And I shall speak out and ut-

ter to you how too it will be fulfilled — shining-achieved. If Zeus of the hurricane cape and Athene of the stained glass eyes should grant and allow me to utterly empty and drain — blood-swabbing bone-absorbing — the well-erected people-teeming lucent-looming citadel of Ilios, in your hand first, next after mine, a gift of honor, ancient and bright, I shall place, either a 3-legged cauldron or two mares with their arc-welded painted car or a woman, who nightly would mount and slowly slip into your bed' — dream-joined love-warped candescent-coalescing.

And word-exchanging, stainless Teukros, lucent-timbred, spoke to him: 'Most glorious son of Atreus, why do you push and spur me on, though I'm fused and fired up? — pumped and properated — Indeed as long as power, to be sure, sufficient strength, rips through me, — present and propinquitous — I don't stop and have not rested from the time when we pushed and pummeled, wedged and shoved them to their towers, backed them up against Ilios; from that point indeed, with my compound twinhorn bow, waiting for the hard charge, enemy-anticipating, I have been constantly killing men — spoils stripping, dragging metal. Indeed I launched eight longtipped airborne arrows, — tanuglokhinous tensimucronic — stretch-pronged slide-jagged spark-projecting — ultra-violet vapor-trails — and all have been stuck in the bright-scraped skin — fleshed-fixed — of — areithoous marticurrent — battle-quick vigorous warriors; but I am not able to missile-hit this trench-frenzied fire-furious bullet-wild dog.'

He spoke, and another airborne arrow he released, bright-propelled loose-springing tight-fired, — thwong-twing! — from the bowstring — crystal-flex amber-pop! — straight at Hektor, Clutcher, and his peptide-pumping heart was bursting and bent to missile-strike him; yet he failed to hit him, missed his mark, but blameless superb Gorguthion, the brave and noble son of Priam, he struck in the upper anterior part of the chest, angle-down, — deep-dejected — with an arrow, him whom a delicate, legitimate-wedded mother from Aisume had born, beautiful Kastianeira, who resembles, luminous-matching, the goddesses above in build and bodily form. And he drooped his head to the side like a poppy, which in a garden, star-charged moon-blooming, crowned with color, is heavy-loaded, weighed down, with slow-swelling fruiting seeds, sweet and turgid, and south-sprung wind-driven spring rains; thus to the side his head lolled, dark-inclined red-sagging, weighted by his helmet, socket-swinging.

And Teukros shot another airborne dart, tight-triggered loose-leaping luminous-launched, from the bowstring — flash-twang wire-flux! — straight at Hektor, Clutcher, and his magma-throbbing heart was bursting and bent to missile-strike him. Yet he missed the mark, failed to hit him that time too, for Apollo Decimator made the missile swerve, — parasphallic juxtaberrant — tripped it up, bright-deflected, midair-foiled; but Arkheptolemos Battle-Leader, the bold intrepid rein-shaking charioteer of Hektor, Clutcher, as he hastened battleward, metal-hurled fire-whirled, Teukros struck in the upper anterior part of the chest beside the nipple — paramastic penetration; so he crashed and tumbled — whiptwist — from out of the car, exquisite-riveted, — bone-dash limb-rip — and his horses jerked back, reeled and recoiled, — staggered and tangled in somber suppulsion — quick-hoofed swivel-blenching; and on

the spot his fire-haling cool-swooning spirit unspooled, and his blow-torched icepopping strength dissolved, robust-unbound. And severe pain, grim sorrow, closed around the heart of Hektor, vehement-enveloped, —bunched up like a clenched fist— for his rein-engaging charioteer. Thereupon he let him lie alone there, even though gloom-grieving, pain-spiked, lost in anguish, for his clanlike comrade, and he commanded Kebriones, his own brother, being nearby, —strangle-close— to grab the reins of the horses, and then when the order he heard he did not disobey. And Hektor himself leaped to the ground with a brilliant bound from the 2-man war-car, all-shining, —pamphanontic omnilucent mica-sprayed— shock-shrieking, —scalpel-screaming wild-racked— and he picked up and took a stone in his hand, crass and tremendous, missile-utile, and setting out he made his way straight for Teukros, and his cyclonic spirit exhorted and urged him to rock-hurl and strike him. Indeed did Teukros from his quiver, shoulder-slung silver-laced violet-hooded, take out a cone-pine, flame-keen, stubborn arrow, and bright-aligning, laid it upon the bowstring; but him in turn did —casidcoruscal— Hektor superb of the —chromomutabile jubarvibrant cristaquatic— dragon-dancing bullet-bumped crater-spangled helmet hit beside the shoulder, —humeral crunch, scapular crack!— while— abjunctive apoergic— he was drawing back the string, where the locking collar-bone— tight-thonging stark-excluding— separates the neck and upper chest, which is exposed, a vital, supremely vulnerable spot; there he cast with flaming zest— harsh-injecting— and he struck and hit him with a mobile jagged stone, and he broke and snapped his bowstring, and his hand, knuckle-crushed, became numb— torpedo-tapped electric-rayed— at the wrist, and he dropped to his knees, —crashing scarecrow— stuck and swayed, and his double-horn bow fell from his hand. Now Ajax Man of Sighs did not neglect his fallen brother, slow-collapsing, but he ran and reached, straddled and surrounded him— peribatic tonic-dominant circumvening— and reinforced with his clash-battered color-crammed cool-cratered moon-buoyed star-pooling shield he— amphikaluptic ambitective— metal-veiled him. Then two trusty clanlike comrades, —supertight bright-linked— subvasive hupodunic— dark-plunging, having slipped below him, —oblique and bracing— Mekisteus, Big Man, son of Ekhios, and skybright Alastor Combat-Ranger, bore him, heavy-moaning groan-grappled, to the sparkle-tunneled ships, sky-wiped sea-scraped.

Then in turn the Olympian, Orbit-Ranger, stirred up combustive might, spurred on ignited power, among the Trojans; and revved up, roaring, they pushed and thrust, forced, propelled the Akhaioi straight to the dun deep ditch, and Hektor among the foremost went, glory-exulting, triumph-pumped, plangent-charging, fierce-scanning, —deinoscopic— glaring around— volcano-eyed— in his core voltaic strength. Even as a hound attempts to pierce, make low contact, embed his teeth in a wild boar or lion, —muzzle-swipe snout-snatch— to bind his fangs— snap-cling— from behind, with rapid feet pursuing, to clamp down hard on hip-joints— femur-split pelvis-spalt— and buttocks, and image-catching, trains his eyes, attached on him as he turns around in a whirling blur and a winding flash of flesh and growls and grinding canines, thus did Hektor, tight-engaging, press and chase the streaming-haired Akhaioi, always the rearmost, tail-fighters— abcisive apokteinic— cutting off, and

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killing the dilated stragglers; fear-struck they were driven in flight. But when they had stepped through the stakes and the ditch, the trench and the pales, —harsh-pervening — fleeing en masse — bright conation — and many of the men had been conquered and crushed, stark-subdued, under the hands of the Trojans, then indeed beside their ships they remained, dug in, kept back, boosting, exhorting each other, — dark-dismayed stout-concerned — and to all the gods, uplifting their arms, every man, hard-beseeking, prayed with zest in bright profusion; but Hektor kept axling, — amphiperistrophical ambicircumversative — wildly veered, continued to turn around and around — bright-revolving whip-whirling wonder-wheeling — his kallitrikhous pulchrijubatic beautiful-maned horses, channeling horror, routing terror, venting the eyes of the Grim-Eyed Gorgon — tightwound flametrancing — or gore-chewing man-bane Ares.

And Here beheld and pitied them, the — leukolenous candidbrachial — goddess august of the white radius, — skyskinned cloudboned — and quickly to Athene of the crystal crown spoke syllable-bubbles, words winged: ‘O my stars, child of Zeus of the clangdragon shield, — lightningclawed thundertailed — shall we two no longer trouble and rack, concern ourselves with the perishing Danaoi, — bright-blotted harsh-abolished — even at this waning space of time? They indeed will seal, fill up a hideous fate and odious doom, — anaplete and occupy — pump-twist pop-balloon — perish and die, stern-deleted, hard-docked by the solid-fueled projected force, the swing and hurl of a single man, who rages in a way we cannot deal with, at this point, — fury-whipped, out of control, reeling in delirium — Hektor, Clutcher, son of Priam, and truly he has wrung out many wrongs’ — wicked-working.

And her in turn the goddess addressed, Athene of the blue-green eyes — sea-blended shell-banded: ‘Most certainly this man, indeed, should lose his strength enflamed and storming soul, — retrograde and fade — squeezed by the hands of the hard Argeioi, the Radiants, in the land of the line of his father; yet *my* father plunges in fury and scourges and rages, frenzy-infused, with a mind not right, — sky-defective — implacable beast, — cruel pop! — always appalling, ever atrocious, sin-creased, — the hinder-king — a thwarter of my searing force, inhibiting my combustive bent. Not at all does he recall the number of times on many occasions I saved his son, bright-redeemed, rubbed and hard-abraded by the brutal tasks of Eurustheus. Indeed he would wail to the iron sky, spiked with stars, — tear-traced, ploring pools — and Cobalt Zeus from the iron sky — praemissive proiallic — would send me off — comet-crowned, brilliant-bounding — to — epalex defend — aid and support him. If these things, as it stands, I had known in advance in my fisty heart, — well-wired fire-leaping — when Eurustheus — propemped praemitted — sent him off to the creepy Invisible Sphere of — pulartic portafixous — Ais the gate-locker, doom-warden — thong-slinger bolt-slammer — to bring from out of Erebos — low-built dark-holed — the hound of abominated Ais the Invisible, he would not have escaped, secretly or successfully, the sheer-plunging steep-dropping streams — bubble-twisting falls — of thunder-bouncing Stux Abominated. But now, me, Zeus abhors, and has fulfilled the will, effected the plans of Thetis, who kissed his knees and tender-clasping, with her hand, grasped his chin,

beseeking, tear-imploring him, to honor and esteem Akhilleus, city-destroyer, —ptoliporthous urbiabolent— tower-tumbler tunnel-twister. The time will come when he again will call me his enchanting precious gleaming-eyed beloved — aqua-shot prismatic orbits, sea-wobble sun-warble. But you now prepare, and harness for us, our single-hoofed mares, while I go down — dark-devading — katadune decede — and enter the dome, deluxe compound, bright-erected, color-suffused, of Zeus of the fangdragon shield, — flame-coiled spangle-scaled — and metal out in well-built armor — luminous-honed — for war, so that I may see whether the son of Priam the king, Hektor of the sun-dancing moon-singing rainbow-drilled helmet — gladness-slashed — will rejoice when we two appear in the combat space, — praelucent prophanental — outbeaming, up along the blood-caked dykes of battle, down throughout the bone-crammed dams of war, gazing at the clashing thonking maze of razored spears; or *one* of the Trojans, at any rate, will sate the dogs and glut the birds, single-circling, with his fat and flesh, having collapsed, fallen beside the ships of the Akhaioi.'

Thus she spoke, splendid-timbred, and the goddess, Here of the white radius, — armshadow boneglow — did not contravene. Sky Queen then, bright-inspecting, tight-engaged, prepared and harnessed the gold-ribboned horses, — khrusampukous aurisertic — Here, the goddess august, antique, daughter of majestic Kronos; but Sparkle-Pumped Athene, daughter of Zeus of the dragonflashing stormcape, dropped like brilliant waterfalls her sleek and supple poplin gown, ripple-gorgeous cunctative gushes, lingering bulges, buoyant cascades, slipping in folds on her father's floor, threshold-down, in languid motion, — katakheuc smooth defusive — muscle-slide limb-tumble! — explosively poikilodinic, detonatingly variegated — many-colored polka-dotted bright-embellished, which she herself had made, interlooping warp and woof, shuttle shifting, pedal pushing, and had loomed out with her hands; and donning the rainbow and thunderbolt tunic of Sky-Ringing Zeus, cloud-collider, she harnessed herself with well-built armor, bright-arrayed, tackled and clad in a 2-piece breastplate, tuned for tear-bursting war. She stepped with grace into the car, stable-framed, tight-g geared — candy-flamed popsicle-hued — and seized her compound spear, heavy compact sizeable stout, — headtreader spine-stamper — with which she shatters, conquers and vanquishes, breaks charging ranks of men, combatants with whom she is rancorous, beautiful Athene, daughter of a tough and mighty father. Then Sky Queen Here quickly clutched the whip, keenly touched and thonged the mustangs — swivel-lash, sparks of cobalt; and the — ipsekinetic automatic — self-moving musical bright double gates of sphere-swirling star-pounded marmarous purple-shifting sky — Pleiad-swollen — creaked and roared, which the Horai, Time-Queens, maintained, to whom the big sky, the moon and the stars, the voluminous universe, and Oulumpos were charged, — epitrepic inverse — as portal operators, both to — anakline and epithete — push back, swing open, the fist-like thick clenched cloud, and to shut and seal it. There through double gates they drove the goddess-goaded steeds, governed supernal, propelled orchestral.

And when father Zeus beheld the action in the sky from Ide, Timber Mountain, he was fuming, foamed and fiercely turbed, and he urged on,

bright-exhorting, the color-welded Rainbow Maiden, Iris of the golden wings—auripennatic khrusopterous—to bear a message—relay-twizzle warp-dazzle: ‘Step on it, go, swift Iris,—tumble out your supple hues, limber up your twinkle tones—palintrep retrovert—turn them back and do not let them come against me, stark-confronting, face-to-face; for not in a favorable beautiful way will we battle-engage, combat-clash. Thus will I speak out, and this thing too will be fulfilled, bright-perfected: I will lame their rapid horses, break their limbs,—fire-cripple—beneath the 2-wheeled sky-car—smoke-smearred, sulfur-scarred—and then I’ll strike and hurl from the 2-space car, and blow out bolts, crack and shatter the well-built charging chassis; and not through ten revolving years—peritellic circumortic—will they thoroughly heal their wounds and whole become their rips of red where a thunderbolt will hook and puncture, overtake,—keraunous crack, fulminal flash—its jagged fire lacerate, so the combat goddess of the blue-green sea-gleam eyes may know the repercussions when she tangles with her father. But against Here, not at all, do I channel indignation, nor am I exacerbated, whip-enraged, for she is forever accustomed to block me, obstruct my injunctions, to interrupt, break apart whatever I say.’

Thus he spoke, lucent-toned, and vortex-footed Iris,—aellopodic whirli-canic tight-twirling wild-winding—the color-misted Rainbow Maiden, stirred up, arose to bear the message, and bright-stepping, she wound her way from the timber-shadowed mountains of Ide to far and lofty Oulumpos. At the front effulgent double gates of—poluptukhous multisinic—many-folded Oulumpos she met them and detained them, and revealed to them the word of Purple-Turbaned Zeus: ‘Where are you two burning to go? Why do your hearts rage and kick, fury-charged, in your breasts? Son of Kronos Space-Enforcer will not allow you to aid and defend—epamune beguard—the Argeioi, the Shimmer People. Thus did son of Kronos threaten, darkly menace, a promise which he *will* fulfill, bright-performing: he will lame your rapid horses, break their limbs,—fire-cripple—beneath the 2-wheeled sky-car—sulfur-scarred smoke-smearred—and you he’ll strike and hurl from the 2-space car, and blow out bolts, crack and shatter the well-built charging chariot; and not through ten revolving years—circumsurgent—will you thoroughly heal your wounds and whole become your slits of red, where a thunderbolt will hook and puncture, overtake, its jagged fire lacerate, so you may know, combat goddess of the blue-green seashine eyes, the repercussions when you bicker with your father. But against Here, not at all, does he channel indignation, nor is he exacerbated, whip-enraged, for she is forever accustomed to block him, obstruct his injunctions, to interrupt, break apart whatever he says. But you, to be sure, are most appalling,—dirissimous ainotatic—fearless bitch, if indeed you will dare to lift and heave your giant monstrous compound spear against Cobalt-Coated Zeus.’

Having spoken thus, the Rainbow Maiden, quick to the feet, stepping out,—abvasive apobatic—took off, Color-Coded Iris, but to Flashing-Crowned Athene, Blue-Gowned Here spoke, unleashing words: ‘O popoi—O my stars, child of Zeus of the—aigiokhic caprihabent—shock-horn spindragon glowstorm shield, no longer shall I, to be sure, allow us two to fight against Indigo Zeus on account of mortals; let one of

them die—fade and dwine,—retrograde, apophthine—and another let live, whichever lucks out—hits the mark; and the Welkin King, whatever he intends and calculates in his ichor-kicking heart, let him judge and decide between Trojans and Danaoi, as is fair and suitable.'

Thus she spoke, splendid-timbred, and in radiant retroversion she turned back the single-hoofed steeds; and for them the Horai, the Time-Queens, duly dismantled and sprightly unharnessed the beautiful-maned horses, and—katadeted—tied them down, bound them—deligated—at the feeding boxes, perpetual fresh ethereal mangers, and leaned the 2-wheeled combat-car, amber-adorned spark-pounded, against the facing inner wall, nacre-nocked, all-beaming; and the goddesses themselves sat down upon shapely thrones, golden-sloping, enmingled among the other gods, sorrow-saturated in their woe-whipped hearts.

But father Zeus Sky-Bender drove from Ide, Timber Mountain, his—benerotal eutrokhic—well-wheeled spark-spoked tight-linked car and horses to Oulumpos, flame-propelled, and came to, reached the council-chamber of the gods in session, bright-enthroned. And for him the sea-famed glorious planet-shaker—ocean-slosher land-cracker sea-unserene quatiterrene—blurred circumference, bobbing axis—disengaged, unhitched the horses and set the 2-wheeled candy-flamed car on an elevated platform, a splendid stand, and over it, loose-depanding, linen spread, smooth and glossy—amber-threaded combat-veil; and wide-scoping Zeus himself sat down upon the golden throne,—gem-embedded silver-chased—and beneath his feet, supreme and vast Oulumpos shook and trembled—sky-sway sea-swing sphere-shimmy orbit-wobble. Only pink-clad Athene and orange-pranked Here sat apart from Zeus suffused in blue, and did not speak to him at all—prophone, advoke—or ask a question, but he knew the cause of quiet in his heart and spoke, vivid-toned: 'Why are you thus sunk in sorrow,—lamentation-locked—Here and Athene? Surely not are you two worn out,—drained and bushed, toil-tapped—from slogging, trench-entangled, in—kudianeiric decorivirile—man-adorning battle, obliterating Trojans, against whom you have cultivated fierce and lurid hatred. In no way,—so great is my strength robust combustive and indomitable untouchable hands,—could the quantum of gods in Oulumpos turn or shunt *me*. But for *you* two, trembling—chromosome-quivering—full-cast body-quake—gripped and seized your shining limbs, way before you gazed on war, and the nervous work, outrageous deeds and red affairs of war. Thus will I speak out, and this event has been fulfilled: upon your tight-built car, struck by a slanted thunderbolt, put out of commission, immobilized as stretcher-cases, you won't make it back to Oulumpos, where is the lucent palace and throne of the deathless celestials.'

Thus he spoke, vivid-toned, and Athene Supple-Pleated and Tousle-Haired Here dim-murmured dull-muttered,—mumu mumu—who, to be sure, sat near, and were cogitating evils and catastrophes outrageous for the Trojans. Indeed Athene Spear-Ensparkler silent remained and did not speak at all, furious at father Zeus, and fierce and savage, wild rage, bitter bile, gripped her; but Here's breast could not contain her anger, spiked and acerbic, *so she spoke* directly to him: 'Most lurid son of Kronos, what words you mouth! Now well we know too that your

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strength is pooled, your power, undrained; but nevertheless we groan and wail, pity the Danaan javelin-men, who indeed will seal a gloomy fate, fill up a flagrant doom, — dark-expleting — perish and die. Indeed, however, we shall shirk and abstain from war, keep away, if you command; and we shall submit our advice to the rugged Argeioi, the Radiant Men, — hupothete, bright-suppone — whatever will favor and benefit them, so not all will perish — metal-destroyed — because of your flaming abomination.'

And word-exchanging, to her spoke, lucid-timbred, — tone-mutation — cloud-enclanging Zeus: 'At dawn indeed — pink-blooming orange-ranging yellow-lunging — supple-beaming tangible aurora — you will see the high-powered — superflamed turbotonic — son of Kronos, and behold his burning strength, — if you're willing, ox-eyed goddess, — boopic bovocular — queenly Here, — obliterating, blotting out, the massive brigades — plural platoons — of Argive javelin-fighters; for clanking mighty Hektor, Clutcher, will not — apopause, desist — cease from battle, combat stop, until stirred up, the quick-footed son of Peleus appears, — podokic pedicelerous — bright-emerging, beside his ships, on the day when at the terminal sterns they should fight — sword-flash socket-mangle — in most gruesome squeezing grief — paroxic pain — about the slain Patroklos, for thus it is ordained above, — thesphatic, desdeclarative — sky-decreed. But, regarding you, I'm not concerned or troubled, though you are exacerbated, not even if you should go to the uttermost bounds of earth and sea — fish-flower mirror-ball — where are lodged Iapetos, Atlas' pop, and Kronos, son of Ouranos, idle-dwelling, and neither in the rays of Huperion Helios, Roller-Coasting Sun — beam-shimmy space-ballet — do they delight, nor are they cheered by bright-blown breezes, but deep and abundant Tartaros, tunneled and opaque, enflanks them. And if perhaps while wandering, you should arrive there from your roaming, I, to be sure, regarding you, am not worried or concerned, though you're riled, aggravated, since there isn't anything more bitch-like, audacious or shameless, than you.'

Thus he spoke, lucent-toned, but not at all to him spoke the goddess, Here of the white-enblinding radius. And into Earth-Enbanding Ocean fell the pink and brilliant beams, the orange and rippling rays, particulate and undulating, of the chromospheric color-balled sun, dragging black night over — zeidorous triticedatic — grain-giving fruit-popping plow-turning earth. Upon the Trojans dropped the light, planet-plunging, silver-sinking, gold-gushing, counter to their bright desires, but over the Akhaioi, welcome embraceable thrice-implored, — salutative, glad-gotten — slow-caressing, supple-clinging, gloomy night invaded, came, dark and sudden, quick, opaque, thick and murky-percolating.

In turn, Hektor, rimmed in light, made and arranged an assembly invoked of the Trojans, leading the body of soldiers away from the ships, beside the drinking eddy-endotted river, — whirlbeam sunswell moonblow prismpool — in a clear open space, where indeed the ground was not entangled or strewn with dead bodies — perlucent diaphanic unensanguined. After stepping out of the cars, double-teamed, upon the earth, they listened to the uttered word which Hektor, sky-proponed, declared; and in his hand he held a compound thrusting-spear, swirlgrain, eleven forearms, and before him shone the beam's weighted copper

point, around which ran a golden ring—joint-lash hoop-twinkle. He leaned on the beam and spoke a few words among the Trojans: ‘Hear me, Trojans and Dardanoi and allies; now I deemed I’d dash and drill the ships and shell and knock out all the Akhaioi and go back home to windblown Ilios; but before I could, came the dark of dusk,—glowbar arcblur twilight—which now redeemed supremely the Argeioi and their ships upon the breaker-crashing shingle of the surf-entangled sea. So now, indeed, let’s be swayed by evening and obey black night and prepare and tool out supper; but the horses with beautiful manes unharness, unhitch from the bright-gear’d cars, and before them pitch some provender—fodder, chuck, fling tuck; and from out of the city convey and bring cattle and hefty sheep quickly, and honey-breasted wine procure and pick up bread from your many-room houses, and gather to boot a bunch of timber,—barky fuel—a bright-cut pile of firewood, so all night long till—erigenic maneortal—early-born dawn—yellow-veiled pink-clad orange-pumped—rich-rayed palpable aurora—we may kindle many fires, and the blaze and glow may go to, reach the concave colored sky, lest somehow, even through the swirling night the comet-colored-streaming-haired asteroid-adamant Akhaioi make a dash, hasten to flee, over the broad and moonlit back of the star-entangled, salient sea. Not indeed without a struggle, to be sure, let them board the ships securely, trouble-free, but make it so that some of them, at any rate, will even nurse a wound at home, slow-digesting, missile-punctured,—fever-softened heat-cherished ballipeptic—struck by a dart or hit by a spear, keen and compound, as he leaps—with a brilliant bound—upon his ship; so anyone else may abominate too the searing desire to bring upon the horse-busting Trojans tear-teeming—omnilacrimonial poludakruous—war. And let the sacred heralds, sky-precious, splendid-shielded, proclaim throughout the city that teenage boys and men aetatic, silver-sided frosty-browed,—canitemporal polio-krotaphous—pop-rattle knock-twinkle jerk-gyre shimmy-clang—bivouac, camp out, around the city, upon the—theodmetic deconstructive—seatowered godbuilt sunwoven walls—Apollo-traced Poseidon-spiced; and the tender-suckling women, let each one in the echoing palaces light a copious glowing fire; and let there be a continual watch, a guard secure, lest bushwhackers—weather-veiled, valent-invading—come into the city while the army’s absent. Thus let it be, supreme-hearted Trojans, as I declare and proclaim, and let this advice which is spoken, expressed,—uttered matter—sober and sound, be sufficient for now, but at the brink of dawn,—color-caped bright-coned tight-trained twirl-toned—I’ll have something to say and pronounce among the horse-busting Trojans. I pray, as I hope, to Indigo Zeus and the other gods to drive from out of here—splendid-expelling—the—keressiphoretous, orcagestive—fate-swept doom-borne dogs,—whom the queens of doom will whisk away on the pocked decks of black ships. Indeed, however, through the night, we’ll guard and patrol our own forces, but in the morning under dawn,—hupeoious subauroral—prism-beaded nacre-bangled pink-appareled lavender-pumped—dangle-tresses color-disheveled twinkle-swinging—harnessed in our armor, at the hollow polished ships—dark-scooped bright-scraped—let us wake up razored war, joggle Bone-Clad Ares. I shall know and gather whether the son of Tudeus, tough Diomedes, will thrust me back from the ships to the

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wall, — shoved and repelled, bruised and abtruded — or whether I'll bear and carry away, after I slice him, split him open with searing bronze, his blood-boltered — gore-splashed — spoils. Tomorrow he will utterly know, flash out, probe, his battle-superbity, — hard-elucidated — if my quiet compound spear he can abide, — bright-absorbing keen-inva- ding — suddenly — eperkhic inventive — approaching; but among the first of the vanguard I do deem, forebode, that he will lie low, marred and wounded, — thrust-contorted — and many clanlike comrades flanking him, tomorrow, when the sun arises. Would that I were thus immortal, death-defying, age-immune, undecaying, all my days, and that I'd be esteemed and honored even as Athene Amber-Spangled and Apollo Arrow-Clanger are revered, as now this day brings bad and abysmal things upon the Bright-Suffused Argeioi.'

Thus did Hektor, Clutcher, speak to those assembled, and the Trojans cheered, bright-acclaiming, — sis-boom-baed — cymbaling and drum- ming like the sound of rushing waters — and they loosened, disengaged, the sweating horses, heat-convulsing, from beneath the yoke, — double- looping crossbar — and each man bound them, — lucid-tethered — loop- ing leather thongs, beside his own bright-axled car; and from out of the city they brought and conveyed cattle and hefty sheep quickly, and honey-breasted wine procured and picked up bread from their many- room houses, and gathered to boot a bunch of timber, redolent fuel, a bright-cut pile of firewood, and offered up suitable firepools of impe- cable bulls — immaculate screw-horn immolations — to the immortals. And from out of the hoof-pounded horn-brangled plain the twirlblown winds, blithely absorbing, sucked up to the sky, slowly revolving, the steamy aroma and savor encharred, sticky and sweet; but not, of it, at all, did the blessed blissful gods partake, nor did they wish to, for above all, sacred marvelous Ilios incurred their hatred, both Priam the king and the people of Priam of the shapely snapback ashen spear.

And thinking great things at the dykes of battle, the dams of war, dot- ting the combat space, they remained encamped all night, and their flickering guardian-fires burned in scattered huddles. Even as in the concave sky the stars around the beaming moon, blithe and robust, — circumfused, retrojected — gleam and super-emanate their light — distin- guished, praestitive — quite clearly, — aripreous valdiluculent — when the upper radiant air, tight-candesced, akinetic, becomes unblown, motion- less, debilitates her winds; and washed in light, all the lookout moun- taintops and headlands needling, blue-projecting, appear, shine out, — arbored albedo, snow-white spikes, jutting glowcones — and entigered vales, violet dingles, quercal dells; and from the whirling metal sky the ineffable upper flaming air knocks and punches, bursts a hole below in bright suffraction, — subruptive huporrhagic — breaking through the burning ledge, rapid-shelling shattered fire, and all the stars, fused and toned, are visible, — color-swelling candid Pleiads, supple-muscle- d splendid Hyads — and the shepherd, lush-rejoicing, cheers in his heart; so shone supreme between the ships and streams of Xanthos, Yellow River, so bloomed abeam the teams of fires which the Trojans sparked and stoked before the belvederes of Troy. A thousand warden-fires were kindled on the sandal-pounded plain, and by each were fifty soldiers, cold-encamped in the orange elastic light of the fire fusile blazing. And

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their horses, slowly chewing, silent-feeding, on white starch-rich barley and single-seeded rye, stood beside their stable cars—moonglow star-bloom ringspark blowswoon—and waited for, stark-remaining, —thrilling rubies, tones of topaz, pods of emeralds, swollen sapphires—beautiful-throned Dawn.



### NOTE

In Book 8, the Greeks and the Trojans go to it for the span of one day without the help of the gods and goddesses, whom Zeus has commanded to stay away from the battlefield. The Trojans make some headway, and that night the stars seem to echo the fires scattered throughout the Trojan camp.

James D. Watson in 'The Double Helix' tells us about 'the transfer of genetic information from the sequences of nucleotides in DNA molecules to the sequences of amino acids in proteins'. Such an exquisite process viewed as an aesthetic phenomenon might be imagined to transpire within the hard, clear framework of the Iliad, if we substitute 'beauties' for 'genetic information', 'rhythms' for 'nucleotides in DNA molecules', and 'harmonies' for 'amino acids in proteins'. Just as the two sugar-phosphate backbones of a DNA molecule spiral around an invisible newel, so the rhythms and harmonies of the Iliad seem to twist around an invisible axis, which functions, in this case, as the narrative core (Plato's 'logos').

One might contrast the closing night scene in Iliad VIII with that of an ukiyo-e xylograph (woodblock print) of Andou Hiroshige from the series, *Meisho Edo Hyakkei* (A Hundred Famous Views of Edo). In *Ryogoku hanabi* (Fireworks by the Ryogoku Bridge), the pointy and crackling hanabi (flower fires) appear as twinkling stars above the night-veiled Sumidagawa (Sumida River), whereas at Troy the constellations bloom in silence over the Xanthos River. Although the action on the ground in both scenes is quite different, the Trojans do have a reason to mildly celebrate in their hearts, for the god of the stars has temporarily tilted the balance of war in their favor.