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The Iliad of Homer

Book VIII

Battle Bobbed, Combat Docked

translated by J. M. Wilcox

Now Dawn of the flaming veils, pink-injected krokopeplous saffron-mantled
petal-wrapped, was dispersing, vivid-spreading, luminous tones over the
disc of the earth,

and terpikeraunic fulmen-exhilarous thunderbolt-delighting Zeus caused and
composed a splendid assembly of the gods

upon the tiptop peak of multijugular many-chined poludeiradic star-chained
moon-chimed Olumpos;

and he himself addressed and spoke to them, and all the gods perked their
ears, listened up—in pointed subaudition:

‘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 all events, any bloom-bright goddess—suckle-sparkle bang-tonic
planet-pop galactic-arcs!—or god try this, to be sure,

attempt to cut through, clip out, balk or blot my word,—scissored in
abolishing percision—but all you together

commend it, so as soon as possible I may execute these deeds, accomplish
these affairs.

But whom I mark and deem with bent and aim apart from the gods, willing
to go and aid and succor either Trojans or Danaoi,

struck and shocked not lightly,—blowpop knock-flicker whiptop spin-wobble—he will come back to Olumpos—not in a mode demundane, splendid-ordered;

or I shall grab and throw him—khiton-clench himation-hurl sky-jerk glow-cast star-whiz—into the mist-teeming low-blown gloom and hollow haze of dark and murky Tartaros, Jumble Zone,

far far away, where is the deepest devouring pit—somber and engulfing—penetrating elements ingurgitating—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;

then you will know how powerful and mighty I am, the most robust of all the gods.

Come now, try me, gods,—give it your best shot—so all you may know.

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

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 pull you with the green-pervaded earth itself and haul you even with the blue-abounding sea;

then the chain, tight and nitid—rattle-swing sweep-shimmer—I would bind

about a peak of Olumpos,—
spur-inspired pinnacle-wound twinkle-tight loop-grooved—and all those
things in turn would hang and dangle—buoyed and sublime.
By so much do I quite surpass and circumcel gods and men.’

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 power, unbending;
but nevertheless we wail and moan, lament the Danaan javelin-men,
who truly will seal a calamitous fate, fill up a wicked doom,—dark-
expleting—perish and die.

But indeed we shall shrink and refrain from war, keep away, if you order;
and we shall 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
nubiincrepitous cloudclashing Zeus:

‘Cheer up, Tritogeneia, precious child; now not at all with serious purpose in
my heart,
zeal-propelled, do I speak,—van-minded—but I wish to be gentle and kind
to you.’

Thus he spoke, and under his bright-axled car he furnished and hitched,
 double-harnessed, bronze-hoofed horses,—twin khalkopods—
 okupetic, swift-flying, with golden manes brushed and streaming,
 and he himself donned gold, flash-appareled, body-surface circumclad, and
 he grabbed the leather thong,
 golden, well-made, and stepped upon the floorboard and mounted the 2-man
 war-car,
 and he lashed the steeds, whip-propelled; and the pair not averse took off
 and flew
 through the middle space, dizzy 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
 multiscateous—bubble-flex tumble-cool pump-tones rainbow-twist prism-
 pop—mother of wild beasts,
 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 stalled his steeds in array,
 their harness disengaged from the flame-wheeled car, and upon them poured
 in dense defusion an impervious mist—soft-gushing crystal-blown
 invisible-crowned.
 And he himself sat down among the crests and peaks, rock-throned sky-
 thrilled, 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,
 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 force; but even so they were fired up to tap swords, twirl
spears, engage in combat,
through choking need and throttling obligation, for the sake of their children
and the sake of their wives.
All the double-winged gates 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 they came into a single common space, hurled
together, bright-committed,
they clashed and counter-dashed—cojection coruscating—vivid-clanging
oxide shields with tight-spiraling compound pikes, and the combusive
might and flaming force
of bronze-plated men met; and the bullhide metal-plated round knobby
shields
drew near, approached each other, and a big 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—turquoise-twirling red-
absorbing plasma-percolating—began to flow with blood.

As long as dawn was loosening her pink-blown veils, swirling out her
orange-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, and the troops kept dropping.

But when the sun swung around to the zenith, 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—hippodamic equidomic—and copper-appareled Akhaioi,—khalkokhitonic aerituniced—

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—stark-ordained—day of doom of the Akhaioi.

The magnetic elements of doom of the Akhaioi settled and sank, somber-subsiding, 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, 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.

Then neither 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, guardian of the
Akhaioi,
not at all *willingly*,—he had no choice—but his horse was rubbed hard, worn
out, dark-impaired, which debonair Alexandros Man-Repeller,
paramour of 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, the horse sprang up, crooked-bounding, swung around, and
the dart, projecting, plunged into his brain,
and he startled and stirred—utterly conturbed—the trace-horses,—kick-
tangle jumble-blur—scarlet-squirming, circumvolving—rolling around
with embedded bronze.
While the old man cut away the elevated side-traces, loose-harnessed, of the
horse,
with his sword, at the same time, the celerous horses of Hektor, Clutcher,
harsh-impelled, came up through the state of panic, bearing a bold
charioteer, rein-gripping
Hektor. And at this point the ancient man would have utterly perished, lost
his life,—luminous-surgin—
had not Diomedes, battle-scream-supreme, quickly marked him;
and shockingly he shouted, stirring up, bright-impelling, Odusseus:
‘Sky-born son of Laertes, man of many machines, trick-teeming ever-

shifting Odusseus,
 why do you flee, turning your back—metabolic retrojection—like a wicked
 coward in the wound-up—metal-packed tight-wired—throng?
 Make sure no one, as you flee, sticks a pike—metaphrenic ruby-jetted beam-
 thrust—in your back.
 But wait, so we may push and shove back—sharp-expel—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 shot by 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 of the son of Neleus, the ancient man,
 and he 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 chases you,
 and now your batman is enfeebled—dented and debilitated—and your
 horses, slow-hoofed, hobble.

But come, let’s go! Mount my well-built car, step upon the running board, so
 you may see
 what the horses of Tros are made of, their war-car caliber, well-trained, sky-
 fueled, primed up—ground-rushing—

to quickly pursue, bright-propelled, or rapidly flee, flight-driven,—to zig and zag, everywhere, crisscross 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, two attendants will take care of, aptly handle, but *these* two let us 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, missed his mark with spear aberrant,—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 from out of the war-car, sparkle-axled,—limb-
 topple bone-lash—and his horses whipped backed, reeled and recoiled,—
 swerving in summotion—
 swift-hoofed—okupods 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 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 at that point.
 And then he thundered dreadfully—boom-wobble clash-sizzle!—and he let
 go in a brilliant glow a vivid and glistening thunderbolt,—a 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,—yellow 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 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, flight-driven, by me, headed for the ships.’

Thus some time in the future he will boast and preen; at that time let the wide-spaced earth yawn 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, what a word you have uttered!

For even if Hektor, to be sure, declares and deems you a gutless poltroon and powerless pushover,—porous and invalorous—

nevertheless the Trojans and the Dardanionians will not be induced,

nor the wives, the bedmate widows, of the Trojans, 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—solipedal—horses, consequently,

back through the panic, stark-constrained; and the Trojans and Hektor

with sky-rippled combat screams and supple-bounding wonder sounds,—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—cassidnitid

koruthaiolous:

‘Son of Tudeus, the quick-colted Danaoi—takhupolic velocipullous—used to bend to you, above all, in honor,—circumesteemed— 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 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 alterarcic power-shifting battle-victory—scale-tilt counter-slide lava-swish swing-metal.

And Hektor, Clutcher, exhorted the Trojans, shouting deeply:

‘Trojans and Lukioi and tight-fighting—agkhimakhetic 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 victory and supreme glory, and to the
Danaoi, calamity—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 hold back and
thwart my combustive might,

and our horses will lightly ramp and overleap the trench,—hupertoric
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 big-hearted Eetion,

supplied and set before you on former occasions,—meliphronic—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 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—and the body of the shield itself,—and that we may take from the shoulders of Diomedes, horse-subducer, the bright-embellished wonder-worked—arc-welded double-buckled—breastplate, which Hephaistos, Fire-Blower—Hammer-Swinger—banged out—sweat-blinded toil-drained.

If these two we could take, 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 throne—star-sparked moon-torqued—and triggered Olumpos, 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, earthquaker, wide-powered,—eurusthenous latipotent—axis-swing 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 indeed if we chose and might be minded, all who defend the Danaoi as
 combat-aiders,
 to push back—retro-thrust—the Trojans and to curb and block wide-
 beholding Zeus,
 then sitting there alone, 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—wave-
 slosh star-splash moon-swish orbit-wobble:
 ‘Here, word-intrepid,—aptoepic, syllable-bold—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 much more potent and
 combustive, action-nimble.’

Thus they spoke such things to each other,
 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 conglobation;

and Hektor, son of Priam, a match for nimble 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 megaketik 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—in both directions,
both to the sloping huts of Aias 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 bright-swelling lovely-shaped 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—shield-thrilling bone-piercing:

‘What a disgrace,—shame-riddled—Argeioi, ignominious abject objects,
 wonder-formed,—luminous-cut;
 where did our vows and vaunts go, when indeed we declared we were the
 war-bold best,
 which you proclaimed with empty plumes—keneaukhic, idle-boasting void-
 glib vainglorious—when stuck in Lemnos,—land of volcanoes—
 when, flesh consuming, eating ample meat of straight-horned—orthokrairous
 recticornic—cattle,
 drinking splashing mixing bowls—scoop-scanning sparkle-brimming—
 crowned with wine,—gem-bubbles moon-wiggles star-dribbles—
 the boasts you mouthed that each combatant would stand 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
 deluded with bewilderment and blight
 one of the high-powered—fire-crowned—kings, and took away his fame,
 robbed him of supernal glory?
 Indeed I deem—mindbeam—I never did skip or pass by any of your
 splendor-rimmed flame-mounted—perikallic circumpulchrous—altars
 stoked with sacrifices,
 in my ship of many locking rowing-benches,—polukleidic multiciaustral—
 as I wandered—in foreboding mode—hither,—disaster-grappled—
 heading into harm,
 but upon every one I burned the roasted fat and bones of thighs of bulls,
 bursting and pumped to utterly empty and drain—blood-licking gore-

mopping—well-walled brilliant-fortified Troy.
Otherwise, Zeus, fulfill for me this wish at least, compass this desire:
Let us at least indeed escape and flee successfully,—splendid subevasion—
and thus do not allow the Akhaioi to be subdued and mauled, conquered 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 be safe, unimperiled, and not
be wiped out, obliterated.
And subito an eagle he let go, the nonpareil 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 dropped the
fawn,—tender dejection—
where to Zeus, who dances and sings 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 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 canted blurred conversion—wheelsparks
 spokejolts—color-whipped metastrophe!—Diomedes stuck a pike in his
 back behind the diaphragm—muscular barrier—
 in the middle of the shoulders, impaling posterior intercostal spaces, and he
 drove it through his upper chest—metaphrenic postpraecordic—robust
 and ruby thrust;
 he tumbled from the welded car—crashmetal bonedash—and his riveted
 armor rang upon him—clickmolar crownclang 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 man-killing Eneualios, Red-
 Swirling War,
 and after them Eurupulos, the splendid son of Euaimon;
 and Teukros came ninth, slow-stretching, maximum-flexing, his compound
 twinhorn palintonic backbent retrotensile target-pumping 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 Aias son of
 Telamon.
 When Aias 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 Aias Man of Sighs, and him would Aias 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 many-feeding—
burst-wobble twist-dangle fruit-bubbles rind-aromas!

And seeing him the king of men, Agamemnon, 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 his glory and fame—
 aurora-bomped rainbow-ramped orbit-pumped.
 And I shall speak out and utter 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 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,—patent 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—ultraviolet
vapor-trails—
and all have been stuck in the bright-scraped skin—fleshed-fixed—of 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, 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 missed his mark, failed to hit him, 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 legitimate-wedded delicate 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—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 was unspooled, and his blowtorched icepopping strength was 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,—pamphanic omniluculent mica-sprayed—

shock-shrieking scalpel-screaming; 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 Teukros from his quiver, shoulder-slung silver-laced violet-hooded,
took out a cone-pine flame-keen stubborn arrow,
and bright-aligning, laid it upon the bowstring; but him in turn did Hektor of
the dragon-dancing bullet-bumped crater-spangled helmet
hit beside the shoulder,—humeral crunch, scapular crack!—while he was
drawing back the string, where the locking collar-bone—tight-thonging
stark-excluding—separates
the neck and upper chest, which is 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 Aias Man of Sighs did not neglect his fallen brother, slow-collapsing,
but he ran and reached, straddled and encircled him—tonic-circumvening—
and with his color-crammed cool-cratered moon-buoyed star-pooling
shield he metal-veiled him.

Then two trusty clanlike comrades,—supertight bright-linked—dark-
plunging, having slipped below him,—oblique and bracing subinition—
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, they rushed and chased the Akhaioi straight to the deep ditch,

and Hektor among the foremost went, triumph-pumped, plangent-charging,
glaring around—volcano-eyed—in his voltaic strength.

Even as a hound attempts to embed his teeth in a wild boar or lion,
to bind his fangs—snap-cling—from behind, with rapid feet pursuing,
to clamp down on hip-joints—femur-split pelvis-spalt—and buttocks, and
trains his eyes on him as he turns around in a whirling blur and a winding
flash of flesh and canines,

thus did Hektor, tight-engaging, press and chase the streaming-haired
Akhaioi,

always the rearmost, cutting off, and 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 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-consterned—and to
all the gods,

uplifting their arms, every man, hard-beseeching, prayed with zest in bright
profusion;

but Hektor continued to turn around and around—bright-revolving whip-
whirling wonder-wheeling—his kallitrikhic pulchriiubic beautiful-maned
horses,

venting the eyes of the Grim-Eyed Gorgon—tightwound flametrancing—or
gore-chewing man-bane Ares.

And Here beheld and pitied them, the leukolenous goddess 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,—pump-twist pop-balloon—perish and die, hard-deleted,

by the 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 Argeioi, the Radiants, in the land of the line of his father;

yet *my* father scourges and rages, frenzy-infused, with a mind not right,—sky-defective—

implacable beast,—cruel pop!—always appalling, ever atrocious, 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 pool-

ploring—and Cobalt Zeus from the iron sky
 would send me off—comet-crowned, brilliant-bounding—to 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 sent him off to the Invisible Sphere of pulartic 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,
 beseeching, 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—monukhic—
 mares,

while I go down—dark-devading—and enter the dome, bright-erected, 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,
outbeaming, up along the blood-caked dykes of battle, down throughout
the bone-crammed dams of war, gazing at the clashing thoking 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, candidulnic, Here of the
white radius,—armshadow boneglow—did not disobey.
She, 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 colored waterfalls her sleek and supple poplin gown, ripple-
gorgeous, slipping in folds on her father’s floor, threshold-down, in slow
defusion,—muscle-slide limb-tumble!—
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,
cloudcollider,
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, with which she shatters, vanquishes, 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 self-moving double gates of sphere-swirling star-pounded purple-
shifting sky—Pleiad-swollen—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 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 khruopterous—to bear a message—
relay-twizzle warp-dazzle:

‘Step on it, go, swift Iris,—tumble out your supple hues, limber up your
twinkle tones—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 them 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,
whom a thunderbolt will puncture, hook and overtake, its jagged fire,
lacerate,
so the combat goddess of the blue-green seaflash 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 whirlicanic
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 Olumpos.

At the front effulgent double gates of many-folded Olumpos—poluptukhous
multisinic—
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 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-smeared—
 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 peritellic—
 will you thoroughly heal your wounds and whole become your slits of red,
 whom a thunderbolt will puncture, hook and overtake, its jagged fire,
 lacerate,
 so you may know, combat goddess of the blue-green seabeam 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, 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,
 took off, Color-Coded Iris,
 but to Flashing-Crowned Athene Blue-Gowned Here spoke, unleashing
 words:
 'O my stars, child of Zeus of the shockhorn 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—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 horses, beautiful-maned,
and tied them down, bound them at the feeding boxes, perpetual 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 well-
wheeled spark-spoked tight-linked car and horses
to Olumpos, 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—ennosigaious
quatiterrene—disengaged, unhitched the horses
and set the 2-wheeled candy-flamed car on an elevated platform, a splendid
stand, and over it, loose-depaning, 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 Olumpos 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 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 toil-tapped—from slogging,
trench-entangled, in man-adorning battle,
obliterating Trojans, against whom you have cultivated fierce and lurid
hatred.

In no way,—so great are my strength robust combustive and indomitable
untouchable hands,—
could the quantum of gods in Olumpos turn or shunt *me*.

But for *you* two, trembling—chromosome-quivering—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 thunderbolt,
you won’t make it back to Olumpos, where is the palace and throne of the
deathless celestials.’

Thus he spoke, vivid-toned, and Athene Supple-Pleated and Tousle-Haired
Here dim-muttered dull-murmured,—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 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 Argeioi, the Radiant Men,—bright-supponing—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—hupermenic superflamed turbotonic—son of Kronos,

and behold his burning strength,—if you're willing, ox-eyed goddess, queenly Here,—

obliterating, blotting out, the massive brigades—plural platoons—of Argive javelin-fighters;

for clanking mighty Hektor, Clutcher, will not cease from battle, combat stop,

until stirred up, the quick-footed son of Peleus appears, 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, 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 and
 Kronos,
 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 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, slow-caressing, supple-clinging,
 came, invaded, gloomy night, dark and sudden, quick, opaque, murky-

percolating.

In turn, Hektor, rimmed in light, made and arranged an assembly 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 and open space, where indeed the ground was not entangled or strewn with dead bodies—perlucent 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-entaloned 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-geared 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 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 streaming-haired Akhaioi
 make a dash, hasten to flee, over the broad and moonlit back of the 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 war.
 And let the sacred heralds, sky-precious, splendid-shielded, proclaim
 throughout the city
 that teenage boys and men aetatic, silver-templed—pop-rattle knock-twinkle
 jerk-gyre shimmy-clang—
 bivouac, camp out, around the city, upon the 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 and 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 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—hupeioic 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 wall,—shoved and repelled, bruised and abtruded—or whether I'll bear

and carry away, after I slice him 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-invading—suddenly 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 speak to those assembled, and the Trojans cheered, bright-
 acclaiming,—siss-boom-baed—cymbaling and drumming 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—looping 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 suitable firepools of impeccable 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, dotting 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 quite clearly, when the upper radiant air,
tight-candesced, akinetic, becomes unblown, motionless, debilitates her
winds;

and washed in light, all the lookout mountaintops 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 erupts and punches a hole below
in bright suffraction, breaking through the burning ledge, rapid-shelling
shattered fire,

and all the stars, fused and toned, are visible,—color-swelling candid
Pleiads, supple-muscled 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 their horses, slowly chewing, silent-feeding, on white starch-rich barley
and single-seeded rye,
stood beside their stable cars—moonglow starbloom 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 Ando Hiroshige from the series, *Meisho Edo Hyakkei* (A Hundred Famous Views of Edo). In *Ryogoku hanabi*

(Fireworks by the Ryogokubashi 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.