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The Iliad of Homer: The Supreme Valor of Diomedes Sky-Guarded

translated by J. M. Wilcox

Then in turn to the son of Tudeus, Diomedes Sky-Guarded, Pallas Athene
Missile Maiden

gave and rendered burning might and courage, so among all the Argeioi, the
Radiants,
he would strike fire, streak light, harvest and hoist efficient glory, celebrated
fame.

She kindled from his eye-shadowed helmet and steel-plated shield an
indefatigable fire,
like the late-summer fruit-popping star, Sirius, hydrogen-dominant, primary-
magnitude, which shines
quite bright, all-beaming, having bathed in circumsonic planet-ringing
Ocean.

Such a fire did she kindle from head-helm and shoulder-shield of him,
and she stirred him up and spurred him down through the middle where most
men wavelike thronged, battle-addled, combat-mombed, dazed by war's
manic tonic.

Now there was a certain Dares among the Trojans, rich and
unimpeachable,
a priest of Hephaistos, Metal King, Fire-Clinger. And he had two sons,
Phegeus, Oak-Eater, and Idaios, Mountain Tree, both well-trained in sundry

battle tactics.

Those two split off, detached themselves, from the hub of blood to engage
and charge against Diomedes in a blur of violence.

Both dashed with a bolt in their 2-horse car, while he on foot broke out in a
rush on the ground.

And when indeed they approached each other, close enough for a clean shot,
Phegeus, Oak-Eater, first propelled his dolikhoskious long-shadowing 2-part
pike.

And over the left shoulder of the son of Tudeus 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 from his bronze.

And not in vain did the airborne missile escape from his hand,
but struck with a cast the chest of Phegeus, between the nipples, metamastic,
and him expelled and bumped from the 2-horse car.

And Idaios, Mountain Tree, bolted back, abandoning the perikallic
circumpulchrous beauty-bound 2-man war-car,

nor did he dare to circle off and body-block for his brother slain and same of
womb;

for he himself, subevading, making off, would not have escaped the black
and somber goddess of death,

had not Hephaistos, Anvil-Banger, Fire-Singer, redeemed him, and kept him
safe, invisible, night-shrouded, haze-wrapped,

indeed, so, his aetatic priest would not be totally sunk in distress.

But the son of soul-supreme storming Tudeus drove the horses from out of
the battle

and gave them to his clanlike pals to lead down, steed-deducing, to the
hollow tree-ringed sap-scented ships.

But when the soul-supreme blitz-hearted Trojans beheld the two sons of
Dares,

one backing off, hot-tailing it, the other killed by his bright-pounded car,
every blood-tumbling heart, drammed with dismay, was swizzled, surprised;
and glaukopidous owlfaced Athene of the sea-silver iris—star-spears
moon-spars!—

grasped impetuous War-Painted Ares by the hand, blow-toned blast-wound
jack-in-the-box, and spoke to him with humanized words:

‘Ares, Ares, human-havoc-maker, bloodstained killer, fort-approaching ring-
wall storm-blaster,

shouldn’t we indeed now allow the Trojans and the Akhaioi
to fight it out, and observe, uninvolved, whichever side father Zeus, sphered
in blue, should stretch out, hand off, glory?

But let us both retire, shrink back, and avoid the burning rage of Blue-
Ensphering Zeus.’

Thus she spoke and led impetuous War-Painted Ares from out of the battle.
Thereupon she made him sit down by the high-banked Skamandros,
and the Danaoi did bend the Trojans, squadron-breaking tail-turning. Each
leader took down a man,

commander-killed. First the king of men, Agamemnon Adamant,
cast from his 2-man war-car the captain of the Halizonians, the Salt-Sashed-
Sea-Bracers, mighty Odios;

for as he was first to turn about and spin out, he stuck a pike, oak-oracular,
in his back, behind the diaphragm, between the shoulders,
spearing rear intercostal spaces, and drove it through his upper chest,
and he fell with a tunk, a clonic clunk, and his well-built armor rattled upon
him—teeth-click bone-clang!

And next Idomeneus Timber-Tough killed Phaistos, armor-battered, son of Boros the Meionian, who had come from eribolaxic loam-lumpy cool-soiled Tarne.

Then spear-famed Idomeneus Timber-Tough pierced him with the quiet point of his long compound spear
in the right shoulder, angle-down, about to mount his horse-powered chariot,
and dashed down he tumbled from the cohesive warrior-carrier, and
subsequently hated darkness took him by the hand.

Then the satellites of Idomeneus Timber-Tough stripped off his battered armor, body-cargo,
and Skamandrios, son of Strophios, Twister, crack at the wild beast hunt,
blood-spotted branch-snapping,
did the son of Atreus, Menelaos Brigade-Abider, take down with his keen compound oaken pike,
a trained hunter; for Artemis herself, Star-Ringed Moon Queen, taught him
how to shoot,
tracking tactics, stalking techniques, missile-methods, how to down all wild
land-dwelling things which the mountain forest fosters.
But iokheairous arrow-gushing Artemis did not defend him then, to be sure,
no oracular protection, no snubbing of doom,
nor did his far-shooting archery skills, priming and scoping, in which he
excelled, at least before now, repel disaster;
but the son of Atreus, spear-celebrated Brigade-Abider Menelaos,
hit and hurt him trying to flee in conative flight, with an oaken pike, in his
back behind the diaphragm, between the shoulders,
spearing posterior intercostal spaces, and he drove it through his upper chest.
He fell on his face—prone-dash front-tumble—and his gear gonged and rang

upon him.

Meriones killed Phereklos, tackle-cratered, son of the wood-worker, Harmon, Joiner, who knew how to make with his hands all kinds of curious singular mystic-modeled cryptic-crafted things, for Pallas Athene Missile Maiden loved him eminently.

And he it was, for Alexandros Man-Repeller, who framed the well-balanced wave-harmonic ships,

arkhekakous, disaster catalysts, wells of ills, which became malicious objects in the eyes of the Trojans

and in his own eyes, since he knew not, in any degree, god-blinding god-ringing oracles.

Meriones, in a state of pursuit, when indeed he overtook him, deprehended, catching metal,

missile-hit his right rump, angle-down; and the quiet point propelling went right through the receptacular bladder membrane, banking down below the bone.

With a wail,—oimoi!—doubling up, he fell to his knees, a brittle collapse,—bone-dash muscle-tumble—and death encapng covered him, circumtucking.

And then Meges, Big Man, slew Pedaios son of Antenor, Man-Facer, concubine-born, but trusty noble sky-refracting Theano reared him well, firm-handed,

exactly like her own children, showing favor to 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 teeth the bronze broke through—gum-gashed jaw-sockets, pulp-splashed masticators!—and cut away the tongue—hyoid infrasection.

So he fell down in the dust,—tumble-crash!—and took the cold bronze in his teeth, blowing metal, dashing dentine.

And Eurupulos, Wide-Gates, son of Euaimon, downed beaming Hupsenor, He-Man,
son of super-souled Dolopion, who was made priest
of Skamandros, and was honored by the people as a god;
him Eurupulos, Wide-Gates, Euaimon's splendid son,
downed, chasing him in conative flight in front,—fugitive and metadrome—
sword-charging,
and he struck his upper arm,—flash-metal blade-blush!—planing off his
heavy mighty lower arm—hand-haggle shoulder-shingle!
And the bleeding arm fell to the sandal-pounded ground, and wet-and-dry-
mixed dark-gleaming death,
violet-scarlet, and mighty destiny, brightly-shuffled, cut and dealt, took his
two eyes below—purple-dyed plume-glow.

Thus they toiled, got down, in the mighty battle,
but you could not tell which side the son of Tudeus was on,
whether he rolled with the Trojans or mixed with Akhaioi.
For he rushed over, dashed across, the sandal-pounded plain, like a torrent-
teeming snow-flowing ice-clinking
drinking river, which flowing quickly shatters dikes and breaks up dams,
batters banks and scatters matter;
and high-barred banks and well-bound dikes don't keep it back, bursting

unblocked, dremming undammed,
nor do the braking hedges of the rich-blooming fruit-abounding much-
blushing sun-bruised moon-pounded star-threshed garden-orchards bridle
or include it,
keep it back or shut it in, coming out of nowhere suddenly, when yellow
lightning, red thunder and blue rain of Sky-Scarring Zeus dribble anchors;
and under it many beautiful works of vigorous humans are ripped apart, torn
up, dashed down—topple-tumble!
Thus the fist-clenched close-packed battalions of Trojans were battle-addled,
combat-mombed, bright-swirled, tight-snarled,
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 sandal-pounded plain, storm-colored, driving battalions,
mobile and jumbled, in balls of confusion before him,
quickly at the son of Tudeus he aimed his curved bow, back-bent tight-
stretched,
and he hit his mark—bull's-eye!—missile-struck him bright-charging,
rushing out, the arrow propelling angle-down, driving through his right
shoulder
through the convex buckled breastplate;—clavicle-clatter!—and the fire-
tipped cone-pine airborne arrow flew right through to the backplate,
appertained, path-enthralled, course-clinging, and the breastplate, red-
flecked, splashed and sprinkled blood—plasma spatter, platelet strinkle—
barber poles, ruby tinkle!
And the splendid son of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, at him long and lofty
shouted:

‘Up an’ at ‘em, Trojans soul-supreme, whip-snapping horse-horters;
 for the battle-best and bravest of the Akhaioi is missile-hit, and I don’t think
 he will hold up, last long, sustain the concentrated kratobolic impact of the
 arrow, if indeed me
 the king, Apollo son of Zeus, Orbit Lord, stirred up, urged on, in full
 support, setting out from Lukia, Glowing Woltown.’

Thus he spoke, boast-burst, broadcast; yet not Diomedes did the shaft,
 swift and sky-shot, force down or subdue,
 but he drew back, gave ground, and stood before his steeds and car, bright-
 hammered,
 and spoke to Sthenelos, Mighty Man, son of Kapaneus, Electric Man:
 ‘Hurry up, step on it, cherished son of Kapaneus, bright and peptic, get down
 from the double car,
 so you can pull the airborne cone-pine fire-tipped arrow 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, the deep-pierced
 air-cast back-barbed quick stick clean through his shoulder;—burning
 hole, scapular tap!—
 and blood shot up—red jets, hot squirts, spear spurts!—through the pliant
 well-spun thread-twisted poplin ring-mailed chain-armored turnable tunic.
 Then indeed Diomedes Sky-Guarded, good at the war-scream, began to
 pray:
 ‘Hear me, child of Indigo Zeus who wields the snake-head goat-shield,
 Atrutone, Unrubdownable,
 if ever, precious-minded, you stood by my father

in burning battle, now in turn to me be precious-minded, Athene of the
sparkle pumps;
and grant that I take down this man and that he comes in the petuous path of
the crowning point of my pelling spear,
who, one step ahead, anticipating, arrowed me and boasted in jubilant glory,
and he says that not for long
will I continue to see and insume the radiant light of the sun.'

Thus he spoke in imploration, and Pallas Athene Missile Maiden heard
him,
and she made his limbs, extreme, light and nimble, buoyant-brilliant, his feet
below and hands above,
and she stood tight, strangle-near, and uttered syllables winged:
'Be now bold, Diomedes, to fight against the Trojans;—spare spear-tip
tap!—
for in your breast I placed and propelled the flaming might of your father, an
unquaking burning bent, pop-injected molten volts,
a slow flowing husky burst, such as sakespalic shield-wielding horse-rider
Tudeus used to have;—wicker-packed metal-loaded—dot-connected kool-
aid pools!—
and in turn I have taken, having clasped, the violet veil 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 come hither to tempt or test you,
human-assuming,
make sure you not at all attempt to mix it up with the other immortal gods,
fight against them face to face;
but if Zeus's daughter, the goddess of love, Aphrodite Foam-Built,—ocean-

surfacing sea-sonic aqua-choric crystal-blast!—

should go into battle, hit her, hurt her, at any rate, wound-strike pole-push
with pointed copper.’

So after she spoke, owlfaced flashing-eyed Athene took off,—pop-tingle
blow-sparkle!—

and the son of Tudeus, going in turn, mingled again with the front-fighters.
Though before, his storming heart, stoked and kicked, burned to knock and
drag, to fight it out, with the Trojans,

now, indeed, a greater triple flaming force, gene-shot bright-plungered,
grabbed and thrallled him, like the flaring might of a lion,
which a shepherd in a grazable field, keeping an eye on his wool-carded
sheep, hoof-frisky horn-thrusters,

slightly wounds and bruises,—wild cat contact!—but doesn’t subdue while
bounding over a windblown wall into a bright green open space below a
zone of blue;

he has stirred up lionpower, and subsequently doesn’t keep off the cat,
but the shepherd slips down to the sheep-shelter, and the desolated
ungulates, panic-packed, are chased away,—jitter-jettled fugitive
ruminants—

and the heaped up sheep, ewe cluster, huddle-throttled, interfusive each to
each, have poured upon each other,—pronograde quadripedal
inundation!—

but the hot-clawed cat springs with a bound off the windblown wall from the
far-flowered deep open space;

thus enflamed did mighty Diomedes Sky-Guarded, body-blending, mingle
with the Trojans.

Next he took down Astunoos and Hupeiron, shepherd of the people,
one he hit with a hurl above the nipple, supermastic, with his spearbeam,
copper-tipped,

the other with his sizable sword he smote with a blow to the neck-locking
collar-bone, beside the shoulder,—clavicle-rattle key-tinkle—

and he severed, unbound, the upper arm from his neck and back—humeral
sunder, scapular slash!

He left these for now, and went after Abas and Poluidos, Knower of Many
Things,—animated metaquest!—

sons of Eurudamas, Wide-Crusher, an old dream-ranger;

the antique man did not mark out or expound the dreams of sleep for the
ones war-ward going,

but mighty Diomedes Sky-Guarded killed them, body-stripped spoil-
grappled.

Then he went after Xanthos, Yellow Man, and Thoon, Nimble, the two sons
of Phainops, Shining Eyes,

both delightful, late-born; but he was rubbed by drear and sore senectitude,
and sired no other son to whom he could leave his possessions.

There Diomedes killed them, body-stripped spoil-grappled, took out their
soul, stark-exumed, snapped their life, pressure-precious,

both of them; and he left their father groans and wails and sad-teeming
troubles, heirless cares,

since he would not hug or see them again, returning alive from battle;
and the kin of desolated Phainops, Shining Eyes, would divvy up his
cumulated quinta-vacant things.

Then he 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 springs upon cattle and breaks and shivers the neck
of a cattle-ranger, or a heifer or cow, grazing or lying throughout a tree-
planeable place,—bovine chow-down, timber-tones, beam-polish, bush
dreams—

thus did Tudeus' son yank and force both men from the 2-horse car
fiercely, against their will, brutal-boggled, and then stripped off their well-
built armor, splendid plunder, body-cargo;
and the horses he gave to his clanlike comrades to drive to the fixed fleet of
ships.

But Aineias Man of Fame saw him draining the mobile and ravaged ranks
of men,
and proceeded to go, stepping up to the horrible heights and blur of battle
and slipping into the bright confusion and flurry of spears, a ballistic
hullabaloo,
to seek out godlike Pandaros, if he might find or encounter him anywhere.
He found the son of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, blameless and mighty,
and he stood before him and spoke a word face to face:
'Pandaros, where are your 2-piece mark-hitting bow and winged air-drilling
arrows
and celebrated fame? In the area of archery no man contending truly
can rival you there,
nor does anyone in Lukia, Glowing Wolf town, boast to be better than you to
be sure.
Come now, snap to! Unleash an air-shaft 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, wicked work,
for the Trojans, since he has loosened the knees—popliteus unpinned, patella
empowdered—of many good men,
that is, if he is not some god, rancor-reamed, infumed by the Trojans,
inflamed by lack of holy immolations; for the rage of a god is hard to take,
acid-blasting limb-numbing bone-burning.’

To him in turn spoke the splendid son of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man:
‘Aineias Man of Fame, counselor of the khalkokhitonic metal-appareled
Trojans,
I deem him indeed to be in all things like the battle-bent head-flaming son of
Tudeus, Cobra Howler,
knowing him by his sunbeam-bouncing rainbow-streamered bull-roaring
shield and aulopidic tube-eyed crest-keepereed helmet,—socket-faced
crystal-blown oscillator!—
and spotting his horses; but I do not know absolutely if he is a god.
If he is the man I think he is, the battle-bent head-flaming son of Tudeus,
Cobra Howler,
not without a god does he rage, flaming thus, fury-sucked, but one of the
imperials
stands beside him, strangle-near, his shoulders shawled in
a cloud,—pensile ice particles embracing radiant clavicles!—
who turned the swift shaft, air-shot, away from him, bull’s-eye-baffled,
alighting elsewhere.
For already I let go an arcing arrow projected at him, and hit him, shaft-shot,
on the right shoulder,
clean through the hollow of his 2-piece side-buckled breastplate;
and I deemed I would send him ahead to subterranean Aidoneus, Invisible,

yet I did not crush or subdue him at all. Logic dictates he must be some
rancorous god, transmundane, dart-deflecting.

And horses and heat-fused war-cars are not standing by on which I could
step up and mount.

But in the tall halls of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, I believe there are eleven
2-man war-cars,

beautiful blowtorched spot-welded glow-touched rivet-popped,—gas-tang
tool-clang!—the latest models, and over them poplin dust-protectors,
bright-spun combat veils,

are spread; and by each single car stand double-yoked steeds, tidy-stabled,
feeding on the cereal of white starch-rich barley and single-seeded rye.

Indeed the old spearman, Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, with muscular gusto
commanded me thus, when I began to go off to war, in our well-built house:

he horted and pelled me to mount upon horse and car

and lead the Trojans through deep and mighty battles;

but I did not obey,—indeed it would have paid off rather better—

sparing the mares, for I was afraid they would go without fodder, lack tuck,
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 my target-piercing compound bow, but this is not about to help
me—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 shot sure, shaft unswerving, track untwisted, scoring scarlet, surfacing
blood, 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
to lovely Ilios, boon-jagging, bringing grace to Hektor luminous.
Yet if I return and behold with my eyes
my birthland and wife, whose dreams I dream, and my large and majestic
high-roofed well-built home,
then may some alien, subito, cut off my head,
if I don't fling this two-bit bow into the blazing fire
after I smash it and break it up with my hands, for hollow-aired it follows
me—gale-impermanent 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, will stay the same,
until we both with horses and car, bright and well-bolted, come upon, to be
sure,
power-clash, go head to head with this man, and test him enarmored, suited
up, sworded out.
Come now, let's go! Mount my well-built car, so you may see
the incomparable cut of Trojan steeds, well-skilled, sky-reared, primed up to
pursue
or flee quite quickly—crayon streaks—across the pastel-flowered
tropospheric sandal-pounded plain.
Both, too, will bring us safely to the city, *if* again
Zeus of the lucent blue should stretch and furnish glory to the son of Tudeus,
Diomedes Sky-Guarded.
Let's go now! You take the whip and the rhinestone swine-twinking reins,

and I'll step off the running board in order to fight,
or you wait here to face and 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 the reins and your team of double horses;
both will conduct the curved and 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 linger, idle and a target for alarm, nor let them be abortive to bring us out of battle, tone-trained, longing for, expecting, the distinctive sound and timbre of your voice,
while the son of spirit-supreme Tudeus would leap upon us,
kill us both and drive away the single-hoofed steeds.
But you yourself, to be sure, drive your own fire-pounded battle-car and your own mares,
and I'll dig in and face the push of his raid and invading rush, with my sharp and beamy spear.'

Thus they spoke and boarded the many-colored metal-mottled battle-car, and both, fired up, held on tight and drove and aimed the rapid horses at the son of Tudeus.

But Sthenelos, Mighty Man, glorious son of Kapaneus, 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, stark and mighty, ignited to fight against you,
possessing measureless muscle-power. One is a hither of marks, well-skilled
at bow-aiming,
Pandaros, and pumped with pomp he boasts to boot to be the son of Lukaon,
Glowing Wolf Man;
and the other, Aineias Man of Fame, boasts to be the son of stainless
Agkhises, Foam-Swirled,
of sterling stock implumed, and his mother is Aphrodite, who, blue-
enloomed, rose from ocean-flashing spume.
Well come on, let's fall back in our 2-horse car, and don't storm thus,
whatever you do, through the front line, lest you possibly lose your precious
life.'

And then to him with a beveled gaze, brow encowled, spoke mighty
Diomedes Sky-Guarded:
'Don't talk to me about fright-driven dread-directed flight, for I deem you
won't persuade me.
For it is not part of my make-up to shirk and seek escape from fighting, to
keep away from battle,—in war I do not wander off—
or crouch down or cringe in trepidation; still is my fire-shot strength
steadfast, my force well-grounded.
I stickle and shrink, vehicle-revolting, from mounting upon my 2-horse car,
but just as I am
I shall go against them, face to face; for me to vanish and flee from fear,
Pallas Athene Spear-Ensparkler doesn't allow.
These two enemies, briskly horses will not carry off again,
will not bear both back from us, even if one or the other endeavors to flee.
And I shall tell you something else and cast and lodge it in your mind:

if counsel-rich Athene of the dented dress should stretch and relay glory to
me

to kill both enemies, then you hold back these breakneck horses,
checking them right here, straining the tight-stretched reins around the
chariot-rail,—leather-looped metal-tethered—

and concentrate on rushing at, dashing for, dart-like, the horses of Aineias

Man of Fame,

and driving them out from the Trojans away to the hub of the shin-guarded
Akhaioi.

For they are indeed of the stock from which wide-gazing Zeus gave to *Tros*
as amends for his son, Ganumedes Bright-Guarded, since they are the battle-
trained best

of all the horses which canter under the dawn and the sun.

Of that breed the king of men, Agkhises, Foam-Swirled, stole some stallions,
stealthily pairing them up with the suckling mares of Laomedon, People-

Guardian, moo-mates matchmaking, notice escaping, in secret
supposition.

From these to him a stock of six was born within his looming halls.

He himself retaining four, gambol-jubilant, reared them up at the feeding-
box,

but two he gave to Aineias Man of Fame, planners of flight, plotters of
panic.

If we should take these two, we would gain sublime and noble glory,
splendor-lifted.'

Thus they spoke about such things to each other,

and quickly came near the two enemies, driving the brisk horses.

First to him the splendid son of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, spoke:

‘Soul-mighty battle-minded fire-rushing knower of things, son of exalted
Tudeus,
indeed my rapid missile-shot did not bring you down, the flame-tipped
airborne pine-shaft;
now again I shall test you with my quiet pointed high-speed 2-part spear, if I
happen to hit the mark.’

Thus he spoke and, poised in launch mode, propelled the long-shadowing
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, drew near the double-
buckled breastplate,
and the splendid son of Lukaon, Glowing Wolf Man, at him shouted long
and lofty:
‘You are hit, missile-shot, clean through the flank, the hollow space below
the rib cage pierced, solar plexus penetrated, and I don’t think
you will endure, hold out much longer; thus have you eminently given me
my wish for glory.’

But unruffled and unfazed, to him spoke robust and dominating Diomedes
Sky-Protected:
‘You missed, not hit, your mark; but I deem you *both*
will not stop or quit before at least one or the other falls
and gluts with blood the god of battle, Ares, the welkin commando who
wields the dented indelicate hidebound jacket-backing bull-roaring
shield.’

So he spoke and hurled, and Ripple-Gowned Athene steered the projected
 spear straight ahead, crossing space,
 to his nose beside the eye, and drove it through his conical white teeth—
 gum-smash pulp-jello!
 The stubborn bronze, unabradeable, cut off and tore out his tongue at the
 root,
 and the spear-point propelling wound down by the genial base, came out the
 bottom of his bloom-bright chin;
 then he fell down out of the bright-axled car,—earth-dash body-tumble!—
 and his flashing armor, fondly fashioned, hue-changing particle-pinging
 omniluminous all-beaming,
 clattered like a thousand dice upon him,—canine-click bone-rattle!—and his
 horses, fear poked, quaked apart, bolted oblique,
 velopedal, quick-hoofed; and there his ice-blown soul and flame-glow might
 were loosened, bright-dissolved, robust-unbound.

Then Aineias Man of Fame, stirred up, rushed off with his bullhide shield
 and long-beam spear,
 fear-shot, lest somehow, the Akhaioi might drag away the corpse from him
 for plunder.
 Then he straddled the carcass of Pandaros, lion-like striddled, trusting in his
 fending force, counting on his blocking power,
 and for him, in front, tableau-tight, he held his long-beam spear and bullhide
 shield, equally omnidirectional,
 eager to kill whoever might come face to face, opposite the *corpse*,
 shrieking terribly; but son of Tudeus seized a big stone, missile-utile, hand-
 grasping,
 a notable deed, a mighty feat, which two men, at any rate, could not sustain

or pick up,
such as blood-charged mortals now are, yet even alone he poised it easily.
He hit Aineias Man of Fame on the hip-joint, femur and innominate bone
conjunction dejected, where the thigh-bone
turns in the hip-joint;—they call it the ‘cup’—
he crushed the cup, bruised the bone-hole,—pulp-splash socket-batter!—and
in addition smashed both tight-stretched tendon-bands,
and the jagged stone, lapis asperous, ripped the skin away—epidermal push-
off. Then the warrior
fell to his knees,—popliteal drop and collapse—remained drained but
propped himself up with his stark and solid hand,
leaning on earth; and black night cloaked his two eyes, violet-veiled,
vertigo-seamed, seeled, enswooned, in a luminous gloom.

And now there Aineias Man of Fame, lord of men, would have perished,
had not the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, queen of love, Foam-Breaker,
quickly keenly beheld and marked her son,
his own mother, who bore him to Agkhises, Spume-Twirled, in a passionate
moon-starred encounter while he tended cattle;
around her precious son she streamed her two white arms, ambifusive, pale
limbs poured in radius embrace,
and in front she veiled him in a fold of her beaming woven rimple-tumbling
shadow-crinkled robe,
to be a bar to rockets, missile-blocker, lest any of the Danaoi of the quick
colts, takhupolous,
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 hurtle of metal,
 but the son of Kapaneus did not forget the framed instructed pact,
 the charge composed, which Diomedes Sky-Guarded, battle-scream-
 supreme, enjoined;
 for he curbed and kept back his own single-hoofed steeds, solipedal
 ungulates,
 crimped aloof, away from the body-blow of sound-abounding battle, the
 mind-glow of shriek-teeming war, straining the tight-stretched reins from
 the chariot-rail,
 and rushing at, darting for, the kallitrikhous beautiful-maned mares of
 Aineias Man of Fame,
 he drove them from out of the zone of the Trojans to the middle of the shin-
 guarded Akhaioi,
 and gave them to Deipulos, his cherished kinlike comrade,—whom beyond
 all peers
 of identical age he esteemed, for he thought about things in similar ways,
 mind-attuned, heart-harmonic—
 to drive to the sawed-up scraped-down sea-knocked tubular ships.
 Then the warrior
 stepped up, mounted his 2-horse car and grabbed the rhinestone swine-
 twinkling reins,
 and quickly drove the krateronukhous strong-hoofed horses in quest of the
 son of Tudeus,
 teeming and turning with fire and zest. But he was making for Kupris,
 Bubbles, the queen of love, with pitiless bronze,
 discerning that she was a powerless goddess, not one of the goddesses
 who supremely commands and utterly controls the battle of men,

neither Iron-Gowned Athene nor city-sacking war-goddess Enuo.
But when indeed, chase-engaged, pressing and hounding her hard through
the hick conglobal throng, he reached and overtook her,
then the super-souled son of Tudeus, in lunge mode,
bound with his sharp spear-beam and struck the top of her soft hand;
straightway through her nonresistant supermundane loom-built apparel
which the charm-bright crystal-favored Graces themselves, delight-
inoculated,
had woven in toil for her, the wooden spear-beam passed and pierced, more
than brushed and rubbed against the surface of her hand-bottom,
above the palm-base, flesh-perforated, and the superlunary blood of the
goddess gushed,
blue fluid, *such* as flows and circulates through the blessed empyreals;
for they do not eat grain-based food, nor drink sparkling fire-eyed wine,
on account of which they are bloodless, and are called eternal.
Shrieking intensely she let her son slip away from her, flung down, dropped,
dejected;
and Phoibos Apollo Beaming Destroyer, bright-redeeming, drew him up in
his arms, enshielded and saved
in a dark-blue cloud, lest any of the quick-colted Danaoi,
hurling bronze at his breast, might take him out, take away his blood-rushing
life;
but Diomedes Sky-Guarded, good at the battle-scream, at her shouted long
and lofty:
'Draw back, daughter of Zeus, from war and burning battle.
Is it not enough—space-swell time-teem star-swarm moon-ting!—that you
deceive and cajole defenseless women with your bag of tricks?
But if you, to be sure, engage in combat, battle-meddle, interact, indeed I

deem

you will shudder and quake at the mere word, ‘war’,—frost-tink blood-tang
ice-clink bone-clang—even if you hear about it later elsewhere.’

Thus he spoke, and she stepped away distraught,—mind-momble thought-
wander— and throe-rubbed, was terribly turbed;
then wind-footed color-blown Iris, Rainbow Girl, empyreal agent, took her
hand and led her from out of the throng,
pain-loaded, and her beautiful skin, grazed and wounded, blackening, was
stained with bluish liquid crystal.

Next she found impetuous Ares, body-leaper, god of war, to the left of the
battle,

still and idle, and his compound spear, sky-ensloped, was leaning on a low
airblown cloud bank, and idle too his high-speed 2-horse car.

She fell to her knees—popliteal drop—and keenly beseeched
her dear brother, asking for the khrusampukous horses of the flanking golden
streamers:

‘Dear brother, save me and give me your horses,
so I may go to Olumpos, where is the undimmed dome of the astral-throned
eternals.

I am weighed down, too-too taxed, with a torn and bleeding wound, which a
blood-pumped mortal man tendered to me with a thrust,
the son of Tudeus, who now to be sure would even fight against father
Zeus.’

Thus she spoke, and Shield-Banging Ares gave to her his horses with the
flanking golden streamers;
and stepping up she mounted the combat-car with room for two, troubled

and pained in her precious heart,
and Iris, Rainbow Girl, sky-subsuming cloud-perfuming, mounted beside her
and took the reins in her hands,
and whipped the horses enlashed to drive to the stars, and the pair flew not
unwillingly, steeds unstickling, path ensparkling.
Then quickly they came to the dome of the gods enthroned, steep and
soaring Olumpos.

There wind-footed color-blown brisky Iris, Rainbow Girl, halted the horses
and harness unbound from the bright-built car, and threw before them
chopped stalks, chow prejected, sky-tuck, heavenly provender,
but Aphrodite Spoom-Born, moon-luminous, fell upon the lap and clung to
the knees of Dione Aquamarine,
her mother. She gripped and held her daughter in her bent embracing arms,
and caressed and stroked her with her hand and spoke a lucent word in
address:

‘Now who of the Ouranionians, the Sky People, did such brash and feckless
things to you, dear child,
fruitlessly, foolishly, as if you were doing something bad, an eyeballed
crime, before the face of all?’

Then to her responded philommeidous smile-loving Aphrodite, word
exchanging:
‘Tudeus’ son, super-souled rash and rushing Diomedes Sky-Guarded
wounded me,
because I was bringing my precious son out from under the glitter of battle,
the hurtle of spears,
Aineias Man of Glory, who to me is the dearest by far of all men.
For no longer are there only spectral battle-screams and shocking combat-

shrieks—jittery chirm, hideous jangle!—of Trojans and Akhaioi,
but now the Danaoi, to be sure, even duke it out and fight with the deathless
imperials.’

Then to her responded Dione Sea-Bright, goddess candescent, word
exchanging:

‘Take heart, my child, and hold out, endure though in distress;
for many of us who have and possess Olympian homes have certainly
suffered

at hands of men, setting hard pain and grinding anguish upon each other.

Ares Body-Monger suffered, when Otos and stout Ephialtes,

sons of Aloeus, Bruiser, bound him in strong bonds, silver shackles,

and in a copper vessel he was bound for thirteen months;

and then and there Ares Body-Squeezer, war-unquenchable, would have
perished,

had their stepmother, charm-encircled beauty-shot Eeriboia,

not brought word, informing Hermes, crafty god of the golden wand; and he

sneaked up and stole away Ares Battle-Spinner,

by that point hard-rubbed and scraped up, for his rusty chains and rasping
handcuffs were breaking him down.

And Here Sky Queen suffered, when the strong child of Amphitruon, Bull-
Catcher,

struck her in the right breast, angle-down missile-shot, with a 3-barbed
airborne arrow;

then too unmitigating pain, undiminished anguish, gripped her.

And monstrous Aides, Invisible, the subterranean god, among others,
suffered and took a quick shaft, air-shot,

when this same man, son of aigiokhous Zeus of the snake-head goat-

shield,—storm-boom sky-crack!—
stick-struck him in Pulos, Gatetown, among the medley of dead bodies,
field-battered, and gave him pain, dished out anguish;
yet he went to the cloud-built palace of Indigo Zeus and advanced to tall
Olumpos,
heartache-packed, pierced with pains, for the airborne arrow,
clot-lodgeable, was driven into his immalleable cleatproof shoulder, and
troubled his pulsing soul.
But upon it Paieon, the god doctor, sprinkling painkilling drugs, externally-
applied ointments,
healed him; for he would not die down at all, not declinable indeed, since he
was more than mortal-made.
Persistent wretch, doer of ponderous deeds indecorous, performer of
nefarious things inapposite, who, bad deeds doing, did not heed,
who, with double-horn bow, troubled the gods who hold and inhabit
Olumpos.
And upon you the goddess Athene of the aquamarine eyes—owl-glare
gloam-gleam—has set this man,
such a wordless bafflehead; for the son of Tudeus, mind-benighted, does not
know this,
that not long-lived especially is he who fights with the empyreal people,
nor at all do his children say ‘papa’ at his knees
after coming back from war and truculent intransigent fire-spitting head-
splitting battle.
Therefore now let son of Tudeus, even though he is quite robust,
self-indicate, consider, lest someone better than you should fight against
him,
lest Aigialeia, Beach Girl, thought-encircled daughter of Adrestos,

Unrunaway,
 wail long and wake up her dear domestic menials, break them out of sleep,
 yearning for, missing, her legally wedded spouse, prime in prowess, the best
 of the Akhaioi,
 Aigialeia, the muscular tight-built dreammate of 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 became hale, whole-healed, and the heavy pains were lightened and
 dolor diminished.
 But in turn, Head-Borne Athene and Sky Queen Here, looking at her, eyes
 aglaze,
 with mocking and heart-hacking words attempted to vex and provoke Indigo
 Zeus, son of Kronos Accomplisher.
 And among them the first to utter a word was the goddess Athene of the
 blue-green eyes:—owl-glare orbit-sparkle—
 'Father Zeus, will you be, to any degree, enraged at me, because of what I
 should say?
 Truly quite Kupris, Bubbles, queen of desire, prompted some Akhaian
 woman, with her gold tureen of fire,
 to tag along with, tight-engaged, accompany, the Trojans, whom now she is
 crazy in love with, headbashed thought-banished,—crush-kick passion-
 smack!—
 and while patting this Akhaian woman, superb-robed sparkle-veiled,—dark-
 dented parti-colored tumble-gown—
 she scratched and pricked her slender hand, manual mangle, 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, seek and go after desire-exciting deeds of wedlock,
connubial-quest, bridal-charm-aim,
and all these things connected to war will be objects of care to running Ares
Body-Collector and Athene Head-Ejected.’

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 Apollo himself, Decimator, held his hands over him in manual
protection;

but he did not stand in awe of the great god, and he was ever bursting
to kill Aineias Man of Fame in crimson culmination, and strip off his
wonderful glorious bright-constructed armor—plunder-rattle spear-
sparkle.

Three times succedent, wound-up, he bolted and rushed at him, eager to kill
him in heated decision,

and three times Apollo Planet-Blaster packed a serious punch, pounded his
seamless battered moon-beaming star-flaming bell-clanging shield.

But when indeed the fourth time he charged at him like a god, doom-dealing
fire-veiled,

then luridly hekaergic rocket-launching Apollo Decimator, macabre-acoustic
articular-timbered, lungtop-shouting, spoke to him:

‘Cogitate, son of Tudeus, and retreat, draw back, and be not game
to deem you’re empyreal-parallel, perpetual-par, for never is the race

of the deathless gods conjunctive with that of men who come and go upon 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 far-shooting Apollo Lacerator. But Aineias Man of Fame, Apollo Body-Lasher set apart from the balled up throng in sacred Pergamos, where his temple, to be sure, had been built. Indeed, him did Leto and arrow-streaming Artemis—groove-sparkle shimmy-bongo!—heal and allay in the tall and spacious limited-access innermost sanctuary, and exalt and glorify him; but argurotoxic 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 and blazed, hacked and burned, about each other's chest the bullhide bumpers: smooth and circular rainbow-streamered shields and lightweight winglike rawhide shaggy shields. Then indeed to impetuous Ares, body-leaper, god of war, spoke the god of the lyre, Phoibos Apollo Bright Demolisher: 'Ares, Ares, human-havoc-maker, bloodstained killer, fort-approaching ring-wall storm-blaster, might you not indeed proceed and go into the blare of war, invade the glowing core, and redeeming, draw this man away from seeming jungle-blear and jangle-blur,

the son of Tudeus, who now to be sure would even fight against father Zeus?
Kupris, Bubbles, queen of desire,—germ-crystal foam-metal—first he struck
close-up on the hand and wrist inwounded,
and then upon me myself he rushed like a god, doom-dealing fire-veiled.’

Speaking thus he himself sat down upon the zenith of Pergamos,
and destructive Ares Bone-Snapper, squadron-intragrading, went among and
stirred and spurred the ductile Trojan rowed warriors,
resembling nimble Akamas, Indefatigable, leader of the Threikoi,
and he exhorted the diotrophic sky-gelled welkin-suckled sons of Chief
Priam:

‘Sons of Priam, the sky-gelled king,—cloud-curdled firm-formed—
up to what point will you let the troops be left to the Akhaioi to be killed?
Will it be until they are fighting about and besieging our skillfully-built
double gates?

There lies still a man whom we admire and esteem equal to moon-gleaming
star-fired Hektor, Clutcher,
Aineias Man of Fame, son of heart-august Agkhises;
so kick it in gear, let’s redeem and save from the teeming battle racket and
abounding fulgent tumult our brave and plucky kinlike comrade.’

Speaking thus he stirred the flaming might and spurred the storming heart
of each warrior, every man.

Then in turn Sarpedon, Snatcher, robustly rebuked radiant Hektor, Clutcher:
‘Hektor, where indeed has your combustive power gone which you had
before?

You clearly declared you could and would hold the city without your troops
or alloyed allies,

alone with your sisters' husbands and your brothers.

Now of these I cannot see or mark anyone,

but they crouch down, fear-shot, like hounds around a lion;

yet *we* shall fight, we who are here as allies to help you out, back you up.

For truly I, as an ally to the rescue, come from quite far away;

for far off is Lukia, Glowing Woltown, by bubble-swirling whirlpooling

Xanthos, Yellow River,

where I left behind my precious wife and not-yet-speaking baby son,

and many things which I acquired, forced now to relinquish and let go,

which he who lacks, thing-ungotten, wishes for.

But even so, I stir up, alert, 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, such as

portables or animals, which the Akhaioi might carry or drive away;

but you stand idle, and do not command the other

contingents to remain and abide and defend their wives, assault-repelling.

Beware, lest somehow, as if caught in the tight-bound loops and fastened

meshes of all-ensnaring flax,—blue-blossom drive-tangle, green-hook
cling-tingle!—

you should become a hand-taken spoil and lit-upon loot for your might-
ignited venomous enemies;

quickly they would wipe out, utterly annihilate, your lush-dwelled well-
peopled city.

It is imperative all these things are objects of care to you night and day,

and to beseech to boot the chiefs of your telekleitic far-famed allies

to hold out perpetually, hang on tenaciously, and put away robust and
ramming rebukes.'

Thus spoke Sarpedon, Snatcher, and the mouth-made word bit the heart of

Hektor, Clutcher.

Subito down from the landborne car in his lucent-built armor he leaped to
the ground,

and flashing and brandishing two sharp river-grain spear-shafts he went
everywhere 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 Argeioi, the Men of Light, remained together, balled up, stuck tight,
sparkle-thronged, and were not struck by panic, driven to flight.

As the wind bears airborne winnowed husky chaff down along the holy
threshing-floors

of basket-dancers, grain-separators, when yellow-haired Demeter, Cereal
Queen, fruit-crowned,

among the pelling 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
subalbous cumuli; thus, then, the Akhaioi

white became, blanched and spattered, blanketed,—particle-coated open
targets—by a cloud of dust from above, which through the throng of men
the hooves of horses clipped and kicked up, struck and whipped up, drove in
a wave to the polukhalkous copper-teeming sky,

with the warriors mixing it up again, battle-engaging; and the rein-holding
charioteers spun around in bright subversion—axle-creak wheel-spark
rumble-pop!

The flame-trailing might of their hands they bore straight ahead, and raging
 Ares, spring-loaded, gore-chewing god of war, wound up,
 lightly twirled a circumdating veil and conjured night, dark-unfurling bright-
 proposing, boosting Trojans in the battle,
 pacing everywhere, omnidirectional combat-ranger; and so he fulfilled the
 impelled commands
 of Phoibos Apollo Bright Destroyer, khruaoric, god of the golden sword,—
 dangle-clang swish-dazzle!—who ordered him
 to wake up the quick volcanic spirit of the Trojans, when he saw Pallas
 Athene Missile Maiden
 had gone, for she was on the move as a booster for the Danaoi, a bright-
 proposing battle-ranger.
 Apollo himself impelled and sent Aineias Man of Fame from out of the
 extra-rich oil-bright pool-reflecting limited-access secret inner sanctuary,
 and hurled, injected, burning might, combustive force, in the breast of the
 shepherd of the people.
 So Aineias Man of Fame came and stood among his clanlike comrades, and
 they rejoiced
 when they saw him approaching, alive and in one piece,
 and possessing valorous flaring vehement prowess. They did not probe him
 at all, to be sure;—no data-quest or head-pump—
 for another task of war did not allow them, which the 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, pressing on implacably, can-opening
 quarrels, crowbarring bodies.
 But the two Aiantians, the Greater and the Less, and Odusseus Hated Man

and Diomedes Sky-Guarded
stirred up and spurred on the Danaoi to fight; and even they themselves
did not shrink back or duck, not fear-struck by the gathered force and
multiple might and hard drive and stark impulsion of the Trojans,
but they stood fast, remaining immobile like clouds, which the son of
Kronos, Space-Halo,
sets in a windless hush, a violet blush, unblown surging tangible, on
akropolic high-ranging mountain tiptops orange-chipped cherry-chapped,
quakeless, while the burning force of Boreas, North Wind, mountain-sucked,
and other
blitzing airbursts sleep, snoozing super-assailants,—whiplash hueflow
hushdark dreamglow—which blow and scatter
the shadowy clouds with whistling blasts, shrill-shot bright-toned pushed
puffs;
thus did the Danaoi abide, steadfast against the Trojans, robust and
unperturbed, not unbold or aghast, and did not flee in fear.
But the son of Atreus, battle-ranger, roamed and wandered through the
throng, brilliant-jumbled, blowing out injunctions:
‘Precious warriors, 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 from those whoever endeavor to flee arises no celebrated glory or
vigorous prowess’.

He spoke, and quickly hurled the silent wooden javelin, and hit the man
leading a charge, a chieftain,
a kinlike comrade of soul-supreme Aineias Man of Fame, Deikoon Enemy-

Spotter,
 son of Pergasos, whom the Trojans honored equally with the sons of Priam
 the king,
 for he was quick to fight, nimble-keen, among the foremost.
 Him on his shield, bullhide-bound, did Chief Agamemnon hit with his
 spiraling spear-beam;
 and this did not slow down or brake the compound unstoppable whispering
 spear, but the bronze went right through,
 and, bright-perpelled, drove through the combat-belt into his lower
 abdomen, piercing peritoneum, double-layered membrane housing flat
 and squamous endothelial cells;
 and he fell down with a clomp, and his well-built armor rattled like a chain
 of stars upon him—radiant dots, crackling discs.

Then in turn Aineias Man of Glory knocked out, took down, two of the
 war-bold best men of the Danaoi,
 two sons of Diokles, Krethon and Orsilokhos, Ambush-Rusher,
 whose father dwelled in well-peopled skyscrapered wild-beast-inhabited
 Phere, Monstertown,
 who was rich and bound by abundant substance, and his line, water-born,
 emerged from the river
 Alpheios, which flows wide through the land of the Pulioi, the Gate People,
 and which bore Orsilokhos, Ambush-Rusher, to be king over many men;
 and Orsilokhos, Ambush-Rusher, bore super-souled Diokles,
 and from Diokles were born twin sons,
 Krethon and Orsilokhos, Ambush-Rusher, well-trained in sundry battle
 tactics.
 So the two as teens upon black ships

to well-foaled Ilios trailed as a team with the Argeioi, the Gleamers,
to try to gain esteem and score amends for the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon
and Menelaos,
but the terminal doom of death, abysmal-gloom-encaping, spread over both
of them on the spot.
Like, to be sure, two lions on mountaintops,
which are reared by their dam, in the thickets and the wild and coagulated
tangle of a deep wood,
and both, snatching cattle and vigorous sheep and goats,
plunder the stables of men, fang and claw,—lamb-scream sky-blur—till both
too
are cut down, killed by the tight-palmed dark-deckled hands of men with
razored copper;
suchly broken and crushed by the hands of Aineias Man of Fame,
both fell down like silver firs which loom below the stars and the moon—
dawn spikes, dusk sparks—shadow-beam crackle-boom!

But when they fell, war-precious Menelaos People-Resister pitied them,
and stepped through the foremost fighters, charged-up champions, helmed
and harnessed in eye-burning bronze,
shaking his hush-headed spear; and Gore-Smeared Ares, god of war, revved
up his volatile might,
formulating things, dark-calculated, so he might be crushed and conquered,
whipped and tamed by the hands of Aineias Man of Fame.
But Antilokhos, Ambush-Facer, son of majestic-souled Nestor, saw him,
and he stepped through the frontline; for he was ringed with fear,
circumturbed, for the shepherd of the people,
lest he take a hard blow, and trip them up royally, thwarting their toil and

making them reel with swerving and dinical energy.
 Now both were upholding their hands extending, keen and compound spears
 proponing,
 against each other, combat yearning, headbust burning,—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 abide, though a quick and nimble
 combateer,
 when he saw the two men remaining beside each other, boots cleating earth;
 and when they had dragged the corpses back to the camp of the Akhaioi,
 they let go of the luckless two in the arms of their kinlike comrades,
 and they themselves turned around and continued to fight among the
 foremost.

Then the two took down Pulaimenes, Ares-equal, body-mower,
 leader of the great-souled Paphlagonian shieldmen, the storm-roaring
 Bubble-Blasters—sky-scream sea-boom wind-whistle wave-wrestle snap-
 simmer pop-sizzle!
 Him then 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, with a pole-thrust, in a quick burst of
 bright debris;
 and Antilokhos, Ambush-Facer, hurled with a whirl at Mudon, his rein-
 holding charioteer and batman,
 the good gallant son of Atumnios, who tried to turn around his single-hoofed
 horses in brilliant subversion,—vivid scarves of Brownian motion—
 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 reins, coruscating, adorned with discs of creamy ivory, dropped to the
ground in mounds of dust.

And subito Antilokhos, Ambush-Facer, rushed at him and with his sword
struck his temple, his cheek and ear ablush and bubbling blood,
and gasping, panking pink, blowing rubies, dark-succumbing, he collapsed
and fell out of the well-made 2-man war-car
headfirst in the dust, cracking his forehead—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, 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—struck
and kicked and cast and tossed him on the ground in mounds of dust;
those Antilokhos, Ambush-Facer, lashed,—thong-bright whip-snap booty-
snatch—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,—shadow-shifting troop-ripples—and with a lunge
he rushed upon them
screaming, eardrum piercing; and together, violet-filed, the battle-parties of
the Trojans trailed as a team, bright-engaged,
stark and mighty; and Eye-Gouging Ares, god of war, and Nose-Breaking
Enuo, combat queen, led them,
she hand-holding Kudoimos, 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 a prodigious compound pike in his
 palmed unpretty hands,
 and roamed and wandered,—black and luminous bob and weave—at times
 in front, at times in back, of Hektor, Clutcher—rasping planet, wild
 ranger!

So at sight of him Diomedes Sky-Guarded, 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-surfing 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 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 Body-Tripper is right beside him, shamming human shape.
 Now you, turned to the Trojans, eyes enemy-nailed, dreamlike
 drop back, recede in succession, and bend not your desire to play with
 celestial fire or duke it out with the 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 trained in trench tactics, knowing
battle bliss, combat kicks,
both in one 2-man war-car, fighter and driver, Menesthes, Abider, and
Agkhialos, Sea-Choker.
And as they fell, great and mighty Telamonian Aias pitied them both,
and going their way he stood close-by, throttle-tight, and hurled his lulled
and shining wooden spear,
and struck Amphios, son of Selagos, who dwelled in Paisos,
a knick-knacker, grain-gainer, thing-bustling, field-bristling; but spinning
dispensing unturnable fate
led him to aid and team up with Priam the king and his sons.
Him did Telamonian Aias hit with a downcast dart in bright dejection and
pierced his combat-belt,
and in his lower abdomen, peritoneum penetrating, the long-shadowed low-
lunging lance lodged, gut-stuck,—bowel-bowl shaft-shimmy!—
and down he fell with a clunk;—pop-rattle sizzle-bounce!—and shining Aias
rushed upon him
to attempt to strip off, disengage, his sound-constructed armor, body-cargo;
and the Trojans poured upon him reams of beamy spears,—warp-bright
pickup-sticks—
keen and totally twinkling, omniluminous, and his wicker-packed bullhide-
loaded metal-plated concave sky-pooling shield took many hits, pole-
absorbing.
Now body stepping, foot implanting, from the corpse the quiet copper spear
he did succeed in pulling out, yet was not able still to snatch and take away
the rest of the beautiful well-built armor
from his double shoulders, for he was missile-pressed, beam-tamped.
And he was scared of the stubborn ambitious unbustable power-ring of the

majestic protective tremendous Trojans,
 who, many, efficient and brave, set upon him instantly, possessing spears,
 launch-mode-poised,
 and though Aias was massive and muscled and eminent
 they thrust him from them, bright-repelling—shield-quake shrink-back,
 retro-mobile orbit-tremble!

Thus they toiled through the spiky battered battle-tunnel, worked down
 through robust atrocious combat, dark-slogging, bright-slugging;
 but Tlepolemos, War-Sustainer, son of Herakles, Hydra-Decapitator, brave
 and big,
 spinning dispensing unturnable diamond-hard destiny stirred against godlike
 Sarpedon, Snatcher.

And when indeed they came close-up and each to each confronted, face-
 shields oxidized, plume-tubes iridescent,
 son and grandson of nephelegeretous cloud-crowding Zeus,—crystal-clash
 nimbo-boom!—

then Tlepolemos, War-Sustainer, was first to speak a word, blow syllables, to
 his opponent:

‘Sarpedon, the man with a plan, counselor of the Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf
 People,

what forces you to crouch and quail here, choke and blench, a man untrained
 to fight?

They lie who say you’re sky-spawned, son of Zeus of the snake-head goat-
 shield,

since you fall short, lack luster, fade and fizzle, beside the beautiful turbulent
 rocket fumes of those men marvelous

who were Zeus-produced in the time of the first man-faced wonder-bound

creatures.

Of another cut they say, a higher caliber, strong and mighty *Herakles*
was, my father, bold-abiding, lionhearted,—storm-blast jungle-quake
swamp-shimmer bongo-bounce!—

who, coming here one time on account of the mares of Laomedon, People-
Guardian,

with six lone ships and fewer men

utterly emptied and drained the city of Ilios, making bare and desolate the
streets;—vrroom-vrroom body-vacuum 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 Woltown, will not at all be a
defense, a dart-thwart, beam-blocker,

for the Trojans, even though you're considerably strong and powerful,

but crushed and conquered by me you will pass through the double gates of
the abyss of Ais, the Invisible Sphere—the ultra-trip to the infra-pit.'

To him in turn Sarpedon, Snatcher, leader of the Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf
People, spoke face to face:

'Tlepolemos, War-Sustainer, indeed Herakles, Hydra-Decapitator, utterly
demolished holy Ilios,

effected by the folly and the nonconsideration of the glorious man,
Laomedon, People-Guardian,

who, objurgating, chewed him out with a scratchy word, syllable-drubbed,
he who did a good job,

and did not pay up, hand over the mares, for the sake of which he had come
from far away.

But here for you I deem that slaughter and doom—black bane, red gore,

moonblush gloomglow—
 will be wrought by me, and tamed and whelmed under my beam, spear-
 suppressed,
 acclaim to me you will give,—swash-bang, blow-sparks!—and your
 icebound fire-wound crystal-pop soul to klutopolic underground Ais,
 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 struck Tlepolemos 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 covered his eyes, vermilion-
 veiled in loose obtaction.
 Now Tlepolemos had hit Sarpedon in the left thigh with his long-shafted
 short-headed pike,—femur-crunkle—
 and the quiet point shot through shaking with desire,—flame-quiver pank-
 fire gusto-quake shimmy-pep—
 and approaching, beam brushed bone, grazed the surface, but his father,
 Zeus, blocked havoc, warding off harm for now from him.

Then his wonderful kinlike comrades carried godlike Sarpedon, Snatcher,
 sky-mirror,
 from out of the battle, and the long beam dragging
 weighed him down,—heavy traction—but no one in the quick chaos and
 ambling trouble made a point, their minds uncrossed,

to pull out the ashen spear from his thigh, so he could hobble or try to stand up and walk;

for such a sticky task the men did have, encompassing, attending him.

And on the other side the spear-catching shield-tapping rock-and-shockproof shin-guarded Akhaioi bore Tlepolemos, War-Sustainer, from out of the battle, and sky-beaming Odusseus Abominated marked the move,

soul-bold blood-belled, and his precious heart, passion-packed, quiver-ripped, bounced and flickered with desire,

and so he was troubled and turbed in heart and mind; and then he wondered whether to pursue and chase the son of thunder-pounding Zeus, Boom-

Clasher Rumble-Popper,

or rather, soul-adeeming, take away the atom-bustling lives of many more Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf People.

But for large-hearted Odusseus Abominated it was not ordained or fore-doomed

to kill, 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, and Halios, Sea-Dancer, and Noemon, Eye-Catcher, and Prutanis, Chief.

And now still more of the Lukioi, the Glowing Wolf People, would radiant Odusseus Hated Man have killed,

if majestic koruthaiolous Hektor of the hue-changing ray-pinging metallic

helmet had not quickly marked and sharply tabbed his men, drubbed and
 downed, dominoed;
 he stepped through the front-fighters, prebellous champions, helmed and
 geared in eye-blazing bronze,
 bringing fear to the Danaoi. And at his approach, immediately, glad became
 Sarpedon, son of Zeus, but he, moan-intoned, spoke a word of lamentation:
 ‘Son of Priam, don’t leave me here or let me be supine spoil, future booty,
 taken by the Danaoi,
 but defend and help me; and later let life leave me, let my space of time
 forsake me in your 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 make glad and fill with cheer my loving wife and not-yet-speaking son.’

Thus he spoke, yet to him, not at all, did Hektor of the hue-changing ray-
 pinging metal-bright helmet counter-speak,
 but darted by, so that super-quickly, in a whisk and a rush, striving and
 highballing,
 he might shove and push back the Argeioi, retro-thrust the Beamers,—
 streak-rattle whiz-glitter—and soul-adeeming, take away the atom-tapping
 lives of many.
 Then his skybright kinlike comrades made 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 was his precious
 kinlike comrade,
 shoved the slender snapback ashen beam, robust and rubied, 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, down over his eyes—lash-tinkle gush-sparkle.

In turn he perked up, and the blast of Boreas, North Wind, mountain-born, buoyed him in circumanimation,—thrill-swirl kick-start!—a booster shot, breathing upon him after he exhaled, gasping, gulping banefully, expelling his spirit.

But the Argeioi, the Luminous People, pushed back, pounded down, by Ares Body-Twister and bronze-accoutered Hektor, Clutcher, neither skirred, turning tail, to the black ships, in plangent blurred preversion, nor did they battle-face, butt heads, clang copper, spear-tangle, with the Trojans, but by degrees receded, bowed out, backed up, baby-stepped, when they ear-learned swerving Ares, 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, and tank-like bronze-clad clanking Ares Body-Treader?

Godlike Teuthras, celestial-parallel, and subsequently mustang-striking Orestes, Mountain Man, and Trekhos, Roughy, the Aitolian spearman, and Oinomaos, and son of Oinops, Red Eyes, Helenos, and aiolomitric Oresbios of the metal-plated tint-mutating beam-bouncing belt,—mountain-mambo rainbow-bongo limbo-pop!—who, soaked in coin, supremely enthralled by brimming wealth, used to dwell in Hule, Treetown,

sloping on, enshored by, the eel-laden Kephisian Lagoon;—swang-bubble
 swamp-gurgle moon-pool dragon-gloom—and nearby him, propinquitous,
 other Boiotoi, the Cattle People, dwelled, possessing rich and plump,
 mineral-loaded land.

But when the goddess, leukolenous Here of the white radius, marked and
 noted Hektor's soldiers
 killing and destroying the Argeioi, the Radiant People, in obdurate combat,
 subito to Supple-Gowned Athene she addressed winged words, syllable-
 bubbles:
 'Oh my stars, poopless child of Zeus of the snake-head goat-shield,
 Atrutone, Unrubdownable,
 truly it was an idle deed to underbolt a mouthmade word, fruitless to
 promise Menelaos Brigade-Abider
 that he would be able to depart, head home, after wiping out well-walled
 Ilios,
 if we let lethal destructive sanguineous Ares, Skull-Squeezer, rage thus.
 Snap to! Let's go, and both of us concentrate on bounding blocking boldness
 and infocus leaping warding prowess.'

Thus she spoke, and disobeyed not the owlfaced goddess, Athene of the
 blue-green iris—burning aqua, crystal twilight.
 Here Sky Queen, the senectic majestic goddess, daughter of august Kronos,
 Space-Enforcer,
 was preparing the horses, hitching them up to the cloud-clinking sky-car,
 decking them out in golden headgear, silver streamers.
 And Hebe, Fire Girl, zing-shot cheer-charged cherry-cheeked, quickly cast
 on both wheels, bound them on both sides to the car,

copper-curved 8-spoked sparkle-spinning, double-capping the iron axle,
embracing the glowing pole.

The golden felloes, outer wheel-rims, indeed are indeclinable, eternally
indestructible, and over the gold,

copper hoops are engaged and adjusted, a marvel to behold;

and the nitid naves, the wheel-centers, are made of silver, shimmer-
brimming beaming hubs, turning tones on either side in circumcurrent
bright rotation;

and the sideboards of the light-weight 2-man war-car strapped with gold and
silver thongs, a glinting network, lush-speckled precious-metalled,
are tight-stretched, high-tension, and a streamlined double rail runs around
the truculent canted front rim, body-painted terminal-looped.

From the frame a silver pole projected, permanently-linked, and on the tip
she bound a beautiful golden yoke, a double-looped crossbar, and slung on
neck-connectors,

stunning golden collars; and beneath the yoke, Sky Queen Here drove
the hot-hoofed horses, burning for cochineal strife and ochereous strafe of
battle-screams and combat-keens—storm-veil blow-metal glow-wire
thunder-pop!

But 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, which she herself had
wrought, interlooping warp and woof, shuttle shifting, pedal pumping,
handmade by herself;

and donning the thunderbolt tunic of Sky-Flashing Zeus, cloud-compeller,
 she harnessed herself with well-built armor, tackled and clad in a 2-piece
 breastplate, pumped robust for tear-bursting war.

And she threw around her shoulders in candescent circumdation the wind-
 battered goat-cape, tassel-tossing storm-screaming,
 scary and terrible, ultra-macabre, around which Phobos, Panic, is cast in a
 ring, circumloomed,

and thereon is Eris, Strife, and Alke, Repulsion, and icy Ioke, Pursuit,
 and the grim and gruesome gorgon head of the hideous creepy monster,
 Medusa, stone-turning cobra-coifed,

terrible horrible rank and icky, a marvel and wonder, a boding badge, of
 Zeus of the snake-head goat-shield.

Upon her head she set the jaguar helmet made with radiant-welded double-
 crested blade-clanging plume-sockets, 4-disc-adorned, chin-strap-snap-
 decked,

gold-shot, fire-fastened, furnished with land-warriors 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,

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;

and the self-moving double gates of planet-spinning stellar-nailed quasar-
 colored Atlas-bracing sky creaked and roared, which the Horai, the Time-
 Queens, maintained,

to whom the big sky, the moon and the stars, the voluminous universe, and

Olumpos were charged, as portal operators,
both to 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 they found the son of Kronos, Circle-Maker, sitting apart from the other
gods

on the tiptop peak of poludeiradic many-chined Olumpos, star-chained
moon-chimed.

Then the goddess of the white radius, Cloud Queen Here, stopped the horses,
and sky-supreme Zeus, son of Kronos, Circle-Maker, she questioned and
addressed:

‘Father Zeus, aren’t you duly sore at Ares Body-Dispenser regarding these
stark and brutal deeds,

that he gored and hacked a vast and competent host, a brilliant cast of
Akhaioi, the quantum of the corps,

helter-skelter, random-blotted ruby-dotted, causing pain, converging with
sorrow, in my heart; but undisturbed and tranquil,

Kupris, Bubbles, wonder-teeming love queen, and silver-bowed Apollo,
quivered up with cosmic rays, are diving in delight,

having released this mindless beast who knows not any custom-established
law?

Father Zeus, will you at all be mad at me if Body-Monger Ares,

I, with harm and tang, strike and batter, battle-banish, chase from red-rinked
war?’

Then trading words, to her responded cloud-glomerous storm-luminous
Zeus:

'Do it indeed! Stir up Athene, booty-driver, plunder-extractor,
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 goddess of the
white radius,
and she whipped the horses,—S-lash, sparks of cobalt!—and the pair not
averse took off, and flew in a rush and sailed in a blush, a beautiful gash
in the violet hush,
in the undermoon space and tonic peace between the parabolas of rainbowed
earth and star-belled sky.
As far as a man sees with his eyes, the dim and distant colorforms,—blow-
mist haze-melt—
sitting on a mountain lookout, gazing upon the wine-toned ruby-faced
shaken-crystal sea-surface,
just as far do the high-headed whinny-happy horses of the gods vault
comets, hurdle asteroids, spring at a bound.
But when indeed they came to Troy and the double gushing drinking rivers,
where the Simoeis and Skamandros heave and hurl with a tandem fling their
coruscating flowing streams in bright cojection,—aqua-tumble prism-
pop!—
there the goddess of the white radius, Sky Queen Here, stopped her horses,
disengaged them from the car, stable and effulgent, and around them poured
an ink-blown low-tinkling impervious mist;
and Simoeis made sky-food, eternal-celled celestial provender, bright-
distributed, burgeon, push-up tuck for them to graze on.

Then both goddesses stepped with a gait like skittish 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 hippodamous mare-taming Diomedes
Sky-Guarded,
close-packed, appearing like omophagous flesh-eating lions
or crudimandous raw-chewing wild boars, whose strength is not tapped,
power-drained,
there, blowing out diatribes, the goddess of the white radius, Sky Queen
Here, stood and shouted
in the guise of Stentor, great-hearted copper-voiced,—metal-tones tunnel-
moans—
who can speak or shout as loud as fifty other men:
‘What a disgrace, Argeioi, base shame-balls, though brilliant with wondrous
demeanor.
While luminous Akhilleus Man of Pain would sweep and range the field of
battle,
never would the Trojans pass or go before the amberine double Dardanian
gates,
for they feared and fled his tight-spiraled sulfur-trailed heavy mighty
compound spear;
but now beyond and far from the city, verging upon the tree-blown bright-
shelled tubular ships, they are locked in combat.’

Speaking thus she stirred the combustive might and spurred the cyclonic
soul of each man.
And with a bound at the son of Tudeus, the owlfaced goddess rushed,

Athene of the blue-green eyes;
 and she found that king, to be sure, by the horses and bright-pounded car,
 containing and cooling the ruby-ribboned wound that Pandaros made when
 his arrow hit him.

For scalding sweat rubbed him raw beneath the wide leather strap
 of the exquisite disc of his bullhide metal-plated tassel-tossing hand-grip
 shield; by this he was rubbed and raded sore, and he wore out his
 overtaxed arm,

and lifting up the broad bracing strap he wiped away the black-clouded
 blood.

The goddess, engrasping, clung to the yoke of his horses, the double-looped
 cross-bar, and spoke, radiant-toned:

‘Truly Tudeus sired a son little like himself.

Tudeus of the musical shield indeed was small in frame, low-built, but a
fighter;

even when I would not allow him, at all events, to battle or brush
 or wildly rush, dart deranged, and dive into the harsh clash and pummeling
 flash of a blinding brawl or grinding encounter, when he came sans
 Akhaioi

as an envoy to Thebai, among the many Kadmeioi, the Dragon-Molar
 Men;—

I ordered him to feast in the many-room palace in a dilatory fashion,
 unracked, *dégagé*—

but possessing a robust and turbulent soul, as exhibited on previous
 occasions,

he provoked and 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 wavedash skyblast seaclash!
But by you indeed I stand and guard and defend,
and van-minded, zealously, I prompt and exhort you to fight against, take on,
the Trojans;—blade-spangle shield-wobble!—
but either poluaikic enemy-charging weapon-engaging toil-tapped battle
fatigue has entered your limbs, languor-loaded,
or now perhaps gutless fear governs and possesses you. Then in that case,
you, to be sure,
are not the offspring of Tudeus, the battle-minded wildfired 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 zealously, van-minded, I shall utter words directly, and not
hide or mantle them.
Not at all does gutless fear govern and encompass me, nor any idle
hesitation,
but mindful still am I of your injunctions, commands to me which you
committed.
Not me did you permit but did forbid to battle with the other blessed gods, to
fight against them face to face;
but if daughter of Zeus, goddess of love, sea-surgent Aphrodite Foam-Built,
should go into combat, you assented I could strike and wound her, to be
sure, with pointed copper.
Now due to *this*, I myself am pulling back, and also all the other
Argeioi, the Men of Light, I ordered to conglob and huddle here,
for I discern and recognize Body-Monger Ares commanding up and down

the battle-field—ruby-blasted power-bubble!’

And then to him, word-exchanging, owl-faced Athene, the goddess 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 Ares Body-Trader, at least, on account of *that*, or any other immortal; such am I an aid to you—windchime wavedash skyblast seaclash!

Now step on it! At Body-Trader Ares, head down, drive the single-hoofed horses,

and strike at close range, and don’t dread or shrink from salient subitaneous Ares,

that rager, born to be bad, well-made bane, double-swinging shift-fickle nototropic renegade,

who recently, speaking to me and Here Sky Queen, did indicate and promise he would fight the Trojans and aid the Argeioi, the Men of Light;

yet now he troops with the Trojans, and has forgotten the Greeks, blinking out the forces fulgent.’

So speaking, timbre-bright, Sthenelos, Mighty Man, she yanked and drew back with her hand,—emptyreal manual retrotraction—

and from the rear of the 2-horse car, open-back, she thrust him to the ground,—jangle-draggle flash-apparel harsh abtrusion!—and subito, snappily, down away he bound;

and she stepped into the 2-man war-car next to luminous Diomedes Sky-Protected,

fired up, goddess-a-go-go; and strident creaked the oaken twirling axle by its weight,—boom-rattle fire-blow ocher-blast turbo-pop!—for it bore a

scary wondrous mighty goddess and an excellent warrior.

And Pallas Athene Missile Maiden took the whip, lash ingrasping, and the reins;

subito at Ares Body-Monger, head down, she drove the horses single-hoofed,—solipedal ungulates.

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 plunder-sundering; but Athene of the diamond dress

donned the canine cap of Ais, Invisible, controller of the underworld, lest her behold robust and mighty Ares of the red demented eyes.

But when Ares, human-havoc-maker, timebound-being-docker, saw candescent Diomedes Sky-Protected,

indeed prodigious Periphas, Mirror Ball, he let lie on the spot,

forsaken and inert, where at first he had killed him, taking out, shrillexumed, his storm-illuminous soul,

and stepped 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 spinout!—burning to ingrasp and take away his atom-bumping soul;

but owlaced Athene, the goddess of the blue-green eyes, caught the spear, to be sure, took it in her hand

and thrust it out of line of the 2-man war-car to propel unprolific, dart

in thwarted.

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 Missile Maiden drove
 and jammed it
 in his parabolic lower flank, where he was girded with an underbelt.
 There then—bull's-eye!—he hit and hurt him, and gnawing through the
 body-surface, 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, no, ten thousand warriors shriek and shout
 in war when they connect and engage in the struggle and strife of Ruby-
 Shattered Battle.

And then a quaking seized below the Akhaioi and Trojans,
 fear-shot in supprehensive palpitation, so stridently did Blood-Drenched
 Ares, war-unquenchable, roar and shriek.

And just as subcelestial coalcool boomblow undergloom appears, emerges
 from the clouds—loom-rumble atom-tinkle mist-pop!—
 caboosing out of solar sear of a blast robust, disastrous, when a panking
 purling storm arises, excited and implacable,—touchdown bounceback
 spin-cone!—
 thus to the son of Tudeus, Diomedes Sky-Guarded, did stark metallic Ares
 Head-Impounder
 appear, coalescing with the clouds, a tight tornado, moving into spacious
 shifting star-appended heaven.

He quickly came to the throne of the gods, steep and soaring Olumpos,
 and sat down by Indigo Zeus, son of Kronos, Space-Ranger, pain-shot

twinge-racked in his punchy heart,
and showed the empyreal blood in a brilliant exhibition, flowing down from
the wound,
and wailing in pain, many-moaning, he spoke words winged:
‘Father Zeus, aren’t you duly rankled and indignant beholding these stark
dynamic deeds?
Forever do we gods endure and undergo perpetually the most chilling
atrocious things,
due to each other’s dinging desires, but bring to humans cheerful favor.
All of us are fighting against you, for you produced a crazy daughter, brain-
damaged,
dangerous, ever to whom wicked indelicate things are objects of care.
For all the other gods, all who are on Olumpos,
they obey you, and each of us is subject to you;
yet *that one* not in word or deed do you cogitate, confront or anchor,
showing zero awareness,
but you turn her loose and let her run wild, since you yourself, skull-
popping, produced this obliterating child.
She, the son of Tudeus, supersuming Diomedes Sky-Guarded, just now
prompted and induced to rage savage, flare furious, blow brutal, against 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, moon-boosted sun-jolted he 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 insumed external
impressions among the grim and appalling stacks of dead bodies,

or alive and brisk I would have become unrobust, fire-failed, by blows of bronze.'

Then to him, with eyes screwed up, looking lurid and oblique, cloud-pounding Zeus spoke:

'Do not sit beside me, shifty-fickle double-swinger, nototropic renegade, nor in any degree, wine and whimper.

Most hateful to me are you of the gods who hold and dwell in Olumpus; for ever is strife dear to you, and battles and wars.

You have your mother Here's burning strength, unholdable ungovernable unyielding unshrinking.

Her, with trouble, though a handful, I'm able to tame and whelm with words; wherefore, I deem you insume these external impressions, dents enduring, blows brooking, due to her injected suggestions.

But truly yet not shall I let you long sustain protracted physical pain, for you are my offspring, you come from me, with me your mother produced you.

But if you, so obliterating, sponging-out, were spawned, to be sure, by any other god and goddess,

truly even long ago you would have been lower than Ouranionians, the sky-kicked Titans, Light-Stretchers, way beneath the bleak sheath of dark and tonic Tartaros.'

Thus he spoke, and ordered Paieon, the god doctor, kit in hand, to heal him,

and upon him Paieon, the god doctor, sprinkling painkilling drugs, externally-applied ointments,

healed him; for he would not die down at all, being not declinable, death-

prone or death-mune, but more than mortal-made.

Just as sappy acidic wild-fig juice presses impelling, condenses and packs
and sticks together white candescent languid milk,
and though liquid, rather quickly circumcurdles as you beat it,—sour-twirl
clot-wheel—

so then swiftly he did heal the body-hopping god of war, impetuous
turbulent Ares.

And Hebe, Fire Girl, zing-shot cheer-charged cherry-cheeked, bathed him,
and in glad garb did clad him,
and down by Zeus, son of Kronos, he did sit, exulting in his glory, a glowing
emanation.

Then back again to the many-room palace of paramount Zeus of the
echoing stars they zoomed,
Argive Here, spark-crowned Sky Queen, and Alalkomenean Athene, Battle-
Warden,
to stop the god of the ruby orbits, Ares, human-havoc-maker, timebound-
being-docker, from man-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 epic is, above all, concrete, as is all great poetry. Its beauty as an aesthetic object is both clear and precise.

Reading and hearing *The Cantos* of Ezra Pound, one can experience various levels 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 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, ‘Summer Showers beneath the Peak,’ from the series, *Fugaku Sanjū-Rokkei*, with its darkly dominating base, red skeletal lightning and white-topped cone softened by the lush mounds of green florae below, punctuated by puffy chains of popcorn-like clouds, with the rich sea-blue fading into the ephemeral-seeming ghostlike offing beyond.