DAVID J. MELNICK,

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY SEAN GURD.
MEN IN AÏDA.
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY SEAN GURD.
For David Doyle
Most would call this extraordinary work a homophonic translation of the *Iliad*, that is, an attempt to render the sounds of Homer’s Greek into English vocables.¹ They’re not entirely wrong, though *Men in Aida* is also much more than that. In 1986 its author described himself as follows:

David Melnick was born in Illinois in 1938 and was raised in Los Angeles. By the age of 7 he had invented a private language, and at 13 he constructed a semi-private one with a friend. He was educated at the University of Chicago and the University of California at Berkeley, and now lives in San Francisco. His first book, *Eclog*, containing poems written in the 1960s, was published in 1972 (Ithaca House). *Pcoet*, written in 1972, was published in 1975 (g.a.w.k.). *Men in Aida*, Book One (Tuumba, 1983) is the first book of a projected poem based on Homer’s *Iliad*.

This poet’s politics are left, his sexual orientation gay, his family Jewish. He has wandered much, e.g., to

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France, Greece and Spain (whence his mother’s ancestors emigrated in 1492). As of this writing, he has never held a job longer than a year-and-a-half at a stretch. He is short, fat, and resembles Modeste Moussorgsky in face and Gertrude Stein in body type and posture.2

The story of Men in Aïda’s genesis has been told a number of times: in a series of weekly meetings run at the New School of California by Robert Duncan and dedicated to Homer,3 Melnick’s translations became increasingly strange, “less faithful than clingy,” as Sean Reynolds put it.4 The first fruits of this increasingly strange engagement with the Homeric text – a rendering of Iliad 1 – were published as Men in Aïda in 1983. A treatment of Iliad 2 appeared online twenty years later, in 2003; a version of Iliad 3 was completed and circulated privately but is first published here.5

I find Men in Aïda difficult, sometimes even impossible to read. True, the text’s great difficulty has the virtue of forcing me to get down to work, to wrestle with its opacity in much the same way that beginning readers of ancient Greek get down to work: slowly, painstakingly, with only the slightest hope of reading fluently, but with a quickening sense of the extraordinarily fine craftsmanship that only such slow reading can produce. The difference between slowly read-

5 Melnick 1983; Melnick 2003.
ing the *Iliad* in Greek and slowly reading *Men in Aïda*, however, is that if students will one day be able to paraphrase and even translate the *Iliad* into their native tongues, *Men in Aïda* does its utmost to resist such procedures, and as a result I find myself unable to tackle more than a few lines at a time before I start to zone out, not quite falling asleep, but certainly surfing on a level of experience just beneath what in other contexts I wouldn’t hesitate to call consciousness. I don’t think it is at all accidental that it is exactly when I drop into this state that I begin to read the poem aloud. In the European tradition since at least Augustine, silent reading has been connected with practices of contemplation and the metaphysical business of making meaning; when *Men in Aïda* induces me to give up on meaning, it also invites me to open my mouth, to sensualize the reading process, to feel the text as a vibration in my throat and hear it as sounds in my ears. Indeed, *Men in Aïda*’s use of English seems a bit like a tactic of seduction; it gets me reading because I expect it to make sense, but soon I am just listening, transformed into a mouth and an ear.

That we should be so focused on auditory experience makes sense in the context of Melnick’s broader oeuvre. Before *Men in Aïda*, his poetry often used the letter as its primary unit of construction, building poems full of uncannily familiar word-like objects:

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The logoid forms of *Pcoet* hint at the possibility of sense – is that *theos* and *iesu* in the first line of the poem? A strange feminine form of *theos* in the second? *Citrus* and *acorn*, deformed, in the third? Is *nex macheisoa* somehow Latinate? But ultimately they stymie any attempt to go further than vague suspicion. “What can such poems do for you?” Melnick wrote in the first issue of *l=a=n=g=u=a=g=e*: “You are a spider strangling in your own web, suffocated by meaning. You ask to be freed by these poems from the intolerable burden of trying to understand. The world of meaning: is it too large for you? Too small? It doesn’t fit. Too bad. It’s no contest. You keep on trying. So do I.” These lines don’t “mean”: they cut into us, lodge themselves like bones in our throat. *Men in Aïda*’s procedures look like the obverse of *Pcoet*’s. If *Pcoet* is a fantastic bestiary of weird and unfamiliar language, *Men in Aïda* is populated entirely by mundane words and phrases

7  From *Pcoet* (Silliman 1986: 90).
8  Silliman 1986: 603.
arranged in jarring and uncomfortable collocations. If the primary (though not the only) sensory modality of *Pcoet* is the eye – though there is no I (“eye”) in the poem’s title, there is a c (“see”) – that of *Men in Aïda* is the ear. But there are strong commonalities, as well. Both works mine a seam that runs along the sensual edge of language: *Pcoet* stripped expression of any signification or self-evidence, *Men in Aïda* appears to react to the *Iliad* as though it too were devoid of sense, treating it as sound poetry long before the fact. “Melnick separates sound from reference in language,” says Barrett Warren, “to produce an acoustic spectacle in the reading of the text.”

*Men in Aïda*’s interest in “acoustic spectacle” is surely no surprise. A homophonic translation is fundamentally and unavoidably about sound, or at least about phonetics, that layer of language in which are organized the physical gestures which manipulate the voice, and since *Men in Aïda* makes little effort to accommodate the semantics of its source and offers an English text of such exhausting intransigence, it can hardly be inappropriate to think of it as a kind of sound poem. But what is sound, here? Not “pure sound,” that’s for sure: *Men in Aïda* is grounded in a confrontation of phonetic systems, and phonetic systems are acquired, cognitively performed and socially reinforced. Not the consequence of an ascendency of the ear over the eye or any other sense, either: reading *Men in Aïda* entails the simultaneous operation

9 Ibid.
of sight (our eyes move over the page), hearing (we listen to the words we utter), and touch (we feel the vibrations in our vocal tract).\footnote{Such a resonant movement between the senses is just what is imagined in Janus 2011.} Nor the defeat of meaning by sensual presence: \textit{Men in Aïda}, despite its aggressive esotericism, can and even demands to be interpreted. Rather, sonority here lies at the roots of language (where the vocal tract is organized into a phonetic and phonological system) and the very limits of language’s ability to have or make meaning, and it functions as the vector of a search for structuring but subliminal origins.

When, for example, Barrett Warren compares Melnick’s poetry to \textit{zaum}, the “trans-rational” sound poetry developed in Russia in the early decades of the last century by Velemir Khlebnikov and Aleksei Kruchenykh, he invokes \textit{zaum}’s longing for a more archaic form of communication, a formal and affective universal language stripped of signification but enriched by its close connection to the soil.\footnote{The most consistent discussions of sound poetry and its nostalgic implications are by McCaffery and bpNichol 1979; McCaffery 1998; McCaffery 2009.} Sound poetry never shed this uneasy nostalgia for meanings more original than those of conventional language. In the Dada-connected Hugo Ball, for example, we find the idea that in producing poems voided of all denotation one might recover a language of pure (and plural) connotation, one in which tone and mood were all. For Steve McCaffery,
The sound poem is a departure not from semantics *per se* but rather from the doxa of conventional meaning. Indeed, the mantic power within the *Lautgedichte* creates a semantic condition in which meaning is *potentialized* and that way *unconventionalized*.\(^{12}\)

McCaffery points out that this particular aspiration is at least symbolist in provenance: it was Mallarmé, after all, who dreamed of a “pure word” to be recovered in poetry and in contrast to the fallen languages of the market and the bourgeois drawing room. In *Crise de Vers*, Mallarmé lamented the ill fit between language and experience in every realm except the commercial. Poetry can “make up for the failure of language,” however, when a “line of several words which recreates a total word, new, unknown to the language and as if incantatory” rescues signifying words from their arbitrariness or, to put this a different way, restores their relationships with things. Mallarmé’s goal was the redemption of language through the radical estrangement of words; in the sound-poetries of the early twentieth century, even the word was rejected, though the aim of a redeemed speech remained the same.

This longing to know (touch, write, place on the lips, and roll around in the mouth) a truer, more originary language reminds me of the philological impulses lying behind etymology and historical linguistics. If there is little resemblance

\(^{12}\) McCaffery 2009: 124.
between “trans-rational language,” sound poetry, and the construction of proto-Indo-European, the reason may be a difference in procedure, not in guiding assumptions. All seek out archaic strata lurking beneath language; indeed, if Indo-European bears no resemblance to *zaum*, this may only be because it isn’t dated to an early enough moment in human history. Some evolutionary theorists give credence to the hypothesis that language and music arose out of an earlier vocalic practice that, while not linguistic *per se*, was crucial in the communication and synchronization of affect within complex social groups. In these theoretically primal contexts, vocal sound, rhythm, and form – not signification – maintained the group. According to some, this primal vocal gesturalism gave rise to both music and language, each developing in a different direction: while music focused on rhythm and tone, language elaborated semantics and syntax.

Perhaps there is an echo of such reconstructions or fantasies of protolanguage in the way *Men in Aïda*’s bilingual analysis habitually breaks Greek multisyllabic words into either English interjections (“ooh!” “ah!”) or English monosyllables (“Noon out whose so-so wheat top pale ass geek cone Argos ’n’ I own ” 2.681). This process is reminiscent of another strain in etymological practice: the belief that the languages from which ours are descended were made from words of one syllable, each of which served as a kind of semantic atom sub-

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13 See Mithen 2005; Morley 2013.
14 See Hilson 2013: 104.
ject to combination, recombination, and degradation over centuries of linguistic evolution. Often these monosyllabic protowords are thought to be derived from onomatopoeic or expressive interjections. This complex of ideas, which every philologist recognizes in the idea that words have “roots” (nearly all of which are monosyllabic), has had a long period of relevance in linguistic speculation, through Leibniz and Becanus back to Stoic etymology and, ultimately, to the language games of Plato’s *Cratylus* (the *Cratylus*, in fact, extends its analysis beyond the syllable, identifying mimetic and semantic value in each letter: δ and τ, which close the mouth and stop the breath, imitate stoppage, while ρ represents flow, for example). Combined with this linguistic Cratylism is the ineluctable presence of a tendency which has had a powerful influence in English poetics since the early 20th century: the Orwellian injunction against latinate polysyllables, combined with a preference for wordhoards filled with “good,” “strong,” monosyllabic “Anglo-Saxon” roots. But the ultimate effect of *Men in Aïda*’s blend of the Anglo-Saxon and the hyper-Archaic can only be to embarrass, not to say completely invalidate, any fantasy of original racial or linguistic purity. This etymology is decidedly impure, a riot of polyform copulations of the linguistic and every other kind.

*See Genette 1995.*
We might also be prompted to take *Men in Aïda* as the expression of a kind of extended etymological impulse by the fact that the poem has inspired a truly remarkable level of interpretive unanimity. According to Jed Rasula and Steve McCaffery, the poem “uncovers a homosexual pandemic riotously lurking in the very sound shape of Homer’s *Iliad*”; the anthologists of *Against Expression* see it as “outrageously and exuberantly gay”; Ron Silliman calls it a “ludic gay utopia”; Bob Perelman, a “hyperbolic gay comedy.” Sean Reynolds finds a similar emphasis, capitalizing on this to develop a series of critically productive puns (Melnick puts his mouth on Homer’s; he erects Homer into an icon of a certain gay performativity). The poetry center at San Francisco State University calls it a “homosexualized translation.”

Given the context Melnick emerged out of, this unanimity among his interpreters exceeds strange. Melnick is closely associated with the short-lived but important journal *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E*, edited between 1978 and 1981 by Charles Bernstein and Bruce Andrews. Though its editors have denied that *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E* embodied the work of a movement or “school,” the journal was crucial in bringing to visibility what has since come to be known as “language poetry,” a style of radically concrete verse which works with and on

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17 Dworkin and Goldsmith 2011: 416.
19 Reynolds 2011.
20 http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/archives/m.html
language as a plastic material unconstrained by commonly held expectations of meaning or demands to “make sense.” Often in very close contact with what was at the time the cutting edge of critical theory (Barthes, Derrida, De Man), poets working in this mode aimed, as Linda Reinfeld put it, “to resist both the definition of content and the invisibility of form […] by making it impossible for readers to ignore the materials, the structures, and the contextuality of writing.”

Jackson Mac Low observed that “language poetry” was a misnomer: with its refusal to make easy sense, its regular demand that we notice the material and constraints of language and then work actively with the text, this poetry was better described as “perceiver-centered poetry.” The technique of *Men in Aïda* is unquestionably in this line: syntax is resisted and flow is fractured in ways strongly reminiscent of language poetry. But interpretive univocality of any kind isn’t what we should expect from a poetry that putatively focuses on the reader’s role in making meaning, for the simple reason that it suggests a hermeneutic essentialism ill-at-ease among poets and critics who were often radically constructivist. And yet once the suggestion has been made, it is hard to ignore it. Guided by its first readers and advocates, we are led almost unavoidably to perceive a clear gay figure emerging from this linguistic carpet.

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Now Men in Aïda’s readers also insist that the poem has a transitive effect on the meaning of the Iliad. It isn’t just a poem with gay themes; it is a “homosexualization” of the Iliad, it “uncovers” the latter as a gay poem (in Steve McCaffery and Jed Rasula’s formulation, cited above). We might be tempted to see this as an interpretive amplification of themes evident in the Iliad itself. It was suspected as early as Plato’s Symposium that the intimacy between Achilles and Patroclus was more than just a close friendship, and that Achilles’ love and grief for his older friend was that of a lover. The Iliad itself licenses this suspicion. During book nine, when the Greek generals visit Achilles and beseech him to end his anger and rejoin the war, Phoenix offers Achilles the exemplary or admonitory tale of Meleager, hero of Calydon, who withdrew from battle with the besieging Anatolians in a rage similar to Achilles’. Meleager was entreated to return to combat only at the very last moment; his rage very nearly proved the downfall of his city. Meleager, in withdrawing from his war, spends his days with his wife Cleopatra, just as Achilles spends his with his friend Patroclus. Scholars read the parallels between Achilles and Meleager as evidence that the tale of the Iliad had a narrative “twin” in another epic which had much the same structure but told Meleager’s story. The Iliad creates from this parallelism a suggestive rhyme: Is Patroclus Achilles’ lover?

23 Plato, Symp. 179e–180b
24 Surprisingly little has been written on the Iliad’s queerness. A great start is Peraino 2006.
25 See Kirk 1985 ad Ill. ix.524–605 for further discussion and bibliography.
Remarkably, “Patroclus” and “Cleopatra” are the same name, with the elements (kleo- and patr-) reversed. Even *Men in Aïda*’s connection between homophonic play and homoeroticism might be an amplification of *Iliadic* word-play.

Like the *Iliad*’s play with the names Patroclus and Cleopatra, the rhetoric of *Men in Aïda* has something to do with the figure known as the *schema etymologicum*, in which meaning is produced using the sonic similarity of words. Ancient and medieval etymologizing happily joined homophonic types of word-play with allegory and other meaning-effects in a discursive form whose goal was often to interpret the world through speech. Reading this tradition, Davide Del Bello emphasizes that etymologizing often unfolds along a homophonic and semantic track simultaneously: a word is offered as etymon because it (a) sounds like and (b) explains the word it is joined to; ultimately it is the explanatory force of the etymon that is valued. *Men in Aïda*’s ability to “reveal” the *Iliad* as “a ludic gay utopia” (*vel sim.*) seems to me to rely on very similar principles. Indeed, etymology is only one of a suite of related language games based on the exploitation of sonic similarities between words. In both etymology and word-play, for example,

The same process occurs: two similar-sounding but distinct signifiers are brought together, and the surface

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26 On etymologizing see Struever 1983; Attridge 1988; Del Bello 2007; Harpham 2009.
27 Del Bello 2007 passim.
relationship between them is invested with meaning through the inventiveness and rhetorical skill of the writer. If that meaning is in the form of a postulated connection between present and past, what we have is etymology; if it is in the form of a postulated connection within the present, the result is word-play.28

Etymologies, so approached, could serve as the material for a kind of subversive historiography, a way of short-circuiting or perhaps establishing surprising resonances between past and present. Reorienting our perspective so that Men in Aïda’s “homophonic translation” seems like a practice cognate with etymology offers the advantage of contextualizing the remarkable agreement of its critics about its meaning, strengthens the import of its orientation to a canonical text in the European tradition, and helps to explain the shared impression that it is doing something, having an effect. Like folk-etymologies in Jonathan Culler’s description, Men in Aïda “intently or playfully work[s] to reveal the structure of language, motivating linguistic signs, allowing [its] signifiers to affect meaning by generating new connections.”29

Indeed, not only its form, but also its meaning can be related to the history of etymology in the humanities after 1960. The fact that etymology works by exploiting similarities in the sound-form of words recommended it to a generation

28 Attridge 1988: 108. Shortly after he writes, “word-play, in other words, is to etymology as synchrony is to diachrony.” (109).
29 Culler 1988: 3.
of thinkers who were already committed to critiquing the metaphysics of sense; critical theory in France and then the US enthusiastically adapted it to its own purposes. In critical gender studies, etymology presented itself as a particularly pressing theme. Discussing the implications and valences of the term “queer” – a word once used to marginalize and injure, but re-appropriated and repurposed in the early 1990s – Judith Butler remarked that

The expectation of self-determination that self-naming arouses is paradoxically contested by the historicity of the name itself: by the history of the usages that one never controlled, but that constrain the very usage that now emblematizes autonomy [...] If the term “queer” is to be a site of collective contestation, the point of departure for a set of historical reflections and futural imaginings, it will have to remain that which it is, in the present, never fully owned, but always and only redeployed, twisted, queered from a prior usage and in the direction of urgent and expanding political purposes.31

“Queer,” on Butler’s account, exists against a background of meanings and usages from which it must be wrested – but which can never, in fact, be completely eliminated. Butler proposes critical appropriations of such terms with the aim

30 A superb overview of how this took place is offered in Blank 2011. 31 Butler 1993: 228.
of reorienting them and actualizing their disruptive capacities. “Queering” practices and words which seemed to have safe, sanitized, heteronormative associations by demonstrating their affiliations with sexualities and embodied relations far outside the conservative mainstream has become central to the practice of queer theory; and it is often etymology, or at least a neo- or quasi-etymology which delights in puns and word-play, that does this work. Exemplary is Jeffery Masten’s recovery of the homoerotic elements of Horatio’s farewell to the dying Hamlet in the words “good-night sweet prince.”\(^{32}\) Masten’s goal, as he puts it, is to use the techniques of traditional philology, and especially those of etymology, “to reinvigorate [the queerness of ‘sweet’ as it is used between men], to bring it back to legibility. Or rather: to bring it back upon the palate.”\(^{33}\)

Elements of the same kind of etymological queering are at work in *Men in Aïda*, though the poem was begun more than a decade before the major statements of queer theory appeared. Part of the brilliance of choosing *Iliad* 2 as a source-text, for example, is that the second half of this book is an extended list of the generals in the war and the number of soldiers they brought with them in their fleets. What better place from which to begin what Perelman identifies as a “gay orgy”\(^{34}\) than this catalogue of ships, densely packed as it is with so many men? Homer’s stately catalogue of fleets and

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33 Ibid.: 370.
soldiers is transformed, in *Men in Aïda*, into lewd and leering descriptions (maybe) of compromising tableaux:

\[ \text{Locrian's day game moan new in oil, lay a stack, cuss Ajax.} \]

\[ \text{Mayo newt tit us, so's gay hose as Telamonian Ajax.} \]

\[ \text{Hullabaloo may own a league, goes many anal in a thorax.} \]

\[ \text{Ink, eh? A deck o' cast to pan Helen as Guy a guy use.} \]

\[ \text{Hike Cyne tenement, Opus, and tot tickle ye, Aaron.} \]

\[ \text{Bessa, Auntie Scarphe take I, Augeiae air rotting us.} \]

\[ \text{Tarp pain 'n' throw neon tea, Boagrius. Ampère ate raw.} \]

\[ \text{Toad am at Tess, are a cone, Tamerlaine. Nine ace up punt, too.} \]

\[ \text{Low crony nigh use sea. Perry near his Euboea.} \]

This is, amongst other things, a radical example of critical re-appropriation. Homer's martial catalogue becomes an erotic scene, and the “homosexualization” of the *Iliad* is also
a subversive transformation of war into orgy. Generalship is turned into erotic ecstasy (ἡγεμόνευεν Ὀιλ- → “... moan new in oil”); running speed becomes the ability to copulate with epic numbers of partners (Ὀϊλῆος ταχύς → “...lay a stack...”); a comparison of might becomes a contemplation of sexual organs (γε ὅσος Τελαμώνιος Αἴας → “gay hose as Telamonian Ajax”). Lesser Ajax, short and protected by a linen breast-plate, turns out capable of anatomically improbable conjugations (ὀλίγος μὲν ἔην λινοθώρηξ → “... goes many anal in a thorax;”). “And Achaians” (καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς) becomes “Guy a guy use.” Get the point? The (homo)eroticization of war is the argument of the project: as Μῆνιν ἄειδε becomes “Men in Aïda,” rage becomes love.

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Men in Aïda’s etymologizing move is not to a single unitary origin, a Pythagorean “one” from which all else emerges. Rather, this etymon that emerges when, as Charles Bernstein puts it, “the performance of language moves from human speech to animate, but transhuman, sound,” when “we stop listening and begin to hear, stop decoding and begin to get a nose for the sheer noise of language,”35 is a plurality, an unstable multiplicity.

Consider how the poem overloads its lines with what appear to be highly significant statements – and then systematically

withholds any indication of their narrative context. In the following passage, Homer dreams of a transcendent poetic power and point of view and Melnick hears an exhausted and/or sexual sigh, uttered with a nervous, caffeinated tension:

ἐσπετε νῦν μοι Μοῦσαι 'Ολύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι· ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαὶ ἔστε πάρεστε τε ἱστε τε πάντα, ἣμεις δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκοῦόμεν οὐδὲ τι ἴδμεν· οἳ τινες ἧγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν· πληθὺν δ’ οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ’ ὁνομήνω, οὐδ’ εἰ μοι δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι, δέκα δὲ στόματ’ εἶεν, φωνὴ δ’ ἄρρηκτος, χάλκεον δὲ μοι ἦτο ἐνείη, εἰ μὴ 'Ολυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι Διὸς αἰγιόχοι θυγατέρες μνησαίθ’ ὡσι ὤπο Ἱλιον Ἡλθον· ἀρχοὺς αὐ νηὼν ἐρέω νηάς τε προπάσας.

2.484–93

‘His better none,’ my Muse sigh. (Olympia dome ought to cool sigh.)

Who may scar the eye? A step? Arrest it. Tasty tea, Panda!

He may stake Cleo’s O. You knock, woman? Ooh, Daddy, eat men!

Hi, Tina! Say, game o’ ‘Nest’ Danny own? Guy Goy ran (oyez!) on.

Play tune, Duke. Can ego, Mute Ace. Some eye you don’ know may know.

Who, Dame, I? Dick o’ men (glow, sigh!) deck a day’s torment (a yen).
Phonied a rictus? Toss skulk. Yond Dame I ate, or any, eh?

Aim’ May Olympia days, Muse, idea-psych Yoko, you.
Two gotta race ’em. Nay, sigh at those ‘Oh you Poe! Ilion, hell!’ tone.

Prop us, ass!

The passage’s heaps of short, paratactically connected phrases suggest a dialogic occupation of the line by multiple voices. Who speaks, here and throughout? I can imagine – as a working theory – that these lines report expressions overheard at a party, in a bar or a roomful of slightly inebriated acquaintances. Or perhaps they are the disjointed expressions of a single voice, overwhelmed by a string of apparently unrelated thoughts, compelled to give voice to each one as it arises, no matter how fragmentary. Or is it as when we gaze into a mist and see patterns: are these the specters of English vocables heard by an ear attuned only to the acoustic qualities of the Greek, theories of phonic identity half hallucinated, half theorized by an uncomprehending hearer?

Here Men in Aïda might seem to work against the epic it translates. As the passage I have just quoted indicates, the Iliad configures its poetic voice as emanating from the divine Muse: crucially, the Muse’s is a single voice, one which sublimely supersedes the many rumors and noises we hear without her. Through the Muse, the singer brings univocal order to an impossibly complex world. In contrast, col-
lective or multiple vocal sounds (such as Homer’s imagined decad of voices in this passage) tend to be indications of social disorder, or of cultural moments of political or military chaos. Conversely, ordered and marshaled troops are silent, the sound of their marching feet accompanied only by the commands of their masters. Homer’s contrast between the singer of ten tongues and the divine knowledge of the Muses in the passage just quoted is thus thematically motivated: on the plane of poetic ideology, his voice without the Muse would be a kind of cacophony, an untransfigured human din. Melnick’s translation, on the other hand, finds in the Greek text just the multiple voices unified and transfigured by the Homeric Muse.

In fact, however, multiple voices are now widely thought to be fundamental elements of the Greek epic tradition. Most contemporary scholars see the Homeric epics as stabilizations of an oral culture in which singing and storytelling went on unrecorded for centuries, in which variation was the norm, and in which we must consequently speak not of an *Iliad*, or even of an “evolution” of the *Iliad*, but of an open disseminatory field of many, often conflicting performances. Such a model, though well represented in official classical philology, nonetheless jars with the way even pro-


38 Standard accounts are Foley 1995; Nagy 1996; Lord 2000, but the bibliography is vast.
fessionals habitually read the Iliad: here, again, we depend on the idea of a single voice telling a single story. I can credit as a historical likelihood the idea of the Iliad as a multiform oral tradition. But I cannot abide it when I read: when I read, I want one narrator, one story. Men in Aïda undoes precisely this desire by actualizing so many voices in a manner often hard to contextualize. Here the poem makes us come to terms with what we know about the Iliad but find hard to assimilate when we read it: it articulates a truth beneath or beyond the myth that in reading we follow a single voice which stitches everything together in a single aesthetic unity. Men in Aïda contests this myth in giving us an overwhelming tide of voices – and reminds us that the Iliad, too, was built on similarly unstable ground.

A similar result emerges when we consider Men in Aïda’s complex engagements with the sound of the Greek epic. However we answer the (probably vexed) questions of when the Iliad was written down, when a definitive text emerged, and how close this was to those edited today, it is an unavoidable conclusion from what we now think we know that the epics are a kind of charter of long-term linguistic instability. They were initially performed as elements of an oral tradition, and they may have continued to be so performed for centuries after their textualization began; oral traditions rapidly adapt to contemporary linguistic usage, but the use of formulae in Homeric singing provided a kind of break in this process, the result of which is that the text we have shows elements of great age mixed with Ionic and Aeolic
dialectical material, some of which may be nearly contemporary with the works’ redactions in writing. Indeed, Alexandrian editors, working centuries even after this, sometimes reflected contemporary spellings and pronunciations in their texts.

By the time of the renaissance the pronunciation of classical texts had changed so much that reforms were felt to be needed – first among Greek scholars, and then among the European humanists they trained. But the humanist reforms did not stop the language’s pronunciation from continuing to morph. An overview of the history of Greek in England offers a convenient illustration. Initially promulgated by Thomas Smith and John Cheke in the later 1500s, the “reformed” pronunciation was almost immediately submitted to an indigenous sequence of alterations as the English “great vowel shift” proceeded. As a result, “the English pronunciation of Greek developed as a sub-dialect of English pari passu with the change in the pronunciation of English itself – so that by the 19th century it bore little relation to the classical values or those of the 16th century reformers.” Even today, the accepted reconstruction is not perfectly reflected in pronunciation: one will hear teachers

39 On the dialectology and historical development of Greek phonetics, see Grammont 1948; Bubeník 1983; Lejeune 1987; Brixhe 1996. On the language of Homer, see the overview and bibliography collected in Horrock 2007, as well as (among many others) Palmer 1962; Parry 1971; Chantraine 1986.

and students alike pronouncing $\phi$ as [pʰ] or [f]; $\theta$ as [tʰ] or [θ]; $\zeta$ as [dz] or [zd]. The phonetics of ancient Greek, in other words, are best described as a plural system with complex historical antecedents.\footnote{When classical scholars [...] read Ancient Greek or Latin aloud, they attempt to give an approximate rendering of the ancient pronunciation, not an accurate reproduction of the sound of the ancient languages, which is not feasible in any case. More effort is put into achieving a basic distinction between the abstract units, the phonemes.” Petrounias 2007: 1273. Petrounias gives an overview of national pronunciations of Greek on 1272–1274. What is true of Greek is true also of English. Wray 2004 has observed that some of the Zukofskys’ translations of Catullus only truly capture the Latin if they are spoken in Zukofsky’s own New York dialect. With what dialect, in which accent shall we pronounce \textit{Men in Aïda}? Or in which accents? As Melnick’s text leaves us few or no clues about the narrative context of the poem, so does the alphabetic writing system offer almost no guidance as to how the poem should be pronounced. Indeed, if the poem is to be read as an assemblage of voices, it may well be performed in numerous accents and dialects. A strong reading of this poem would need to master the mouth and tongue, to learn to modulate the tonalities of speech with a virtuosity equal to the poet’s agility with words. “For the modernist poetics of the Americas,” wrote Charles Bernstein in 2009, “the artifice of accent is the New Wilderness of poetry performance, that which marks our poieties with the inflection of our particular trajectories within our spoken language. [...] Performance is an open wound of accentual difference from which no poet escapes. This is not the accent of stress but accents of distressed language, words scarred by their social origins and aspirations.” (Bernstein 2009: 146.)}
Introduc
tor

ty of the reconstruction now standard, if imperfectly implemented, in the anglo-American academy and asserted the legitimacy of contemporary and anachronistic accent. Books One and Two, on the other hand, opted for a more-or-less ancient pronunciation. This gave him a vocalic range easier to manipulate in English. But it also gave him an opportunity to play with the inevitable plurality that lurks in the idea of a “sound” of ancient Greek. Thus, for example, Erasmus understood θ as making the sound of a fricative dental [θ]; but the modern reconstruction hears an aspirated dental stop [tʰ]. Melnick knows about these differences, and he equivocates playfully and self-consciously:

Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος

Becomes

Men in Aïda, they appeal, eh? A day, O Achilles!

But

tίς τ᾽ ἄρ σφωε θεὼν ἐριδὶ ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;

is

The stars’ foe at eon are radix unique make his thigh

That Melnick knows what he’s doing is indicated by the playful “transliteration” of Τίς in line 8 as “The s-.” As though winking at the fact that the same line will render θ as an
Melnick’s renditions of θ as “t” conceal another, more complex story, and one which may not be evident to many native English speakers. In most dialects of English, the phoneme /t/ includes both the unvoiced dental stop [t] and the aspirated unvoiced dental stop [tʰ] as allophones. That is, the distinction between [t] and [tʰ] occurs in English according to predictable rules but does not contribute to the formation of different words. “Tar” is normally produced with an aspirated dental stop, while “star” is not: but “tar” pronounced with an unaspirated dental stop would not be a different word (just an ever-so-slightly strange pronunciation). Lurking, to put this another way, in the phonological structure of English there exists the sound with which the Greek θ was pronounced in the fifth century BCE and before; its status as an allophone of the phoneme /t/, however, means that most native speakers are not commonly sensitive to it. Now Melnick’s “t”s are not uncommonly positioned in such a way as
to force the pronunciation \([\text{th}]\) (in English, /t/ is pronounced \([\text{th}]\) at the beginning of words and stressed syllables, but not in consonant clusters; Melnick can also combine a word-final [t] with an aspirate (h) in the next word to get the same effect). Thus (to give just two of literally hundreds of examples in the poem) ἱφθίμου becomes “if tea mousse” (1.3); τί θυμός becomes “tit humus” (2.620). In the first 100 lines of book one, 9 of the 17 “t”s are in fact pronounced [\text{th}], and in the first hundred lines of book two 20 of the 31 “t”s are pronounced this way. In this, Melnick demonstrates extraordinary technique, exploiting the phonology of English to express the correct sound of \(\theta\) in a noticeable number of cases; but at the same time, he does so at a level of which most are unaware, since we do not normally distinguish between allophones in everyday reflection. This is poetry that works with sounds normally just below the horizon of awareness, and that exploits the meeting of languages to make them unavoidable.

Listened to from this angle, *Men in Aïda’s* work with linguistic sound appears to far exceed the accomplishment even of its most prestigious analogue, the translation of Catullus published in 1969 by Celia and Louis Zukofsky. The Zukofskys’ Catullus attends to the sounds of the original but ultimately prioritizes semantics.\(^{42}\) In his far more radical project, Melnick works with structuring but normally occluded levels of language, where language is understood both as a

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historical and as a cognitive process. This poem “includes history” (as Pound famously demanded); but it does so by working with linguistic competencies “below the conscious levels of thought and feeling,” as Eliot proposed; and it includes history not as a single, classical point of origin, but as an unfolding and plural event.

So radical is this commitment to a queer etymology aimed at amplifying multiplicities in the present that, in the end, not even the idea of sound, of homophony, proves adequate to its technique. Consider the first 19 lines beside their source in the *Iliad*:

1.1–19

Mῆνιν ἄειδε θεά Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
οὐλομένην, ἃ μυρί᾽ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε’ ἔθηκε,
pολλὰς δ’ ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἅιδι προϊάψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοίσι τε πᾶσι, Διὸς δ’ ἐτελείετο θουλή,
ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρώτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
Ἀτρείδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

τίς τ’ ἄρ σφωε θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;
Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός· ὃ γὰρ βασιλῆϊ χολωθεὶς
νοῦσον ἀνὰ στρατόν ὄρσε κακήν, ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοῖ,
οὖνεκα τὸν Χρύσην ἡτίμασεν ἄρητηρα
Ἀτρείδης· ὃ γὰρ ἦλθε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
λυσόμενός τε θύγατρα φέρων τ’ ἀπερείσι’ ἄποινα,
στέμματ’ ἐχων ἐν χερσίν ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
χρυσέῳ ἀνὰ σκῆτρω, καὶ λίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
Ἀτρείδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν’
"Ἀτρεΐδαι τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
ὑμῖν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ᾽ ἔχοντες
ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν, εὖ δ᾽ οἰκαδ᾽ ἱκέσθαι·

Men in Aïda, they appeal, eh? A day, O Achilles!
Allow men in, emery Achaians. All gay ethic, eh?
Paul asked if tea mousse suck, as Aïda, pro, yaps in.
Here on a Tuesday. ‘Hello,’ Rhea to cake Eunice in.
‘Hojo’ noisy tap as hideous debt to lay at a bully.
Ex you, day. Tap wrote a ‘D,’ a stay. Tenor is Sunday.
Atreides stain axe and Ron and ideas ’ll kill you.
The stars’ foe at eon are radix unique make his thigh
Leto’s and Zeus’s son. O garb a silly coal o’ they is
Noose on a nast rat-honor’s sake, a can, a lick,
on toe delay.
A neck, a ton, crews in a time, & ceteretera.
Atreides oh girl tit, oh aspen-y as Achaians.
Loosen ’em us, tea, toga, trap her on tap (heresy
a boy now).
Stem Attic on anchors, in neck cable. Oh Apollo on us.
Crews say oh Anna skip trochee, less set to pant as
Achaians.
A tray id, a them, a list, a duo, ’cause met to rely on.
“A tray id I take. I alloy a uke, nay me day’s Achaians.
Human men theoi doyen Olympia dome attic on teas.
Ech! Pursey Priam’s pollen, eh? You’d eke a Dick his
thigh.
In addition to straight homophonic translation (‐ὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν becomes “aspen-y as Achaians,” 12), there is what we might call macaronic homophonic translation: οἰωνοῖσι becomes “‘Hojo’ noisy” (5), which relies on a non-English pronunciation of j as a glide (as, for example, in Dutch) to make the rhyme with the Iliad. And what is at work in the turning of Χρύσην ἠτίμασεν ἀρητῆρα into “crews in a time & etceterera” (11)? Here α has become “&,” which is a visual pun, not an auditory one; and yet “&,” followed by “ce-terera” would naturally be pronounced “et.” In 18 Melnick simply transliterates three of the first five words (ὑμῖν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν Ὀλύμπια becomes “Human men theoi doyen Olympia”), and 9, “Leto’s and Zeus’ son,” translates in the old-fashioned, non-homophonic sense (Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός). There is nothing straight about Melnick’s homophonic translation, in other words: this art is impure, polyvalent, and multiple.

Much more could be said on the unbelievable levels of linguistic technique that pervade this work – the poem demands a commentary as copious as those that the Iliad has received. But the pleasures of discovering just how rich Men in Aïda is must for the moment be left to the future and, dear reader, to you.
Works cited


Book One
Μῆνιν ἀείδε θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλήος
οὐλομένην, ἢ μυρί᾽ Ἀχαιοίς ἄλγε’ ἐθηκε,
pολλὰς δ’ ἱρθίμους ψυχὰς ‘Αἰδι προϊαψεν
ήρων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοῖσι τε πάσι, Διὸς δ’ ἐτελείετο θουλή,
ἐξ οὔ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
Ἀτρείδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

tίς τ’ ἄρ σφωε θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;
Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός· ὃ γὰρ βασιλῆϊ χολωθεὶς
νοῦσον ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὄρσε κακήν, ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοί,
οὖνεκα τὸν Χρύσην ἦτίμασεν ἀρητήρα
Ἀτρείδης· ὃ γὰρ ἦλθε θοᾶς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
λυσόμενος τε θύγατρα φέρων τ’ ἀπερείσι’ ἄποινα,
καὶ λίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιούς,
Ἀτρείδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν·
’Ἀτρείδαι τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοῖ,
ὑμῖν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ᾽ ἔχοντες
ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν, εὖ δ᾽ οἴκαδ᾽ ἱκέσθαι·
παῖδα δ᾽ ἐμοὶ λύσαιτε φίλην, τὰ δ᾽ ἄποινα δέχεσθαι,
Ἀτρεΐδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν·

’Ενθ’ ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπενυφήμησαν Ἀχαιοῖ
αιδείσθαι θ’ ἱερὴ καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἄποινα·
ἄλλ’ οὐκ Ἀτρείδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἦνδαν θυμῷ,
ἄλλα κακῶς ἀφίει, κρατερὸν δ’ ἐπὶ μύθον ἔτελλε·
μή σε γέρον κοίλησιν ἐγὼ παρὰ νηυσὶ κιχεῖω
ἡ νῦν δηθύνοντ’ ἢ ὕστερον αὖτις ἰόντα,
µή νῦ τοι οὔ χραίσμῃ σκηνήστηκέναι καὶ στέμμα θεοῖο·
τὴν δ’ ἐγὼ οὐ λύσω· πρίν μιν καὶ γῆρας ἐπεισιν

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Men in Aïda, they appeal, eh? A day, O Achilles!
Allow men in, emery Achaians. All gay ethic, eh?
Paul asked if tea mousse suck, as Aïda, pro, yaps in.
Here on a Tuesday. ‘Hello,’ Rhea to cake Eunice in.
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A tray id, a them, a list, a duo, ’cause met to rely on.
“A tray id I take. I alloy a uke, nay me day’s Achaians.
Human men theoi doyen Olympia dome attic on teas.
Ech! Pursey Priam’s pollen, eh? You’d eke a Dick his thigh.
Pay Dad, am I loose! Ate a pill. Lent Ada a pen to deck his thigh
As oh men idiots who unneck a bowl on Apollo on her.”

Nth alloy men panties up you fame as an Achaian.
Aïda is thigh the aerie a gay eagle a deck thigh a boy now.
Alec Atreides Agamemnon and Danny the mo’
All a’cackle, sappy, eh? Cracked her on dippy mouth. On a telly.
“Me say, gay Ron, coil lay sin. Ago pair ran you sick, a hue
In undy. The noun tea hystero naught is you to.
Me now toy. ‘Oh,’ cries me, skipt Ron & stem math theoio.
Tend to go loose. Opera ink eager as he pays in.
ἡμετέρῳ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ ἐν Ἄργεϊ τηλόθι πάτρης
ἱστὸν ἐποιχομένην καὶ ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντιόωσαν·
ἀλλ᾽ ἴθι μή μ᾽ ἐρέθιζε σαώτερος ὡς κε νέραι.

ὡς ἐφατ᾽, ἐδείσεν δ᾽ ὁ γέρων καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθω.
θῇ δ᾽ ἀκέων παρὰ θίνα πολυφλοίσθιοι θαλάσσης·
πολλὰ δ᾽ ἐπειτ᾽ ἀπάνευθε κιών ἥραθ᾽ ὁ γεραιὸς
Ἀπόλλωνι ἄνακτι, τὸν ἴτικομος τέκε Λητῷ·
κλοθι καὶ ἄργυροτοξόι, δ᾽ Ἑκρύσην ἀμφιβέθηκας
Κύλλαν τε ζαθάνεν Τενέδιοτε ἐφ ἐνάσσεις.

Σμυρνεῦ έπτοτε τοι χαρίέντ᾽ ἐπὶ νηὸν ἐρεφέα,
ηε εὶ δὴ ποτέ τοι κατὰ πίονα μηρ᾽ ἐκκε
ταύρων ἡδ᾽ αὐγῶν, τὸ δὲ μοι κρήνην ἐξάκωρ·
tίσειαν Δαναοὶ ἐμὰ δάκρυα σοῖσι βέλεσσι·

ὡς ἐφατ᾽ εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ᾽ ἐκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
θῇ δὲ κατ᾽ Ὁὐλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κήρ.
tοξ᾽ ὁμοιοῖν ἔχων ἀμφηρεφόν ἐνάσσεια·
ἐκλαγζαν δ᾽ ἀρφ᾽ ὁσσοὶ ἐπ᾽ ὁμὼν χωῳμένου,
αὐτοῦ κινηθέντος· δ´ δ᾽ ἤτε νυκτὶ έσικιώς.
ἐζετ᾽ ἐπειτ᾽ ἀπάνενθε νεών, μετὰ δ᾽ ἱον ἐτὴς·
δεινῇ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ᾽ ἀργυρεόι θιοί.
οὐρῆς μὲν πρῶτον ἐπόχετο καὶ κύνας ἄργοες,
αὐτὰρ ἐπειτ᾽ αὐτοίσι θέλος ἐχεπευκες ἐφεις
θάλλω· αἰεὶ δὲ πυραι νεῦων καιὸντο θαμεία.
ἐνήμαρ μὲν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἐχετο κήλα θεοίο,
τῇ δεκάτῃ δ᾽ ἀγορὴν δὲ καλέσατο λαὸς Ἀχιλλεύς·
τῷ γαρ ἐπί φρεσὶ θηκε θεα λευκωλένος Ἦρη
κηδετο γαρ Δαναών, ὁτι ρά θυνθνκοντας ὀράτω.
οὶ δ᾽ ἐπεί οὖν ἤγερθεν ὑμηγερέες τε γένοντο,
He met a Ron, a Yoko, in our gay Tell, loathe the pat trays.
Is tone a boy? Go men in gay. A moan, lick, oh sandy ocean.
All if I’m me, merit. Is Esau Terah’s husk in a Yea?”

Horse fat. Eddie send ogre. Ron keep it at a moo, though.
Bay dock yond pair a thin, a pole, a flow is boy oh the lass is.
Pole odd a pate, a Pa, new the key on Hera though gay rye is.
Ah, baloney! (A knack, Teton-y.) You come most to call Leto.
“Clue the mew are goo, rot ox. Hose creasin’ am fib a bake Cass.
Kill, Auntie’s a Thane! Ten idiot if he Anna says.
Some in the Huey. Poe tit, toy car, a yente, a pin. Knee on
your rep, sir!

A yea day: potty, toy cat, a pee on a Mary Achaia.
Tower roan aide, aye gaunt ode. Ah! My Creon on nailed door.
’Tis saying Dan I am a dog, rue as aye Sibyl lessen.”

Hose fat you commie nose toad, igloo, Phoibos Apollo.
Bay deck at Olympus, carry none. Come on us, Oscar.
Took some more sin, eh? Horn ’em fair, a fay at afar, a train.
Ache lanks, and are oh a stirrup, oh moan, come on all you.
Ought toke in net & toes. Oh day & nuke tea, oh egos.
Dane aide day clang, again he’d argue Rae. Oh boy-oh!
Oh Rae as men pee wrote on. A poke at o.k. keen as our goose.
Out are épée et out toys. Sibyl loss, a cup you Cass if yes.
Ballet and a purée, neck you on Guy on totem, may I?
In name mar men. A nest rat on o.k. Tokay La Theoio.
Tea deck a tea dagger and deck a less a toll lay on Achilles.
Toga rip if Rae sit, take a thee, ’ll you call on us Hera?
Kay debt. ‘Oh guard!’ A noun note tear at knees, cunt as Erato.
Heed épée Honegger, then oh may gay Rae stay again on toe.
τοῖσι δ᾽ ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
 Ἀτρεΐδη νῦν ἄμμε παλιμπλαγχθέντας ὀἱω
 ἄψ ἀπονοστήσειν, εἰ κεν θάνατόν γε φύγομεν,
 εἰ δὴ ὁμοῦ πόλεμός τε δαμᾷ καὶ λοιμὸς Ἀχαιοῦς·
 ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δὴ τίνα μάντιν ἐρείομεν ἡ ἱερά
 ἤ καὶ ὀνειροπόλον, καὶ γὰρ τ᾽ ὁναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν,
 ὃς κ᾽ εἴποι δ τι τόσσον ἐχώσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
 εἴτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὃ γʹ εὐχωλῆς ἐπιμέμφεται ἡδ᾽ ἐκατόμβης,
 αἱ κέν πως ἄρνων κνίσης αἰγῶν τε τελείων
 θούλεται ἀντιάσας ἡμῖν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμοῦναι.'
 ἤτοι ὃ γʹ ὡς εἰπὼν κατ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔξετο· τοῖσι δ᾽ ἀνέστη
 Κάλχας Θεστορίδης οἰωνοπόλων ὃς άριστος,
 ὃς ἤδη τὰ τ᾽ ἐόντα τὰ τ᾽ ἐσσόμενα πρὸ τ᾽ ἐόντα,
 καὶ νήεσσ᾽ ἡγήσατ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν Ἰλιον εἰσώ
 ἥν διὰ μαντοσύνην, τὴν οἱ πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
 ὃ σφιν ἐν φρονεῶν ἁγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·
 ὃ Ἀχιλεῦ κέλεαί με Δι᾽ φίλε μυθήσασθαι
 μὴν ἡμὶν Ἀπόλλωνος ἐκατηθελέται ἀνακτος·
 τοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω· σὺ δὲ σύνθεο καὶ μοι ἠμοσσον
 ἢ μὲν μοι πρόφρων ἐπεσιν καὶ χερσὶν ἀρήξειν,
 ἢ γὰρ ὁδομαὶ ἄνδρα χολωσέμεν, δς μέγα πάντων
 Ἀργείων κρατέει καὶ οἱ πείθονται Ἀχαιοί·
 κρείσσων γὰρ βασιλεὺς ὅτε χώσεται ἄνδρι χέρηι·
 εἰ περ γὰρ τε χόλου γε καὶ αὐτήμαρ καταπέψῃ,
 ἀλλὰ τε καὶ μετόπισθεν ἔχει κότον, ὁφρα τελέσῃ,
 ἐν στήθεσιν ἐοῖσι· σὺ δὲ φράσαι εἰ με σαώσεις.'
 τὸν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
Toys see Dan is Tom and Osmet, if he Poe dares accuse Achilles. “A tray a day, noon am maypole in plank. Then dazzle you. Apse upon a stay scene, eh Ken? Then atone gay fug. Oy men! Aide day oh mope pole lay most a damn Mac high low i’ most Achaians. All a gay day Tina man tin a ray, oh men he hear ya. Ache I on a rope alone, guy guard on a wreck, day oh say sting. Hose cape pee, oh tit, toes on echo sat. O Phoibos Apollo. Eat tar O you coal lace. Happy men fate: I ate hecatombs. Hi Ken, ‘pose our known knee says ‘I gon’ tit to lay on.’ Bowl o’ tea, Auntie? Ah sauce! Hey me nap, a log on a moon, aye.”

Ate I a goose, a punk? A tar is a tot toy, Sid a nasty. Calchas Thestorides, soy on a pole. Lo, no ochre his toes. Hose Eddie tight. Tea on the tatters, summon a pro. Tea on tac-Ky nay, yes, say gay. Sat a quai on Ilion is so. Ain’t he a man to sin in! Ten high, pour a Phoibos Apollo. Whose pin, you pro? Neo nag, a race, a toe? Guy met taping. “O Achilles, kill, lay, I Amy, Dee feel lame. ‘Myth,’ he says, ‘thigh.’ Men in Apollo, a nosy cat, table ate our (‘Enact!’) toes. Tiger agone areo. So decent they o.k. my emotion. Hey men, my prof Ron, a pacin’ guy, cares in a rake’s seine. Egg are oh yummy. Andrews call o’ semen hose Meg a pant on. Argue on, critic. All high pay, then tie Achaioi. Gray song Arbus ill use Hot Tea Co. Set I and Rick Harry. Apse ergo art echo long gay guy ought to mark, ate a Pepsi. All at a quai met a piss then a cake, a ton, a prat, a less see. In stay the sin, nay, oy Sis you dip. Ross sigh, Amy ‘sow’ says.”

Toned a Pa, may Beau men, as prose a fib, odes, as ‘Oh cuss Achilles.’
'θαρσήσας μάλα ειπὲ θεοπρόπιον ὃ τι οἶσθα·
oῦ μὰ γὰρ Ἀπόλλωνα Δι᾽ φίλον, ὦ τε σὺ Κάλχαν
eὐχόμενος Δαναοίς θεοπρόπιας ἀναφαίνεις,
oῦ τις ἔμευ ἱῶντος καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δερκομένου
σοὶ κοῖλης παρὰ νησί χαρείας χεῖρας ἐποίεις
συμπάντων Δαναῶν, οὐδ᾽ ἢν Ἀγαμέμνονα εἴης,
ὅς νῦν πολλὸν ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν εἰχεὶ εἰναι.
καὶ τότε δὴ θάρσης καὶ ηὐδὰ μάντις ἀμύμων·
᾽οὐ τ᾽ ἄρ ὅ γ᾽ εὐχωλῆς ἐπιμέμφεται οὐδ᾽ ἐκατόμηθας,
ἀλλ᾽ ἐνεκ᾽ ἀρητῆρος ὃν ἠτίμησ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνων,
oὐδ᾽ ἀπέλυσε θύγατρα καὶ οὐκ ἀπεδέξατ᾽ ἄποινα,
tοῦνεκ ἄρ ἅλγε ἐδώκεν ἐκηβόλος ἢδ᾽ ἐτὶ δῶσει
οὐδ᾽ ὃ γε πρὶν Δαναοῖσιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀπόσει
πρὶν γ᾽ ἀπὸ πατρὶ φίλῳ δομεῖ νῆκωπῆδα κούρην
ἀπριάτην ἀνάποιν, ἄγειν θ᾽ ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην
ἐς Χρύσην· τότε κέν μιν ἱλασσάμενοι πεπίθοιμεν.
ἦτοι ὁ γ᾽ ὃς εἰπὼν κατ᾽ ἄρ ἔζετο τοῖσι δ᾽ ἀνέστη
ἡρώς Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἀχνύμενος· μένεος δὲ μέγα φρένες ἀμφιμέλαιναι
πίμπλαντ᾽, ὅσσε δὲ οἱ πυρὶ λαμπετόωντι ἔικτην
Κάλχαντα πρῶτιστα κάκ᾽ ὅσσόμενος προσέειπε.
μάντι κακῶν οὐ πώ ποτὲ μοι τῷ κρήγυον εἶπας·
αἰεί τοι τὰ κάκ᾽ ἐστὶ φίλα φρεσὶ μαντεύεσθαι,
ἔσθλὸν δ᾽ οὔτὲ τὶ πω εἶπας ἐπος οὔτ᾽ ἐτέλεσσας·
καὶ νῦν ἐν Δαναοῖσι θεοπρόπιον ἀγορεύεις
ὡς δὴ τοῦ ἐνεκά σφιν ἐκηβόλος ἁλγε ἕυχει,
οὐνεκ ἐγὼ κούρης Χρυσηίδος ἁγλά᾽ ἄποινα
“Tar says a small ape ate the oh pro pee on hot tea oyster. Ooh ma’ Gar! Apollo on a deep hill, oh no Tess Sue, Calchas. You come on us, Danaans, sit thee up, rope your son, a fine ace ass. Ooh 'tis same you zone toes, sky a peak: Tony, Dirk, all men. Oh, you?

Sea coil lace spar Annie you see bar Rae as a care as a boy say. Some pant on Donna all nude and Agamemnon nigh pace. Hose noon pollen are his toes a guy own uke a tyin’ eye.”

Guy to Teddy thar’ says a guy you’d a mantis a moo moan. “Oh tar a gay you coal lace, a pea, ma’am fit tie you the hecatombs. Allen neck a rhetor rose. Oh net a mess, Agamemnon. Ode apple, you say, the got Reggae uke up a deck sat a boy now. Two neck are all gay: Ed, Ken. Neck Kay ball us aid at id (oh say). You’d oh gay preen Danaan nigh key alloy gonna pose he. Preen gap up at rip a load o’ men, ay a lick up it accu-rain. Opry a Tina nap and a boy no nag ain’t here in hecatomb bane. Is cruisin’ to take Ken mini-lassy many peppy toy men?”


’Pimple land toes,’ said Day. ‘High puerile a lamp at town take ten.’ Cal can top pro ’tis cock oh so men nose prose say pay. “Man, tick cock. Cone new pope Poe tame me toke Rae you on a pass. A yea toy, take cock, is too full of fresh men Tuesday. Is the lone doubt a tip o’ ape? A set oh suit at a laser’s. Cane un-end a now, sith Theo protein nag gore, you ace. Hose day étude in a cusp in necky bowl, us all gay, a tea o.k.? Hoo neck, ego coo race, crusade does. Oh clap peña.
οὐκ ἔθελον δέξασθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺ θυόλομαι αὐτήν
οἴκοι ἔχειν· καὶ γάρ ῥα Κλυταιμνήστρης προβέβουλα
κουριδῆς ἀλόχου, ἐπεὶ οὐ ἔθεν ἐστὶ χερείως,
οὐ δέμας οὐδὲ φυήν, οὔτ᾽ ἃρ φρένας οὔτ᾽ τι ἔργα.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς ἐθέλω δόμεναι πάλιν εἰ τὸ γ᾽ ἀμεινοῦ·
θυόλομ᾽ ἐγὼ λαὸν σῶν ἐμοὶ θυεῖν οὔτ᾽ ἂρ φρένα
Ἀργείων ἀγέραστος ἐω, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ ἑοικε·
λεύσσετε γὰρ τὸ γε πάντες ὅ μοι γέρας ἔρχεται ἁλλῆ.

τὸν δὲ ἠμείθετ᾽ ἔπειτα ποδάρκης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Αρτείδη κύδιστε φιλοκτεανῶτατε πάντων,
pῶς γάρ τοι δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι Ἀχαιοί;
οὐδὲ τι που ἤδειν ξυνήϊα κείμενα πολλά·
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πολλών ἐξεπράθομεν, τὰ δέδασται,
λαοὺς δ᾽ οὐκ ἐτέοικε παλίν θυόλογα ταῦτ᾽ ἔπαγείρειν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πολὺ τήνυδε θεαὶ πρός· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοί
τριπλῆ τετραπλῆ τ᾽ ἀποτείσομεν, αἴ κέ ποθι Ζεὺς
δῶσι τὸν Σηκόν ἐμοὶ γέρας ἄλλῃ ἀλλ᾽ ἀρείον ἀπαμειβόμενος
προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
"μὴ δ᾽ οὕτως ἀγαθός περ ἐὼν θεοείκελ᾽ Ἀχιλλεῦ
κλέπτε νῶ, ἐπεὶ οὐ παρελεύσεαι οὐδὲ με πείσεις.
ἡ ἐθέλεις ὅρρ᾽ αὐτὸς ἔχεις γέρας, αὐτὰρ ἐμ᾽ αὐτῶς
ἡθαὶ δευόμενον, κέλει δὲ με τήνδ᾽ ἀποδοῦναι;
ἀλλ᾽ εἰ μὲν δώσουσι γέρας μεγάθυμοι Ἀχαιοί
ἀρά αὐτοῖς κατὰ θυμὸν ὅπως ἄνταξιον ἔσται·
ei δὲ κε μὴ δώσωσιν ἐγὼ δὲ κεν αὐτὸς ἐλωμαι
ἡ τεὸν ἤ Αἰαντος ἰὼν γέρας, ἡ Ὥδυσής ἐξελούν
Ἀξίω ἐλούν· δὲ δὲ κεν κεην σκολώσεται ἰὸν κεν ἴκωμαι.
ἀλλ᾽ ήτοι μὲν ταῦτα μεταφρασόμεσθα καὶ αὐτῖς,
BOOK ONE

Ook Ethel on decks as thigh, up pay Polly boo loam my out ta’en. Eek, he a can! Guy Garrick Clytemnestr’a’s probable ‘ah.’ Coo rid yeas all loco, he pay you the nest, he carry on. Oh dame as oh deaf, you in out, tarp prayin’ as oh titty air ya. All a guy hose i’ the load o’ men, I pal in eight toga men on. Pool loam ago lawn sowin’ he men night, eh? A pole his thigh. Out are Emmy, gay Roz, out ticket toy mass at opera may Hojo’s. Are gay? Own a gay Roz? Toss you a pay, you day. O.k.! Loosened a garter gay panties oh my gay Roz her cattail lay.”

Tone dame may bet a pay. Tip o’ darkies divine Achilles.
“‘A tray a day could’ is to Phil ‘lock tea annotate.’ Pant on! Pose, guard toy, do Sue see gay Roz? Me gay too, my Achaian. O Day tip with minx soon. Nay, ’a came in a pool a’. All ’a time men pull you nex’ a breath o’ men. Tad dead as Ty. Louse, Duke, ‘a pay, kep’ a li’l log a’ Tao tap. A gay rein. All assumin’ none. Tend death (theo-prose). Out are Achaeoi. Trip laid a trap, late teapot is omen. Ay, cape o’ the Zeus. Do see pole in Troy. Hey you, take yond necks (all a pox), eye.”

Toned up ’a may bomb on us. Prose fake crayon Agamemnon.
νῦν δ᾽ ἄγε νήα μέλαιναν ἐρύσσομεν εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,
ἐν δ᾽ ἐρέτας ἐπιτηδὲς ἀγείρομεν, ἐς δ᾽ ἐκατόμβην
θείομεν· εἰς δὲ τις ἄρχος ἀνήρ θυληφόρος ἔστω,
ἡ Αἴας ἢ Ἰδομενεύς ἢ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς
ἡ ἑ σὺ Πηλείδη πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ᾽ ἀνδρῶν,
ὅφρ᾽ ἦμιν ἐκάεργον ἑλάσσεαι ἱερὰ ῥέξας.

τὸν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ύπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
ὡς Μενελάῳ σοί τε κυνῶπα πρὸς Τρώων·
tὸν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔριν προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
ὡς Μενελάῳ σοί τε κυνῶπα πρὸς Τρώων·

ως τὸς τοι πρόφρων ἐπεσιν πείθηται Ἀχαιῶν
ἡ ὄδον ἐλθέμενοι ἢ ἀνδράσιν ἤρι μάχεσθαι;
οὐ γὰρ ἔγω Τρώων ἔνεκ᾽ ἢλυθον αἵματα χαλάτῳ
dεύρο μαχησόμενς, ἐπεὶ ὁ Τρώων ἀνδρᾶς
οὐ γὰρ πώποτ᾽ ἐμὰς θοῦξ ἤλασαν οὐδὲ μὲν ἢππους,
οὐδὲ ποτ᾽ ἐν Φθίη ἐριβώλαις βουτιανείρῃ
καρπὸν ἐδηλήσαντ᾽ ἐπεὶ ἢ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξύ
οὐρεά τε σκιόεντα θάλασσα τε ἠχήεσσα·
ἀλλὰ σοὶ ὦ μέγ᾽ ἀναιδὲς ἃμ᾽ ἐσπόμεθ᾽ ὀφρα σὺ χαίρῃς,
tιμὴν ἀρνύμενοι Μενελάῳ σοί τε κυνώτα
πρὸς Τρώων· τὸν οὐ τε μετατρέπῃ οὐδ᾽ ἀλεγίζεις·
καὶ ὅ μοι γέρας αὐτὸς ἀφαιρήσῃς ἀπειλεῖς,
ὡ ἐπὶ πολλὰ μόγησα, δόσαν ὅ μοι ώς Ἀχαιῶν.
οὐ μὲν σοὶ ποτὲ ἢστον πάλιν γέρας ὅππότ᾽ Ἐχοι
Τρώων ἐκπέρσωσ᾽ εὗ ναιόμενον πτολέθωρν·
ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν πλεῖον πολυάικος πολέμοι
χεῖρες ἐμαὶ διέπουσ᾽· ἀτὰρ ἦν ποτὲ ἀσαμίς ὑκηται,
σοὶ τὸ γέρας πολὺ μείζων, ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἐλίγουν τε φίλου τε
ἐξουμ᾽ ἐχων ἐπὶ νήας, ἐπεῖ κε κάμω πολεμίζων.
νῦν δ᾽ εἶμι Φθίην δ᾽ ἐπεὶ ἦν πολὺ φέρτερόν ἔστιν
BOOK ONE

Noon dog a nay ah may line on air ruse o’ men ace a laddie on
End, dare a toss, a pit. Teddy’s a gay Roman as deck a tomb been.
They oh men endowed, in cruisy he’d dock a lip, a Rae on
Bays. Oh men ace debt is our hose, a nerve, ooh, lay for us!
Eh, Ajax? Eh, Idomeneus? Hideous Odysseus!
Jesu! Pee! Lay (day), pant on neck, aglow. That tanned Ron!
Après me neck care. Gone. Ill lassie I. He air a wrecks ass.”

Thunder, a Poe dried own Pro safe epode as Oh cuss Achilles.
“Oh my, an Ide day, yea! Nippy aim in a curdly oaf, Ron.
Pose, ’tis toy. Prof Ron he pays in. Pay the tie Achaians.
Eh? Ode on Nell, the men I ‘eh’ on draw sin, if fee mock his thigh.
Ogre egg, oh Trojan! In neck kill you though nigh. Commit town.
Durham a case some in us a Paiute Tim my eye tea you yes in.
Ogre Pope, a tame ass, Beau say ‘lessen nude demon hippos.’
Ought a Paw tempt ya? Air rib bowl. Lucky beau tea a nay Rae.
Cartoned ale lay. Sand tape a.m. Allah, Paul, a Metaxa.
Urea Tess key you into the lass at ache ace saw.
All as oil mega-night days am is poem math. Offer a suck. I raise.
Team men are new men. Noe Menelaus sort o’ coo. No! Pa!
Prose Trojans. Toe nudie met a tray. Pee owed a leg is ace.
Guy dame! Oy gay Roz out owes a fairy says thigh a pay lays.
O ape pee Paula Moe gay sad do sand dame I who yes a guy own.
Ooh men soy pot, eh? Is son echo gay? Roz, hope buttock guy. Oy,
Trojans neck purse so say you nigh omen. Ump too lieth, Ron.
All ought to. Men play on Polly. Yike! Us pull ’em I you.
Cares a maid? Yep! Pooh sat a wren potted as moss he Kay Thai.
Soy toe gay Roz. Polly Mae zone go. Dolly gone to Phil. Own tea.
Air comb, a cone up any ass, up a cake, a mop, a lame mizzen.
Noon dame if the end happy, eh Polly? If her, tear honest in.
οἶκαδ᾽ ἰμεν σὺν νησὶ κορωνίσιν, οὔδὲ σ᾽ ὄϊω
ἔνθάδ᾽ ἄτιμος ἐων ἄφενος καὶ πλούτον ἄφυξειν.’

τὸν δ᾽ ἡμεῖθετ᾽ ἐπειτὰ ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
φεῦγε μάλ᾽ εἰ τοι θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται, οὔδὲ σ᾽ ἔγωγε
λίσσομαι εἶνεκ ἐμεῖο μένειν πάρ᾽ ἐμοιγε καὶ ἄλλοι
οὐ μὲ τιμήσουσι, μάλιστα δὲ μητίτεα Ζεὺς.

ἔχθιστος δὲ μοί ἐσσι διοτρεφέων θασιλήων
αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἔρις πόλεμοι τε μάχαι τε·
eἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐσσι, θεός που σοί τὸ γ᾽ ἐδωκεν·
oἶκαδ᾽ ἰων σὺν νήυσὶ τε σῇς καὶ σοῖς ἑτάροισι
Μυρμιδόνεσσιν ἄνασσε, σέθεν δ᾽ ἐγώ οὐκ ἄλγιξω,
oὐδ᾽ ἄθομαι κοτέοντος ἀπειλήσω δὲ τοι ὧδε·

ὡς εἰμί ἀφαιρεῖται Χρυσηΐδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
tὴν μὲν ἐγώ σὺν νηΐ τ᾽ ἐμῇ καὶ ἐμοῖς ἑτάροισι
πέμψω, ἐγώ δὲ κ᾽ ἀγω Βρισηΐδα καλλιπάρῃον
αὐτὸς ἱων κλισίην δὲ τὸ σῦν γέρας ὄρφ᾽ ἐν εἰδής

ὅσσον φέρτερός εἰμι σέθεν, στυγεὶ δὲ καὶ ἄλλος
ἰσον ἐμοὶ φάσθαι καὶ ὁμοιωθῆμεναι ἄντην.

ὡς φάτο Πηλείωνι δ᾽ ἄχος γένετ', ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ
στήθεσσιν λασίοισι διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,
ἤ δὲ φάσγανον ὀξύ ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ
tοὺς μὲν ἀναστήσειν, δ᾽ Ἀτρείδην ἐναρίζοι,

ἢ ὃ ταῦθ᾽ ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,

ὕει κατὰ θυμόν ἔρητύσει τε θυμόν.

ὦσ δ᾽ ταῦθ᾽ ὀρμαίνε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,

ἔλκετο δ᾽ ἐν κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος, ἣλθε δ᾽ Ἀθήνη
οὐρανοθεν πρὸ γὰρ ἤκε θεᾶ λευκώλενος Ἄρη

οὕς ἀμφοὶ ὑμῶς θυμῷ φιλέουσά τε θυμόν τε·

στῇ δ᾽ ὅππεθεν, ἔνθαθς δὲ κόμης ἔλε Πηλείωνα

ὦφ φαινομένη' τῶν δ᾽ ἄλλων οὐ τὸς ὁράτο·

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Oh Ike a dim men soon nay you sick or own is sin, nude days so you. And had a team ocean? A fen, no sky? Pluto if fuck sin.”


Horse fat. Oh peel a yoni. Dock hose gay in a ten-day ‘I ate her.’ Stet the sin, Lassie. Oh is he the Andy? Hammer me, Rick’s hen. A-O-Gay fast cannon ox you, a ruse, a men, us pair, a may rue. Two’s men a nasty sayin’. Oh that Rae, a day. Nay, nary is die. Eh? A colon? Paw’s sayin’ a rat youse ate tea the moan. Eh, a sot? Author, my neck! At a fray, knock Ike. Cat at the moon. Hell, Kate, to deck Kali Yoyo, make axe. If horse ill Theda Athena. Ooh Ron, a temp rogue, a rake. In the alley you call on us, Hera. Amp homos the mo’, Phil you sat. Take heed, dominate. Stayed up, he thinks and he stay, come. He sell, lay pale Iona. Oh you final men ate owned alone. Newt is a rat, oh.
θάμβησεν δ᾽ Ἀχιλεύς, μετὰ δ᾽ ἐτράπετ’, αὐτίκα δ᾽ ἐγνω
Παλλάδ’ Ἀθηναίην· δεινώ δὲ οἰ ὅσσε φάσαθεν·
καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόντα προσηύδα·
tίπτ’ αὖτ’ αἰγιόχοι Διὸς τέκος εἰλήλουθας;
ή ᾽να ὦβριν ᾿ιδὴ ᾿Αγαμέμνονος ᾿Ατρείδαο;
’ ἀλλ’ ἐκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τελέσθαι οὕω·
ής ὑπερπλήση τάχ’ ἂν ποτε θυμὸν ὀλέσσῃ.
τὸν δ’ αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπὶς Ἀθήνη·
’ ἦλθον ἔγω παύσουσα τὸ σὸν μένος, α’’ κε πιθήαι,
οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ δὲ μ’ ἤκε θεὰ λευκόλενος Ἁρη
ἀμφῶ ὠρὼς θυμῶ φιλέοντα τε κηδομένη τε·
ἀλλ’ ἂγε λήγ’ ἔριδος, μηδὲ ξίφος ἐλκεο χειρί·
ἀλλ’ ᾿ητοὶ ἔπεσιν μὲν οὐνείδισον ώς ἔσεται περ·
όδε γὰρ ἔξερεω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένου ἔσται·
καὶ ποτὲ τοι τρίς τόσα παρέσεται ἀγλαὰ δώρα
ὕβριος εἶνεκα τῇ σε δ’ ἱσχεο, πείθεο δ’ ἦμιν.
τὴν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
’ ὅρη μὲν σφωτερὸν γε θεὰ ἔπος εἰρύσσασθαι
καὶ μάλα περ θυμῶ κεχωλωμένον· ὡς γὰρ ἄμεινον·
κε κε θεοῖς ἐπιπείθηται μάλα τ’ ἔκλυν αὐτοῦ.
’ ᾽η καὶ ἐπ’ ἀργυρεῖ δικεῖ τοῖς χεῖρα βαρεῖαν,
αὐτὴ β’ ἔς κουλεεν ῾δε μέγα ἔριδος, οὐδ’ ἀπίθησε
μύθῳ Ἀθηναίῆς· ᾿η δ’ Οὐλυμποίν δὲ θεβῆκει
δώματ’ ἐς αἰγιόχοι Διὸς μετὰ δαίμονας ἄλλους.
Πηλείδης δ’ ἐξαίτις ἀταρτηροῖς ἐπέεσσιν
᾿Ατρείδην προσέειπε, καὶ οὐ πω λήγε χάλοιο·
BOOK ONE

Tam Bay send Achilles, met a debt. Rap pet tout tick cad. Deign you. Pallas Athena end day, no ode. ‘Day-O’ you say? Fall on, then. Came in phony, says ‘ape? he apt.’ Arrow end a prose suit a’.

“Tiptoe take you, coil Dios take us, hail ye Luthers.
He in a hoop, runny days. Agamemnon us, Atreid Tao.
All Hector array, oh today Guy to lay this thigh, oh you.
He’s up a rope, Lee is a tack. Han Poe to the man all lace say.”

Tone doubt a prose say ape. Pay they aglow, go piss Athena.

“Ail tone ago Paw’s Sue sat yon men us psyche a pithy eye.
Oh Ron oh then Pro dame make a tea a Luke call on us, Hera.
Am foe oh Mose the Moe fill you, sat a kid. Oh men, eat tea.
All a gay leg arid doze Mayday axe if us hell k.o. Harry.
All a toy, a pace in men on aid is on hose. Is it hyper?
Ho, Day! A rex, a real toad ache kite Attalus men on a sty.
Guy pot a toy tree s’pose a pair, a set. I a glade, Dora.
Hugh Brio sane a cat ace day Sue disk you pay the ode aim in.”

Tend Da, Pa may bomb men. Us prose if fed Poe. Da soak us, Achilles.

“Cream men’s fight her on gay. The ape us air us as thigh.
Guy maul a pair, though Moe Kay call low men on hose. Scar a main known.

Husky Theo is a pip. Pay the time à la ‘take Lou on auto.’”

Hey Guy, ‘hep’ argue rake, oh pace cat, he care rob a rayon.
Apse days cool, Leon. Oh say, Meg, ax if foes would happy. They say ‘Myth though Athena yes.’ He’d Olymp on the baby quai.
Tomato say joke Hojo Dios met a demon as all loose.

Pale ladies deck sow, tease a tart, tear eyes a’ pacin’.
A tray a day, Pro say ape pay guy you pole lay gay coal low you.
οἰνοθαρές, κυνὸς ὁμματ᾽ ἔχων, κραδίην δ᾽ ἐλάφοιο,
οὔτε ποτ᾽ ἐς πόλεμον ἁμα λαϊ θωρησθήναι
οὔτε λάχον δ᾽ ἴέναι σὺν ἀριστήσεσιν Ἀχαιῶν
tέτληκας θυμῷ· τὸ δὲ τοι κήρ εἶδεται εἶναι.
ἢ πολύ λωϊῶν ἐστὶ κατὰ στρατόν εὐρὸν Ἀχαιῶν
δῶρ᾽ ἀποαιρεῖσθαι οὐς τις σέθεν ἀντίον εἴπῃ·
δημοβόρος βασιλεὺς ἐπεὶ οὔτιδανοῖσιν ἀνάσσεις·
ἤ γὰρ Ἀτρείδη νῦν ἔστατα λωθήσαιο.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐκ τοι ἐρέω καὶ ἐπὶ μέγαν ὄρκον ὁμοῦμαι·
ναὶ μὰ τόδε σκῆπτρον, τῷ μὲν οὐ ποτὲ φῦλλα καὶ ὅς
φύσει, ἐπεὶ δὴ πρῶτα τομὴν ἐν ὅρκοι τῷ εἶναι
οὐδ᾽ ἀναθηλής· περὶ γὰρ μὴ ἔλαβε μὲν Ἅλκις Ἀχαιῶν
ἐν παλάμας φορέουσι δικασπόλοι, οὐ κεφάστας
πρὸς Δίος εἰρύαται· δὲ τοι μέγας ἐσάται ὅρκος·
ἤ ποτ᾽ Ἀχιλλῆος ποθῇ ἑξεῖται υἱῶν Ἀχαιῶν
σύμπαντας· τότε δ᾽ ἐστὶν ὅποι ἀνυμενάς·
χρισμεῖν, εὑρ᾽ ἃν πολλοὶ υφ᾽ Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοι
θυνήσαντες πάπτωσαι· σὺ δ᾽ ἔνδοθι θυμὸν ἀμύζεις
χωκιονος δ᾽ ἐρίστου Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισάς.
ὡς φάτο Πηλείδης, ποτὶ δὲ σκῆπτρον διὰ γαῖς
χρυσείος ἦλοιχι πεπαρμένον, ἔζετο δ᾽ αὐτὸς·
Ἀτρείδης δ᾽ ἐτέρωθεν ἐμῆς· τοῦτο δὲ Ἕκτορῷ
ἡδεπῆς ἀνόρουσα λιγὺς Πυλίων ἀγορητῆς,
τοῦ καὶ ἀν ἀγάπης ἡμένος γλυκῶν ὁμαλῶς ἔτεν ἄρδη·

1.225–249
“Oh, in a bar Rae’s skew nose summit. A cone cried ye end
a laugh hojo.
You’d a pot, Tess. Paul, a man am a lout, whore ache thee nigh.
Oh tell lock Candy and I soon a wrist (eh?) yes sin a guy on.
Tet lake has the moat to date toy care. Raid at ‘I ain’t I.’
Ape all alloy on a stick at a start on you run a guy on.
Do wrap wire Rae’s thigh? Host is a tenant you ape pay.
Dame mow bore rose, spaz ill lay. Us a pay-out a day noise in
Anna says.
Egg hare ran a tray a day. Noon, a stat. A low bass sigh ‘oh.’
All ache toy a real guy. Ape image an orgone Nome. Oh my!
Name a toad, a desk. Caped Ron to men new, Poe to fill a guy, oh Zeus.
Fizzy, a paid ape, wrote a tome in an hour, a silly lie. (Pain.)
Who’d down a Thales, ape a rig? A rake all cozy, lip say.
Fool lot o’ cape flyin’ none ought to mean yes, Achaians.
Ain’t Paul a mess, for you see Dick has Polly, joy, tea (they missed us).
Press Dee, us air you a tie, hold the timing, us says it. I whore cuss.
Hey, but Achilles’ potty ick set tie you’ ass, Achaians.
Chimp and ass taught a do, did you? Nay, say I. Ach, noumenous
pair!
Christ, man, you’d an Polly Ute. Hector us, and Ralph phony you.
The nay scone Tess. Pip to see Sue. Then do thee, thou man.
Am uke says.
Go home, men, us hot. A wrist on a guy now, oh then he tease us.”

Hose fat, appeal ladies spotted. Escaped Ron ball a gay. Yea!
Cruisy, you is hell. Law, is he pep? Are men on haze it toad autos?
‘Atreides’ debt,’ he wrote, ‘anemone, a toy’s it, a Nestor.’
He do a pace on her, you say. Lee, Gus, Pylos’ Agora ate his.
To Guy a Poe glows. Say smell it, toes sweet on Rae & Audie.
τῷ δ᾽ ἤδη δύο μὲν γενεαὶ μερόπων ἀνθρώπων ἐφθίαθ᾽, οἳ οἱ πρόσθεν ἅμα τράφεν ἦδ᾽ ἐγένοντο ἐν Πύλῳ ἣγαθέῃ, μετὰ δὲ τριτάτοισιν ἄνοσσεν· ὃ σφιν ἐν φρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν· ὥς πότοι ἤ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιίδα γαῖαν ἱκάνει· ἦ κεν γηθήσαι Πρίαμος Πριάμοι τε παίδες ἀλλοι τε Τρῶες μέγα κεν κεχαροίατο θυμῷ εἰ σφώιν τάδε πάντα πυθοίατο μαρναμένοιν, οἳ περὶ μὲν θουλὴν Δαναών, περὶ δ᾽ ἐστὲ μάχεσθαι. ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ᾽· ἀμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἐστὸν ἐμεῖο· ἦδὴ γάρ ποτ᾽ ἐν γὰρ καὶ ἀρείσιν· ἀνδρῶν ἡμῶν ἡμῖν ἄγοσσεν· καὶ οὐ ποτὲ μ᾽ ὁ γ᾽ ἀθέριζον. οὐ γὰρ ποτὶ παῖς ἑνὸς ἄνερας οὐδὲ ἴδωμαι, οἳ περὶ βουλῆς Δαναῶν, περὶ δ᾽ ἐστὲ μάχεσθαι. ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ᾽· ἀπιστῶ σὺ τὸν ἄγαθός περ ἐων ἀποκράμοι κούρην, ἀλλ᾽ ἔα ὡς τοῖς πρῶτα δόσαν γέρας ἑλικόν· ἔα ὡς τῶν πρῶτο ἁγάθος περ ἐων ἀποκράμοι κούρην, ἀλλ᾽ ἕκα ὡς τῶν πρῶτο δόσαν γέρας ἑλικόν. οὐ γὰρ τοῖς ἑνὸς ἄνερας οὐδὲ ἴδωμαι, ποτὲ μ᾽ ἀθέριζον. οὐ γὰρ τοῖς πρῶτοι ἑνὸς ἄνερας οὐδὲ ἴδωμαι.
BOOK ONE

Toad aid a duo Mencken. Nay I mare opponent rope own. 
If thee a toy high prose, then ham a trap, hen aid egg a none, too. 
In Pylos, egg at the aim at a date writ a toy sin (Anna’s hen). 
Hose spin, you prone neon nag. Go, Rae, set a guy, meta-ape, in. 
“Oh Popeye, aim a gap in those Achaia gay on a can, eh? 
Ache in gate he sigh Priam. Oh spry am I you tepid days? 
Alloy the Trojans, Ken. Kick a royal toe tomb, ho. 
Ace foe into day Panda pity at, to mar Nam annoyin’. 
Hype a rimmin’ bull in Danaans, Perry. Days to mock his thigh. 
Allah pities Tam. Poe deign you to row his toe (name me you). 
Aide dig are potty. Go Guy airy you sin, nay hyper human. 
Andrews’ sin homily, ‘sack I you potty my gay.’ Ah, the reason! 
Ogre potty, oh sit on the nearest suit, eh Dummy? 
Oh yond Perithoos, tit ruin Daddy boy men alone. 
Kine ya, Tex. Add yond day, Guy, and tit yond Polyphemus. 
Theseus tie Aegeus, happy ache along at Hannah toy scene. 
Cart is toy day cane oyez peek toe neon trap hen and Ron. 
Cart is toy many sank I car ’tis toys same a cunt, ho! 
Came in toys, in ego. Made the million-neck Pylos weld tone. 
Tell low the neck sap pee yes gay yes scull less sand (toga rout toy). 
Came a’ combing, caught ’em out on ego. Cane noisy Dan. Oh tease. 
Too nigh noon brought oyez scene. A picked honey I’m a cate too. 
Gaming, may Ubu lay hunk soon. Yen pay tone to tame me, though. 
All Lapith is the guy you miss. Say ‘peepee’d his thigh a main known.’ 
May Tess Sue toned Aga toes pair eon apple eye real cool rain? 
I’ll lay a hose hype wrote a douche (sang gayer as we yes a guy own). 
May Tess Sue pale laid day at he Larry’s semen? Abe a silly he. 
And he be any pay hoopoe, Tommy is am or a Tim is.
σκηπτοῦχος βασιλεύς, ὃ τε Ζεὺς κύδος ἐδωκεν.
eἰ δὲ σὺ καρτερός ἐσσι θεα δὲ σε γείνατο μήτηρ,
ἄλλ᾽ ὅ γε φέρτερός ἐστιν ἐπεὶ πλεόνεσιν ἀνάσσει.
Ἀτρείδη σὺ δὲ παῦε τεόν μένος· αὐτάρ ἐγὼ γείν
λίσσου· Ἀχιλλῆι μεθέμεν χόλον, ὃς μέγα πάσιν
ἐρίκος Ἀχαιοῖσιν πέλεται πολέμοι κακοῖο.

τὸν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·

‘ναι δὴ ταύτα γε πάντα γέρου κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·
ἄλλ᾽ ὅδ᾽ ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει περί πάντων ἐμμεναι ἄλλων,

πάντων μὲν κρατεῖν ἐθέλει· πάντεσι δ᾽ ἀνάσσειν,

πάσι δὲ σημαίνειν, ὅ τιν᾽ ὅ πείσεσθαι δίω·

εἰ δὲ μιν αἵμητην ἔθεσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες

τούνεκά οἱ προθέουσιν ὄνειδεα μυθήσασθαι;’

τὸν δ᾽ ἀρ᾽ ὑποθλήδην ἤμειβε θεὸς Ἀχιλλεύς·

‘ἡ γάρ κεν δειλός τε καὶ οὐτιδανὸς καλεοίμην
eἰ δὴ σοὶ πάν ἐργον ὑπείξομαι ὅτι κεν εἰπῆς·

ἄλλων δὴ ταύτ᾽ ἐπιτέλεεο, μὴ γὰρ ἐμοιγε
σήμαιν᾽· ὅ γὰρ ἐγὼγ᾽ ἔτι σοὶ πείσεσθαι δίω.

ἄλλο δὲ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ᾽ ἐνι φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσι·

χερσὶ μὲν οὐ τοι ἐγὼγε μαχήσομαι εἰνεκα κούρης

οὐτε σοὶ οὔτε τῳ ἄλλῳ, ἐπεὶ μ᾽ ἀφέλεσθε γε δόντες·

τῶν δ᾽ ἄλλων οἱ οὐκ ἄν τι φέροις ἀνελὼν ἀέκοντος ἐμεῖο·

εἰ δ᾽ ἄγε μὴν πείρησαι ἵνα γνώσι καὶ οἴδε·

αἰστά τοι αἶμα κελαινὸν ἐρωήσει περὶ δουρί.’

ὡς τῷ γ᾽ ἀντιθίουσι μαχεσσαμένω ἐπέεσθιν

ἀνττήτην, λῦσαν δ᾽ ἀγορήν παρὰ νυσίν Ἀχαιῶν·
Skipped two ’cause Basil you sought a Zeus. Kudos Edo can. Aid Daisy Carter. Rose says ‘sit he a day’s suck gain atom ate her.’ ‘All ode deaf hurt her rose sestina people,’ lioness in Anna say. Atreides, you’d a poet ta’en menace out. Tara, go gay. Lissome Achilles met him in colon. Hose me gap, pass in. Her Cossack high, you is in pellet-type pole limo yoke. Ach, oh you!”

Toned up her ‘may-bombing-us’ prose: ‘sip he cry on Agamemnon.’

“Nigh day Tao tag a Panda, gay Ron, cat ammo ear an ape is. I’ll load an air at a lay. Pair rip Antony. Men aye alone. Pant on, men, cried Ian at the lay. Pant is sit on a seine. Pass, sit, the same, mine ain’t nothin’. Who pays is thy yoyo. Aid dame in ache. Met ten at the sandy (oy! ay!) in neon Tess. Two neck ahoy. Proteus in an idea: ‘Myth,’ he says, ‘thigh.’”

Toned are you. Pub-laden he may bet odious Achilles.


Ooh, ’tis a Ute atoll lope. Aim a pail lest the gay don Tess. Tone doll lone ham oh yes tit away. Ape are any he, Melanie. To nuke Auntie, fairies, on a lone Nikon, toss ’em may you. Hey doggy, men pay, Rae’s sighin’, Agnos sick, I hoity. Ape sat toy aim a kale line on a row ace say Perry do re.”

Hostage Auntie bio is amok. Kiss ’em, men, no ape is sin. Unstate ten loose sandy gore rain pair o’ news in Achaians.
Πηλείδης μὲν ἐπὶ κλισίας καὶ νῆας έίσας
ηίε σύν τε Μενοιτιάδη καὶ οίς έτάρουσιν.
Ἀτρείδης δ᾽ ἄρα νῆα θοὴν ἀλα δὲ προέρυσσεν,
ἐν δ᾽ ἐρέτας ἔκρινεν ἐείκοσιν, ἐς δ᾽ ἐκατόμβην
θῆσε θεῶ, ἀνά δὲ Χρυσηῖδα καλλιπάρην
είσεν άγων; ἐν δ᾽ ἄρχος ἑθη πολύμητις Ἐδυσσεύς.
οἳ μὲν ἔπειτ᾽ ἀναβάντες ἐπέπλεον ὕγρα κέλευθα,
λαοὺς δ᾽ Ἀτρείδης άπολυμαίνεσθαι ἄνωσεν;
οἳ δ᾽ ἀπελυμαίνοντο καὶ εἰς ἀλα λύματα βάλλον,
ἔρδον δ᾽ Ἀπάλλωνι τεληέσσας ἐκατόμβας
ταύρων ἕδ᾽ αἰγών παρὰ θῖν ἄλος ἀτρυγέτοιο.
κυῖσθ ἵ δ᾽ οὐρανόν ἵκεν ἐλισσομένη περί καπνό.
ὡς οἳ μὲν τὰ πένοντο κατὰ στρατόν οὐδ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνων
λῆν’ έριδος τὴν πρώτον ἐπηπείλησ’ Ἀχιλῆι,
ἄλλ’ ὅ γε Ταλθύβιόν τε καὶ Εὐρυβάτην προσέειπε,
τῶ οἳ ἔσαν κήρυκε καὶ ὀτρηρὼ θεράπονε.
ἐρῄσθου κλισίην Πηληίαδεω Ἀχίλλος;
χειρός έλοντ’ ἅγεμεν Βρισηῖδα καλλιπάρην;
εἰ δὲ κε μη δύσησιν ἡγώ δὲ κεν αὐτὸς ἐλωμαι
έλθων σὺν πλεόνεσσι’ τό οἳ και βίγιον ἔσται.’
ὡς εἰτῶν προεί, κρατερὸν δ᾽ ἐπὶ μῦθων ἔτελλε·
τῶ δ᾽ ἀκοντε θάτην παρά θῖν’ ἀλος ἀτρυγέτοιο,
Μυρμιδόλων δ᾽ ἐπί τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ικέσθην,
τὸν δ᾽ έυρον παρά τε κλισίη καὶ νῆι μελαινή
ἡμενον’ οὐδ’ ἀρα τῶ γε ἱῶν γήθησεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
τῶ μὲν ταρβήσαντε καὶ αἰδομένω βασιλῆα
στήτην, οὐδὲ τί μιν προσεφώνειν οὐδ’ ἔρεστον·
αὐτὰρ δ έγνω ἤσθιν ἐνι φρεςὶ φῶνησέν τε’
Pale ladies many pick lest he ask Aeneas ace us. 
Hey yea Sunday men night ya day guy oh he’s set a’rising. 
Atreides dare a nay at Wayne Holiday, pro-Russian. 
End dare a toss sick re-ne-nege cousin a stick, a tomb been. 
Bays say Theo on a deck cruise said ‘a caliper rayon.’ 
Ace in agony and dark hose say Bay Polly met his Odysseus. 

Hymen, a pate on a ban to sip pep play on hug rack a lute. Ha! 
Louse dat Ray he daze Polly mine, his thigh a noggin. 
Hoy day, apple you mine onto Guy, ace all a loo matter, ball on. 
Hair done dapple lone nit. Hell yes as a cat on bass. 
Tower oh Ned, aye gone. Pa rat thin, a loss, a truck get to you. 
Knees said ooh Ron on Nick in a lissome many pair o’ cop. Noe. 

Hose hymen tap in onto cat a straw tone ode Agamemnon. 
Leg hairy dust in proton a pep pill lace ’ll kill ye. 
All low gay Talthybius tag Guy Eurybates. Prose say pay. 
Toe high, he sand air. Rookie guy Otrero Theraponte. 
“Irk his tank lease e’en pale lay a day, oh Achilles. 
Care us? Hell, onto gay men breeze Aïda. Call hip Harry on. 
Aid deck a meadow ace in a goad, eh Ken? Autos, hell! Oh my! 
Hell tone soon play on us, sit or hike. I rig Johnny’s Thai.” 

Hose ape, pump Roy. Yike! Rat hair under pee! 
Mute honey tell ‘lay.’ 
Toad dike cunt Abe at ten pair o’ thin aloes, a true ghetto, you. 
Moor me, Don. Known de pit take Lee. See ask I nay as he kissed ten. 
Tone dew romper Attacles he ache, I neigh me, line A. 
Hey men on nude dare a toga. He Don Getty’s in Achilles. 
Toe mentor bees Auntie Guy, I’d domino Basil lay ya. 
State in nude day, Tim, in prose phony. Oh nude Harry onto! 
Out Tarot hoeing you ace in a nip press heap honey sent tea.
'χαίρετε κήρυκες Διός ἄγγελοι ἢδὲ καὶ ἄνδρῶν, ἄσσον ἵτ᾽· οὔ τί μοι ὡμμες ἐπαίτιοι ἀλλ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνων, δο σφοί προίει Βρισηήδος εἴνεκα κούρης.

ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε διογενεῖς Πατρόκλες ἐξαγε κούρην καί σφωίν δῶς ἄγειν· τῷ δ᾽ αὐτῷ μάρτυροι ἐστῶν πρὸς τε θεῶν μακάρων πρὸς τε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων καί πρὸς τῷ βασιλῆς ἀπηνέως εἴ ποτε δ᾽ αὖτε χρειώ ἐμείο γένηται ἀεικέα λογικον ἀμῦναι τοῖς ἄλλοις· ἦ γὰρ ὅ γ᾽ ὀλοιηση φρεσι φθείν, οὐδὲ τι οἴδε νοῦσαι ἄμα πρόσσω καί ὀπίσσω, ὅπτως οἱ παρὰ νησι πολλοὶ σοι μαχεοτε τό αχαιοί·

ὡς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπείθεθ᾽ ἑταίρῳ, ἐκ δ᾽ ἀγαγε κλισίης Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρῃον, δῶκε δ᾽ ἄγειν· τῷ δ᾽ αὐτὶς ἵτην παρὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν· ἦ δ᾽ ἀέκωκου· ἵμα τοῖς γυνη κién· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς δακρύσας ἐτάρων ἄφαρ ὑέτατο νόσφι λιασθείς, θιν᾽ ἔφ᾽ ἁλὸς πολιῆς, ὁρόων ἐπ᾽ ἀπείρονα πόντον· πολλὰ δὲ μητρὶ φίλῃ ἠρήσατο χεῖρας ὀρεγνύς·'

'μήτερ ἐπεί μ᾽ ἐτεκές γε μινυνθάδιον περ ἐόντα, τιμήν πέρ μοι ὄφελλεν Ὀλύμπιος ἐγγυαλίξαιΖεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης· νῦν δ᾽ οὐδὲ με τυτθὸν ἐτισεν· ἦ γάρ μ᾽ Ἀτρείδης εὐρὺ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων ἠτίμησεν· ἑλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας αὐτὸς ἀπούρας.'

ὡς φάτο δάκρυ χέων, τοῦ δ᾽ ἐκλυε πότνια μήτηρ ἧμενν ἐν βένθεσιν ἁλὸς παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι· καρπαλίμως δ᾽ ἀνέδυ πολιῆς ἀλὸς ἦτ᾽ ὀμίχλη, καὶ βα πάροιθ᾽ αὐτοῦ καθέζετο δάκρυ χέοντος,

Cray you. A May, oh gay net. I ache, he alloy, gone a moon nigh. ‘Toys alloy cigar hog golly yea sip.’ Phrase it, Huey!
Ooh, debt! He, oh he, deign no ace. I am a prose soak, I a piss sew. Hop, pose, hype are a news, Sis. Oh I’m a k.o. into Achaians.”

Hose pat-a-pat row closed a pillow, a peppy tit hetero. Hector gag ache lease yes Briseis call lip a rayon. Doe kid again. Toad doubt his sitting bar any ass a guy own. Hey, die, goose! Hammett toys a gun, ache kin. Out are Achilles. Dock crews as hetero nap far as atone as filly as they is. Thinner fellows Polly ace are rowin’ up. p.o. in a pop-on town. Paul, laddie, mate rip filly heiress at Tokay razor reign noose. “Mate Terry. Pay, mate, & kiss. Game in nun (Tad, Dionne) pair-raying too.

Team main. Perma you, fella. No limp pious egg, Wally. Ick! (Sigh.) Zeus hoop sib ram it, tease. Noon do dame, a toot hone it, teasin’. Egg arm Atreides you rook rayon Agamemnon. Ate him Mason a longer ache Haig gay rush sought a sap poor rush.”

Horse fatted a crook, yond toad, a glue pot knee a meter. Amen neighin’ bent Tess in a loss parapet rigor on tea. Carp pal limos Danny dupe Polly, eh? Sal oh say you Tom meek lay. Guy rotter right auto yoke a cat. His debt toad a crook yond toes.
χειρί τέ μιν κατέρεξεν ἄπος τ’ ἔφατ’ ἐκ τ’ ὁνόμαζε·
τέκνου τί κλαίεις; τί δὲ σε φρένας ἱκετο πένθος;
ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόω, ἕνα εἶδομεν ἄμφω.

τὴν δὲ θαρὺ στενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὕκως Ἀχιλλεύς·
‘οίσθα· τί ἂ τοι ταῦτα ἴδυις πάντ’ ἀγορεύω;
ὡχόμεθ’ ἐκ Θήβην ἱερὴν πόλιν Ἦπτίωνος,
τὴν δὲ διεπράθομεν τε καὶ ἣγομεν ἐνθάδε πάντα·
καὶ τὰ μὲν εὗ δάσσαντο μετὰ σφίσιν υἷς Ἀχαιῶν,
ἐκ δ’ ἔλον Ἀτρείδη Ἑρυτηνίδα καλλυπάρην.

Χρύσης δ’ αὖθ’ ἕρευς ἐκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
ἠλθε θοὰς ἐπὶ νήας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
λυσόμενος τε θύγατρα φέρων τ’ ἀπερείσι’ ἀποινα,
στέμματ’ ἔχων εὐ χερσίν ἐκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
χρυσέως ἀνὰ σκήπτρων, καὶ λίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιούς,
Ἀτρείδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω κοσμήτορε λαῶν.

ἐνθ’ ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ
αιδεῖσθαί θ’ ἱερή καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχθαι ἀποινα·
ἀλλ’ ὡς Ἅτρείδη Ἁγαμέμνον φόνταν θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίει, κρατερὸν δ’ ἑπὶ μῦθον ἔτελε·
χωόμενος δ’ ὁ γέρων πάλιν ζωέτο· τοῖο δ’ Ἀπόλλων
εὐξαμένον ἦκουσεν, ἐπεὶ μᾶλα οἱ φίλοι ἤνει,
ἡκε δ’ ἑπ’ Ἀργεῖοι κακὸν βέλος· οἳ δὲ νυ λαοὶ
θυμάκαυσαν ἐπασσύτεροι, τὰ δ’ ἑπάχετο κήλα θεοῖο
πάντῃ ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρύν Ἀχαιῶν· ἄμμι δὲ μάντις
εὗ εἰδὼς ἀγόρευε θεοπροπίας ἑκάτοιο.

αὐτίκ’ ἑγὼ πρῶτος κελόμην θεὸν ἴλασκεσθαι·
Ἀτρείωνα δ’ ἐπείτα χόλος λάθεν, αἶηα δ’ ἀναστάς
Carrot aiming a derrick sane a post, a fat deck ton o’ maize.
“Take known teak lie ace. Tea days a fray in a sick, a toe panthose.
Heck, Saud, a make you’d hen knowin’ I’d do men, am foe.”

Tend a bar rust in a cone prose paid Poe. Da soak us, Achilles.
“Oyster tea ate height out. Tied (whee! yea!) pant a gory woe.
O come at his Theban, here reign Paul in yet you knows.
Tend dead deep prod torment take I ego. Men in tad, ape, panda.
Kite ’em, men, you’d assent to mate a Swiss an’ (whee!) yes
a guy own.

Ached hell on Atreides’ crusade a collie pair Rae on.
Crew says doubt he air re-use. Heck, a table. Oh Apollo on us.
Ail the toe as a pin nay us. Achaian caulk coke eat toe known.
Lose some men, us state you got her offer on top a raise.

Ya pine? Nah.

Stem at a cone in cares in a quai ball. Oh Apollo on us.
Cruise you, Anna. Skip truck aisle is set opened. Us Achaians.
Atreides dame a list o’ duo ’cause mate or Rae ’ll lawn.
In tally men pant. Is a pew fem mace an Achaian?
I’d ace thigh the area guy a glad deck thigh ya pine. Ah!
A look Atreides Agamemnon e’en Danny the mo’.
Allah cock oh sap he ache rotter under pee moot hone ate Elly.
Come on us, dog, Aaron, pal, in nook eight. Oh toy ode, Apollo.
Uke Sam, men wake cousin, a pay, Moll ahoy feel us sayin’
Hey kid, a park gay? Oy, sick! How can bell us? I’d day new lie.
The nes’ gonna pass utero it add a poke, a toke. He’ll a theoio.
Pantie on a strut, on urine Achaian, name he demand his.
You aid us a gory wet (the opera) pee as a cat toy you.
Out tick a go pro toes quelle omen. The un-ill ask his thigh.
A tray on a dip ate tack coal loss lobby nigh hip sad Dan as toes.
ἠπείλησεν μοῦθον ὁ δὴ τετελεσμένος ἐστὶ·

ἐπεί τις, ὅ μὴν ἣν ἑλίκωπες Ἀχαιοὶ ἐς Χρύσην πέμπουσιν, ἄγουσι δὲ δῶρα ἄνακτι·
c τὴν δὲ νέον κλισίηθεν ἔβαν κήρυκες ἄγοντες κούρην Βρισῆος τὴν μοι δόσαν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν.

ἀλλὰ σὺ εἰ δύνασαι γε περίσχεο παιδὸς ἑῆος·
eλθοῦσ᾽ Οὔλυμπον δὲ Δία λίσαι, εἴ ποτε δὴ τί ἦ ἐπει οὐνήσας κραδίην Διὸς ἥ καὶ ἔργω.
pολλάκι γάρ σεο πατρός ἐνι μεγάρισιν ἄκουσα εὐχομένης ὅτ᾽ ἔφησθα κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι
oὐ ἐν ἀθανάτους ἀεικέα λοιγόν ἀμύναι, ὁπτότε μιν ξυνδῆσαι Ὀλύμπιοι ήθελον ἄλλοι ὧν ἴον

“Ἡρη τ᾽ ἢδὲ Ποσειδάων καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·

ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν γ᾽ ἐλθοῦσα θεὰ ὑπελύσαο δεσμῶν,

ὦ χ᾽ ἐκατόγχειρον καλέσασ’ ἐς ἀκόμην Ὀλυμποι,

ὅμοι νεόν καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δέ τε τε πάντες

Αἰγαῖων’, ὃ γὰρ αὔτε βίην οὗ πατρός ἀμείνων·

ὅς ρα παρὰ Κρονίωνι καθέζετο κυδέου γονῶν·

τὸν καὶ ὑπέδεισαν μάκαρες θεοὶ οὐδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἔδησαν.

τῶν νῦν μιν μνῆσασα παρέζεο καὶ λαβῆ γούνων

αἰ κέν πως ἐθέλησιν ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηζαί,

τοὺς δὲ κατὰ πρύμνας τε καὶ ἀμφ᾽ άλα ἔλθαι Ἀρχαίως

κτεινομένους, ἵνα πάντες ἐπαύρωνται θασιλῆς,

γυνὸ δὲ καὶ Ἀτρείδης ἐφὶ κρεῖων Ἀγαμέμνον

ἡν ἁτην ὁ τ᾽ ἀριστον Ἀχαίων οὐδὲν ἐτίσεν.

τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἐπειτὰ Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·

ὡ μοι τέκνον ἔμοι, τί νῦ σ᾽ ἔτρεφον αἰνὰ τεκοῦσα;

αἰθ᾽ ὀφελες παρὰ νησίν ἀδάκρυτος καὶ ἀπήμων.
Ape pail lace in myth on whored tit a less men us says tea.
Ten men, garçon, nay it away, a leak, a piss Achaians.
He screws in pompous sin, a goose he’d aid, or a knocked he.
Tend any uncle is yet any bank, care you kiss a gone Tess.
Coo rain, Briseus! Ten might do, son. Whee, yes Achaians!
Allah sue, eh? Do not sigh, gay Paris, ski up high, do say ‘oh you.’
Hell too so limp on dead yell is I ape oat Teddy Tea.
Ape pay own, ace ask. Rod, he end you say ache higher go.
Paul a key garçon pot rose anemic a rising accuser.
You come on us, hot a face. The K line a fey Kronion.
Oyez in a tanner toys in Ike yellow he gone a moan, aye.
A boat, a minx, undie soil limp pee oh yet he’ll own, I’ll (oy!).
Hera, Teddy; Poseidon, Guy; Pallas Athena.
Allah suit uncle too, sat ya hoop a loose ‘ow!’ There moan.
On Briareus collie ooh sit he. Oh Ian dressed, ate a panties.
Aegean hogar out a bee, eh? Oop! Pat rose a main known.
Hose rob a rock runny yoni cat, he’s at toke, you’d a guy own.
Dunk I who paid, eh son? Mock arrest he a Jude, Teddy-San.
Tone noon mean many sauce a Paris duke. I’ll obey goon known.
Ike can pose a the lesson, a pit row, sin, a rake sigh.
Tuesday cat tap room nasty guy. Am pal, I’ll sigh, a guy use.
Kit in omen noose, in a panties, a power roan tie Basil. Lay us.
New day, Guy. Atreides you rue crayon Agamemnon.
Hay not hey note a wrist on a guy, oh nude Denny ’tis sane.”
Tone dame may better pay Tacitus got at a crew, hey you, sir.
“Oh mighty ick! No name on tea, noose, a tray, phone.
I not accuse her.
I top a less bar a new sin. A dock crew toss Guy up, he moan.
Ἦσθαι, ἐπεί νῦ τοι αἰσα μῦνυθά περ οὔ τι μάλα δήν·
νῦν δ’ ἅμα τ’ ὠκύμορος καὶ ὀϊζυρὸς περὶ πάντων
ἐπλεό· τῷ σε κακὴ αἴσθη τέκον ἐν μεγάροις.
τοῦτο δὲ τοί τε ἐρέουσα ἐποὺς Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ
εἰμ’ αὐτὴ πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἀγάννιφον αἰ’ κε πίθηται.
ἀλλά σὺ μὲν νῦν νηυσὶ παρῆμενος ὕκυπνοισι
μήνι’ Ἀχαιοίσιν, πολέμου δ’ ἀποπαύει πάμπαν·
Ζεὺς γὰρ ἐς Ὅκεανὸν μετ’ ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας
χθιζὸς ἔβη κατὰ δαίτα, θεοὶ δ’ ἅμα πάντες ἐποντο·
δωδεκάτῃ δὲ τοί αὕτης ἑλεύσεται Ὀλυμπον δὲ,
καὶ τὸτ’ ἐπειτα τοί εἰμ’ Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατές δῶ,
καὶ μιν γουνάσομαι καὶ μιν πείσεσθαι δῶ.

ὡς ἄρα φωνῆσας’ ἀπεθήσετο, τὸν δὲ λίπ’ αὐτοῦ
χωόμενον κατὰ θυμὸν εὐζώνιοι γυναικικὸς
τὴν ῥα βίῃ ἀέκοντος ἀπηύρων· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἐς Χρύσην ἵκανεν ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην.
οἳ δ’ ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἱκοντο
ἰστὶ μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ’ ἐν νῆ μελαίνῃ,
ἰστὸν δ’ ἱστοδόκῃ πέλασαν προτόνοισι ύφέντες
καρπαλίμως, τὴν δ’ εἰς ὅρμον προέρεσσαν ἐρετμοῖς.
ἐκ δ’ εὐνάς ἐβαλον, κατὰ δὲ πρυμνήσι’ ἔδησαν·
ἐκ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ρηγμῖ ἡσυχάσας,
ἐκ δ’ ἐκατόμβην ἐβάλαν ἐκκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι·
ἐκ δὲ Χρυσῆς νῆς βῆ ποντοπόροιο.

τὴν μὲν ἐπεὶ ἔπειτ’ ἐπὶ ψωμὸν ἄγων πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς
πατρὶ φίλῳ ἐν χερσὶ τίθει καὶ μιν προσέειπεν·
ὡ Χρύση, πρὸ μ’ ἐπειμψεν ἄναξ ἄνδρων Ἀγαμέμνων
παῖδα τε σοὶ ἀγέμεν, Φοίβῳ θ’ ἱερὴν ἐκατόμβην

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Haste I, a pain you toy, ice am in noon, the pair route him all a den. Noon dammit oh queue morose guy, you is you. Rose, Perry pant on. A play, ‘Oh Toes Say Cock Gay.’ Eyes set take cone in May, Gary see. Tutto debt: ‘Oh year rail.’ Sigh, pose. Deter ‘pick’ around ‘know.’ Aim out tape prose so limp on again neap funny cape it the tie. Allah sue men, noon new sipper aim in us, sew coop or high sea. Many a guy I seen, Paul lay Muddah, Papa way up pumpin’. Zeus Gary’s Ocean on mate. A moo moan us. Ethiope, he ass. Kathy’s owes a bake at a diet, at he I’d ham a panties hep onto. Doe day cot tea debt. Toy out easel you set tile. Limp pond day. Kite to tape ate a toy aim middy us. Poe tickle cob, a test ‘oh.’ Gaming goon as some make gaming. Pays his thigh oh you.”

Oh Sarah phonies as sap ebb. Ace set a tone dell lip how to. Comin’ on cat at you, moan, you zone. Hi ya goon, ache us. Ta’en Robby, eh Ike? On toes a pure Ron. Aw, tar Odysseus! Escrow sayin’ he can a noggin. (Your rain? A cat home been.) I doted a leman, us Paul he been the ocean toss he canto. Is tea a men’s tale onto the sand in name malign? (Eh?) Is toned, is toad o.k., pale Lassen proton noise in hoof fend his? Car, pal, limos, ten days’ hormone pro heiress honor et mice. Ached Eunice a ball. Lone cat a day broom nay see a day’s Ann. Ached a guy out toy-buyin’ on a pier. Egg meanie the lass says. Ached a cat. Tome been bays an ache. He ball, low apple, low knee. Ached a cruise, he is (nay!) us! Beep onto poor ol’ you. Teen many pate a pee bum on a goon Polly mate his Odysseus. Pat rip pillow in hair, sit it, they came in prose, ape pen. “Oh cruisy, pro may pimp sayin’ a knock sand. Ron Agamemnon. Pied at a sigh a gay men foible, the year Rae neck atom bane.
ῥέξαι ὑπὲρ Δαναῶν ὃφρ᾽ ἱλασόμεσθα ἄνακτα,
δς νῦν Ἀργείοις πολύστονα κῆδε᾽ ἐφῆκεν.

ἐπὶ τοῖς ἤκοσιοι κολοσσι χρυσίοις τοῖς τοιούτους, ὃς νῦν Ἀργείοις πολύστονα κῆδε᾽ ἐφῆκεν.

ἂς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει, ὃ δὲ δέξατο χαίρων
παῖδα φίλην· τοὶ δ᾽ ὁκα θεῷ ἱερήν ἐκατόμηθην
ἐξείης ἐστησάνεν ἐυδμητόν περὶ θωμόν,
ἐπὶ τοῖς τοῖς τοιούτους, ὃς νῦν Ἀργείοις πολύστονα κῆδε᾽ ἐφῆκεν.

χερνψάντω δ᾽ ἐπείτα καὶ οὐλοχύτας ἀνέλοντο.
τοῖσιν δὲ Χρύσης μεγάλ᾽ εὐχετὸς χειρίς ἀνασχών·
κλυθί μεν ἀργυρότοξ᾽, δς Χρύσην ἄμφιβύθηκας
Κύλλαν τε ζαθήνεν Τενέδοι τε ἱφὶ ἀνάσσες·
ἡ μὲν δὴ ποτ᾽ ἐμεῖν πάρος ἐκλυεῖς εὐξαμένοιο,
τίμησας μὲν ἐμὲ, μέγα δ᾽ ἐδαυλὼν Ἀχαῖον·

ἤδὲ ἔτι καὶ νῦν ἔποιησόν ἐπίκρησὶν ἐπικρήσῃς·
ἡμὶ νῦν Δαναοῖσιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἄμυνον·

ὦς ἐφατ᾽ εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ᾽ ἐκλυε Φοῖβος Άπολλων.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἔρημος καὶ οὐλοχύτας προβάλοντο,
αὐεροῦ τοῖς τοῖς τοιούτους, ἐκλυεῖς εὐξαμένοιο,
τίμησας μὲν ἐμὲ, μέγα δ᾽ ἐδαυλὼν Ἀχαῖον·

ἠδέ ἔτι καὶ νῦν ἔποιησόν ἐπίκρησὶν ἐπικρήσῃς·
ἡμὶ νῦν Δαναοῖσιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἄμυνον·

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρα καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο,
μίστυλλόν τ᾽ ἄρα καὶ ἀμφὸς ἐπέιραν,

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρα καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο,
μίστυλλόν τ᾽ ἄρα τάλλα καὶ ἀμφὸς ἐπέιραν,

ὦπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρα καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο,
μίστυλλόν τ᾽ ἄρα τάλλα καὶ ἀμφὸς ἐπέιραν,

ὦπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρα καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο,
μίστυλλόν τ᾽ ἄρα τάλλα καὶ ἀμφὸς ἐπέιραν,

ὦπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἔξ ἔρον ἐντο,
BOOK ONE

Wreck, sigh, hoop, paired Anna own no-frill ass oh messed
   Ann knocked a
Hose, none are gay, oh is sip a loose toe. Knock heyday, fey Ken.”
   Hose ape Onan. Cares it tit heigh ho dead. Deck sat toke,
   Cairo own.
Pied dapple lentoid doe cat, the old year rain neck atom bane.
Heck, say yes, say stay, sonny. You’d mate on pay rib bean moan.
Care nips Aunt Toad, a pate, a guy, you look cute as a Nell on toe.
Toys Cindy cruises may gall you, cat, oh care as an ass cone.
   “Clue team may you argue rote toke so’s cruisin’ Nam.
   Fib, he bake ass.
Kill Auntie’s tot, he ain’t an aide, oh you tape, yon ass is.
Aid dame in pot, a me you Pa Rosy clue is yoke some men oh you.
Tim is, as men, a Mame, a god, dips owl (ow!) knock, guy own.
He’d (a tick) eye (noon) my toad epic. Reign on, ale door.
Aide deign noon Danaans in Nike alloy gone a moon on.”
   Hose a fat you come on us, today clue. Fie, boss Apollo.
Out are a pair: uke, sand. To guy you lack you toss probe all onto.
Away ruse an’ men pro tack a yes pack Sanka yea day ran.
May roost, Tex, set a monk at a take. Knees say ‘ache, a lip’s on.’
Diptych a pie, yea Sandy’s a Paw. Tone dome, moth ate, ace on.
Guy Ed a piss keys oh gay Ron nappy dight hope Pa wine on.
Out a rep ache at a mare wreck, a ache, ice plank nape ass on toe.
Mist, tulle on a tar, a tall lock, a yam foe bellow is in a pay Ron.
Hope teas on tape, a rip Fra Deos, a ruse sand to tape Aunt Ah.
Die noon today, tea two. ‘Moss a duet to die toss,’ ace says.
Out a rep, eh? Paw’s yaw sky a date was sex. Aaron ain’t, too.
κοῦροι μὲν κρητήρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτό, 
νώμησαν δ’ ἀρα πάσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάσσεσίν. 
ο’ δ’ πανημέριοι μολτῆ θεοῦ ἰλάσκοντο 
καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήνοι κοῦροι Αχαιῶν 
μέλποντες ἐκάσφησιν ὀ’ δ’ φρένα τέρπετ’ ἀκούον. 
ἡμὸς δ’ ἥλιος κατέδυ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἤλθε, 
δὴ τὸτε κοιμήσαντο παρὰ πρυμνήσια νηὸς. 
ἡμὸς δ’ ἠριγέας φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἡώς, 
καὶ τότ’ ἐπειτ’ ἀνάγοντο μετὰ στρατὸν εὐρῦν Ἀχαιῶν. 
τοίσιν δ’ ἤκμονον οὐρὸν ἤει ἐκάσφης Ἀπόλλων. 
ο’ δ’ ἢστὸν στῆσαν’ ἀνὰ θ’ ἢστία λευκὰ πέτασαν, 
ἐν δ’ ἄμφι κυμα στείρῃ πορφύρεον μεγάλ’ ἴαχε νηὸς ἰούσης. 
ἂν δ’ ἐθεῖν κατὰ κῦμα διαπρήσουσα κέλευθον. 
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ρ’ ἤκοντο κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρῦν Ἀχαιῶν, 
νήσι μὲν ο’ γε μέλαιναν ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις, ὑπὸ δ’ ἤρματα κλισὶς τε 
αὐτοὶ δ’ ἐπί κυμα κατὰ κλισίς κατὰ κλισίς τε. 
αὐτὰρ δ’ μήνε νηυσὶ παρήμενος ὀκυπόροις 
διογενῆς Πηλῆος υἱὸς πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς, 
οὔτε ποτ’ εἰς ἄγορην πωλέσκετο κυδιάνειραν 
οὔτε ποτ’ ἐς πόλεμον, ἀλλὰ φθινύθεσκε φίλον κήρ 
αὐθί μένων, ποθέκεσκε δ’ αὐτήν τε πτόλεμόν τε. 
αὐτὰ’ ὅτε δή ῥ’ ἐν τοῖο δωδεκάτη γένετ’ ἦς, 
καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς Ὀλυμπὸν ἱσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες 
πάντες ἁμα, Ζεῦς δ’ ἤρχε· Θέτις δ’ ὅυ λήθετ’ ἐφετμέων 
παιδὸς ἐσοῦ, ἄλλ’ ἤ γ’ ἀνεδύσετο κῦμα θαλάσσης.
BOOK ONE


ἥερίη δ᾽ ἀνέβη μέγαν οὐρανὸν Οὐλύμπον τε.
εὑρεν δ᾽ εὐρύστα Κρονίδην ἀτερ ἡμενον ἄλλων
ἂκροτάτη κορυφῆ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιοι·
καὶ ὅσον καθάρθην, καὶ λάθε γούνων
σκαιῇ, δεξιτερῆ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ἄνθερεώνος ἐλούσα
λισσομένῃ προσέειπε Δία Κρονίωνα ἀνακτά·
᾽Ζεῦ πάτερ ἐὰν ποτε δή σε μετ᾽ θανατοίσιν ὄνησα
ἡ ἐπεί ἦ ἤγιος, τόδε μοι κρήνην ἐέλδωρ·
tίμησον μοι ὕδων δι᾽ ὑπομορώτατος ἄλλων
ἐπλετ᾽ ἀτάρ μιν νῦν γε ἀναξ ἄνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
ήτιμησεν· ἐλὼν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας αὐτός ἀπούρας.
ἀλλὰ σὺ πέρ μιν τὸν Ἀχαιοὺς Ζεὺς·
tόφρα δ᾽ ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι τίθίμενοι κράτος ὄφρ᾽ ἂν Ἀχαιοὶ
υἱόν ἐμὸν τίσωσιν ὀφέλλωσίν τε ἐτιμῆ.
ὡς φάτο· τὴν δ᾽ οὐ τι προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς,
ἀλλ᾽ ἀκέων δὴν ἦστο· Θέτις δ᾽ ὡς ἦν ἀναξ ὄνυν
ὡς ἐχετ᾽ ἐμπεφυυῖα, καὶ εἴρετο δεύτερο αὖτις·
τὴν δὲ μέγ᾽ ὀχθήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·
ὡς ἦν λοίγια ἔργ᾽ ὡς τοῦ ἑρωδοπῆσαι χρήσεις
Ἡρη ὡς τὸν ἐμὸν ἑρέθησιν ὀνείδειοι ἐπέέσσιν·
ἡ δὲ καὶ αὐτῶς μ᾽ ἀιεὶ ἐν ἠθανάτοις θεοῖς
νεικεῖ, καὶ τέ με φησι μάχῃ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγειν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν αὐτῖς ἀπόστιχε μὴ τι νοήῃ.
Airy Ed, on a beam egg, anew ran on Olympus tea. 
You wren, d’you rue a pock? Runny day not her aim. Men on alone. 
Auk wrote a take, or you fey Polly dare a dose Olympus. 
Guy rap a right out oh you cat. His date a guy, l’Abbaye goon own. 
Skyey deck-sitter! Radar hoop anti-ray on us sail loose, ah!
Lissome men ape prose, ape Eddie, Akron, Iona, an actor. 
Eh, ape, pay, eh? Air goat today. Mike rain on ale door. 
Team ace on me, Hugh, on hose soak, come more. Wrote
‘tot toes’ alone. 

A plate, a tar, mean noon gay, a knack. Sand Ron, Agamemnon. 
Ate Timmy’s anal. Long are a quai, gay Roz. Autos zap poor ass. 
All a super minty son, Olympian. Met he yet a zoo? 
Toe prod a pit, Trojan’s tit. They cried us, up ran Achaians. 
Whee! On a Monday so sin know, fellow sin tee hee team me.”

Hose fat. Oh ten do tip prosy pain. A filly gay writ a Zeus. 
All lock yond day nest, oh Thetis. Dose heap sat to goo known. 
Hose a het, imp a phooey, a guy. Heir at a dew tear on out his. 
“Name heir, Tess. Mend, aim my hoopoes, Kay. Oh Guy caught
a noose on. 
Yep, oh ape, a pay you toy. A pee day, oh sop. Pray you, aid Deo. 
Oh son, ago met a Paw sin at the moat, at eight. Theo same me.”

Ten day Meg gawk this as prose ape pain. Nay filly, 
Gary Thaddeus. 

“Heyday, like ya air go ta mec. ‘Toe do pace shy’ a face says. 
Hera hot tan mare at his sin on aid. Day, you is a pacin’. 
Hey deck I ought to ‘shma,’ yea, in at an at to is it he I see. 
Nay, cake. Item, ‘a face.’ See mock hate row as sin, a ray gain. 
All assume men noon. New ’tis a paw stick a mate in aways, say?
"Ἡρη' ἐμοὶ δὲ κε ταῦτα μελήσεται ὄφρα τελέσσω·
εὶ δ' ἄγε τοι κεφαλὴ κατανεύσομαι ὄφρα πεποίθης·
tούτο γάρ ἐμέθεν γε μετ' ἀθανάτοισι μέγιστον
τέκμωρ· οὐ γάρ ἐμὸν παλινάγρετον οὐδ' ἀπατηλόν
οὐδ' ἀτελεύτητον ὅ τί κεν κεφαλὴ κατανεύσω.

η καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὄφρυσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·
ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἀρα χαῖται ἑπερρώσαντο ἀνακτος
κρατός ἀπ' ἀθανάτου· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν "Ολυμπον."

τὸ γ' ὡς θουλεύσαντε διέτμαγεν· ή μὲν ἐπείτα
εἰς ἀλα ἀλτο θαθείαν ἄπ' αἰγλήεντος 'Ολύμπου,
Ζεὺς δὲ ἐν θρόνῳ βουλεύσαντε διέτμαγεν· ή μὲν ἐπείτα
ἐπ' ὄφρυσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·

τῷ γ' ὡς θουλεύσαντε διέτμαγεν· ή μὲν ἐπείτα
εἰς ἀλα ἀλτο θαθείαν ἄπ' αἰγλήεντος 'Ολύμπου,
Zeūs δὲ ἐν θρόνῳ βουλεύσαντε διέτμαγεν· ή μὲν ἐπείτα
ἐπ' ὄφρυσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·
Hera, am I to get out a male, I upright the less so?
Aid a gay toy, Kay. Fall, ache at a new. So am I. Up prop a poet, Ace.
Two-toga Rex Emmett, ten game at a tan at toys see Meg is tone.
Take more rue, Gary, mon pal, in a great ton nude, a pat tail on.
Ooh Dot, a lute Teton, note a kink if a lay got a new so.”

Hey, Guy, goin’ ’a sin? A pop ruse in you say ‘Kronion.’
Ambrosia! I’d dare a guy tie a pair. ‘Rose’ and ‘toe’ enact ‘toes.’
Cried toes a pottin’ at oh you, Meg, and Dale, he licks in Olympus.
To go spool, you sent Eddie at ’em again. Hey, men, abate ‘Ah.’
Ace à la alto bath, eh? A nap I glean toes, Olympus.
Zeus day eon prose dome. At he I’d ham upon Tess a nest on.
Ex-Eddie owns poop at Rose an’ Auntie. A nude day. ’Tis sate Lee.
Main eye a perk oh men on all Auntie you yes tan a panties.
Hose oh men in the cat. He’s at a pit, Ron. Nude dame in here, Rae.
Haig no yeas in id. Dues haughty high sump. Razz at a bull ass.
Argue Europe is a Thetis. Two got her all. You yoke Aaron toes.
Out take a care Tommy-O is id, ya crony on a prose you’d a’.
“’Tis day out I’d dole a mate at, they own some prosodo-bull lass.
I ate toy Phil on nest in a mew upon a spinny onto.
Crew up Daddy up Ron yond tad dick as the men nude the tip o’ my.
Prof Ron tit lay gauze. Ape payin’ a pose hot Tino ace says.”

Ten dame may bet a pit-a-pat tear ran drone tit he onto
“He, Rae, may day pant (as a moose) appeal? Pay, oh mute toes.
Aid day sane, call a boy toy a son. Tall low hope, airy you say.
All on men cape pee ache his sack. Women knew ’tis a pater.
Ooh titty on pro tear us tong. Eh, set I you tan trope on?
Oh deck ego nap, an youth tit he on at the low mean weigh sigh.
Mate, is you taut? A ache as Daddy air you may deem a tall a.”
Tone dame may bet a pate, a bow pisspot knee a Hera.
'αἰνότατε Κρονίδη ποίον τὸν μύθον ἔειπες;
καὶ λίθιν σε πάρος γ’ οὔτ’ εἴρομαι οὔτε μεταλλῶ,
ἀλλὰ μάλ’ εὐκηρὸς τά φράζειαι ἄσσα’ ἐθέλησθα.
νῦν δ’ αἰνῶς δεῖδοικα κατὰ φρένα μή σε παρείπη
ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις θυγάτηρ ἀλίωο γέρουτος·
ἡερή γάρ σοι γε παρεῖζετο καὶ λάθε γούνων·
tῇ σ’ ὀὐ κατανεύσαι ἐτήτυμον ὡς Ἀχιλήα
τιμήσης, ὀλέσης δὲ πολέας ἐπὶ νησιον Ἀχαιῶν.’

τὴν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
‘δαμονίη αἰεὶ μὲν ὀἴεαι οὐδὲ σε λῆθω·
πρήξαι δ’ ἐμπηκος οὗ τι δυνῆσεαι, ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ θυμοῦ
μᾶλλον ἐστιν ἐσεῖνι οἵον ἐιδεῖσαί· τὸ δὲ τοι καὶ βίγιον ἐσται.
εἰ δ’ οὕτω τοῦτ’ ἐστὶν ἐμοὶ μέλλει φῖλον εἶναι·
.ali’ ἀκέουσα κάθησο, ἐμῶ δ’ ἐπιπείθεο μύθω,
μή νῦ τοι οὐ χραίσμωσιν δοςοι θεοι εἰσ’ ἐν Ὁλύμπῳ
ἀσσον ἴον οὐθ’, ὁτε κέν τοι ἀπτοῦς χεῖρας ἐφείω.’

ὡς ἔφατ’ ἔδεισεν δὲ θωάπις πότνια Ἡρη, καὶ ῥ’ ἀκέουσα καθήστο ἐπιγνάμψασα φίλον κήρ’
ὀχθήσαν δ’ ἀνὰ δῶμα Διός θεοι Οὐρανίωνες·
toisin δ’ Ἡραιτος κλυτοτέχνης ἥρχ’ ἀγορεύειν
μητρι φίλη ἐπίηρα φέρων λευκολένῳ Ἡρη·
ἡ δ’ λοίγια ἐργα τάδ’ ἔσσεται οὕδ’ ἔτ’ ἀνεκτά,
ei δ’ σφω ένεκα ὕπομον ἐφείσεται οὕδε,
ἐν δὲ θεοῖς κολωνάν ἐλαύνετον οὐδὲ τι δαίτος
ἐσθλῆς ἔσσεται ἱδος, ἐπεὶ τὰ χερείνα νικά.
μητρι δ’ ἐγὼ παράφημι καὶ αὐτήν περ νοεύσῃ
πατρι φίλω ἐπίηρα φέρειν Διι, ὠφρα μὴ αὐτε
νεικείσσι πατήρ, σὺν δ’ ἠμῖν δαίτα ταράξῃ.
ei περ γάρ κ’ ἐθέλησιν Ὁλύμπιος ἀστεροπητής.
“I know tot take crony day boy Anton mute tone a ape his.
Guy, Lee ’n’ Shep are rose goo. Tear o’ my Ute tame it all low.
All lamb, all uke, ale lust, tap razz day I as at hell lace, the
Noon die nose day die cock at tap wren a may sip a rape, eh?
Argue rope is a Thetis. Two got her, Ali, oh you gay Ron toes.
Eh, airy egg? Are sigh gay? Par is a toke. I lob a goo known.
Tea so yoke at a new sigh at eight human hose Achilles.
Timmy says ‘oh less is to Polly as a pin.’ You sin, a guy own.”

Tend up a May bowmen us prosy pain he fell. He eager ate a Zeus.
“Die money, eh? I am annoy I you day sell ate toe.
Break sigh dame pays suited dune ace, say I, all a pot you moo.
Mall on Nimoy, yes, say I. Toady toy guy rig yond nest tie.
Aid hoot tote toot test in name I’m a label lone nay nigh.
Allah k.o. sack a’ these A-mode epi-pay the Om mute toe.
Main you toy you cry some mo’ sin hose site the oh yea’s in Olympus.
Ass on yond hôte, Ken, a toy a apt whose care Ossip hey you.”

Hose, he fat. Eddie send de boo, pisspot. Knee a he, Rae.
Guy rock a you, sock a taste to a peña amp sauce. Sap heel lunk air.
Ach, they sand Anna. Dome add ‘Eos,’ ‘the.’ Oh you Uranians’ knees.
Toys sinned Hephaistos. Clue to tech knees circa ‘go, Rae, you Wain.’
May tree peel lay up yr afro on Luke. Oh lay no here, Rae.
“Aedale like ya ere got a day set I you debt a neck-tah.
Aid days phone a cat. Nay tone arid dyin’ at an ode day.
In debt they I seek a loan allowin’ a tone. Ooh debt he died toes.
Aced lays say set I aid us, a pate, a carry on a knee. Caw.
May treed egg opera pay me, Guy. Ow! Tape her no way, you say.
Pot reap Hilo a pier. A pear rain, Dee. Opera me out, eh?
Nay, Kay, yes seep at heir son demon die ta-ta Roxy.
Ape erg arc at. He lays in Olympia’s astero pet Tess.
ἐξ ἑδέων στυφελίξαι· ὃ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατός ἐστιν. ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν ἐπέεσσι καθάπτεσθαι μαλακοῖσιν· αὐτίκ’ ἔπειθ’ Ὡλυμπίος ἔσσεται ἡμῖν.

ὡς ἄρ’ ἔφη καὶ ἀναίξας δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον μητρὶ φίλη ἐν χειρὶ τίθει καὶ μιν προσέειπε· ἔπειθ’ ἰλαὸς ἡμῖν Ὀλυμπίος ἔσσεται. ἦδη γάρ με καὶ ἄλλοτ’ ἀλεξέμεναι καὶ διηκότα ρίψε ποδὸς τεταγὼν ἀπὸ θηλοῦθεσπεσίοι, πᾶν δ’ ἠμαρ φερόμην, ἀμα δ’ ἠθικώς καταδύνεται κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ, ὁλίγος δ’ ἐτι θυμὸς ἐνήκεν ἔνθα με Σίντιες ἄνδρες ἀφορ κομίσαντο πεσόντα.

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Ex-Eddie owns Stew, fell licks high, hogar Polly fair tot toes zest in.
All a suit on gay pay as he got apt. His thigh I’m a lock guys in.
Out tick cape pate till louse soul lumpy us says ‘set tie him in.’”

Hose are a fey guy, an Ike. Sauce dip as Sam pick you pale lone.
May tree peel lay in care he tit, eh Guy? Mean prosy ape pay.
“Tit lot Tim may tear. He may, Guy, an ass hey o.k., dome, an ape pair.
May say peel in Perry usin’ a nap, tall my scene he’d dome my.
They know ’em & ain’t toted dew. Did you nay some I?

Ach, noumenous pair!

Cries, men, are galley Oscar Olympus and he fairies thigh.
Aid egg are May, Guy, all ought to lick semen, I may mouth a’.
Reaps a pod o state. Tag gone a Poe bail lute, a spacey yoyo.
Pond day mar pair o’ men. Ham, Ma. Day a Leo caught a dune tea.
Cop pays son in Lemnos. Holy ghost at tit. Hume us a’ neighin’.
In the mess in tea yes and raise a park come Miss and hope is onto.”

Hose pot to maid. He sayin’ death he all you coal in us here, Rae.
May Day sauce a day pie, dose a deck, sat to care Rick you pale lone.
Out are hot toys, alloys it Theo is in deck sea a boss in.
Oinochoe Gluck you nectar rob a crater. Oh sap you son.
Asbestos da wren nor toga loss mock are as he’d. Hey! (Oh his sin!)
Hose id on Hephaistos, d’ya do Mudda? Pipe new onto.

Hose tote amen. Pro Pa name mar a sail. Leon caught a dune. Ta!
Die noon today, tit humus a duet. Oh die toes, says ace.
’Ooh! Men forming!’ goes Perry. Call you sane neck Apollo.
Muse sound I Aïda. Nah, may bummin’ I hope eke a lay.

Out are a pay cat, a duel. Am prone, Fa. Oh say, Elly yoyo.
Oy, men! Cock gay on Tess, a ban I can deck as toes.
Ache he, heck, as toad dome a pair (Rick, Lou). Toss ambiguous
Hephaistos, boy ace, in id, dewy yes sea prop it ace sea.
Ζεὺς δὲ πρὸς ὃν λέχος ἢ᾽ Ὄλυμπιος ἀστεροπητής,
ἐνθὰ πάρος κοιμᾶθ᾽ ὅτε μιν γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἱκάνοι·
ἐνθὰ καθεῦδ᾽ ἀναβάς, παρὰ δὲ χρυσόθρονος Ἅρη.
1.609–611
Zeus dip rose on lick us. Say Olympus astero-pate, tease?
In top are us, Guy, math, hot he-men, glucose, hoop nose, hick annoy.
In tock adieu. Don a boss, Pa, raw deck crews. Oh throne us, Hera.
Book Two
"Ἄλλοι μὲν ῥα θεοὶ τε καὶ ἄνερες ἵπποκορυσταί
eὐδόν παννύχιοι, Δία δ᾽ ὦκ ἐχε νήδυμος ὕπνος,
ἀλλ᾽ ὃ γε μερμήριζε κατὰ φρένα ὦς Ἀχιλῆα
tιμήσῃ, ὅλεσθι δὲ πολέας ἐπὶ νηυσίν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἥδε δὲ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἄριστῃ φαίνετο θουλή,
pέμψαι ἐπ᾽ Ἀτρείδη Ἀγαμέμνονι οὐλον ὄνειρον·
cαὶ μιν φωνήσας ἐπεκα πτερόεντα προσηῦδα·
'θάσκ' ἦθι οὐλέ ὄνειρε θοᾶς ἐπὶ νής Ἀχαιῶν·
ἐλθὼν ἐς ἱλιστήν Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαο
πάντα μάλ᾽ ἀτρεκέως ἀγορευώμεν ὧς ἐπιτέλλω·
θωρῆξαι ἐ κέλευε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς
πανσυδίῃ· νῦν γάρ κεν ἐλειο πόλιν εὐρυάγιαν
Τρώων· οὐ γὰρ ἐτ᾽ ἀμφὶς Ὁλύμπια δῶματ᾽ ἔχοντες
ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἐπέγναμψεν γὰρ ἀπαντας
"Ἡρη λισσομένη, Τρώωσι δὲ κήδε 'ἔφηται."
ὡς φάτο, θῆ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὄνειρος ἐπεὶ τὸν μύθον ἂκουσε·
cαρπαλίμως δ᾽ ἰκανε θοᾶς ἐπὶ νής Ἀχαιῶν,
θῆ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπ᾽ Ἀτρείδη Ἀγαμέμνονα· τὸν δὲ κίχανεν
εὐδοῦτ᾽ ἐν κλισίῃ, περὶ δ᾽ ἀμβρόσιος κέχυθ᾽ ὑπνός.
στῇ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς Νηληΐῳ υἱὲ ἐοικώς
Νέστορι, τὸν ῥα μάλιστα γερόντων τὶ· Ἀγαμέμνων·
tῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσεφώνεε θεῖος ὄνειρος·
'ἐὑδεις Ἀτρέος ιεί δαίφρονος ἱπποδάμωοι·
oὐ χρῆ παννύχιον εὐδειν θουληφόρον ἄνδρα
ὡ λαοὶ τ᾽ ἐπιτετράφαται καὶ τόσσα μέμηλε·
νῦν δ᾽ ἔμεθεν ξύνες ὧκα· Διὸς δὲ τοι ἄγγελος εἶμι,
ὅς σει ἀνευθεῖν ἕών μέγα κήδεται ἦδ᾽ ἔλεαρει.
θωρῆξαι σε κέλευσε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς

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πανσυδήθη· νῦν γάρ κεν ἔλοις πόλιν εὐρύάγυιαν
Τρώων· οὗ γάρ ἔτ᾽ ἀμφὶς Ὀλύμπια δώματ᾽ ἔχοντες
ἀθάνατοι φράζονται· ἔπεγναμψεν γάρ ἅπανς
"Ηρη λισσομένη, Ἀλώσσασι δὲ κηδεὶς
ἐκ Διὸς· ἄλλα ὑπὲ ἑξε φρεσῇ, μηδὲ σε λήθη
αἰρεῖτω εὖτ᾽ ἃν σε μελίφρων ὕπνος ἄνηῇ."

ὡς ἀρα φωνήσας ἀπεθήσετο, τὸν δὲ λίπ᾽ αὐτοῦ
τὰ φρονέστης· ἀναθυμόν ἄρ᾽ οὐ τελέσσεθαί ἐξελλον·
φη γὰρ ὅ γ᾽ αἰρήσειν Πριάμου πόλιν ἡμικεῖνω
νῆπιος, οὐδὲ τὰ ἐδῆ ἄρα Ζεὺς μὴδετο ἐργα·
θήσειν γάρ ἔτ᾽ ἐμελλὲν ἐπ᾽ ἀλγεῖα τῆς στοιχαχῆς τε
Τρώυσι τε καὶ Δαναοίς διὰ κρατερὰς ύσμίνας.

ὥρετο δ᾽ ἐξ ὑπνου, ὑπεῖ ἐν μιν ἀμφέχυτ᾽ ὁμήρη·
ἐξητὸ δ᾽ ὀρθωθεῖς, μαλακῶν δ᾽ ἐνδύετε χιτῶνα
καλῶν νηγαίετο, περὶ δὲ μέγα ἄλλετο φόρος·
ποσσὶ δ᾽ ὕπο λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσας καλὰ πέδιλα,
ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ὧν ὁμοίων βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον·

ἠὼς μέν ῥα θεαὶ προσεβήσετο μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ζηνὶ φῶς ἐρέουσα καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοις·

βουλὴν δὲ πρῶτον μεγαθύμων ἷζε γερόντων
Νεστορέῃ παρὰ νηῒ Πυλοιγενέος βασιλῆος·

θεῖος μοι ἐνύπνιον ἦλθεν ὄνειρος
ἀμβροσίαν διὰ νύκτα· μάλιστα δὲ Νέστορι δίῳ
κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσε
κηρύσσειν ἀγορὴν δὲ καρθὶς Ἀχαιούς·

"κλῦτε φίλοι· θεῖος μοι ἐνύπνιον ἦλθεν ὄνειρος
ἀμβροσίαν διὰ νύκτα· μάλιστα δὲ Νέστορι δίω
Trojans, Ugarit, around Olympia dome. A tack cone Tess.
At Hannah toy prosody happen-y amps anger a panda’s.
Hera, lissome men ate roe. Acetic-ade if ape tie.
Hecate, oh shallow Susie, sin a cap, raise sea, made a sail late, eh?
Hi, Rae, oh you’d handsome a leaf, roan hoop notion (nay, yea).”

Horse are a pony sauce. A pay bass ate a ton. Deli pout, too.
Tough Ron neigh onto knot human. A root tale: less thigh, a melon.
Figaro, Guy raise sayin’ Priam’s pollen, ‘Aim at a keen O.’
Nay, pee us, Sue. Day tied, eh? Hurrah! Zeus made it to air. (Gaah!)
The sane garret: a melon a pal get, a stone a cast he.
To Trojans’ seat take I Donna. Oy, seedy yak, rotter, as who’s mean as
Egret, oh deck soup, knew they aid a mean. Am peck, cut tome fee.
Is debt a door? Toe teas maul a cone, den do nekkid tone. (Nah!)
Colony gat yon Perry, Dame Mega-Ball, at oh far Rose.
Posset who polyp a Roy seen a day, sat to call up a dealer.
Ham-feed our homo is sin, ball & talk. Suppose our guru ail on.
Hail a toady’s kept Ron, pot row eon of tit on nigh, eh?
Shinto ebb ache at a knee as a guy own, call coke it tone known.

Eos, men, raw Thea prosy bees stomach crow, no limp own!
Zany foes serious. A guy alloys at Hannah toy scene.
Outer Oakie ruckus silly Gupta goys seek. Hell, you say?
Kerosene a gory end. A car echo moaned as a guy ooze.
Hyman, a gay Russian toy, dig Aaron too. Man oak? Ah!

Boo layin’ day-proton Meg at who moan ‘He’s dig Aaron tone.’
Nestor rape a Ronnie, hippy lie, gain (yes, spaz!) silly us.
Two soggy sunk Al is a Puck in an arty net a bowl lean.
“Klute, Phil lie. They, us (me ’n’ you) up knee a nail, the non-heiress.
‘Ambrose, Ian, Dianne, nuke them all’ is Tad in his torrid hue.
εἶδός τε μέγεθός τε φυήν τ᾽ ἀγχιστα ἐῴκει·
στῇ δ᾽ ἀρ᾽ ὑπέρ κεφαλῆς καὶ με πρός μύθον ἐεἰπεν·
είδεις Ἄτρεός υἱὸς δαίφρονος ἱπποδάμοι·
οὐ χρῆ παννύχιον εὐδειν θουληφόρον ἄνδρα,
ὡς λαοὶ τ᾽ ἐπιτετράφαται καὶ τόσσα μέμηλε·
νῦν δ᾽ ἐμέθεν ἄνθρωπος ἄγνωστος· Διὸς δὲ τοι ἄγγελος εἶμι,
ὅς σε ἀμφίθεν ἐὼν μέγα κηδεῖται ἄνευ κεφαλῆς,
θωρήζαι σε κέλευσε κάρη κομώντας Ἀχαιοὺς
παναυδίη· νῦν γάρ κεν ἔλων εὐρυάγυιαν
Τρώωνι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτει ἀμφίς Ὀλύμπια δώματ᾽ ἐξουσιαστεῖς
ἀθάνατοι θαράτοι φιλόνωτα· ἐξειπομῖκεν γὰρ ἀπαντάς
"Ηρή λισσομενή· Τρώωςει ἐδὲ κηδεῖ· ἐφαίται
ἐκ Διὸς· ἀλλὰ σὺ σήσιν ἔχε φρεσών· ὥς ὀ μὲν εἰπὼν
ἄχετ᾽ ἀποπτάμενος, ἐμὲ δὲ ἔφεξεν ἀνήκεν
ἄλλ᾽ ἄγετ᾽ αἰ κέν πως θωρήζομεν ἔπειν
θεόντες ἀδήμονας· ὅ τοι σὸν ἀνέπτικε
καὶ πολυκλήνει κελεύσων·
ὕμεις δὲ γάρ ἐκείνος ἀλλοσεῖν ἐπέεσσιν."

ὥτε τοι ὁ γ᾽ ὡς εἰπὼν κατ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐζετο, τοίσι δ᾽ ἀνέστη
Νέστωρ, ὡς ἥτο Πύλοιο ἄναξ ἠμαθόεντος,
ὁ σφιν ἐνοίκων ἴδον ἥμαθόεντος,
ἐνοίκων ἴδον ἴδον ἴδον ἴδον ἴδον
ἀλλ᾽ ἄρε τέτειπεν· ὃς γὰρ ἔστησεν ἐκ
Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες
εἰ μὲν τις τὸν ὄνειρον Ἀχαιῶν ἀλλος ἐνισπε
φεῦδός κεν φαίμεν καὶ νοσφιζοῖμεθα μᾶλλον·
νῦν δ᾽ ἰδεῖς ὃς μέγ᾽ ἀριστός Ἀχαιῶν εὔχεται εἰναι·
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγετ᾽ αἰ κέν πως θωρήζομεν ὡς Ἀχαιῶν·
ὡς ἀρα φωνῆσας θουλῆς εξηρέχε νέεσθαι,
οἳ δ᾽ ἐπανέστησαν πείθοντό τε ποιμένι λαῶν
Aid us to make gay toast if you ain’t a’kissed A-o.k.
Stayed a rue perk, a phallus came, a pro smut on a ape pen.
You dies, Atreus wee, a’ die if Ron as a hippo. Odd! Am I you?
Ooh, crepe on a new key an you’d deign belief, foreign and Ra.
O light tip pit it, trap a tyke I toss, am a mêlée.
Noon dame a thanks sooner soak hideous debt tie on jealous Amy.
Hose you anew. Tinny own may gawk, hate it. I aid a lay. Hi, Rae!
Thorax ice ache, a loose ache car wreck. Come, moan, toss, a guy use.
Throne, new garret am fizz so limp! Pee automatic on Tess.
Athena toy phrase on tape pegging. Amp singer a pant ass,
Hera lissome many Trojans decade deep hipped I.
Ache Dio! Sally Sue say ‘sin.’ A cape prays ‘sin ho!’ Some an ape own.
Oh head a popped amen nose, a Mayday glucose hypnos. Sonny can!
Allah get high. Ken, ‘pose toe rake. Some men (whee, yes!)
a guy own.

Guy fugue, ‘n’ soon you sip Polly. Clay sickle, you sea!
Who may stall loathing all lows, ‘Eri tu!’ Weigh in apace scene.”

A toy, a goose, a punk cat, a raise. It a toy said a nasty.
Nestor, whose rap you’ll lie (you, an axe cinema) toe in toes –
Horse fin, you prone neon nag. Go race o’ Tokay, met a ape in.
“O Phil, I are gay, own a gay het,’ or ‘he set a maid on Tess.’
Aim mantis tone on Aaron Achaean. All lows in East Bay.
Noon didn’t nose me Gary’s toes. A guy on you get I yea nigh.
All agate I, Ken, pose, though wrecks a men (whee, yes) a guy own.”
Hose are a phony sauce bowl, lace sex hair, Kenny’s thigh.
Hide (hey!) pan. Is stay ace on pate tone to tap oy? Many ill I own.
σκηπτούχοι βασιλῆες· ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ λαοί.

ηὔτε ἔθνεα εἰσὶ μελισσάων ἀδινάων

πέτρῃς ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ νέον ἐρχομένων,

θοτρυδόν δὲ πέτονται ἐπ᾽ ἄνθεσιν ἀναρινοῖσιν·

οἳ μὲν τ᾽ ἐνθα ἄλις πεποτήαται, οἳ δὲ τε ἐνθα·

ὡς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλά νεόν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων

ἡίόνος προπάροιδε θαθείς ἐστικόντο

Ὶλαδόν εἰς ἄγορῆν ἡ καὶ νῦν ἀδίοτα δεδήει

ὄτρυνους᾽ ἤναι Διὸς ἄγγελος᾽ οἳ δ᾽ ἀγέροντο.

tετρήχει δ᾽ ἄγορῆ, ὑπὸ δὲ στεναχίζετο γαῖα

λαῶν ἱζόντων, δμαδος δ᾽ ἤν᾽ ἐννέα δὲ σφεας

κήρυκες βοάντες ἐρήτυον, εἰ ποτ᾽ ἀντής

σχούοιτ᾽, ἀκοῦσειαν δὲ διοτρεφέων βασιλῆων.

σπουδή δ᾽ ἐντετο λαός, ἐρήτυθεν δὲ καθ᾽ ἐδρας

παυσάμενοι κλαγῆς· ἀνὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνον

ἐστη σκῆπτρον ἔχων τὸ μὲν Ἰηραίοκο κάμε τεύχων.

"Ἰηραίοκος μὲν δῶκε Διὶ Κρονίωι ἀνακτι,

αὐτάρ ἄρα Ζεὺς δῶκε διακτόρῳ ἀργεῖφόντη·

Ἅρμείας δὲ ἄναξ δῶκεν Πέλοπι πληξίππω,

αὐτάρ ὅ αὐτὸς Πέλοψ δῶκ᾽ Ἀτρεξίος πομέναι λαῶν,

Ἀτρεὺς δὲ θνῄσκων ἔλιπεν πολύαρι Θυέστῃ,

αὐτάρ ὅ αὐτός Θυέστ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνονι λεῖπε φορῆναι,

τῷ δ᾽ ἐρεισάμενος ἔπε᾽ Ἀργεῖοισι μετηύδα·

ὡς φίλοι ἡρωεῖς Δαναοῖ θεράποντες Ἀργεῖος

Ζεὺς μὲ μέγα Κρονίδης ἀτῇ ἐνέδησε θαρείῃ,


σχέτλιος, ὃς πρὶν μέν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν Ἦλιον ἐκπέρσαν᾽ εὐτείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,
 νῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο, καὶ με κελεύει δυσπλέα Ἀργὸς ἱκέσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ὤλεσα λαόν.
 οὔτω που Δί μέλλει ύπερμενεῖτι φίλον εἴναι,
 ὅς δὴ πολλάων πολέων κατέλυσε κάρηνα
 ἡδ᾽ ἐτί καὶ λύσει; τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.
 αἰσχρόν γὰρ τόδε γ᾽ ἐστὶ καὶ ἐσσομένοις πυθέσθαι
 µάψ οὖτω τοιόνδε τοσόνδε τε λαόν Ἀχαιῶν
 ἄπρυτουν πόλεμον πολεμίζειν ἦδὲ μάχεσθαι
 ἄνδρασι παυροτέροις, τέλος δ᾽ οὐ πο τε πέφανται
 εἰ περ γὰρ τ᾽ ἐθέλομεν Ἀχαιόι τε Τρώες τε τε
 ὅρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες ἀριθμηθήμεναι ἄμφω,
 Ἰλίῳ μὲν λέξασθαι ἐφέστοι ὅσοι ἐσαίν,
 ἡμεῖς δὲ ἔκεσι τοσόνδε τε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
 πολλαὶ κεν δεκάδες δευοίατο οἰνοχοεύειν,
 τόσσον ἐγὼ φημι πλέας ἐμμεναι υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
 Ἰλίῳ ἐκπέρσαι εὖ ναιόμενον πτολίεθρον.
 ἐννέα δὴ βεβάασι Διὸς μεγάλου ἐνιαυτοί,
 καὶ δὲ δοῦρα σὲ σέσηπε νεών καὶ σπάρτα λέλυνται·
 αἵ δὲ που ἡμέτεραι τ᾽ ἀλοχοι καὶ νήπια τέκνα
eἰατ᾽ ἐνι μεγάροις ποτιδέγμεναι· ἄμμι δὲ ἔργον
 αὐτῶς ἀκράαντον οὐ εἴνεκα δεύρ᾽ ἰκόμεσθα.
 ἄλλ᾽ ἄγεθ᾽ ὡς ἄν ἐγὼ εἴπω πειθῷμεθα πάντες·

100
Scat! Leo’s hose spree in men. My hoop is scat. Oh Guy caught a new sin.

Ilion-neck pair Sandy Utica on a pony’s thigh.
Noonday cock in a pot in bully use. Sot oh Guy make a Louie.
Dusk clear goes sickest high pay. Polly know less Sally own.
‘Who tow poo?’ deem Alley Oop. Ermine nipple on neigh nigh.
Hose deep pole (ow!) own pole. ‘Lyon cattle,’ you say, Carina?
Aid Daddy guile. Lou say ‘two car grotto.’ Sis, Timmy gi’ stoned.
Ice crone cart o’ the guest tick. I, us, so many sip it, test thigh.
Maps! Who tote toy on de toe Sunday tell on a guy own.
‘I pricked on Polly,’ moan Polly, Miz. Deign a dame mock his thigh?
And raw sip our rotor Roy seat. (Tell us, do.) Poe tip up pond, tie.
Ape pare car kettle, lie men. Achaioi tit Trojan tea.
Hawk yap is to Tom on Tess a rhythm mate, am an eye on foe.
Trojans, men, lick Sis thigh up his tea. I hose (oh yeah, sin!).
Hey, maize days deck add Ostia ’cause mate he-men, Achaioi.
Trojan Dan drag a style I met, a Oinochoe, you wain.
Paul like Ken dick, add his due. Oh yeah, twine oak (oh you!).
Toes on ego fame. Me play as am an eye. Whee, yea, sock eye, yawn.
Trojans nine I use. Seacut apt to lean. A leap: ‘Be cool, Roy’
I maim a gapless deuce. Seek guy you k.o., settle onto.
Eel, you whack! Pears sigh you nigh omen amp toll yet throne.
Aenead a babe. Assiduous Meg a looney (ow!) toy.
Guy dead, duress his aping yon Guy Sparta. All heal, untie.
Hide the poem. Had a right to look, coy guy? Nape ya take? Nah!
He had anemic arrow, is spot a’. Dig men I yummy day, hair gone.
Ow! Toe sock Ron tone new hay nekkid, you’re he. Come missed. Ha!
Allah get hosanna, go ape. Pope ate homo, tap panties.
φεύγωμεν σὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν·
οὐ γὰρ ἐτί Τροίην αἰρήσομεν εὐρυάγων.

ὡς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ θυμόν ἐνὶ στήθεσιν ὄρινε
πάσι μετὰ πληθὺν ὤσοι οὐ θουλῆς ἐπάκουσαν·
κινήθη δ’ ἀγορὴ φη κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης
πόντου Ἰκαρίου, τὰ μέν τ’ Ἐὔρος τε Νότος τε
ὁρὸς ἐπαίξας πατρὸς Διὸς ἐκ νεφελάων.

ὡς δ’ ὅτε κινήσῃ Ζέφυρος θαθύ λήιον ἐλθὼν
λάβρος ἐπαιγίζων, ἐπὶ τ’ ἡμὺει ἀσταχύσσιν,
ὡς τῶν πᾶς’ ἀγορὴ κινήθη’ τοι δ’ ἀλαλητῷ
νῆας ἔπ’ ἐσσεύοντο, ποδῶν δ’ ὑπένερθε κονία
ἵστατ’ ἀειρομένῃ· τοὶ δ’ ἀλαλητῷ
κινήθη· τοὶ δ’ ἀλαλητῷ

ἐνθά κεν Ἀργείοισιν ὑπέρμορα νόστος ἐτύχθη
εἰ μὴ Ἀθηναίην Ἡρῆ πρὸς μύθον ἔειπεν·
ὡ πότοι αἰγίχοιο Διὸς τέκος Ἀτρυτώνη,
οὕτω δὴ οἴκον δὲ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν
Ἀργείοι φεύξονται ἐπ’ εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
καὶ δὲ κεν εὐχωλὴν Πριάμῳ καὶ Ἐλεάνην
Ἀργεῖσσι Ἐλένην, ἦς εἶνεα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν
ἐν Τροίῃ ἀπόλοντο φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἴης·
ἀλλ’ ἔτι νῦν κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶν·
σοὶς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρήτυε ϕωτα ἔκαστον,
μηδὲ ἔα νῆας ἂλα δ’ ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας’.


He’s taught a a’roamin’ Nate. I’d doll lay, lice seek. Hell you own. Apt his thigh neon aid elk. Came menace, a laddie on. Who roost? Take sick at high Ron! Now tea do. Ran on, he Ken. Oy, cod! Day, he am a known hoopoe. Dare you hermit a neon!

In talk, Ken are gay. Oy, sin! Hoop her more a nose toes he took thee.

┅ὡς ἔφατ’, οὔδ’ ἀπίθησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη, θῇ δὲ κατ’ Ὀὐλύμποιο καρῆνων ἀτίξασα’ καρπαλήμως δ’ ἵκανε θοᾶς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν. εὗρεν ἐπεῖτ’ Ὄδυσσηα Διὶ μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον ἐσταότ’· οὔδ’ ὅ γε νηὸς ἐὕσσελμοι μελαίνης ἀπτετ’, ἐπεὶ μιν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἵκανεν’ ἀγχοῦ δ’ ἱσταμένῃ προσέφη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη’ διογενεῖς Δαερτιάδη λοιμήχαν’ Ὄδυσσεῦ’ οὔτω δὴ οἶκον δὲ φιλὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν φεύξεσθ’ ἐν νῆεσσι πολυκλήσι πεσόντες, κάδ’ δὲ κεν εὐχῳλὴν Πριάμῳ καὶ Τρωσὶ λύσει Ἀργείῃν Ἑλένην, ὡς εἰνεκα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐν Τροῇ ἀπόλοντο φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἰῆς; ἀλλ’ ἰθὶ νῦν κατά λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν, μηδ’ ἐτ’ ἐρώει, σοῖς δ’ ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν ἐρήτυσαν ἐρήτυε φῶτα ἕκαστον, μηδὲ ἐὰ αὐξά αὐξά δ’ ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.’ ὡς φάθ’, δ’ δὲ ξυνέηκε θεᾶς ὄπα φωνησάσης, βῆ δὲ θέειν, ἀπὸ δὲ χλαῖναν βάλε· τὴν δὲ κόμισσε κῆρυξ Εὐρυβάτης Ἰθακήσιος ὅς οἱ ὀπήδει· αὐτὸς δ’ Ἀτρεΐδεω Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίος ἐλθὼν δέξατό οἱ σκῆπτρον πατρώϊον ἄφθιτον αἰεί’ σὺν τῷ ἔθη κατὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων.

وذ νυν μεν βασιλῆν και ἀνδρα κυβερνήν ὁμαίνετο κινηή
τὸν δ’ ἀγανοίς ἐπέσεσαν ἐρημύσασκε παραστάς’ ἀλλ’ αὐτός τε καθήσεται καὶ ἄλλους ἵδρυε λαούς’ οὐ γάρ πιν σάφα οίσθ’ οἶος νότος Ὀτρείνονος’
Horsey fat, too. Da happy, ‘they’ say they ogle. Ow!
Go piss, Athena.

Bay deck eat tool limp poi yolk, car rain known. Nigh? Eek! Sauce o’
Carp Ali must he (can he, though?). Has he penis sack I own?
Hugh renovated Duse. Add, deem, mate. Tin a talent on.
His doubt two’d hug any us (say you sell my ‘oh’) may lie in ace.
Up titty? Pay me. Knock usk rot. He ain’ kite who moan he con Nan.
Uncle’d his Tom. In ape rosy fâgele. (Ow! Go piss, Athena.)
“Diogenes’ lyre tee a day. Polly may con Odysseus.
Who today ikon’d Effie? Lenny? Spot (read ‘dog’) Ian?
Puke, Sis, then (yes) sip Pole, lick clay. Is he peasant, Tess?
Caddy Ken, you coal. In Priam, mow Guy Troy sill leap height, eh?
Are gay ’n’ Hellene? In ace, hay. Neck cap a lie, Achaian.
Enter (oh yeah!) Apollo on Two. Phil? He’s a Pope, a treatise. (I yes.)
Ollie teen you ’n’ cat allow. Knock (guy own) me date, tear away.
Soy stag annoys hippies, sin aerate, whip hôte, a (heck!) Aston.
Medea nay as holiday, ’ll Kay men am feel his sauce.”

Hose fat, ho! Dick soon ache at Thea’s hope of phony sauce ace.
Beady they in apple day – clawin’ Ann. Ballet tentacle, Missy!
Care rooks, Eurybates. Ithaca sea us, us high uppity.
Autos dot tray a day, O Agamemnon. Auntie us, Elton.
Decks at ahoy skipped Ron. Pat row he own oft heatin’ eye, eh?
Soon to ye bake at Anya’s Achaian. Call cokey tone known.
Ondine? Amen! Boss ’ll lay a guy. Ache! Suck on,
and Rocky gay, yea!
Tone dog annoys hippie scene. Hairy, too. Saw skipper Ross toss.
“Die money,’ you say. Yoik! Gay cock on host, aid us his thigh.
Allowed toasty Kathy suck Guy all loose, he drew a louse.
Ooh, Garbo’s sap! Pa hoist toy (yes), knows sat Ray on us.
νῦν μὲν πειράται, τάχα δ’ ἵφεται υἱὰς Αχαιῶν.
ἐν θουλῇ δ’ οὐ πάντες ἀκούσαμεν ὁιὸν ἔειπε.
μή τι χολωσάμενος ῥέξῃ κακὸν υἱὰς Αχαιῶν·
θυμὸς δὲ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέων βασιλῆων,
τιμὴ δ’ ἐκ Διὸς ἐστὶ, φιλεὶ δὲ ἐ μητίετα Ζεύς.’
δὴ δ’ αὕ δήμου τ’ ἄνδρα ἰδοὶ βοῶντά τ’ ἐφεύροι,
tὸν σκηντρῳ ἐλάσασκεν ὁμοκλήσασκέ τε μύθως·
῾δαιμόνι’ ἀτρέμας ᾠσο καὶ ἄλλων μύθου ἄκουε,
οἳ σέο φέρτεροι εἰσί, σὺ δ’ ἀπτόλεμος καὶ ἄναλις
οὔτε ποτ’ ἐν πολέμῳ ἐναρίθμιος οὐτ’ ἐν θουλῇ·
oὐ μέν πως πάντες βασιλεύσομεν ἐνθάδ’ Ἀχαιοὶ
οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἰς κοίρανος ἐστώ,
εἰς βασιλεύς, ὃ δωκέ Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω
σκηντρῶν τ’ ἴδε θέμιστας, ἵνα σφισί βουλεύσῃ.’
ὡς δ’ γε κοιρανέων δίεπε στρατόν· οἳ δ’ ἀγορὴν δὲ
αὐτὸς ἐπεσεσυόντο νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων
ἡχῆ, ὡς ὅτε κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοι θαλάσσης
αἰγιαλῷ μεγάλῳ βρέμεται, σμαραγεῖ δὲ τε πόντος.
ἄλλοι μὲν ῥ’ ἔξοντο, ἐρήτυθεν δὲ καθ’ ἕδρας·
Θερσίτης δ’ ἔτι μοῦνος ἀμετροεπὴς ἐκολῶς,
ὅς ἐπεκ φρεσίν ᾧσιν ἀκοσμά τε πολλά τε ἴδη
μάψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμου, ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεύσιν,

Horned out Dame Moo. Ton dried (oy!) bone taught a fury. Tone skipped row. Hell as askin’ homo clay sauce, Kate.

Damn you, toe!

“’Die,’ moan yacht trim as he suck Guy alone. Mute tone knock who weigh.

I say ‘Oh pair, tear Roy ace sea.’ Suit up! Tall aim musk,

Guyon all kiss.

Ooh! Tape a ten, Paul, lay mo’ in a rhythm me. Yes, Sue,

ten he bull lay!


Hose o.k. Coy Ronnie own Dee. Apace trottin’ hide augur gory end, eh?

Ow! ’Tis a pace you on. Tony own a poke. Ike, Lizzy Ah own. Ache chaos oat, accume, map pole loop lies boy, oh the lass! ‘Is Hygeia loamy, gal?’ Loeb bray. May ties mar a gay debt upon toes.

Alloy, men! Raised onto air, Ray too then deck cathedrals. Thersites’ day: tea moon, us am a trope ace, a Kahlua.

Horsey pay, a phrase sea. Easy knock, ’cause Ma tape a lotta heyday. Mopsa Tarot caught tack, cause moan Harry’s dame men,

eye Basil (you sin).
ἀλλ᾽ ὅ τι οἱ εἴσαιτο γελοίϊον Ἀργείοισιν ἔμμεναι· αἴσχιστος δὲ ἀνήρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθε· φολικός ἦτι, χωλὸς δ᾽ ἔτερον πόδα· τῶ δὲ οἵ ὁμοὶ κυρτῶ ἐπὶ στῆθος συνοχωκότε· αὕταρ ὑπερθε φοξὸς ἦτι κεφαλὴν, ψεδνὴ δ᾽ ἐπενήνοθε λάχνη. ἔχθιστος δ᾽ Ἄχιλῆι μάλιστ᾽ ἢν ἢδ᾽ Ὀδυσσῆι·

τῶ γὰρ νεικείεσκε· τότ᾽ αὐτ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνονι διώ ὄξεα κεκλήγων λέγ᾽ ὄνείδεα· τῶ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ἄχαιοι ἐκπάγλως κοτέοντο νεμέσσηθέν τ᾽ ἐνὶ θυμῷ. αὐτάρ δ μακρὰ θεὸν Ἀγαμέμνονα νείκεε μῦθῳ· Ἀτρεΐδη τέο δ᾽ αὐτ᾽ ἐπιμέμφεαι ἠδὲ χατίζεις; πλειάὶ τοῖ χαλκοῦ κλισίαι, πολλαὶ δὲ γυναῖκες εἰσίν ἐνὶ κλισίῃς ἔξαίρετοι, ἃς τοῖ Ἀχαιοὶ πρωτίστῳ δίδομεν εὖτ᾽ ἐν πτολέθρον ἔλωμεν. ἦ ἔτι καὶ χρυσοῦ ἐπιδεύεαι, ὅν κεν κὲ τις οἴσει Τρώων ἀποδάμων ἐξ Ἰλίου υἱὸς ἄποινα, ὃν κεν ἐγὼ δήσας ἀγάγω ἢ ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν, ἢ γυναῖκα νέην, ἵνα μίσγεαι ἐν φιλότητι, ἦν τ᾽ αὐτὸς ἀπονόσφι κατίσχεαι; οὐ μὲν ἐοικεν ἄρχον ἐόντα κακῶν ἐπιβασκέμεν ὅν τις Ἀχαιῶν.

ὁ πέπονες κάκ᾽ ἐλέγχε᾽ Ἀχαιδεῖς οὐκέτ᾽ Ἀχαιοὶ οὐκαδέ περ σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα, τόνδε δ᾽ ἐώμεν αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ γέρα πεσσέμεν, ἄρα ἰδηταὶ ἢ βά τι οἱ χῆμεις προσαμύνομεν ἢ καὶ οὐκὶ ὃς καὶ νῦν Ἀχιλῆα ἑο μέγ᾽ ἀμείνονα φάτα ἥτιμησεν ἐλῶν γὰρ ἔχει γέρας αὐτὸς ἀπούρας.
Allot you yeas. I too gay? Lion are gay. Oy, sin! Emma, an eye, ice skis Tuesday. An heir hoopoe Ilion knelt, eh? Foal cause single lost hetero on Poe dat ode day. Hi, homo! Kurt, oh a piece! Status who coke coat, eh? Out are who pair they. ‘Fuck Susie Anne; cape fall limp,’ said Ned. Ape penny know the lock knee.

Ech! This toast, Achilles! Molly stain Ned, Odysseus. Toga are neck Kay, yes Kay tote out Agamemnon he’d. D’you! Ox say ya cake leg, own leggin’. Aid ya, toad. Are Achaioi? Ache Pa glows coat he on toe. Name essay: tent any two mo’. Ow! Tar home a crab, beau own. Agamemnon nanny came moo, though.


ἀλλὰ μάλ᾽ ὅπις Ἀχιλῆϊ χόλος φρεσίν, ἀλλὰ μεθήμων·
ἡ γὰρ ἂν Ἀτρείδῃ νῦν ὅποτα λωθήσαιο·
ὡς φάτο νεϊκείων Ἀγαμέμνονον ποιμένα λαών,
Θερσίτης· τῷ δ᾽ ὥκα παρίστατο δίος Ὅδυσσεύς,
καὶ μιν ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν χαλεπῷ ἑνίπατε μῦθῳ·
‘Θερσίτ᾽ ἀκριτόμουθε, λιγὺς περ ἐὼν ἄγορητης,
ἧσχεο, μηδ᾽ ἐθελ᾽ οἷος ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεύσιν·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέ ὑπὸ φημὶ χερείντερον βροτὸν ἄλλον
ἐμμεναι, ὅσοι ἂμ᾽ Ἀτρείδῃς ὑπὸ Ἡλιόν ἤθλον.
τῷ δὲ καὶ μιν ἄγορησιν νῦ ἄνα στόμοι ἐξων ἄγορεύοις,
καὶ σφυν ὄνειδεά τε προφέροις, νόστόν τε φυλάσσοις.
οὐδὲ τί πω σάφα ἴδοι ὅσοι Ἂκριταί τάδε ἔργα,
ἡ ἐξ ἑκακῶς νοστήσομεν υἷς Ἀχαιῶν.
τῷ νῦν Ἀτρείδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονοι ποιμένι λαών
ἡσαι ὄνειδιζων, ὅτι οἱ μάλα πολλὰ διδοῦσιν
ἡρωες Δαναοὶ· σὺ δὲ κερτομέων ἄγορεύεις.
アルバム ἐκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένου ἂσται·
eἰ ν’ ἐτὶ σ’ ἀφραίνοντα κινήσομαι ὡς νῦ περ ὅδε,
μηκέτε’ ἐπείτ’ Ὅδυσσῆι κάρπη ἁμοίσιν ἐπείδη,
μηδ’ ἐτὶ Τηλεμάχῳ πατήρ κεκλημένος εἶνην,
eἰ μὴ ἐγὼ σε λαβὼν ἄπο μὲν φίλα εἶματα δύσῳ,
χλαινάν τ’ ἢδε χιτώνα, τά τ’ αἰδὸ ἀμφικαλύπτει,
αὐτὸν δὲ κλαίοντα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἀφήσω
πεπλήγων ἄγορήθην ἀεικέσσι πληγῆσιν.’
ὡς ἄρ’ ἐφη, σκήπτρῳ δὲ μετάφρενον ἢδε καὶ ἄμω
πλῆξεν ὅ ὅ δ’ ἰδνώθη, θαλερόν δὲ οἱ ἐκπεσε δάκρυ.
Hey, Gar, a nut raid, eh? Nu?, ’n’ who’s dat, a Loeb ace? Sigh ‘Oh.’”

Horse fat own, neigh. Kay owin’ Agamemnon a boy men allowin’.
Thersites, toad doe, cop a wrist at odious Odysseus.
Guy mean hoop owed dried uncle lip. Poe in a poppy, mute toy.
“There sit acrid tome. Moo, the league gooseberry, yawn
‘Aw, go rate his!’
He’s gay, O Maid! Ethel, I use Harry’s stem and I bawl. Silly you sin.
‘Ooh, Gary go,’ say a fem meek hairy you to Ron. Brought tone alone.
Emma nigh hose soy ham. Atreides hoopoe Ilion health own.
Toke on Basil, lay us on a stomach cone. (A gory voice!)
Guy’s pinnin’ aid to a tape rope, eh Roy? ‘Snow’s stoned,’
a fool lass sighs.
Ooh, Daddy, pose! ‘A pied menopause,’ says tight Daddy heir. Gaa!
‘Hey you, weigh a caucus,’ nosed ace o’ men. (Whee, yes, a guy own.)
Toe noon Atreides Agamemnon, a boy many Lao own.
He cyanide his own hôte. Huey maul a Pole. Lad deduce sin.
Hero is Danny, ice, suit. Acre tomb may own a gory vase.
Elect (oh yea!) Rae. Oat today! Kite L.A.’s men honest. I
Ache at his offer. I known talky case. Some I owes new parody.
Make it a peter, do say! Carry you Mycenae pay, eh?
Amy, a goose, sell a bone. Up, O men! Peel lime! Matt adduce so.
Klein on Teddy, Kit on Nat. A tied doe? Wham, fecal! Looped, eh?
Out on deck lie own tot who has a peenie. As a phase? Oh.
Pay, plague gonna gore i’ the neck case. Sip leggy sin.”

Hose her up! Escaped Rodin met a prayin’ nun. Nay,
deck guy, homo.
Blake’s sane ode did note the taller Ron! Day I ache pays a dock crew.
σμῶδιξ δ’ αἷματόεσσα μεταφρένου ἐξυπανέστη
σκῆπτρον ὑπὸ χρυσέου. δ’ ἄρ’ ἔξετο τάρβησέν τε,
ἀλγήσας δ’ ἄχρειον ἰδὼν ἀπομόρξατο δάκρυ.
ὡς δὲ καὶ ἀχνύμενοι περ ἐπ’ ἀὐτῷ ἤδυ γέλασαν·
ὡς δὲ τοις εἰπεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐπὶ πλησίον ἄλλον·
ὡς πότοι ἦ δὴ μωρί’ Ὅδυσσεὺς ἔσθλὰ ἔργη
θουλάς τ’ ἐξάρχων ἁγαθᾶς πόλεμον τε κορύσσων
νῦν δὲ τόδε μέγ’ ἁριστον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἐρεξεν,
ὡς τὸν λωβητῆρα ἐπεσβόλον ἔσχ’ ἀγοράων.
οὐ θὴν μιν πάλιν αὕτης ἀνήσει θυμῶς ἀγήνωρ
νεικείειν βασιλῆας ὀνειδεῖοις ἐπέεσσιν.’
ὡς φάσαν ἦ πληθὺς’ ἀνὰ δ’ ὁ πτολίπορθος Ὅδυσσεὺς
ἐστὶν σκῆπτρον ἐξων’ παρὰ δὲ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
ἐιδομένη κήρυκι σιωπᾶν λαὸν ἀνώγει,
ὡς ἓμα θ’ οἱ πρῶτοι τε καὶ ὑστατοὶ υἱὲς Ἀχαιῶν
μόθον ἀκούσειαν καὶ ἐπιφρασασαίατο θουλήν·
ὁ σφιν ἐν φρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν’
‘Ἀτρείδη νῦν δὴ σε ἄναξ ἐθέλουσιν Ἀχαιοὶ
πᾶσιν ἐλέγχοισιν, ἐπέεσσιν θύμος ἐπέεσσιν,
οὐδὲ τοι ἐκτελέουσιν ὑπόσχεσιν ἤ ἐν πρόποταν
ἔνθαδ’ ἔτι στείχοντες ἂπ’ Ἀργεῖοι ἱπποβότοι
Ἂλιον ἐκπέρσαν’ ἐν τῇ βροτοῖσιν ἀνήσεις.
ὡς τε γὰρ ἐπὶ βουλῆσιν νεαρὸι κρίουται τε γυναῖκες
ἄλλοσπερ νὴν ὑπόσχεσιν ἠδύρονται δὲ νέέσθαι.
ἡ μίν καὶ πόνος ἐστὶν ἀνιηθέντα νέεσθαι’
καὶ γὰρ τῆς θ’ ἔνα μὴ μενὸς ἀπὸ ἡς ἄλοχοι
ἀσχαλάς σὺν ὑπὲν πολυζύγῳ, ὃν περ ἔχειλαι
BOOK TWO

Smote dicks, dime motto. Has Sam met a frien’ who
whacks upon Estée?
Skipped troop who cruise you. Ode are his debt to tar basin tea.
All gaze as Doc Rae on hidden apple mark sat. Oh dock crew!
Hoy day! Kayak new men. He Perry pout toy head, ogle ass on.
Oh Daddy, ’tis ape is Ken! He done his plays, sea own alone.

“Oh Popeye! Aid Dame Moo (re: Odysseus). Cyst lie or gay
Bull Aztecs are on a god. Hasp o’ lemon tea, corazón?
Noonday today may Gary stone in our gay. Oy! Sinner wrecks sin!
Host tone low bait her ape as ballin’ escargot raw own.
Ooh then men pollen out tisane ace. Ate humus saggin’ knower?
Neigh Kay. ’A’ in ’Basil lay us.’ On ’A’ day I say pay Essene.”

Horse false, son. Hay play. Two’s sonnet up tall leap.

Porthos, Odysseus

Is Tess’ kept Ron. Ache cone parody glow cope. He’s a Thane, eh?
Hey, Dominic, care ’a kiss? You pan Lao, Nan, no gay
Hose ham at high pro toity. Take I whose tot toy (we? yes!) a guy own.
Mute tone a goose say on Guy a peep Roz sigh at a bull lean.
O spin you prone neon nag, or Rae sat a guy met a ape in.

“Atreides, noondays say ya knocks Ethel loose in a guy. Oy?
Personal links: he stoned the men, I’m Merope’s sib, row toys in
Ooh, dat tyke! Tell you sin who pose, kiss inane pair, who paste on
Nth oddity: steak on Tess up Argos’ hippo-boat. (Oh you!)
Ilion-neck person t’you. Take ye on. Nap on his thigh.
Host a Gary pied days, nay, a Roy. Kay write, a goon I kiss.
All Heloise synod do Ron tie high cunt in his thigh.
’Aim mink high ’pon us,’ says Tina. Nyet, then, tan his thigh!
Guy garter stain, a meaner man. Known Nob Poe ace a look coy, oh?
Ask a law soon, eh? Hippo loose, too. Go, Ampère! (I lie.)
χειμέριαι εἰλέωσιν ὀρινομένη τε θάλασσα·
ἡμῖν δὲ εἴνατός ἐστι περιτροπέων ἐνιαυτὸς
ἐνθάδε μιμνόντεσσι· τὼ οὐ νεμεσίζομ᾽ Ἀχαιοὺς
ἀσχαλάαν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐμπης
αἰσχρόν τοι δηρὸν τε μένειν κενεόν τε νέεσθαι.
τλήτε φίλοι, καὶ μείνατ᾽ ἐπὶ χρόνον ὅφρα δαώμεν
ἡ ἔτεον Κάλχας μαντεύεται ἥ καὶ οὐκί.
εὖ γὰρ δὴ τόδε ἱδος ἐνι φρεσίν, ἐστὲ δὲ πάντες
μάρτυροι, οὐχ μὴ κῆρες ἔθαν θανάτοιο φέρουσαι·
χθιζά τε καὶ πρωΐζ᾽ ὅτ᾽ ἐς Αὐλίδα λεθεῖ τόδε
καλῆ ὑπὸ πλατανίστω ὅθεν ῥέεν ἀγλαὸν ὡδωρ·
ἐνθάδε μέγα σῆμα· δράκων ἐπὶ νῆες ὅτι ἦκε
ἐνθὰ δ᾽ ἔσαν στρουθοῖο νεοσσοῖ, νήπια τέκνα,
ὄζῳ ἐπ᾽ ἀκροτάτῳ πετάλωσι ὑποπεπτηῶτες
καὶ τοὺς ἐλεεινὰ κατήσθιε τετριγῶτα·
μήτηρ δ᾽ ἀμφεποτᾶτο φίλα τέκνα·
τὸν μὲν ἄριζηλον θῆκεν θεὸς ὁς περ ἔθηκε·
Game merry, I ail, Leo sin, or in a many teat the lass saw.
‘Aim in, deign a toe,’ says Tip. Airy trope: pay, own. Any autos?
Ain’t had a mime known. Tess sit toe who name a sea’s dome
‘Achaians.’

Ask Allen, ‘Pa ran, you seek, or knees in a lock?’ I amp pace.
Ilion ache. Père Santa? You take yon nap on his thigh.
T’lay devil, Ike (I mean it!) tap a crone. Onofre da omen!
Hey, Etta own Calchas. Man t’ you, Etta! Yea, a guy you key.
You guard ate toad aid men. Any phrase sin. Nay, steady, panties!
Martyr Roy – whose maker is Abe, and then a toy – offer ruse, sigh.
Thistle take guy pro east hot as owl. He’d Donny (yes, a guy) own.
Egg Gerritt tone toke up Opry. ‘A mocha I Trojans,’ Pharaoh sigh.
Hey, Miz Tom, pee Perry cranin’. He Eros caught a beau moose.
Hair domain ought Hannah tie! See, telly is sauce. Heck!
A tomb boss!

Call you Pope. Lotta knees do. Oh then Rae knock Lao new door.
Ain’t the funny Meg gas ’em? Mod rock cone & Pinot
Dada poi he knows.

’S merde! Dally us? Stone Ra. Who toes Olympus say ‘Keep foe’s day.’
Beau moo who Pa is as prose rap Latin, is towin’ her ruse sane.
Ain’t Toddy! Sun’s true, though you new sigh. Nape Piet take? Nah!
Whose doe, a pock wrote a toe petal. Oy, soup. Pope pep! Tea, O Tess?
Auk tow a tar mate, tear in knot ta’en, hate ache at tech. Nah!
In toga two sell layin’ a cat. He stay, yet a tree goat toss.
Mate turd (damn fib), potato Durham many feel attack? Nah.
Ten daily licks. Salmon hasp tear a goose slob in Nam.

Fee? Yak we on.

Tone men a’ ease. Dale lone, thick Antaeus hose. Barry feign ‘nay.’
λάνεν γάρ μιν ἔθηκε Κρόνου παῖς ἄγκυλομῆτεω·
ἡμεῖς δ᾽ ἑσταότες θαυμάζομεν οἷον ἐτύχθη.
ὡς φον ἅντα ἄγκυλομῆτεω· ἡμεῖς δ᾽ ἑσταότες θαυμάζομεν οἷον ἐτύχθη.
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ὡς φον ἅντα ἄγκυλομῆτεω· ἡμεῖς δ᾽ ἑσταότες θαυμάζομεν οἶον ἐτύχθη.
BOOK TWO

Long arm in ethic cake, Ron. New pi’s angle low. Mate you.
Amazed Esther, oh test thou Ma’s domain. Hojo net tucked hay.
Hose soon deign a pale low rat they own. Assail thick atom boss.
Cal cuss, doubt teak cape pate tot Theo. ‘Pro peon nag’ or ‘Rae weigh.’
Tipped Danny wake in his steak, carry comb. Moe own Tess, Achaioi.
Hey, mean men, today feign a ‘Terah’s me gam.’ Eighty et a Zeus.
Ope semen? Nope! Sea tale his tone. Hoe Cleo’s soup pot,
toll late high.

Hose who toss gotta take. Nay, fag guess truth, though yoke I out ten.
Oak twat army tear a naughty, eh Nate? Tech attack? Nah.
Horse hay, maize toss out titty. Apt ole Amy’s domain now thee.
Toad deck a toad up a lean high race o’ men. You rue a gooey Ian.
Kay knows toes. Sag, or you weigh Daddy. Noon Pan tattle, lay, tie.
All a game: him net panties, uke. Name me days, Achaioi.
Out twice soakin’ nasty Meg. Up Priam, hojo! Hello, men.”

‘Hose,’ say fatter gay. Oy, Dame Meg, ya cone ’em? Feed day,
neigh us.

’S merde, dull Leon Cohn, Nob. Bay sawin’ house on tone hoop.
Buckeye yawn.

Mute tone a piney Santa’s Odysseus. The ‘I’ you.
Toy sea deck? I met a ape, peccary knee as hip boat. A Nestor!
“O Pope boy, yea! Day boys sin, nay? Oik! Otis sag, gory as they.
Nay be a goy! Soy Sue team a lay. Pull ’em may ya. Air caw!
Payday, soon the sea I take (I whore). Key Abby set I aim in.
In pure edible light again I at tome mediate tanned Ron.
Spooned, ate a crate toy Ouy decks. See? I (hey!) say ‘Pep it, men.’
Autos scar apace, aerodyne omen. Nude day Tim make cuss.
Hugh rimmin’, I’d do Nam! Mistah Paul, loon crow, known
in the day on Tess.
Ἀτρεΐδη σὺ δ᾽ ἔθ᾽ ώς πρὶν ἔχων ἀστεμφέα βουλήν ἄρχευ᾽ Ἀργείοισι κατὰ κρατερὰς ύσμίνας, τούσδε δ᾽ ἔα φθινύθειν ἔνα καὶ δύο, τοί κεν Ἀχαιῶν νόσφιν θουλεύωσ᾽ ἀνυσις δ᾽ οὐκ ἔσσεται αὐτῶν· πρὶν Ἄργος δ᾽ ἱέναι πρὶν καὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχοι γνώμεναι εἰ’ ὑπείροδος υπόςχεις εἰ’ τε καὶ οὐκί. φημὶ γὰρ οὖν κατανεύοισι ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα ἰματι τῷ ὅτε νηυσίν ἐν ἱκυπόροισιν ἔβαινον Ἀργείοις Τρώεσσι φόνον καὶ κήρα φέροντες ἀστράπτων ἐπιδέξει’ ἐναίσσαμα σήματα φαίνων. τῷ μὴ τις πρὶν ἐπειγέσθω ὀίκον δὲ νέσθαι πρὶν τινα πάρ Τρώων ἀλόχω κατακοιμηθῆναι, τίσασθαι δ᾽ Ἐλένης ὀρμήματά τε στοναχάς τε. εἰ δὲ τις ἐκπάγλως ἔθέλει οἴκον δὲ νέσθαι ἀπτέσθῳ ἦς νηὸς ἐϋσσέλμοι μελαίνης, ὄφρα πρόσθ᾽ ἄλλων θάνατον καὶ πότμῳν ἐπίςτη. ἀλλὰ ἀναζ αὐτός τ᾽ εὗ μήδεο πείθεο τ’ ἄλλω· οὗ τοὶ ἀπόθλητον ἐπος ἔσσεται ὅττ’ κεν εἴπω· κρίν᾽ ἄνδρας κατὰ φύλια κατὰ φρήτρας Ἀγάμεμνον, ὡς φρήτρη φρήτρηφιν ἀρήγη, φύλα δὲ φύλοις. εἰ δέ κεν ὃς ἔρξης καὶ τοί πείθωνται Ἀχαιοί, γνώση ἐπειθ᾽ ὃς θ᾽ ἤγεμόνων κακῶς ὃς τε νυ λαῶν Ἦδ᾽ ὃς κ’ ἐσθλὸς ἐξησ᾽ κατὰ σφέας γάρ μαχέονται. γνώσεαι δ᾽ εἰ καὶ θεσπεσίῃ πόλιν οὐκ ἀλαπάξεις, ἦ ἄνδρῶν κακότητι καὶ ἀφραδίῃ πολέμου. τὸν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων· ἦ μᾶν αὐτ᾽ ἀγορῆ νικάς γέρον ύιας Ἀχαιῶν.
A tray a day. Sue ’d date those pre-neck, horny-stem, fey, apple-layin’ RKO Argives. Sick autocrat tear us who’s mean as Tuesday! Day often new Thane henna Guy duo toy Ken a guy own. Noose fin bull you, O son. New sis do kiss a Thai out. (Tone!) Pre-narc? Ghosty ’n’ I bring ideas. I choke ‘hojo.’ Gnome ’n’ I ate Tip’s Judas hoop. ’Pose kisses ate a guy, Yuki. Fame eager, Unc caught a new sigh. Hoop air many a crow neon? Nah.


Ooh, toy up oblate tone ape! Possess it, tie hot teak. Ken ape? Oh. Cree ’n’ Andrews got a fool, Locke got a’freight, Ra sag ’em, ma’am. Known?


Aid hose, kissed Losey. Ace sick at as fey a scar mock yond Thai. ’Gnu,’ say I. Day guy, the spacey ape, all in nuke, ‘Allah Pax’ says. Ian, drone cock, oat ate. Tea, Guy? Up Roddy, pull ’em I you.”

Toned up a may-bombin’-us prosy fake rayon Agamemnon. “Hey, man, out tag! Go, Rae, knee cask Aaron. We (yes?) a guy own.
αἲ γὰρ Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἄπολλον
tουιοῦτοι δέκα μοι συμφράδμονες εἵεν Ἀχαιῶν·
tώ κε τάχ’ ἡμύσει πόλις Πριάμοιο ἀνάκτος
χερσὶν ύφ’ ἡμετέρῃσιν ἁλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε.
ἀλλά μοι αἰγίοχος Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἀλγε’ ἔδωκεν,
ὅς με μετ’ ἀπρήκτους ἑρίδας καὶ νείκεα βάλλει.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν Ἀχιλεύς τε μαχεσσάμεθ’ εἵνεκα κούρης
ἀντιθής χαλεπαίνων·
eὶ δὲ ποτ’ ἐξ ἐν μίαν θουλεύσομεν, οὐκέτ’ ἐπείτα
Τρωσίν ἀνάθλησις κακοῦ ἐσσεται οὐδ’ ἡθαῖον.
νῦν δ’ ἔρχεσθ’ ἐπὶ δείπνου ἣνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἀρην.
eυ μέν τις τῆς ἄνδρος ἥμαρας, εὐ δ’ ἀσπίδα δέδωκεν,
eὐ δὲ τῆς ὑποσειν δείπνου δότω ὀψυτόδεσσιν,
eὐ δὲ τῆς ἀρμάτος ἁμφίς ἐδὼν πολέμοιο μεδέσθω,
ὡς κε πανημέριοι στυγερῷ κρεμώμεθ’ Ἀρηί.
οὐ γὰρ πανεσσιόμεν·

ὃν δέ κ’ ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε μάχης ἐθέλοντα νοῆσω
μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, οὐ οἱ ἐπείτα

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Hi, Gar, Zeus tape a Turk. I Athena, Guy Apollo.  
Toke, Kate? Tacky muse say ‘Up Paul.’ Lisp Priam: ‘Owen knocked toes!’

Hair scene up? Pay, mate! Harry’s scene a loose sot. A pair, though.  
Men neat, eh?

Allah, my eye! Key oak cuss crony days Zeus. All gay: Edo, Ken Hose me, mate! Tap raked, too. ‘Serried?’, ask I. Nay, Kay, a ballet? Guy, Gar, Rae gonna kill you. Stay, mock case, am met. They neck  
a coo race

Antibes be ice. A pacin’ ego dare cone Cal, a pie known.  
Hey, depot Tess gamey on bull! Yew sew. Men nuke, et a pater.  
Trojans in a knob lace his cock, coo as a tie. Who’d Abe buy, own?  
Noon dare case tepid ape. Known knee-knock soon nag: ‘Go, men,  
array ya.’

You meant his dory, ‘Texas Toe.’ You’d a’speeded, Tess tow.  
You date his hip boys in deep known dote. Toke coop, Poe. Day’s sin:  
You date his harm. At toes some pee seed ’n’ pull ’em. Hojo, Modesto!  
Hose cape any merry hoist to gay Roy. Cree know, met Ares.  
Ooh Gar! Pow! Solely gay met Tess, set tie. Who’d Abby own?  
Amy nuke, sell too. Sad yak. Re-name men as sand, Ron.  
He’d row same men t’ you, tell a moan. On feast day they spin.  
Ah, speed us, Sam. Fib rot ace, spare id. Den cake, care rock.  
Come ate I.

He’d row Sadie t’ you, hippos. Say ‘uke.’ Soon arm a tit I known.  
On deck egg gonna pan you. They mock ace, Ethel own tan.  
Oh Ace, oh!  
Mime nasty: ‘In pair a’ new sick whore, own knee sin. Ooh! High up  
ate! Ah!’
ἀρκιόν ἐσσεῖται φυγέειν κύνας ἡδ’ οἰωνοῦς.’

ὡς ἔφατ’, Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγ’ ἤλαχον ὡς ὅτε κύμα ἀκτῇ ἐφ᾽ υψηλῇ, ὅτε κινήση Νότος ἐλθὼν, προβλήτι σκοπέλω τοῦ δ’ οὐ ποτε κύματα λείπει παντοῖοι ἄνέμων, ὅτ’ ἤν ἐνθ’ ἤ ἐνθα γένωνται. ἀναστάντες δ’ ὅρεοντο κεδασθέντες κατὰ νῆας, κάπνισσάν τε κατὰ κλισίας, καὶ δεῖπνον ἔλοντο. ἄλλος δ’ ἄλλω ἔρεζε θεῶν αἰειγενετάων εὐχόμενος θάνατόν τε φυγεῖν καὶ μῶλον "Ἀρης. αὐτάρ δ’ θοῦν ἴερευσε ἄναξ ἄνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων πίονα πενταέτηρον ὑπερμενέι Κρονίωνι, κίκλησκεν δὲ γέροντας ἀριστής Παναχαιῶν, Νέστορα μὲν πρῶτιστα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἄνακτα, αὐτάρ ἔπειτ’ Ἀίαντε δύω καὶ Τυδέος υἱόν, ἐκτον’ δ’ αὖτ’ Ὄδυσσῃ Δί μὴτιν ἀτάλαντον. αὐτόματος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε θοὴν ἀγαθός Μενέλαος· ἥδεε γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀδελφόν ὡς ἔπονεῖτο. θοῦν δὲ περιστήσαντο καὶ οὐλοχύτας ἀνέλοντο· τοῖσιν δ’ εὐχόμενος μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων· Ἰεύ κόψατε μέγιστε κελανεφές αἰθέρι ναίων μὴ πρῖν ἔπ’ ἠέλιον δύναι καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἐλθεῖν πρὶν με κατὰ πρηνὲς θαλέειν Πριάμου μέλαθρον αἰθαλόεν, πρῆσαι δὲ πυρὸς δηΐοι θύρετρα, Ἐκτόρεον δὲ χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεςσι δαίζαι χαλκῷ ῥωγαλέον· πολέες δ’ ἀμφ’ αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι πρηνὲς ἐν κονίῃσιν ὀδὰς λαζοίατο γαῖαν.’
'Arkie on Ness,' said I, fuggin’ ’n’ cooin’ as aide oil noose.”


ἂς ἔφατ’, οὐδ’ ἀρα πώ οἱ ἐπεκραίαινε Κρονίων, ἀλλ’ ὁ γε δέκτο μὲν ἱρά, πόνον δ’ ἀμέγαρτον ὄφελλεν. αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ ρ’ εὐξαντο καὶ σύλοχυτας προβάλοντο, αὐέρυσαν μὲν πρῶτα καὶ έσφαξαν καὶ ἐδειραν, μηροὺς τ’ ἐξέταμον κατά τε κνίση ἐκάλυψαν δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες, ἐτ’ αὐτῶν δ’ ὑμοθέτησαν. καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ’ σχίζησιν ἀφύλλοσιν κατέκαιον, σπλάγχνα δ’ ἀρ’ ἀμπείραντες ὑπείρεχον Ἡφαίστοιο. αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μήρε κάη καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο, μίστυλλόν τ’ ἁρα τάλλα καὶ ἁμφ’ ὑθελοῖσιν ἐπειραν, ὥπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντο τε πάντα. αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ πόνον τετύκοντο πόλυν τετύκοντό τε δαῖτα δαίνυντ’, οὐδὲ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαῖτος ἐϊσης. αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἐποῦ ἐποῦ, τοῖς ἁρα μύθων ἠρχε Γερήνιος ἱππότης Νέστωρ· Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον, μηκέτι νῦν δὴ ἠθεῖ λεγώμεθα, μηδ’ ἐτ’ δηρὸν ἀμβαλλόμεθα ἐργον δ’ ἦθελ ἐγγυαλίζει. ἀλλ’ ἄγε ἰχνεικές μὲν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶν λαόν κηρύσσοντες ἀγειρόντων κατὰ νῆας, ἡμεῖς δ’ ἀμβρότοι ὅτε κατὰ στρατόν εύρυν Ἀχαιῶν ἱμερον ὅφρα κε θάσσον ἐγείρομεν ὅξουν Ἁρεα.’ ἂς ἔφατ’, οὐδ’ ἀπίθησεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων. αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λυγυφθάγγοι κέλευσε κηρύσσειν πόλεμον δὲ κάρη κομόσωτας Ἀχαιούς’
BOOK TWO

‘Oh save it, who’d dare a Poe,’ high ape peck. Wry neck
Ronnie own.

Alló, gay deck! Do men here rob Poe known? Damn mega-tone
all fell in!

Ow! Tar repair. Ukes onto Guy. Ooh, look at us probe, Balloon Toe!
Our Russian men protect Guy. Yes, fox on Guy Eddie ran.

May roost, Tex. Set a monk at a tech knee. Say a Cal loops Ann,
Dip to capo? Yes. Sandy’s up, out. Owned a moat they tease on.

Kite ’em, men, arse keys day’s sin. A fool lie’s sin. Cat take I on.

“S Plank,’ nod a romper. On Tess, who pay wreck? On Hephaistos?
Allah gay, care who kiss men. Knock I Uncle, cocky tone own.

Miss Tulle on Tara: ‘Tall lack I am, foe below is sin.’ Nay, pay Ron.
Hoped ace on tape, Barry. Fra Deos, Eros. Aunt Hôte ape Aunt Ah.

Out her rep, eh? Pause onto Poe newt a two-cunt ‘O Ted.’ Ida

Out a rape, ape? Oh see us Guy date, Wozzek. Sarah ’n’ Ann, too.
Toys are a moo. Tone air keg geranium hippo to Nestor.

‘Atreides, could he stay ’n’ knock Sandra on Agamemnon?
Make a tea noon date. Ow! Teal leg! Go mate a maid at a day, Ron.
Humble low me, the hair gone, know day Theo sang, Wally’s day.

All a gay carry case, men. A guy own caulk. Oakie tone known.

Hey, Miss Dot! Throw you Decca. Tossed rat on urine. Tack! (I own?)

Yeomen offer Rocky toss sonny, gay Roman. Ox soon, Ares!”

Hoes say ‘Fat.’ Two’d a pithy sayin’: an ox and Ron Agamemnon.

Out a cock (care rook?) has he, leak goop. Tag goys sick.

Hell, you say?

Care Russian Pole lay? Moan, deck her rake. Go moan, toss,
a guy use!
οἳ μὲν ἐκήρυσσον, τοι δ’ ἤγείροντο μᾶλ’ ῥκα.  
οἳ δ’ ἄμφ’ Ἀτρείωνα διοτρεφέες βασιλῆες  
θὖνον κρίνοντες, μετὰ δὲ γλαυκώπις Ἀθῆνη  
αἰγίδ’ ἔχουσ’ ἐρίτιμον ἀγήρων ἀθανάτην τε,  
τῆς ἑκατὸν θύσανοι παγχρύσεοι ἠρέθονται,  
pάντες ἐϋπλεκέες, ἐκατόμβους δὲ ἡκαστός’  
sὺν τῇ παιφάσσουσα διέσσυτο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν  
ότρύνουσ’ ἰέναι’ ἐν δὲ σθένος ὥρσεν ἐκάστῳ  
καρδίῃ ἀλληκτόν πολεμίζειν ἢδὲ μάχεσθαι.  

tοῖσι δ’ ἀφαρ πόλεμος γλυκών γένετ’ ἢν νέεσθαι  
en νησί γλαφυρῇσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν.  

ἣτε πῦρ ἀίδηλον ἐπιφλέγει ἄσπετον ὕλην  
oὐρεὸς ἐν κορυφῆς, ἕκαθεν δὲ φαίνεται ἀυγή,  
ὡς τῶν ἐρχομένων ἀπὸ χαλκοῦ θεσπεσίου  
aἰγλῆ παμφανόωσα δι’ αἰθέρος οὐρανὸν ᷆κε.  

tῶν δ’ ὃς τ’ ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν ἐθνεὶς πολλὰ  
χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων  
洴σω ἐν λεκού Καυστρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεσθα  
ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα πατωτά ἀγαλλόμενα πτερύγεσσι  
κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαράγδο δὲ τε καὶ  
ὡς τῶν ἐθνεὶς πολλὰ νεῶν ἀπὸ καὶ κλισιών  
τῶν ἐς πεδίον προχέοντο Σκαμάνδριον· αὐτὰρ ἢν  
εἰς πεδίον προχέοντο Σκαμάνδριον· αὐτὰρ ἢν  

ἥτε μυιάων ἁδινάων ἐθνεὶς πολλὰ  
αἱ τε κατὰ σταθμὸν ποιμνῆν ἧλασκουσιν
Hymen neck Eros Sunday. Dig gay Ron tomb? A loca!
Hide damn padre, Iona! Dee owed Dreyfuss baa’s o’ lace.
Tunin’, greenin’. Tess mate Tad, dig Lao, guppies, Athena.
I get a Hoosier reedy moan. Nagger? Ow! Not a knot, ain’t he?
They suck a tone, too. Sunny Pan cruise you. Year wraith untie Panties, you play keys. Heck, a tomb boy host day, cost us.
Soon tape pie if a Sousa. Addie (yes!) suit toll. Ow! Knock guy on A true noose. (He ’n’ I end.) Esther knows sore Seneca’s toe.
‘Cardial lake,’ tone pole ’em. Ease stain a dame Mack kissed high.
Toys seed afar, pull lay Moe’s glue key. Own, gain natty anus, thigh.
A new sea? Glop! Phoo! Racy Phil lay, n’est-ce pas? Tread a guy on.
Hey you, tip poor Aïda. Lone ape peep, flay gay asp, bet on who layin’ Uriel’s sink-a-roof face! He caught, tended, a fine net o’ (yow!) gay.
Host own air. Come ’n’ own a poke all couth, his special ‘hojo.’
Ike lay palm fan? No, suh! D’ ya aether us? Ooh, Ron on knee, Kay!
Toned host or knee tone, petty yea known. Net nay a Paula Cain knowin’ egg, Aaron. On a kook known, do lick ode, dare rowin’ Asia in lemony Caïstrius! Am fear Rae ate Ra.
In ‘Tacky and Taboo,’ toned I a gal o’ men, apt to rue kissy,
Claw gay Don, pro cat. This Danton’s Ma rock gay debt to lemon.
Host own net, nay a Paula knee on a poke. Ike lease sea, I own Asp, Eddie own pro gay on toes, Commander Ian. Out are who poke tone.
’S merde! All Leon can nab is to Poe ‘Do now tone take I hip bone.’
A standing lemony Scamander’s anthem went ‘Tea.’
Morey, I hose a tip full o’ Guy an’ Thea. Gig net I, hurray!
Hey you tame (whee!) ya own a dinnah. Oh net neigh a Paula.
I take a cat, a stat. Ma ’n’ Pa him nay on Ellis, school sin.
ὥρη ἐν εἰαρινῇ ὅτε τε γλάγος ἄγεα δεύει,
tόσσοι ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐν πεδίῳ ἵσταντο διαρραῖσαι μεμαῶτες.

τοὺς δ᾽ ὡς τ᾽ αἰπόλia πλατέ᾽ αἰγών αἰπόλοι ἄνδρες
ρέια διακρίνωσιν ἐπεὶ κε νομῷ μιγέωσιν,
ὡς τοὺς ἡγεμόνες διεκόσμου ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα
ὑσμίνην δ᾽ ἔτει, μετὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ὁμματα καὶ κεφαλῆν ἑκελὸς Διὶ τερπικεραύνω,
"Ἀρεί δὲ ζώνην, στέρνον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι.

ἥτε θοῦς ἀγέληρι μέγ᾽ ἤξοχος ἐπλετο πάντων
ταῦρος· ὃ γάρ τε βόιεσσι μεταπρέπει ἀγρομένης·
tοίον ἄρ᾽ Ἀτρείδην θήκη Ζεὺς ἱμάτι κείνω
ἐκπρεπέ᾽ ἐν πολλοίσι καὶ ἤξοχον ἱρώεσσιν.

ἐσπετε νῦν μοι Μούσαι Όλύμπια δώματ᾽ ἐχουσαι'
ὑμεῖς γαρ θεαί ἐστε πάρεστέ τε ἵστε τε πάντα,
ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἷον ἀκούομεν οὐδὲ τι ἱδεμὲν·
oἳ τινες ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίραιοι ἱσαν·
πληθυν δ᾽ οὐκ ἄν εγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ᾽ ὀνομήνω,
οὐδ᾽ εἰ μοι δέκα μὲν γλώσσαι, δέκα δὲ στόματε εἶεν,
φωνὴ δ᾽ ἀρρηκτος, χάλκεου δὲ μοι ήτορ ἐνείη,
eι μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μούσαι Διὸς αἰγιόχοι
θυγατέρας μνησαίαθ᾽ ὅσοι ὑπὸ Ἰλιοῦ ἔλθον·
ἀρχούς αὐτ νηῶν ἐρέω νηᾶς τε προπάσας.

Βοιωτῶν μὲν Πηνέλεως καὶ Δήτος ἠρχον
Ἀρκεσίλαος τε Προθοήνωρ τε Κλονίος τε,
BOOK TWO

Who rain air in (nay!) hôte? ‘Tit tag Lagos and Gea’ – Davy.
Toss soy a bit, Trojans, car Rae comb, moan Tess, sock Guy. (Oy!)
In paddy you his Don Toady are rice sign, Ma’am Mao hôtesse.

Two stow, staple Lee a plot, eh? I gonna high-pulley and raise.
Rae add ya, Cree, no sinner. Pay Ken no mo’, me gay Ocean.
Host: ‘Two’s hegemony.’ Sick us (me) on ‘In the guy enter.’
Who’s mean? Indian? (Eye met a day.) Crayon Agamemnon!
Home, met a guy, cape fallin’. Nicholas dare peek around? No!
A raid, a zone, in stir. Noonday pose, eh? Downy!
Hey you deb, who’s a gay lay? Pee Meg! Ex soak us, up late,
too. Pant on!
Towel rows sog. Our tea boys seem meta-preppie. Ya grow,
men? Nay, see!
Toy on a rat Rae deign. Thicker Zeus aim at teak. Cane Noe?
Ache preppie in Paul. Oy! See Guy ex-soak on hero as sin!
‘His better none,’ my Muse sigh. (Olympia dome ought
to cool sigh.)

Who may scar the eye? A step? Arrest it. Tasty tea, Panda!
He may stake Cleo’s O. You knock, woman? Ooh, Daddy, eat men!
Hi, Tina! Say, game o’ ‘Nest’ Danny own? Guy Goy ran (oyez!) on.
Play tune, Duke. Can ego, Mute Ace. Some eye you don’ know
may know.

Who, Dame, I? Dick o’ men (glow, sigh!) deck a day’s torment (a yen).
Phonied a rictus? Toss skulk. Yond Dame I ate, or any, eh?
Aim: May Olympia days, Muse, idea-psych Yoko, you.
Two gotta race ’em. Nay, sigh at those ‘Oh you Poe! Ilion, hell!’ tone.
‘Ark,’ coos sow. Neigh ‘Oh nary a neigh!’ as step. Prop us, ass!

Boeotian men: Penny Lay-Us, Guy, Leïtus, Sir Cone.
Our kissy louse tip Prothoenor, take Clonius tea.
οἳ θ᾽ Ὁρίην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αὐλίδα πετρήσσαν
Σχοῖνόν τε Σκῶλόν τε πολύκνημόν τ᾽ Ἐτεωνόν,
Θέσπειαν Γραῖαν τε καὶ εὐρύχορον Μυκαλῆσσ σόν,
οἳ τ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ Ἅρμ᾽ ἐνέμοντο καὶ Εἰλέσιον καὶ Ἐρυθράς,
οἳ τ᾽ Ἐλεῶν᾽ εἶχον ἠδ᾽ Ὀλην καὶ Πετεῶνα,
oleon Ἐτεωνόν τ᾽ εὑκτίμενον πτολέθρον,
Κώπας Εὐτρησίν τε πολυτρήμωνα τε Θίσβην,
οἳ τε Κορώνειαν καὶ ποιήενθ᾽ Ἀλίρατον,
οἳ τε Πλάταιαν ἔχον ἡδ᾽ οἳ Γλισάντ᾽ ἐνέμοντο,
οἳ θ᾽ Ὑποθῆβας εἶχον εὐκτίμενον πτολέθρον,
Ὀγχηστόν θ᾽ ἱερὸν Ποσιδήϊον ἀγλαὸν ἄλσος,
οἳ τε πολυστάφυλον Ἀρνῆν ἔχον, οἳ τε Μίδειαν
Νἴσαν τε ζαθέην Ἀνθηδόνα τ᾽ ἐσχατόωσαν·
τῶν μὲν πεντήκοντα νέες κίον, ἐν δὲ ἑκάστῃ
κοῦροι Βοιωτῶν ἑκατὸν καὶ εἴκοσι βαῖνον.
οἳ δ᾽ Ἀσπληδόνα ναῖον ἰδ᾽ Ὄρχομενον Μινύειον,
τῶν ἦρχ᾽ Ἀσκάλαφος καὶ Ἰάλμενος υἱὲς Ἀρηος
οἳ τε καὶ Ἐνεώδιος ἀγαθὸν δύση ᾽Ἀκτορος Ἀζεΐδαο,
παρθένος αἰδοίη ὑπερώϊον εἰσαναβᾶσα
ἀρη τε κατορφ᾽ ὑπερώϊον εἰσαναβᾶσα
τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστικόωσαι.
αὐτὰρ Φωκῆων Σχεδίος καὶ Ἐπίστροφος ἦρχον
υἱὲς Ἰφίτου μεγαθύμου Ναυβολίδαο,
οἳ Κυπάρισσον ἔχον Πυθῶνα τε πετρήσσαν
Κρίσαν τε ζαθέην καὶ Δαυλίδα καὶ Πανοπῆα,
οἳ τ᾽ Ἀνεμώρειαν καὶ Υάμπολιν ἀμφενέμοντο,
οἳ τ᾽ ἀρα πάρ ποταμὸν Κηρισόν δίον ἔναιον,
Thespeia Graea take Guy your rook Koran, Mycaleussus.
Hi, Tom! Farmin’ a Mont, Tokay? Eileium, Guy Erythrae
Hight Eleon ache-cone, -ade, Hyle ’n’ Guy Peteon. (Ah!)
Ocalea ’n’ Medeon at uke team mean. Ump toll yet, Ron.
Copas, Eutresis tap a lute rare on natty Thisbe.
Oy! Take Coroneia, Guy. Pi ain’t Haliartus.
High tip, Plataea, neck on aid. High glee’s sand ten aim onto
High tip o’ Thebes’ sake on uke, team men known. P’tooh!
Lee ate Ron!
Onchestus the air, Ron. Poseidon a clown also’s.
Heigh tape, ho. Loosed a feel on Arne, a cone I tame, Mideia.
Nisa tease that teen, Anthedon, not Tess. Scat, toe ocean!
Tone men pen take on tan ace key, Onan. Day? Heck, ass tea!
Coo, Roy. Boeotian neck a donkey ache o’ sib, buy none.
Hide Aspledon a nigh own id. Orchomenos Minyae own.
Tone air caw Ascalaphos, Guy. Y’ all men, as swee’ as Ares.
Who’s stickin’ ass to o.k., dummo? Actor as date? Ow!
Parthenos, I die. Yea, hoop her, row yon ace on a boss a’
Ares’ scrod. Tear roe Ode. (Yoip!) High parallax sat a lot, Rae.
Toys’ day tree-ache on toggle up poor Rhine. Ace says ‘tick cunt,’ too.
Out are Phocians, Schedius, Guy Epistrophus, Sir Cone,
Who (yes!) if feet tomb make at human now ball id, ow!
Hike Cyparissus neck on Python at tepid trace on
Crease on test at ‘A.’ Ink I dowel? Lead dock, high Panopeus.
Hoyt tan ’em more, a Yank: ‘I ample in Nam.’ Finn Eamon, too.
Oy! Tara barb at a monk. Gay fizzin’ Dion ’n’ I own.
Hi, Telly, lie on a cone! Pay, gaze & peek up his ‘oh you.’
οἳ τε Λίλαιαν ἔχον πηγῆς ἐπὶ Κηφισοῦ·
tοῖς δ’ ἁμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἐποντό.  
οἱ μὲν Φωκῆων στίχας ἱστασαν ἀμφιέποντες,  
Βωωτῶν δ’ ἐμπλην ἐπ’ ἀριστερὰ θωρῆσοντο.  

Λοκρῶν δ’ ἠγεμόνευεν Οὐλής ταχὺς Αἴας  
μεῖων, οὗ τοῖς γε ὅσοι Τελαμώνιος Αἴας  
ἄλλα πολὺ μεῖων ὁ λίγος μὲν ἐγνή λινοθώρηξ,  
ἐγχείῃ δ’ ἐκέκαστο Πανέλληνας καὶ Ἀχαιοῦς·  
oἴ Κῦνων τ’ ἐνέμοντ’ Ὀπόεντά τε Καλλιάρον τε  
Βῆσσαν τε Σκάρφην τε καὶ Αὐγειάς ἔρατεινὰς  
Τάρφην τε Θρόνιον τε Βοαγρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα·  
τῷ δ’ ἁμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἐποντό  
Λοκρῶν, οὗ ναίοισι πέρην ιερῆς Εὐβοίης.  

οἴ δ’ Εὐθοίοις ἔχον μένεα πνείοντες Ἀθάντες  
Χαλκίδα τ’ Ἐιρέτριάν τε πολυστάφυλον θ’ Ἰστίαιαν  
Κήρυνθόν τ’ ἔφαλον Δίου τ’ αἰτύ πτολίεθρον,  
oἴ τε Κάρυστον ἔχον ἱδ’ οἶ Στύρα ναιετάασκον,  
tῶν αὐθ’ ἠγεμόνευ Έλεφήνωρ δόξος Ἀρης  
Χαλκωδοντιάδης μεγαθύμων ἀρχὸς Ἀβάτων.  

τῷ δ’ ἁμ’ Ἀθάντες ἐποντό θουι ὅπιθεν κομόωντες  
μεμαῶτες ὀρεκτῇσιν μελίῃσι  
θώρηκας δῆμοι ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι·  
tῷ δ’ ἁμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἐποντό.  

οἴ δ’ ἀρ’ Ἀθήνας εἶχον εὐκτίμενον πτολίεθρον  
δῆμον Ἐρεχθῆος μεγαλήτορος, ὅν ποτ’ Ἀθήνη  
θρέψε Διὸς θυγάτηρ, τέκε δὲ ζείδωρος ἄρουρα,  
kαδ δ’ ἐν Ἀθήνης εἴσεν ἐὼ ἐν πίοι νηῷ·  
ἐνθα δὲ μιν ταύροισι καὶ ἀρνειοῖς ἴλανται
Toys, dammit, Tess, are a cunt Tom ‘ll lie nigh. Nay, yes, a pun, too. Hi, menfolk, Gay owns stick! A Sis tossin’ amp. (Yep!) Pun Tess. Boy oat toned ample lane up a wrist ere a toe race onto.

Locrian’s day game moan new in oil, lay a stack, cuss Ajax. Mayo newt tit us, so’s gay hose as Telamonian Ajax. Hullaballoo may own a league, goes many anal in a thorax. Ink, eh? A deck o’ cast to pan Helen as Guy a guy use. Hike Cyne tenement, Opus, and tot tickle ye, Aaron. Bessa, Auntie Scarphe take I, Augeiae air rotting us. Tarp pain ’n’ throw neon tea, Boagrius. Ampère ate raw. Toad am at Tess, are a cone, Tamerlaine. Nine ace up punt, too. Low crony nigh use sea. Perry near his Euboea.


Come Moe on Tess. Ike may time Emma, owed his erectus sin. May Lee ace sea, Though Rae cuss Rex, sayin’ ‘Day-O Nam feast ate hussy.’ Towed Amati Sarah coned. Tommy lie nigh (yes) upon toe.

Hide our Athena’s ikon, uke team men. Ump tall, he ate Ron. Dame on Erectheus mickle (eight!) toros. On pot, Athena? Trips Eddie Yost who got her take, Eddie’s day door rose are rural. Cod den, Athens is. A knee Owen pee a knee-neigh! (Oy.) Ain’t Daddy mean! Taurus seek Guy yarn. Nay, ice seal, a untie? Coo, Roy Athenian Perry tell omen ownin’ (yow!) tone.
κοῦροι Ἀθηναίων περιτεলλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν·
tῶν αὐθ’ ἤγεμόνευ’ υίὸς Πετεώο Μενεσθεύς.
τῷ δ’ οὐ πῶ τις ὁμοίος ἐπιχθόνιος γένετ’ ἀνήρ
κοσμησάς ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀσπιδιώτας·
Νέστωρ οἶος ἔριζεν δ’ γὰρ προγενέστερος ἦν·
tῷ δ’ ἄμα πεντήκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἐποντο.

Ἀδας δ’ ἐκ Σαλαμίνος ἄγεν δυοκαίδεκα νῆας,
στῆσε δ’ ἄγων ἰν’ Ἀθηναίων ἵσταντο φάλαγγες.
οἱ δ’ Ἀργὸς τ’ ἔξον Τήρυνθα τε τειχίσθεσαν
Ἐρμιώνην Ἀσίνην τε, βαθὺν κατὰ κόλπον ἤχούσας,
Τροιζήν’ Ἡένας τε καὶ ἀμπελόεντ’ Ἐπίδαυρον,
οῖ τ’ ἔχων Αἰγίναν Μάσσατά τε κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
tῶν αὐθ’ ἤγεμόνευʼ θοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
καὶ Σθένελος, Κακανής ἀκαλείτοιο φίλος υἱός·
tοῖσι δ’ ἄμ’ ἔχω ‘Εὐρύαλος τρίτατος κίεν ἰσὸθεος φῶς
Μηκιστέος υἱὸς Ταλαϊονίδαο ἁνακτος·
συμπάντων δ’ ἤγειτο θοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
tοῖσι δ’ ἄμ’ ἀγδώκοντα μέλαιναι νῆς ἐποντο.

οὶ δ’ Μυκήνας εἶχον ἐὐκτίμενον πτολέθρον
ἀφνειόν τε Ἐρυποίνον τε Κλεωνᾶς,
᾽Ορνειάς τ’ ἔνεμοντο Ἀραιθυρέην τ’ ἐφαίνεθήν
καὶ Σικυῶν’, ὅθ’ ἄρ’ Ἀδρηστος πρῶτ’ ἐμβισίλευεν,
οῖ τ’ ᾔπερσήην τε καὶ αἰπεινὴν Πελλήνην τ’ ἔχον Ἳδ’
Ἀγίον ἀμφενέμοντο
Ἀγιαλόν τ’ ἀνὰ πάντα καὶ ἀμφ’ Ἐλίκην εὐρεῖαν,
tῶν ἐκατὸν νηῶν ἤρχε τρεῖς κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
᾽Ατρείδης’ ἄμα τῷ γε πολυ πλειστοι καὶ ἀριστοι
λαοὶ ἐποντ’ ἐν δ’ αὐτὸς ἐδύσετο νύροπα χαλκὸν
κυδίων, πάσιν δὲ μετέπρεπεν ἡρώεσσιν
οὔνεκ’ ἄριστος ἦν πολύ δὲ πλείστους ἄγε λαούς.
o’ δ’ εἶχον κούλην Δακεδαίμονα κητώσασαν,
Φάριν τε Σπάρτην τε πολυτρήρωνα τε Μέσσην,
Βρυσειάς τ’ ἐνέμοντο καὶ Αὐγειάς ἐρατεινάς,
o’ τ’ ἄρ’ Ἀμύκλας εἶχον Ἰλίας τ’ ἔφαλον πτολίεθρον,
o’ τε Λάαν εἶχον ἦδ’ ο’ Ὀτυλοῦ ἁμφενέμοντο,
τών οἳ ἀδελφεῖς ὑπὲρ χανῆ ἀγαθός Μενέλαος
ἐξήκοντα νεὼν’ ἀπάτερθε δὲ θωρήσασαν’
ἐν δ’ άύτως κίεν ἦσι προβαθμῖσα πεποιθῶς
ἵστων νόμου πόλεμον δὲ μάλιστα δὲ ἐπες θυμῶ
τίσασθαι Ἐλένης ὁμήματά τε στοναχάς τε.
o’ δ’ Πύλον τ’ ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ἀρήνην ἐρατεινή
καὶ Θρύον Ἀλφειοῖο πόρον καὶ Αἰπύ
καὶ Κυπαρισσήεντα καὶ Ἀμφιγένειαν ἔναιον
καὶ Πτελεόν καὶ Ἐλίος καὶ Δώριον, ἔνθα τε Μοῦσαι
ἀντόμεναι Θάμυριν τὸν Θρήϊκα παῦσαν ἀοιδῆς
Οἰχαλίηθεν ἰόντα παρ᾽ Εὐρύτου Οἰχαλιῆος’
στεῦτο γὰρ εὐχόμενος νικησέμεν εἰ’ περ ἀν αὐταὶ
Μοῦσαι ἀείδοιε Κοῦρας Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο’
α’ δ’ χολωσάμεναι πηρῶν θέσαν, αὐτὰρ ἀοιδῆς
θεσπεσίαν ἀφέλοντο καὶ ἐκλέλαθον κιθαριστῶν’
tῶν αὖθ’ ἠγεμόνεις Ηγίας ἰππότα Νέστωρ’
τῷ δ’ ἐνενόμοντα γλαφυραῖ νέες ἐστιχῶντο.
o’ δ’ ἤχον Ἀρκαδίῃν ὑπὸ Κυλλήνης ὄρος αἰπύ
Αἰπύτιον παρὰ τύμβου ἐν’ ἀνέρες ἀγχιμαχηταί,
o’ Φενεόν τ’ ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ὀρχομενοῦ πολύμηλον
BOOK TWO

Who neck a wrist toes, sayin’ ‘Pull lewd up lace, two soggy, louse.’
Hoy day! Conk oiling Lacedaemon, knock Kate Wesson.
Far into Sparta tap pollute rare Rona, tamer Seine.
Bruisy ass, tenement Tokay? Augeiae air attain us.
High tar Amyclae’s sake on hell lost if a lump. Fall Lee? Ate Ron.
Height tell on ache cone aid Oetylus, am fey! Nay, mount, too!
Toney Adelphi us irk, eh? Bowie knock at those men, eh louse!
Ex ache on tan neon. A pater Teddy tore race on toe.
In doubt, tusk. Key yen ace sip wrote to me, ‘Ace sea peppery toes.’
Oh true known Polly! Moan, Dame, a list today. Yet toot tomb, Moe!
’Tis ass, thigh Helen is? Sore, Ma’am Mata? Test on, Acaste!
Hide ape Pylos’ ten-name unto Guy Arena, ne’er attaining.
Guy threw on Alpheius. Pour on, Guy. Uke tit on eye? Pooh!
Guy Kyparissia tacky. Am figgin’ eon, an eye on
Cape telly on Guy. Hello’s guide Orion. Ain’t that a Muse sigh!
Onto men I, Thamyris, tone Thrace. A pause, an Aïda’s
Eagle yet then, he on top. Are you root too, Oechaliean?
Stew to Gary: You came on us, Nicky’s semen. Appearing now – Thai!
Muses’ Aïda incur ideas’ sigh, Yoko, you.
Heidi call us psalm. Men I parent, eh son? Naught are I, Eden!
Thespis he ain’t! Apple on toke, I ache lay Latin, guitar wrist tune.
Toned out hegemony way. Gerenian hip boat, a Nestor.
Towed Dan an ache cone tag (glop!) ‘Hurray,’ neighs Esther,
  ‘Go on toe.’

  Hide dick in Arcadia. Hoop poke cool lane. As sore as hype? Poo!
I put ye on, Pa. ‘Rot tomb bone in Ann,’ heiress sang,
  ‘Key mock hate tie.’
Hyphen yond tenor moan, Tokay. Or comin’ on Paul, you melon!
Repaint a Strad? (He intake, I enema. Wessoning his pain.)
Ῥίπην τε Στρατίην τε καὶ ἠνεμόεσσαν Ἐνίσπην καὶ Τεγέην εἶχον καὶ Μαντινέην ἔρατεινὴν Στύμφηλόν τ᾽ εἶχον καὶ Παρρασίην ἐνέμοντο, τῶν ἦρχ᾽ Ἀγκαίοι πάϊς κρείων Ἀγαπήνωρ ἐξήκοντα νεῶν· πολέες δ᾽ ἐν νηῒ ἐκάστη Ἀρκάδες ἄνδρες ἐβαίνοντες πολεμίζειν. αὐτὸς γάρ σφιν δῶκεν ἅνα τουρ Αγαμέμνων νήας ἐϋσσέλμους περάαν ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον Ἀτρείδης, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφι θαλάσσαι ἔργα μεμήλει.

οἰ δ᾽ ἄρα Βουπράσιον τε καὶ Ἡλίδα διὰν ἐναιον ὄσσον ἐφ᾽ Ὑρμίνη καὶ Μύρσινος ἄντα ἐπέποι Ὀλενίη καὶ Ἀλήσιον ἐντὸς ἐέργει, τῶν αὖ τέσσαρες ἀρχοὶ ἔσαν, δέκα δ᾽ ἀνδρὶ ἐκάστῳ νήες ἑποντο θναι, πολέες δ᾽ ἐμβαινον Ἐπειοί. τῶν μὲν ἄρ᾽ Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Θάλπιος ἡγησάσθην ὃ μὲν Κτεάτου, ὃ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Εὐρύτου, Ἀκτορίωνε· τῶν δ᾽ Ἀμαρυγκεΐδης ἦρχε κρατερὸς Διώρης· τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἦρχε Πολύξεινος θεοειδὴς νύς Ἀγασθένεος Ἀὐγηιάδαο ἄνακτος.

οἰ δ᾽ ἐκ Δουλιχίοιο Ἐχινάων θ᾽ ἱεράω νῆσων, αἱ ναιούσι πέρην ἁλὸς Ἡλίδος ἄντα, τῶν αὖθ᾽ ἥγεμόνευε Μέγης ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηὶ Φυλείδης, ὃν τίκτε Διὶ φίλος ἱππότα Φυλεύς, ὃς ποτε Δουλίχιον δ᾽ ἀπενάσσατο πατρὶ χολωθείς· τῷ δ᾽ ἀμα πεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νής ἑποντο. αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεύς ἦγε Κεφαλλῆνας μεγαθύμους,
οἱ ρ᾽ Ἰθάκην εἶχον καὶ Νήριτον εἰνοσίφυλλον καὶ Κροκύλει᾽ ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ἀλύλιτα τρηχείαν, οἳ τε Ζάκυνθον ἤχειν ἢδ’ οἳ Σάμον ἄμφενέμοντο, οἳ τ᾽ ἦπειρον ἤχειν ἢδ’ ἀντιπέραι ἐνέμοντο· τῶν μὲν Ὄδυσσεὺς ἤρχει Δίι μῆτιν ἄτάλαντος· τῷ δ᾽ ἀξία νησῶν ἀποντο δυώδεκα μελτοπάρης.

Αἰτωλῶν δ᾽ ἡγεῖτο Θόας Ἀνδραίμονος υἱός, οἳ Πλευρῶν᾽ ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ἑλεον ἠδ’ Πιλήνην Χαλκίδα τ᾽ ἀγχίαλον Καλυδώνα τε πετρήσαν· οὐ γὰρ ἢτ’ Οἰνῆος μεγαλήτορος υἱέες ἦσαν, οὐδ᾽ ἢρ᾽ ἢτ’ αὐτὸς ἦν, θάνε δὲ ξανθὸς Μελέαγρος· τῷ δ᾽ ἐπὶ πάντ᾽ ἐτέταλτο ἀνασσέμεν Αἰτωλοῖς· τῷ δ᾽ ἀμα τεσσαράκοντα μελαιννι νησῶν ἀποντο.

Κρητῶν δ᾽ Ἐομενεὺς δουρὶ κλυτὸς ἑκατόμπολιν, οἳ Κυνοσὸν τ᾽ εἴχον Ιάρτυνα τε τειχόσασαν, Λύκποι Μηνητὸν τε καὶ ἀργινῶντα Λύκαστον Φαιστόν τε Ῥώμειάν τε, πόλεις εὐ λαμπτούσας, ἀλλοι θ᾽ οἳ Κρήτην ἀκατάμπολον ἀμφενέμοντο. τῶν μὲν ἢρ᾽ Ἐομενεὺς δουρὶ κλυτὸς ἑκατόμπολιν, Μησιόνης τ᾽ ἀτάλαντος ἑκατόμπολιν ἀνδρείφώντης· τοῖσι δ᾽ ἀμα τεσσαράκοντα μελαιννι νησῶν ἀποντο.

Τληπόλεμος δ᾽ Ἡρακλείδης ἤτις τε μέγας τε ἐκ Ῥώδου ἐννέα νησῶν ἀγερώχων, οἳ Ῥώδου ἄμφενέμοστο διὰ τρίχα κοσμηθέντες Λύνδου Ἡλιοσόν τε καὶ ἀργινῶντα Κάμειρον. τῶν μὲν Τληπόλεμος δουρὶ κλυτὸς ἑκατόμπολιν,

Chalcis at tangy Allen Calydon a tepid tray (yes) on Ugarit. Tiny Oz may Galley toro, swee’ ace says, on Nuder ate-out toes, sayin’ ‘Tan aid decks on those, Meleager.’ Toad ape he panted at tall twine ass o’ men. I to lice sea. Toad Amatis are a cone Tom malign. Ina is hip, own toe. Crete-toned Idomeneus dour, wreak lute. Oh say gay moan new when?


ὁν τέκεν Ἀστυόχεια βίθῃ ἤρακληείη,
tὴν ἄγετ᾽ ἐξ Ἐφύρης ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος
πέρσας ἀστεα πολλὰ διοτρεφέων αἰζηῶν.
Τηπόλεμος δ᾽ ἐπεὶ οὖν τράφ᾽ ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ εὐπήκτῳ,
αὔτικα πατρός ἐοῖο φίλον μήτρωα κατέκτα
ἡδη γηράσκοντα Δικύμινοι δξου Ἄρηος·
αἶψα δὲ νήας ἐπηξε, πολὺν δ᾽ ὁ γε λαὸν ἁγεῖρας
θῆ φεύγων ἐπί πόντον· ἀπειλησαν γάρ οἱ ἄλλοι
υίες υἰωνοὶ τε βίθῃς ἤρακληείης.
aὐτάρ ὁ γ᾽ ὡς ἰδῶν ἀλώμενος ἀλγεὰ πάσχων·
τριχθὰ δὲ ἐσκηθεὶν καταφυλαθόν, ἢδὲ φίληθεν
ἐκ Διός, ὃς τε θεοὶ καὶ ἀνθρῶποι ἀνάσσει,
καὶ σφιν θεσπέσιον πλοῦτον κατέχειε Κρονίων.

Νιρεὺς αὐνδΣύμηθεν ἄγε τρεῖς νήας ἐςας
Νιρεύς Ἀγλαίης υἱὸς Χαρόποι τ᾽ ἀνακτος
Νιρεύς, ὃς κάλλιστος ἀνήρ ὑπὸ Ηλίον ἦλθε
τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ᾽ ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα·
ἀλλ᾽ ἀλαπαδνός ἦν, παῦρος δὲ οἱ εἶπετο λαὸς.

οὶ δ᾽ ἀρα Νίσυρον τ᾽ ἐίχον Κράπαθὸν τε Κάσου τε
καὶ Κῶν Εὐρυπύλου πόλιν νήσους τε Καλύδνας,
tῶν αὐν Ἐκίδιππός τε καὶ Ἀργοῦς ἄνακτος
θεσσαλοῦ νείδω κράγῳ ἤρακλείδαιος ἀνακτός·
τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα λαφυραι νέες ἐστικχόντο.

νῦν αὐτὸς ὁ σαποὶ τὸ Πελασγικὸν Ἀργοῦς ἄναιον,
οί τ᾽ Ἀλοῦν οί τ᾽ Ἀλόπην οἰ τε Τρηχίνα νεόμοντο,
oί τ᾽ ἐίχον Φθίην ἤδ᾽ Ἐλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,
Μυρμιδόνες δὲ καλεῶντο καὶ Ἐλλῆνες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ.

Tricked Toddy, oh kitten. Caught apple lad on a day feel, ate ten. Ache Dios host tit, Theo sick guy, anthro poison, Nana say. Guy spin the space pee sea on Pluto, ’n’ caught a kiwi crony yawn.

Near you, saucy mate, ten agate trays knee us, says us. Near you sag lie ace who you scar up. Poi oat an auk toss. Near you, so’s Cal, list-tossin’ air hoop. O Ilion, ail thee. Tone all ’lone Danny own, met Tom, moo moan appeal lay on a Allah lap pad knows sayin’. Pow! Roast day! High ape petal louse.


Noon out whose so-so wheat top pale ass geek cone Argos ’n’ I own

Height alone height a lopin’ height at Trachis an amount to Height takin’ Phthia. Aid Hellas, call Lee ‘goon,’ Ike. Ah! Moor mead, honest day Cal lay unto Gay Helen is Guy Achaioi. Tone now Pentagon tan! Neon in our Cossack: kill, lay us.
τῶν αὖ πεντήκοντα νεῶν ἦν ἀρχὸς Ἀχιλλεύς.
ἀλλ᾽ οἳ γ᾽ οὐ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος ἐμνώοντο·
οὐ γὰρ ἐτυν ὡς τῆς σφιν ἐπί στίχας ἡγήσατο·
κεῖτο γὰρ ἐν νήσσι ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς
κούρης χωόμενος Βρισηΐδος ἱππόμοιο,
τὴν ἐκ Δυρνησσοῦ ἐξεύλετο πολλὰ μογήσας
Δυρνησσὸν διαπορθήσας καὶ τείχεα Θήβης,
κὰδ δὲ Μύνητ᾽ ἔβαλεν καὶ Ἐπίστροφον ἐγχεσίμωρους,
υἱέας Εὐηνοῖο Σεληπιάδαο ἄνακτος·
tῆς ὅ γε κεῖτ᾽ ἀχέων, τάχα δ᾽ ἀναστήσεσθαι έμελλεν.
οἳ δ᾽ εἶχον Φυλάκην καὶ Πύρασον ἀνθεμόεντα
Δήμητρος τέμενος, "Ἰτωνά τε μητέρα μῆλων,
ἀγχιάλον τ᾽ Ἀντρώνα ἰδὲ Πτελεόν λεχεποίην,
tῶν αὖ Πρωτεσίλαος ἀρήϊος ἡγεμόνευε
ζωὸν ωtón· τότε δ᾽ ἤδη ἔχεν κάτα γαῖα μέλαινα.
tοῦ δὲ καὶ ἄμφιδρυφης ἄλοχος Φυλάκη ἔλειπεν
καὶ δόμος ἡμιτελής· τὸν δ᾽ ἔκτανε Δάρδανος ἀνὴρ
τοῦ δὲ καὶ ἀμφιδρυφὴς Αχιλλεύς ἀποθρῶσκοντα πολὺ πρώτιστον Ἀχαιῶν.
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ᾽ οἳ ἄναρχοι ἔσαν, πόθεον γε μὲν ἄρχων·
ἀλλὰ σφεὰς κόσμησε Ποδάρκης ὄζος Ἀρηοῦ
τῶν αὖ Πρωτεσίλαος ἀρήϊος ἡγεμόνευε
τῷ δ᾽ ἅμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἕποντο.

2.685–709

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Alloy goop, pull 'em. Aye, you do say 'chaos,' 'semen.' No! On toe!
Ooh, Gary knows 'tis spin a piece. 'Stick us,' say gays. I, too.
Kay to Gary? Nay, a sip o' darkies. D' you sack? He'll lay us.
Co-risk, O men, nose Brie. Say he does say you come. I you?
Ten-neck learn his swag, sell Leto? Pole llama gay sauce!
Lure Ness undie, abort. They saw sky take ya, Thebes.
Goddamn moon ate Abel. Link I a piss strophe awning
& seem morose?

Huey ass you annoy. Oh sail, ape. Pee on a Tao, an' act toes.
Teas, O gay Kate tacky, on tack odd Ann stays, says 'thigh am melon.'
   Hide ache on fool lock ink hyper ration. Anthem: Moe went 'Ta.'
Demeter, us tame men, us eat tone, not tame meat tear a melon.
Ankh, he alone Tantra owe nigh dip, tell Leon lick a boy in.
Tow now pro Tessie louse. Array you. Say game on you, eh?
Zoo's eon tote a day, day a Ken caught a guy. Ah! My liner!
Today Guy am feed rupees, a low cusp fool Locke. Kay yell 'A late toe!'
Guide a mossy middle, a stone decked on a Tartan nose. Sun, air!
Nay, us a pot rose gone to Polly Protest on a guy own.
Ooh dame an' ooh die a narc, oh yes, an' pot thee on gay men,
   narc cone.

Allah, spay us! 'Cause mace epode arc ace! So's dose hairy O's.
If a gluey Oz pole loom may loop fool lock, kid Dao!
Ow! Toke a signet toes. Make a tomb moo. Protest ill. Ow!
Hope low Tarots gain a Yoda. Map wrote 'Tarots sky airy own.'
Heroes' pro, Tessie Louse, array us suited till aho.
D' you want they game on nose Poe? They own gay men,
   nestle on neon. ('Ta!)

Totem mat is a'rockin', Tommy. Line nine, Aesop on toe.
   Hide, defer ass, 'n' aim onto Pa. Ripe boy bay eat a limb, neighin'.
οἳ δὲ Φερὰς ἐνέμοντο παραὶ Βοιβηΐδα λίμνην Βοιβην καὶ Γλαφυρας καὶ ἕυκτιμένην Ἰαωλκόν, τῶν ἤρχ’ Ἀδμήτοιο φίλος πάις ἐνδεκα νηῶν Εὐμηλος, τῶν ὑπ’ Ἀδμήτω τέκε δία γυναικῶν ’’Ἀλκηστις Πελίαο θυγατρῶν εἴδος ἄριστη.’’

οἳ δ’ ἄρα Μηθώνην καὶ Θαυμάκην ἐνέμοντο καὶ Μελίθοιον ἔχον καὶ ’Ολιζώνα τρηχείαν, τῶν δὲ Φιλοκτήτης ἦρχεν τόξων ἐῢ εἰδὼς ἐπτά νεῶν’’ ἐρέται δ’ ἐν ἐκάστῃ πεντήκοντα ἐμβέβασαν τόξων εὗ εἰδότες ἕφι μάχεσθαι.

άλλ’ δ’ μὲν ἐν νήσῳ κεῖτο κρατέρ’ ἄλγεα πάσχων Δήμων ζὲν ἡγαθέη, ὃθι μιν λίπον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν ἔλκει μοχθίζοντα κακῷ ὀλοόφρονος υδρου’’ ἐνθ’ ὦ γε κεῖτ’ ἀχέων’’ τάχα δὲ μνήσεσθαι ἐμελλόν Ἀργείοι παρά νηυσὶ Φιλοκτήται ἀνάκτος.

οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδ’ οἳ ἀναρχοὶ ἔσαν, πόθεόν γε μὲν ἄρχον’’ ἀλλὰ Μέδων κόσμησεν Ἄιλης υἱός οὐλήος νόθος υἱός, τὸν ρ’ ἔτεκεν ’’Ῥήμη υπ’ ὖληῃ πτολιπόρῳ. οἰ δ’ εἶχον Τρίκκην καὶ Ἰθώμην κλωμακόεσσαν, οἳ τ’ ἔχον Ωιχαλήν πόλιν Εὐρύτου Ωιχαληῶς, τῶν αὐθ’ ἡγείσθην Ἀσκληπίου δύο παιδε ἰητήρ’ ἀγαθῶ Πιδαλείριος ἴδε Μαχάων’’ τοῖς δὲ τριήκοντα γλαφυραὶ νέες ἐστιχόωντο.

οἱ δ’ ἔχον Ῥομένων, οἱ τε κρήνην Ὡπέρειαν, οἳ τ’ ἔχον Ἀστέριον Τιτάνιοι τε λευκά κάρην, τῶν ἄρχ’’ Εὐρύπυλος Υπαίμονος ἀγλαὸς υἱός’’ τῷ δ’ ἀμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο.
Boy bane Guy clap fear a sky uked team inane, Iolchos.
Tone irk? Admit toy you feel asp. High syndic Annie own.
You male lost, own up, admit oat, take Eddie a goon ikon.
Alcestis, peel ya? Oh, two? Got Ron aid, dose a wrist, eh?

Oy! Dare ram mate horning eye, thou mock yen, inner moan toe!
Tone day? Philoctetes’ air can! Toke’s own, you aid does.
Hip to neon? Harry tighten heck as tippin’ takin’. ‘Ta!
Em, babe, Hassan took son you aid. Otis syph he mock, kiss thigh.
Hollow men any soak ate toke rot. Here all gay, ya pass cone.
Lemnos in egg at the yea! Haughty mean leapin’, we, yes, a guy own.
Hell, Kay! Mock these? Don’t talk cock oil loop! Pro knows who drew.
In toga Kay tacky on talk. A dame (nay!) says thigh a melon.
Are gay? (Yoip!) Are a new? See Phil lock tit (ow!) an’ knock toes.
Ooh, de men nude! Doyenne are coy, ace on potty. On gay men
are cone.

Allah maid dunk ’cause Mason oil lay us, know those who wee us.
Tone Rhett takin’! Rainy hoop oil leap tall, leap o’er toe.
Hide day cunt, trick Cain! Guy? He, though mean, Chloe mock Coe,
his son.

High takin’ I collie in pole, in you’ root, too. I call Leah, us.
Tune out ‘Hey, gay, stay,’ ’n’ Asclepius do (oh?) pie day.
Yet Terah got to puddle air. You said Dame Mock cow own.
Tease debt tree ache on tag, laughier! Wry ‘nay’ zesty co-own, too.

Hide achin’, or many on high tea cranin’, Hyperion!
Height take on ass, tear yond tit on ‘No!’ You tell Luke, ‘Cock arena.’
Tone air cure (oop!) pool (us you I). Mono sag louse (swee’ us).
Toad ham? Attis are rock. Hunt ‘em, Mel, I nigh. Nay, yes, sip on toe.

Hide our geese on a cone, Guy. Curtain nanny moan, too.
οἱ δ᾽ Ἀργισσαν ἔχον καὶ Γυρτώνην ἐνέμοντο, ὦρθην Ἡλώνην τε πόλιν τ᾽ ὅλοοσσόνα λευκήν, τῶν αὐθ᾽ ἦγεμόνευε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίης υἱὸς Πειριθοῦο τὸν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεύς· τὸν ρ᾽ ὑπὸ Πειριθῶω τέκετο κλυτὸς Ἡπποδάμεια ἦματι τῷ ὅτε Φήρας ἐτίσατο λαχνήθεντας, τοὺς δ᾽ ἐκ Πηλίου ὅσε καὶ Αἰθίκεσσι πέλασσεν· οὐκ οἶς, ἄμα τῷ γε Λεοντεὺς ὃς Ἀρης ὑιὸς ὑπερθύμοιο Κορώνου Καινείδαο· τοῖς δ᾽ ἄμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο.

Γουνεὺς δ᾽ ἐκ Κύφου ἦγε δύω καὶ εἴκοσι νῆας· τῷ δ᾽ Ἐνιῶνες ἔποντο μενεπτόλεμοι τε Περαιβοὶ οἱ περὶ Δωδώνην δυσχείμερον οἰκί᾽ ἔθεντο, οἳ τ᾽ ἄμφρ᾽ ἰμερτόν Τιταρησοῦν ἔργα νέμοντο ὃς ρ᾽ ἐς Πηνειόν προϊεῖ καλλίρροον ὕδωρ, οὐδ᾽ ὅ γε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ, ἀλλὰ τῇ μία καθύπερθεν ἐπιρρέει ἥτυ᾽ Ἕλαιον· ὥρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀπορρῶξ.

Μαγνήτων δ᾽ ἦρχε Πρόθοος Τενθρηδόνος υἱός, οἱ περὶ Πηνειόν καὶ Πήλιον εἴνοσίφυλλον ναῖεσκοῦν· τῶν μὲν Πρόθοος θοὸς ἦγεμόνευε, τῷ δ᾽ ἄμα τεσσαράκοντα μέλαιναι νῆες ἔποντο.

οὕτωι ἄρ᾽ ἦγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἤσαν· τῆς τάρ τῶν ὅχ᾽ ἀριστος ἦν σὺ μοι ἐννεπε Μούσα αὐτῶν ἢ δ᾽ ἱππω, οἳ ἄμ᾽ Ἀτρείδησιν ἔποντο. ἱπποὶ μὲν μέγ᾽ ἀρισταὶ ἔσαν Φηρητιάδαο,
Or Thane ail, loan in tape all in tall low sauna Luke cane.
Tune out hegemony, Women! Hip Ptolemy spool loop-boy Tess.
We us Perithoos, ton at Hannah toast take a toe, Zeus.
Tone row Pope Perry tote ‘take-a-toke’ Lou. Toss hip ode.
   Ah, may ya!
Aim at it, toe tea. Fear as settees sat toll. Lock neigh ain’t us.
Two-steak Pelion hose a guy. High, thick, is he, pale Lassen.
Ooh, coy, oh Sam! Motto, gay Leontes! So’s dose sorry O’s.
Who, you? Super theme, O Yoko! Row nuke? I need Tao!
Toys, Dom. At Escher a cunt (ah!) may lie nigh. Nay, yes, a pun too.
   Goon eh? Us stake coop who egg gay Duo, Guy ache.
   Oh sea (nay!) ass!
Toy Denny any sip onto men hip Ptolemy tape a wry boy.
High pair read Dodona. Induce gay mare. Ron high key attend to.
High Tom pee mare ton tit hairy so ne’er gain a man, too.
Hose Rae’s Peneus. Pro (yes!) call Lear, rowin’ nuder.
Ooh! Do gay pain. Nay, oh soon Miss Gay tie our gear row tinny.
Allah tame, mean cat, hooper, then hep, peer Rae, eh Ute?
   Tell lie, own.
Or cougar deign noose. Styx who’d dot toe cyst in a poor oaks.
   Magnet on dare keep rot house ten thread dawn nose, swee’ us.
Hoy Perry pain neon guy, peel Leon, eh? Knows he peel lone?
Nah! Yes, cone! Tone men pro those those hey gay man new, eh?
T’ ode Dama, Tess, Sarah conned a male line. Eye nay us, hip on toe.
   Hoot toy are hegemony, Stan (noun). Guy coy, Ra annoy, ace sawn.
Ought Tony dip pone? I am a trade daisy nip on toe.
   Hip boy men make. A wrist tie us on fairy tea, add Tao.
Tass, you may lose élan. Epode: do Kay ass sore knit as hose?
τὰς Ἐὔμηλος ἔλαυνε ποδώκεας ὄρνιθας ὣς ὄτριχας οἰέτεας σταφύλῃ ἐπὶ νῶτον ἐϊσας· τὰς ἐν Πηρείῃ θρέψ᾽ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων ἅμωφ θηλείας, φόθον Ἀρης φορεούσας. ἀνδρόν αὐ μέγ᾽ ἀριστος ἔην Τελαμώνιος Αἴας ὅφρ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς μῆνιεν· ὃ γὰρ πολὺ φέρτατος ἦεν, ἐποι θ᾽ ὦφεσκον ἅμωμον Πηλείωνα. ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν ἐν νήσεσι κορωνιάσας ποντοπόροις κεῖτ᾽ ἀπομηνίσας Ἀγαμέμνονοι ποιμένι λαῶν Ἀτρεΐδης λαοὶ δὲ παρὰ ῥηγμῖν θαλάσσης δίσκοισιν ἔντατον καὶ αἰγανέῃσιν τόξοισιν ἐν κλισίῃ· ὦκα δ᾽ ἴσαν ὡς εἴ τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο· γαῖα δ᾽ ὑπεστενάχιζε Διὸς τερπικεραύνῳ χωομένῳ ὅτε τ᾽ Ἀρίμοις, ὥθεας Ἁρίμοις ἐρχομένων ἀρηΐφιλον ποθέοντες φοίτων ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα κατὰ στρατὸν οὐδὲ μάχοντο. οἳ δ᾽ ἀρὴ ἐκαν ὡς εἴ τε πυρὶ χθών πᾶσα νέμοιτο· γαῖα δ᾽ ὑπεστενάχιζε Διὸς τερπικεραύνῳ χωομένῳ ὅτε τ᾽ Ἀρίμοις, ὥθεας Ἁρίμοις ἐρχομένων ἀρηΐφιλον ποθέοντες φοίτων ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα κατὰ στρατὸν οὐδὲ μάχοντο. οἳ δ᾽ ἀρὴ ἐκαν ὡς εἴ τε πυρὶ χθών πᾶσα νέμοιτο· γαῖα δ᾽ ὑπεστενάχιζε Διὸς τερπικεραύνῳ χωομένῳ ὅτε τ᾽ Ἀρίμοις, ὥθεας Ἁρίμοις ἐρχομένων ἀρηΐφιλον ποθέοντες φοίτων ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα κατὰ στρατὸν οὐδὲ μάχοντο. οἳ δ᾽ ἀρὴ καὶ ἐκαν ὡς εἴ τε πυρὶ χθών πᾶσα νέμοιτο· γαῖα δ᾽ ὑπεστενάχιζε Διὸς τερπικεραύνῳ χωομένῳ.
BOOK TWO

Oh trick us, soy. Yet tea us, strap fully apin’ no Tony sauce.
Tass sayin’ Perrier trips our guru, tokes. So’s Apollo.
Am foot to lay us, foe bone? Array us for uses.
And Ron now make a wrist toss, sayin’ ‘Tell a moan, knee us,
sigh yes.’

‘Offer Achilles many in hogar, Polly,’ fair tot toes sayin’.
Hip boy toy porous cone. Amy moan, appeal: ‘Lay on.’ (Nah!)
Hello, men. Any S see Corot knee sip onto poor Roy’s sea?
Kite a pome, me knees, as Agamemnon knee poem many lie on.
A trade: ‘Hail a high day.’ ‘Pa Ra rake many,’ the lass says.
‘Disco is sinter pond,’ toke I. ‘I gonna ace in yentes.’
Toke soy sin, the hip boy day. Pa Ra, arm moss. In high sin
Heck cost toes.

Low tone? A rep too many? Hell, you tripped on tessile linen!
Hesta-San arm at a ‘D’you pep pookahs’ men?’ Nah! Kate towin’
hocked tone.

Ink lease, yes? Hide archon, array if Phil on pot. The un-Tess!
Fight on in tacky in tack at ass Stratton who deem mock cunt toe.

Hide our reason, nosy. Tape who reek thump as son name I too.
Gaia dupe pest. Tenor keys Daddy-O’s. Tear ‘pick’ around ‘know.’
Combing no tit, tamp pit tufu. Weigh guy, Annie Massey.
In a rim ice hot. Tip us, sit tough foe. You semen eye, Eunice.
Hose a rat on a Pope. Posse make a stain. Knock keys debt, O Gaia.
Air comin’ on. Mallet oak cad. Dieppe praisin’ paid yo-yo.

Trojans dangle, assail the pod: ‘Danny must soak a, uh, Iris.’
‘Party us,’ sigh Iggy. ‘Oh coy you!’ Soon angle Yale leggy, nay?
Hide agora sag, gory you own ape peep Priam owe. You too racy?
Panties some may gay raise, same men, you (yea!) dig Aaron, teas.
Ankh! Who’d hissed the many prose syph hip ode as o.k., a Iris?

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ἀγχοῦ δ᾽ ισταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὑπέκέ αἰρίς·
εἰςατο δὲ φθογγήν υἱὶ Πριάμου Πολίτης,
δς Ἱρών σκοπός ίζε ποδωκείης πεποιθώς
τύμβῳ ἐπ᾽ ἀκροτάτῳ Αἰσυήταο γέροντος,
δέγμενος ὁπεῖτο ναύφιν ἀφορμηθεῖεν Ἀχαιοί·
tῳ μιν ἐςαμένην προσέφη πόδας ὑπέκε ἀιρίς·
ὡ γέρον αἰεὶ τοι μῦθοι φίλοι ἀκριτοί εἴσιν,
ὡς ποτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ εἰρήνης: πόλεμος δ᾽ ἀλίαστος ὁρωεν.
ἤδη μὲν μάλα πολλὰ μάχας εἰςήλυθον ἀνδρῶν,
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ περιώνε τοσόνδε τε λαὸν ὤπωπα·
λίθυ γὰρ φύλλουσιν ἐοικότες ἢ ψαμάθοις
ἔρχονται πεδίοι γαληθόμενοι προτὶ ἀστον.
"Εκτορ σοὶ δὲ μάλιστ᾽ ἐπιτέλλομαι, ὦδε δὲ ἐκέι
πολλοὶ γὰρ κατὰ ἀστομέγα Πρίαμου ἐπίκουροι,
ἀλλῆ δ᾽ ἄλλων γλώσσα πολυσπερέων ἀνθρώπων·
tοῖσιν ἐκαστὸς ἀνὴρ σημαινέτω οἷσι περ ἄρχει,
tῶν δ᾽ ἔξηγείσθη κοσμησάμενος πολιήτας.'
ὡς ἔφαθ᾽, Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ οὐ τι θεὰς ἤπος ἠγνοίησεν,
αἴψα δ᾽ ἔλυσ᾽ ἀγορήν· ἐπὶ τεύχεα δ᾽ ἐσσεύοντο·
πᾶσαι δ᾽ ὤγυνυντο πύλαι, ἐκ δ᾽ ἐσσυτο λαὸς
πεζοὶ θ᾽ ἱππῆς τε· πολὺς δ᾽ ὀρυμαγδὸς ὁρῶδε.
ἔστι δὲ τις προπάροιθε πόλιος αἰπεῖα κολώνη
en πεδίῳ ἀπάνευθε περιδρόμος ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα,
tῆν ἦτοι ἄνδρες Βατίειαν κυκλήσκουσιν,
ἀθάνατοι δὲ τε σήμα πολυσκάρθμοι Μυρίνης·
ἐνθα τότε Ἱρώνες τε διέκριθην ἢδ᾽ ἐπίκουροι.
Τρωίς μὲν ἡγεμόνεις μέγας κορυθαίολος "Εκτωρ

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‘Ace,’ said a diphthong in ‘Who-ye-Priam.’ Oh you polite tea! Host tow owns couple, sees day buttock. Ace seep a boy, toss Tomb boy a pack rot. Tot wise, wait, augur on toes. Dig men as hobo, ten now. Pinafore meet they in Achaioi. Toy Minnie ace a many prosy fee pod as (o.k!) a Iris. “O Gay Ron, I ate toy myth, I acrid toy ace scene. Hose Poe. Oh to pay rainy spool, lay most all Leah’s toes a’roaring. Emend ‘dame.’ Allah appall Lama, cusses ‘Salute Onan, drone!’ All loophole tyin’ debt to Sunday tale (ow!) no pauper. Lee anger foolish scene (yoik!). Oh to sip Sam, math icing! Irkin’ type Eddie yo-yo mock Esau. Many pro tea as two. Hector side dame, maul list. Tepid hello, my ode.  

Dead dare wreck sigh.

Paul like ark cat, ass tomb make gap Priam whip peccary. All aid alone glows sop. Oh loose pair rayon and trope own. Toy scene, heck! Cost us an Air. Say ‘mine,’ ‘het.’ Wise sip a rare Kay. Tone deck say ‘Gay stoke ’cause mess salmon-nose Polly ate us.’”

Hosephat! Hector duty the Ossip, pose egg: no yes Zen. Hype sod loose sog or rain nape pit uk. Add essay, want to. Pa side wig new, ’n’ to pool I ached days. Who toll, Laos? Paste I th’ hippies, tap all us store-room mocked us so roar, Rae.

Πριαμίδης· ἅμα τῷ γε πολὺ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἄριστοι
λαοὶ θωρήσοντο μεμαότες ἐγχείῃσι.

Δαρδανίων αὖτ᾽ ἦρχεν ἐϊς πάϊς Ἀγχίσαο
Αἰνείας, τὸν ὑπ᾽ Ἀγχίσῃ τέκε δ᾽ Ἀφροδίτη
"Ἰδης ἐν κυνμοίσι θεὰ βροτῷ εὐνθείσα,
ούκ οἶος, ἃμα τῶ γε δύω Ἀντήνορος υἱὲ
Ἀρχέλοχός τ᾽ Ἀκάμας τε μάχης εὗ εἰδότε πάσης.
οἳ δὲ Ζέλειαν ἔναιος ὑπαὶ πόδα νείατον Ἰδης
ἀφυειοι πίνοντες ὑδωρ μέλαν Αισήποι
TransparentColor, τῶν αὖτ᾽ ἦρχε Δυκάανος ἀγλαὸς υἱός
Πάνδαρος, ὥ καὶ τῶξον Ἀφροδίτην αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν.
οἳ δ᾽ Ἀδρήστειάν τ᾽ εἶχον καὶ δῆμον Ἀπαισοῦ
καὶ Πιτύειαν ἔχον καὶ Τηρείης ὄρος αἰπύ,
τῶν ἦρχ᾽ Ἄδρηστός τε καὶ Ἄμφιος λινοθώρης
υἱε δύω Μέροπος Περκωσίου, ὃς περὶ πάντων
αἰθωνες μεγάλοι ποταμοῦ ἀπὸ Σελλήντος.
οἳ δ᾽ ἄρα Περκώτην καὶ Πράκτιον ἀμφενεμόντο
καὶ Ὑρτακίδης ἦρχ᾽ Ἄσιος ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
Ἄσιος Ὑρτακίδης ὃν Ἀρίσβηθεν φέρον ἵπποι
αὐτὰρ Θρήϊκας ἦγ᾽ Ἀκάμας καὶ Πείροος ἥρως
Light Tories on tomb, maim out his ink, a yea sea.
    Dardanian now Turkey. New spies, Anchises.
Aeneas, stone hoop Anchises’ tech kiddie, Aphrodite.
Edie’s sinkin’ ’em, my sea. Thea brought tow unit ace saw.
Arkie low cost talk a mass tame mock. ‘Kiss you, aide,
    dote ape,’ us says.

I dazzle Leon an’ I un-hoop pipe ode. Any auto need ace?
Often neigh I pee known: ‘Tess Sue, dormez lawn?’ I say ‘Boy, ho!’
Trow us stone out here. Kill Lou cow, no-sag louse (wheel) us.
Pander us, O Guy. Toke son Apollo now. Toes Edo can.
    Hide Dad, race stay on take. Conk I, demon. Up ice, Sue.
Cape pit way on achin’ guy. Tear Ra’s sore rose, I poo.
Tone air cadre stows take. I am amphi-hustlin’? Note whore acts.
‘We aid woe.’ Mare rope, pose spur, cuss you, hose, pay rip, pant on.
Hey, Damon tossin’ us, odious pied ass say us gay.
Stay Cain as pole lemon if tease a Nora toad, eh? Oh you tea!
Pay the stain. Care Rae’s scar raggin’ melon nose than at ’Hojo’?
    Hide our wrapper coat. Ink I, proct yon amp pain name moan to.
Guy Sestos ’n’ Guy Abydos neck on Guy Dionne. Airy Spain!
Tune out tour, tacky days. Sir Cassius sore. Come, us sand Ron
As you, Sir Tacky Days, on a respite tempera, nip poi,
Heighten ass, make a leap at a moo up a silly yen: toes.
    Hippo those, dog. A pool, a pale lass goin’ ink, kiss a moron.
Tone high? Larissa an air rib, bollock an eye, yet ass scone.
Tone irk? Hip boat host appeal lie. You stows dose, array O’s.
We ate due woe. Late, though, you pale us, goo. T’ you, Tommy Dao.
    Out art! Rake Cossack, gawk a mast. I pare rosy rows.
‘Oh sue us, Hellespont! Oh saga!,’ Rose sent to Sergei.
ὁσσοὺς Ἑλλήσποντος ἀγάρροος ἐντὸς ἐέργει.

Εὔφημος δ᾽ ἀρχὸς Κικόνων ἦν αἰχμητάων

υἱὸς Τροιζήνοιο διοτρεφέος Κεάδαο.

αὐτάρ Πυραίχμης ἄγε Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξους
tηλόθεν εξ Ἀμυδῶνος κλυτὰ δώματ᾽ ἐντὸς Ἐρυθίνους.

Παφλαγόνων δ᾽ ἤγείτο Πυλαιμένεος λάσιον κήρ

εξ Ἀμυδῶνος, ὅθεν ἤμιόνων γένος ἀγροτεράων,
oἱ Κύτωρον ἔχον καὶ Σήσαμον ἀμφιέγουσαν

ντηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀλύβης, ὅθεν ἀργύρου ἐστὶ γενέθλη.

Μυσῶν δὲ Χρόμις ἦρχε καὶ "Ἐννομοὶ οἰωνιστής·

οὐκ οἰωνοίσιν ἐρύσατο κῆρα μέλαιναν,

οὐκ οἰωνοῖσιν ἐρύσατο κῆρα μέλαιναν,

ἀλλ᾽ ἐδάμη ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδώκεος Ἀἰακίδαο

ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθι περὶ Τρῶας κεράϊζε καὶ ἄλλους.

Φόρκυς αὖ Φρύγας ἦγε καὶ Ἀσκάνιος θεοειδὴς

τῆλ᾽ ἐξ Ἀσκανίης· μέμασαν δ᾽ ὑσμῖνι μάχεσθαι.

Μήσιν αὖ Μέσθλης τε καὶ Ἅλεος ἠγαίος ἵππος

Ἀλκαίος ἔξοδος Πτολέμαδας τῷ Ἀμφίμαχος καὶ Νάστης ἠγαίος

οὐκ ἤτο Ἐλλήσποντος ἀγάρροος ἐντὸς ἐέργει.

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οὐκ ἤτο Ἐλλήσποντος ἀγάρροος ἐντὸς ἐέργει.
We owes Troezen, know Yod, Dio. Trap fey husk, ya Dao.
Out tarp poor Reich may sag a pie on as sang cool low tokes.

Whose?
Tale loathin’ hex a mood, own us a pox. Your worry: rayon toes.
Axe you who call his tone nude! Or a peak kid not I eye on.
Paphlagonians dig gay toe pool, lemony us! Lassie on care.
Ex-Senate owner, then Hemi-Onan, gay, knows a grot Terah own.
High rocky torah-neck conk I. Say ‘salmon am.’ Pen name:
‘Moan Toe.’

Armpit apart in yond pot o’ moan glued automat an eye on
Chrome non-Thai key alone take I hoop sail loose air root in noose.
Out are alleys, dough known, odious sky, a pea’s trope, a Serkin.
Tell loathin’ necks a lube bass hot tenor guru west tea gain net lay.
Muse on deck, roam his air cake eyeing no mo’ soy yoni’s stays.
All look coy on Noyes’ sin. Nehru sought a caramel lie, Nan.
Allah’d a May hoop poker, sip, pod door k.o.’s Aeacides.
In pot Tom – oh ho – the pert Trojans care. Rice day, guy all loose.
Fork us, sow! Frug gas say ‘Gay guy ask canny us the O, aid days.’
Telex ask canny ace ‘Maim a Sandy’s mini-mock, kiss thigh.’
Mayo’s scene now messed laced guy, Auntie Foe say gays
saw us stain.

Who yet tall limey neigh a stogie? Guy yet take a leman, eh?
Hike I may own. As egg gone hoop pot, mole-low gay gout toss.
Nasty sow car own, hey gay sought a barber. Oh phone on!
High Miletus! Neck hump thee, runt Taurus sock, read (awful!) on.
My end root tear, row ass. Shmoo call his Taipei knocker ‘Reina.’
Towin’ men are amphi-mock, hose guy. Nasty say gay sauce stain.
Νάστης Ἀμφίμαχος τε Νομίδονος ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, ὃς καὶ χρυσὸν ἔχων πόλεμον δ᾽ ἰεν ἥπετε κούρη νήπιος, οὐδὲ τί οἱ τό γ᾽ ἐπήρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον, ἀλλ᾽ ἐδάμη ὑπὸ χερσὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο ἐν ποταμῷ, χρυσὸν δ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς ἐκόμισσε δαΐφρων.

Σαρπηδὼν δ᾽ ἦρξεν Λυκίων καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων τηλόθεν ἐκ Λυκίης, Ξάνθου ἀπὸ δινήεντος.

2.871–877
Nasty Sam pee mock hose, stain no Om. Me, O Nose, saw Glaa tech. (Nah!)

Hose guy cruising a cone, pull 'em undie in a Ooh! Take who Rae.
Nape you, Sue! Dirty high toga pair kiss, sell Lou, groan hole, ate Ron.
All laid, damn may (oop!) poke air. See Poe dough chaos,
sigh 'Ah,' kid Tao.

In Poe, Tom (oik!) cruise on dock, kill, lay us seco (Miss said
die if frown).

Sarpedon dare Ken, look you. Guy glow 'cause a moo moan –
Tale o’ ten-neck Luke kiosks and two uppity neighin’ toes.
Book Three
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κόσμηθεν ᾧμ ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἐκαστοι, Τρώες μὲν κλαγγὴ τ’ ἐνοπὴ τ’ ἵσαν ὀρνιθῆς ὡς ἠτε περ κλαγγὴ γεράνων πέλει οὐρανόθι πρό· αἱ τ’ ἐπεὶ οὖν χειμώνα φύγον καὶ ἀθέσφατον ὁμήρον κλαγγὴ ταί γε πέτονται ἐπ’ ὁκεναῖο ῥοὰων ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι παντεόπτες Ἀχαιοὶ ἐν θυμῷ μεμαώτες ἀλεξέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.

εὐτ’ ὁρεος κορυφῆς Νότος κατέχευεν ὀμίχλην ποιμέσιν οὔ τι φίλην, κλέπτῃ δὲ τε νυκτός ἀμείνω, τόσσόν τ᾽ ἐπιλεύσσει ὁμίχλην εἰς ἐπ’ λᾶαν ἵησιν· ὡς ἄρα ἄρα πεδίοιο διέπρησσον πεδίοιο.

οἱ δ’ ἄρ’ ἵσαν σιγῇ μένεα πνείοντες Ἀχαιοὶ ἐν θυμῷ μεμαώτες ἀλεξέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.

εὐτ’ ὁρεος κορυφῆς Νότος κατέχευεν ὀμίχλην ποιμέσιν οὔ τι φίλην, κλέπτῃ δὲ τε νυκτός ἀμείνω, τόσσόν τ᾽ ἐπιλεύσσει ὁμίχλην εἰς ἐπ’ λᾶαν ἵησιν· ὡς ἄρα ἄρα πεδίοιο διέπρησσον πεδίοιο.
Off t’ Araby! ’Cause me th’ henna amie. Ye moan a cynic Oz tea. Trojan men clang eating no peat, tisane Norn ’neath Hess hose. Eat tape. Bear clawing ye yare, a known pale lure, a know thee pro. Eight tape you ’n’ he moan, a fig gone gay. Athos fatten numb brawn. Clang! Ye eat a (yea!) pedant, ape, o.k. a neo-roe Ah own. ‘Un-thrash he pig may easy phoning gay gear,’ a fair ruse say. Ye airy Ed, the rot, eh? Yer cock keen ne’er read the prof her undy. Heed dull reason. See ye many up knee owned us. A ‘hey, ye’ In thee, Moe, my mouth tas’ a lick semen alley leasin’. After you score reef easy, know Tosca tech heaven, O me clean Pea messy new tip feel lean, clapped teat that unique toss amino. Toss ode: ‘Tea step pea love sea.’ O son, tap heel on knee scene. Oh Sarah, toney Pope us seek on knees, all low sore, neat Thai lease. Heir comin’, known mallet. Though cud ye, ape reason pay the eel. He doted, he skid on niece, on a pal Lily see. Knee yawn days. Truss sin, men. Pearl my keys in a lake sand throes, they’ll weed th’ ease. Pard the lain. Oh me! Cynic own quai, calm pee Lotto suck. Cake syph fuss sow tarot, though ready oak ache or wreath men a hall coal. Pal loan are ye own pro call lizard, oh pawn. Tass arrest us On tv, own mock his ass. They in an idiot eat he. Tone those soon in. We sin are, if Phil us. Men a louse. Ere Homer (non-pro Pa) wreathin’ nummy, loom mock her a ‘vive’ on Da. Oh stay, lay own! A hareem, a gal, lo, it be so, Medicare sauce! Afro kneel a funky round knee, agree own egg. Gaah! Pee noun Moloch art take a test: Three ye pare enough tone. ‘Seven day to haze steak,’ ‘keen is the lair;’ read Daisy.
ὦς ἡχάρη Μενέλαος Ἀλέξανδρον θεοειδέα ὄρθολυμοίσιν ἴδων· φάτο γὰρ τίσεσθαι ἀλείτην· αὐτίκα δ᾽ ἐξ ὅχεων σὺν τεῦχεσιν ἄλτο χαμάζε. 

τὸν δ᾽ ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής ἐν προμάχαις πανέντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἢτορ, ἄψ δ᾽ εῖτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κήρ᾽ ἀλεείνων. 

ὡς δ᾽ ἐπὶ τὶς τε ὄχεων ἴδων παλίνορος ἀπέστη οὐραγός ἐν βῆσης, ὑπὸ τὸ τρόμος ἐλλαθε γυῖα, ἄψ δ᾽ ἀνεχώρησεν, ἄχρος τ᾽ ἐμὲ παρεῖς, ὥς αὐτὶς καθ᾽ ὀμίλλον ἔδοι ἄγερωος ὄφεις Ἀτρέος τίνι θεοειδής. 

τὸν δ᾽ ἑκτιρ ἐπίκεσον ἴδων αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσιν· ἔστη ἁυτὶς μαίνεται εἰς τὴν ἀλείαν ἐπιπροτεύτωκα αἰθ᾽ ὅρθολυμοίσιν ἴδων τ᾽ ἐμέναι ἀγαμός τ᾽ ἀπολέσθαι· καὶ κε πολὺ χαράμην, καὶ κεν πολὺ πέρδιον ἐσκάλομεν ἄξιον καὶ ἀνήριον ἀνθρώπων. 

ἥ που κακολόνωσι κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ φάντες αἰσχραῖα πρόμον ἐμέναι, ὡς καὶ καλὸς καὶ ἀληθῆς εἰδος ἔπιτε, ἀλλ᾽ ὅπως ἐκεῖ θείη προσεῖν ὁδὸ τὶς ἀλκή. ἥ τοιοῦτος ἐὼν ἐν ποντοπόροις γέγονεν πάντοτε ἀποκοιμῶσιν ἐπιπλώσας, ἐτάρους ἐπὶ χρῶνος ἀγείρας, 

μιχθεὶς ἀλλοδαποῖσι γυναῖκις ἐπίκεσιν ἀνήγερα ἐξ ἀπίθης γαίης νῦν ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητῶν πατρὶ τε σῷ μέγα πῆμα πόλητε παντὶ τε δῆμῳ, δυσμενέσιν μὲν χάρμα, κατηφείνς δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ;
Oh suck a ream men, a louse! Alex and drone, they weed ya.
Of th’ alm ease scene, knee, though own fought toga art tease, us
they all eat teen

‘Oft teak add decks suck young scene tough kissin’ alto ham,’ Oz say.

Tone, though soon in Noe sin Alec-San (th’t) us the Wheaties.
Imp, Rome, a he see fun ’n’ Doc cut tip plea ye feel lone, neat or
Up stood our own knees, sith know (say) has a toke key

Raleigh known.

Us, though titties, tether a cone dyed own pal lean, whoreson a pesty
‘Ooh, Ray us.’ Envy, cease seep at row muscle. Ave, ye, uh...
Up, Stan, a whore he sen’. Oh gross! Stem in eely Perry, us!
Oh soft ease: cot, a meal, an Eddy of Trojans. Hire rogue, hon’.
These awes ought Ray us eon all Exxon dross they weed (these?).

Dunned thick turn knee kiss. An’ he don’ ask ‘Greece epicene?’

“These spar reed those arrest (eh?) ye. Name a Nessie

pair up Bev. (Ta!)

Ethyl fellas sag on us, Tim. Men neigh. Aga must topple ’less they
Kick it. A bully mean kickin’ Polly. Care thee, onion,
You toe-loving dame in neck ape, up seein’ alone.
He Pooh, Kung hollow. Oh seek, carry comb. Oh own Tess.

Come, won’t us a hay?

Fondest are wrist tea, a promo anemone eunuch, cock alone.
Either say Paul Lucas (tv), a phrase sin, nude that tease alky.
Eaty O’s. They Onan pond, oh pour Rhee’s in a sea.
Punt on a pip low sauce, set a rosary ear as I ye razz.

Meek these a loathe happy sea ye neck heavy they a knee? Yes!
Ex-happy ease, yea! Ease neon Nan throwin’ (Ech!) meat Ah own!
Pat Reed is some mega-pee mop pole, eat a bandida thee mo’?
These men is sin men. Harm mock at ye, fiend. Thus ye oft do.
οὐκ ἂν δὴ μείνειας ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον; γνοίης χ’ οἶου φωτὸς ἔχεις θαλερὴν παράκοιτιν· οὐκ ἂν τοι χραίσμῃ κίθαρις τά τε δῶρ᾽ Ἀφροδίτης ἦ τε κόμη τό τε εἰδὸς ὑτ᾽ ἐν κονίῃσι μιγείς. ἀλλὰ μάλα Τρῶες δειδήμονες· ἦ τε κεν ἦδῃ λάινου ἐσσο χιτῶνα κακῶν ἐνεχ’ ὡδίσσα ἐργας.’

τὸν δ᾽ αὐτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής· "Εκτορ ἔπει με κατ᾽ αἶσαν ἐνείκεσας οὐδ᾽ ὑπὲρ αἶσαν· αἰεὶ τοι κραδή πέλεκυς ὡς ἐστιν ἀτειρῆς ὡς τ’ εἴσιν διὰ δουρὸς ὑπ᾽ ἄνερος ὡς ρά τε τέχνη νήσιον ἐκτάμησιν, ὁφέλει δ’ ἀνδρὸς ἐρωήν’ ὡς σοὶ ἐνι στήθεσιν ἀτάρβητος νόος ἐστί· μὴ μοι δῶρ’ ἐρατὰ πρόφερε χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης·

οὐ τοι ἀπόθλητ’ ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δώρα ὡς κεν αὐτοί δῶσιν, ἐκὼν δ’ οὐκ ἂν τις ἐλοιτο’ νῦν αὐτ’ εἰ μ’ ἔθελεσ πολεμιζεῖν ἤδε μάχεσθαι, ἀλλος μὲν κάθισον Τρῶας καὶ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς, αὐτάρ ἐμ’ ἐν μέσσῳ καὶ ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον συμβάλετ’ ἀμφ’ Ἐλενή καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι· ὀππότερος δὲ κε νυκῆση κρείσσων τε γένηται, κτήμαθ’ ἑλὼν εἰ πάντα γυναικά τε οἰκοδ’ ἀγέσθων’ ὀ’ δ’ ἄλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ ταμόντες ναίοτε Τροίην ἐριβώλακα, κοὶ δὲ νεόσθων Ἁργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον καὶ Ἀχαίδα καλλιγύναικα.’
BOOK THREE

Ook! On thee, meanie, Ah’s sorry ye feel on men allowin’. Knee ease he you. Photos say he’s taller in parakeet teen Who candy craze. Mickey the wrist at tether. Rough road it is. Eat tickle meat. Tote aid those so ten can knee ye, seamy ye! (Ease!) Allah, Ma, lot row aesthete thee. Moan a sea, take a knee, thee Lyin’ honest so he tone a cock. Onan? Ech! Oh sigh your ‘Gaahs.’”

Toned of tape prose ape pen a lake sand throes. Theo weed these. “Hector rape pea, make cot, ace on any case. A sooty Paris sun. Eighty craw the ye. Pay, lay key (so says Tina) at ear ease. Hostage India thorough seep on arrow. So’s rotted (ech!) knee. Knee con neck t’ Omni. Seen a felly? Then throws arrow, wean. Oh see any’s teeth, as ‘Sin not,’ ‘tar vetos.’ Know ‘oh’ says tea. Mimi, though rare, a top row fare (ech!) resay ‘Ease sof’ row thee tease.’

Ooh! Tea above lea taste teeth they own. Eric key they awe, though Ra.

O suckin’ off teat, though. Sin neck own th’ (ooh!) Cannes tease, elite toe.

Kneein’ of team meth, Alice ball ’em easy, knee them a kiss. They All loose men. Kathy’s under (oh?) husky pandas. A ‘hey, youse!’ Oft are a men mess soak, carry feelin’ men allow, own. Seem valet Tom fell. Lenny cake team. Us see passim a hiss. They (Oh butter roast) thicken knee. Keys agree, sewin’ to ya neater. Team mother low neigh panda. Your neck got ache.

Other yeas, though.


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ὣς ἔφαθ’, Ἔκτωρ δ’ αὖτ’ ἐχάρη μέγα μῦθον ἀκούσας, καὶ ρ’ ἐς μέσσον ἰὼν Ἰλισσάν τοὺ δ’ ἑλών· τοὶ δ’ ἱδρύνθησαν ἅπαντες.
καί ῥ’ ἐς μέσσον ἰὼν Τρώων ἀνέεργε φάλαγγας
μέσσου δουρὸς ἑλών· τοὶ δ᾽ ἱδρύνθησαν ἅπαντες.
τῷ δ’ ἐπετοξάζοντε κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἰοῖσί τε τιτυσκόμενοι λάεσσί τ’ ἐβαλλόν·
αὐτάρ δ’ μακρὸν ξύσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἁγαμέμνων· ἂν
ἰσχεσθ’ Ἀργεῖοι, μή θάλλετε κοῦροι Ἀχαιών·
στειται γάρ τι ἐπος ἐρεειν κορυθαιολος Ἐκτωρ.’
ὣς ἔφαθ’, οἳ δ’ ἔσχοντο μάχης ἄνεῳ τ’ ἐγένοντο
ἔσσυμένως· Ἐκτωρ δὲ μετ’ ἀμφοτέρους ξύσει,
κέκλυτε μεν Τρῶες καὶ ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
μῦθον Ἀλεξάνδροι, τοῦ εἰνεκα νείκος ὄρωρεν.
Ἄλλους μὲν κέλεται Τρῶας καὶ πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ
tεῦχα κάλ’ ἀποθέσθαι ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρη,
αὐτὸν δ’ ἐν μέσσῳ καὶ ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον
ὁιοὺς ἅμφ’ Ἐλένη καὶ κτήμασι πᾶσι μάχεσθαι.
ὁππότερος δὲ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται
κτήμαθ’ ἐλὼν εὐ πάντα γυναῖκα τε οἴκαδ’ ἀγέσθω·
oi δ’ ἀλλοι φιλότητα καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ τάμωμεν.’
ὡς ἔφαθ’, οἳ δ’ ἄρα πάντες ἄκην ἐγένοντο σιωπῆ;
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε θοῖν ἀγαθός Μενέλαος·
κέκλυτε νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο· μάλιστα γὰρ ἄλγος ἱκάνει
Oh syph it! Heck, tore it off, tickle ream, egg gummy, though knock goo sauce.

Care us messin’ yond roe Onan. Nay airy, if along us
May sooth, ooh! Rose alone teethe either, e’en thee, sauna, upon Dis.
Toe they pet talks Oz, owned duck. A Rico moaned as Achaeans.
Easin’ debt, it tease scum, any lice seat Tev alone.
Oft aroma, crone a easin’ a’ knocks on throne naug ’em Mame known.

“Is Hess the ‘are-ye-me’ volley tech? Ooh, Rhea hay own!
’S Dave. Take our tea, oppose a Rae ink or wreath Thea low sector.”

Oh syph o’ thee. Thus Hun dumb a he sawin’. Nay, oat, eh? Yea!
Known doe

Is semen nose. Hector the mate Tom fought. Terry’s sin nape pay.
“Cackle eat tame after whisk gay. Eek! Knee me the suck hay.
Myth on a lick, son. Three ought to wean neckin’. Eek! Us a’roarin’.
All loose men callet ate roe. Ask gay pond! Us a ‘hey youse.’
Dove ‘hey’ a call up at this ‘they,’ a peak, though nipple Eve.
(Oh teary!)

Oft tone then mess soak gay are reef, feel lone men allowin’.
Use ‘some fell on knee,’ ‘cake tea Ma sip us,’ ‘seem Ma kiss they.’
Up poet to Rose: ‘The Kenny key sea craze Sunday.’ Ya neat, eh?
Cut team, math alone neigh. Panda ye naked. Take other yes, though.
He, Dolly, feel low. Teat talk gay orc. Ya pieced tot, a moment.”

Oh syph o’ thee, thereupon dey sockin’: ‘Nay, yea! None
dose ye up. Pee!’

Tease, seethe, the gay mate a ape of a wean. Ugh! O’ those
men a louse!

θυμὸν ἐμὸν, φρονέω δὲ διακρινθήμεναι ἢδη Ἄργείους καὶ Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ πέπασθε εἶνεκ’ ἑμῆς ἔριδος καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἐνεκ’ ἀρχῆς· ἡμέων δ’ ὀπιστεύρῳ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα τέτυκται τεθναίῃ· ἄλλοι δὲ διακρινθεῖτε τάχιστα.
οἴσετε ἄρν’, ἔτερον λευκόν, ἑτέρῃ δὲ μέλαιναν, Γῇ τε καὶ Ἡελίῳ· Διὶ δ’ ἠμεῖς ὑπὸ οἴσομεν ἄλλον· ἀξίζετε δὲ Πριάμῳ βήν, ὅφη’ ὀρκίᾳ τάμην αὐτός, ἐπεὶ οἱ παῖδες ὑπερφίαλοι καὶ ἀπίστοι, μή τις ὑπερβασίη Διὸς ὀρκία δηλήσηται.
αἰεὶ δ’ ὀπλοτέρων ἀνδρῶν φρένες ἦρεθονται· οἴς δ’ ὁ γέρων μετέῃσιν ἀμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω λεύσσει, ὁπως οὐ’ ἀριστα μετ’ ἀμφοτέρῳ γέννηται.’
ὡς ἔφαθ’, οἳ δ’ ἔχαρησαν Ἀχαιοὶ τε Τρῶές τε ἐλπόμενοι παύσασθαι ὀϊζυροῦ πολέμοιο.
καὶ ρ’ ὑπούς μὲν ἔρυξαν ἐπὶ στίχας, ἐκ δ’ ἔθαν αὐτοί, τεῦχεα τ’ ἐξεδύνοντο· τὰ μὲν κατέθεντ’ ἐπὶ γαίῃ πλησίον ἄλληλων, ὅληγη δ’ ἦν ἀμφις ἄρουρα· Ἔκτωρ δὲ προτὶ ἄστυ δύω κήρυκας ἔπεμπε καρπαλίμως ἄρνας τε φέρειν Πρίαμόν τε καλέσσαι· αὐτόρ δ’ Ἀγαμέμνων καρπάλιμως ἄρνας δὲ Πρίαμον τε καλέσσαι·

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Theme moan name moan fro, nay, ho, the ‘thee’ a green theme in (nay!) thee.
A teaked, eh?
(Yeh, neat, eh?)”
Oh suffer thee the hair ease, son. A hay eat ate row, Estée. Ail pome. Many puff sauce they (oh?) easy rue. Roll ’em (me, you): Carry Pooh’s manner. Eek, son! A piece stick us sec.
The Yvonne of tea.
Tough hay at Tex sat the un-dote. Amen gotta (then) tape ye gay. Ye Please see an Ali lone. Aw, Lee, ye thee numb. Fees are rural. Hectored ape rôti, a steed. Thee, Okie, reek. Ah, sip Ebbe! Carpal limos are nasty. Fair in pre-Ammon tickle less say. Oft are a tall thieve Ian pro ye (eek!) re-own, a (Gaa!) maim known. Knee us a pig laugh he Ross seein’ (nay, thar) nickle leaven. Sis semen nail the rook cop pee, thee sog. A Mame known knee thee (oh!).
ἲρις δ᾽ αὖθ᾽ Ἑλένῃ λευκωλένῳ ἄγγελος ἦλθεν εἰδομένῃ γαλόῳ Ἀντηνορίδαο δάματι, τὴν Ἀντηνορίδης εἶχε κρείων Ἐλικάων Λασοδίκην Πριάμου θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην. τὴν δ᾽ εὖρ᾽ ἐν μεγάρῳ ἑ ἰ ὡ μέγαν ἰστὸν ὑφαίνε δίπλακα πορφυρέην, πολέας δ᾽ ἐνέπασσεν ἀέθλους Τρώων θ᾽ ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων, οὐς ἠθεν εἰπὲ καὶ ἐπάσχου ὑπ᾽ Ἀρηος παλαμάων, ἀγχοῦ δ᾽ ἱσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα ἦρις ἆδευρ᾽ ἵθι νύμφα φίλη, ἵνα θέσκελα ἔργα ἴδηαι Τρώων θ᾽ ἱπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων, οἳ πρὶν ἐπ᾽ Ἀρηος παλαμάων ἐν πεδίῳ λιλαιόμενοι πολέμοι οἱ πρὶν ἐπ᾽ Ἀρηος παλαμάων ἐν πεδίῳ λιλαιόμενοι πολέμοι οὐ δῆ νῦ ᾧ ὑσταί σιγῆ, πόλεμος δὲ πέπαυται, ἀσπίσι κεκλιμένοι, παρὰ δ᾽ ἐγχείῃσι μαχρὰ πέπηγεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος καὶ ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος μακρῆς ἐγχείησι μαχχόνται περὶ σεῖο. τῷ δὲ κε νικήσαντι φίλη κεκλήση ἀκοίτης. ὅς εῖπόσα θεὰ γλυκὸν ἕμερον ἐμβαλε θυμών ἀνδρὸς τε προτέρου καὶ ἀστεος ἐδε τοκήων.
Eerie’s thaw of the layin’ eel lef’ colon know wan yellow.
Seal, then,
Edom any gallow oh wan teen know wreathè thou the mart tea.
Teen on teen? Or wreathè these sea-cake re-own Nelly cow own?
Lao thee keen pre-amie. Oh, thee got roan? Neither sari’s teen.
Teen th’ ever in Meg. Arrow we them. Agony stony fen, eh?
Thee, Plaka porphyry, e’en Paul lay us, then ape, ass. Pass
an eye, th’ loose
Trow on thee, Poe. The moan gay a hay own hall. Co-heat
tone known.
On who these Tamany prose say fee Poe thus soak gay I eerie’s?
“They’ve wreath. E’en knee ’em, Fa. Feelie, e’en a (the) scale lyre
guide the A.
Trow own thee Poe. (The moan gay a hay own.) Hulk co-heat
tone known.
Heap preen Nepal lily sea. Pharaoh pole lea the greener Rhea.
In bed the (oh, oh) low we owe. Ol’ he lay o’ ma’ knee, Pauly, me O!
Heed thee? Knee, nay? Ah Tess see ye. Paul lay most they pep oft, eh?
As speedy, cackly men knee Pa, Roth then (hey!) amok
wrapup peein’.
Oft are a lake sand throes scary feel lows men allow us.
Mock reason, he easy seem. A he, Sunday Perry, see you.
Toe the Kenny key. Sandy fee (eek!) ache. Lease see ya, key tease.”
Oh see, Pooh saw they a glee keen knee. Mare own ’em
(valley theme, Moe).
And: Thrush stay, pro tear rook, eh? (Ah, stay!) Oh seethe,
they took ye on.
αὐτίκα δ᾽ ἀργεννῆσι καλυψαμένη θόνησιν ὄρματ᾽ ἐκ θαλάμου τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα
οὐκ οἷς, ἁμα τῇ γε καὶ ἀμφίπολοι δῦ' ἔποντο,
Αἴθρη Πιτθῆος θυγάτηρ, Κλυμένη τε βοῶπις·
ἀἶψα δ᾽ ἔπειθ᾽ ἰκανον θη Σκαιαι πύλαι ἦσαν.
οἱ δ᾽ ἀμφὶ Πρίαμον καὶ Πάνθοον ἴδε Θυμοίτην
Δάμπτον τε Κλυτίων θ᾽ ἐκτάονα τ᾽ ὤζον "Ἀρηος
Οὐκαλέγων τε καὶ Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένω ἄμφω
تخاذ δῆμογέροντες οὐκαλέγεις εἰς Σκαιῆς πύλης,
γῆραί δὴ πολέμου πεπαυμένοι, ἄλλ᾽ ἀγορηταί
ἔσθοι, τεττίγεσσιν ἑοικότες οὐ τε καθ᾽ ὕλην
dενδρέω ἐφεζόμενοι ὑπα λειριόεσσαν ἱεῖσι·
tοῖοι ἄρα Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἦντ᾽ ἐπὶ πύργῳ.
oi δ᾽ ὡς οὖν εἰδονθ᾽ Ἐλένην ἐπὶ πύργου ιοῦσαν,
ἡκα πρὸς ἄλληλους ἔπεα πτερόεσσαι ἀγόρευον.
ὃν νέμεσις Τρώως καὶ ἔκκυνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
tοιῆδ᾽ ἀμφὶ γυναικι πολὺ χρόνων ἄλγεα πάσχειν·
ἀινῶς ἀθανάτῃσι θεῇ εἰς ὀπίσσω πῆμα λίποίοτο.'
ὡς ἄρ᾽ ἔφαν, Πρίαμος δ᾽ Ἐλένην ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῇ
δεύρο πάροιθθ᾽ ἐλθοῦσα φίλον τέκος ἰζευ ἐμείο,
Oft teak other yen knees. Sickle leaps some men neo, though knee scene
Or Ma taketh all o’ me. Oh! Terra ’n’ cotta thuck Greek, eh? (Oh, ça!) Ooh, key ye, Amati. (Yea! Kay amphi-Hyppolyte thee a pawn doe, A the.) Repeat: ‘Thee us thee got Turk,’ ‘Gleam many Dave,’
Oh, oh! Peace!’

Hypes sad the pithy cannon know these cape peel. Lay ease, son. Heed thumb fee pre-almond gape on, though knee they theme meat team.


Anus saw th’ honnête tease seethe. They’s Aesop, Pa achin’. Allah gay oh steep airy use any. Ya seen Ace, though? Me thee mean take a ass seat top. Piece soapy Molly pee toe.”

Oh sorry, fan, Priam most the Léonie necklace sot toe phony. “They’ve rope a wreath they’ll th’ ooze a feel lone, take us ease (of a me you)
ὄφρα ἰδῇ πρότερόν τε πόσιν πηούς τε φίλους τε·
οὐ τὶ μοι αἰτίη ἐσσί, θεοὶ νῦ μοι αἴτιοι εἰσιν
οἴ μοι ἐφώρμησαν πόλεμον πολύδακριν Ἀχαιῶν·
ὦς μοι καὶ τόνδ᾽ ἀνδρα πελώριον ἐξονομήσῃς
ὅς τις ὅδ᾽ ἐστὶν Ἀχαιῶν ἀνήρ ἤή γράμας τε.
ἤτοι μὲν κεφαλῇ καὶ μείζονες ἄλλοι ἔσαι,
καλὸν δ᾽ οὔτω ἐγὼν οὐ πι ἰδὼν ὄφθαλμον τινα,
οὐδ᾽ οὔτω γεραρὸν τὸνδ᾽ ἀνδρὸν βασιλῆι γὰρ ἀνδρὶ ἐοίκε
τὸν δ᾽ Ἐλένῃ μύθοισιν ἀμείβηκε διὰ γυναικῶν·
ἀρείος τὲ μοι ἐσσὶ φίλε ἐκυρεὶ δεινὸς τε
ὡς ὅρελευν θάνατός μοι ἄδειν κακὸς ὑπότε δεὖρο
υἱεί σῷ ἐπόμην θάλαμον γνωτοῦς τε λιπούσα
παιδὰ τε τηλυγέτην καὶ ὅμηλικὴν ἔρατεινήν.
ἀλλὰ τὰ γ᾽ οὐκ ἐγένοντο τὸ καὶ κλαίουσα τέτηκα.
τοῦτο δὲ τοι ἐρέω δ᾽ μ᾽ ἀνείρεσι ἢδὲ μεταλλάς·
οὔτος γ᾽ Ἀτρείδης εὐφυὶ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἀμφότερον βασιλεὺς τ᾽ ἀγαθὸς κρατερὸς τ᾽ αἰχμητής·
δαὴρ αὐτ᾽ ἐμὸς ἐσκε κυνώπιδος, εἴ ποτ᾽ ἐπὶ γε.'
ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ᾽ ἐς φάνησάν τε·
ὦ μάκαρ Ἀτρείδη μοιρηγενές ὁλβιόδαμον,
ὦ ῥά νῦ τοι πολλοὶ δεδρυμήτατο κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν.
ἥδη καὶ Φρυγίην ἐισῆλθον ἀμπελόεσαν,
ἔνθα ἐγὼν πλείστος Φρύγας ἀνέρας αἰολοπώλους
λαοὺς Ἰτρῆς καὶ Μυγδόνους ἀντιθέσιο,

3.163–186

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OFF WRI THESE BROUGHT HER OWN. DAY POSE SCENE PEEL.
STAY FEEL LOOSE STAY.
OOH, TIMMY ET YE. AS SEETHEThey KNEE ME YET T’ YE EASE SCENE.
EEE! ME A FORM EASE, SON. PAUL LAY MOAN PAUL LEAD THE GREEN (NAH!)
HAY OWN.
AWESOME MEEK GAY TONE THAN TH’ RAW PAY LORRY ON EXXON A MEANIES.
HOSTESS SEW THIS TINA (HEY!). OH SON, NEAR YE STAY MEG, US STAY.
EAT TEAM, MEN GAY, FALL. LEAK EMMY’S ZONE. FOLLY NESTLE LEAH.
AH, SEA!
GALLON TH’ OOH. TOE EGOMEW O’ WE, THOUGH ’NUFF. (TH’ ALL MISSING.)
OOH, THU TOY A RAWER OWN VASE SEAL LEAGUE AROUND THREE ACHE-Y.”
TONE THE LAYIN’ KNEE MYTH THEE SEE NUMMY VET. OH THEE,
I YE NECK OWN.
“ADIOS, STEMMY! YES, IF FEEL LAKE EAR-RED, THEE NOSE STAY.
OH SOPHIE LEND THE THE KNOT TOES. ME A THEE ‘N’ COCK HOSE SOP PÂTÉ.
THEY’VE ROE!
YAYY! SO A POME MEAN! TH’ ALL, AMONG NO TWOS! TELL LIP ‘OH, ÇÀ!’
PAY THAT ATE EELY YETI ‘N’ GAY YUMMY LEAKIN’ ERA TEEN KNEEIN’.
ALLAH TAG GOOK, EH? YE KNOWN DOE TOKE GAY CLAY YOU SOUGHT, A TEAK. AH!
TOOT OWE THE TEA AIRY. OH OH, MA KNEE RAE, THE METAL LASS.
OOH TOSCA TRADE THESE A FREAK CREON NOG A MAIM KNOWN.
ALM FOE, TEAR OWN VASSAL IF STAGGER TH’ HUSK ROT HERO’S STEAK MEATY’S.
TH’ ERA OF TAME MOSES A KEY (NO PEE?). THOSE SEEP HÔTE TA’EN YA.”
O’S FAT, OH TONE, THOUGH (YEH!) ROE KNEE GAS A TOE PHONY SEND DAY.
“OM MOCK A ROT TRADE THEE MIDI YEN ACE SOUL OF YOU THEY MOAN.
EEE! RONNY TIPPLE, EDITH ME YACHT OCCUR YA (HEY!) OWN.
EEE! THE GAY FREE. E’EN EASY LETHE OWN A BELLOW WACE, SON.
AIN’T THIGH, THOUGH!, ‘N’ PLEASED TWOS FREE US ON ERA’S SAIL LOW PAUL LOSE.
LOUSE SOUGHT TREE US GAY MiG, THOUGH NOSE SADHI THEY YOU,
οἵ ῥα τότ᾽ ἐστρατόωντο παρ᾽ ὁχθας Σαγγαρίοι·
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπίκουρος ἔων μετὰ τοῖσιν ἐλέχθην
ήματι τῷ ὦτε τ᾽ ἤλθον Ἀμαζόνες ἀντιάνειραι·
ἀλλ᾽ οὐδ᾽ οἰ τόσοι ἦσαν ὡσοι ἐλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί.

δεύτερον αὖτ᾽ Ὅδυσσηα ἰδὼν ἐρέειν᾽ ὁ γεραιός·
ἐπὶ ὄη γε μοι καὶ τόνδε φίλον τέκος ὃς τις ὅδ᾽ ἐστὶ·
μείων μὲν κεφαλή Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,
εὐρύτερος δ᾽ ὁμοισιν ἰδὲ στέρνοισιν ἰδέσθαι.

τεύχεα μὲν οἱ κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρη,
αὐτὸς δὲ κτῖλος ὃς ἐπιπωλεῖται στίχας ἀνδρῶν·
ἀρνεῖοι μιν ἔγωγε ἐϊσκω πηγεσιμάλλω,
ὅς τ᾽ οἰων μέγα πῶῃ διέρχεται ἀργεννάων·

τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειθ᾽ Ἑλένη Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα·
οὗτος δ᾽ αὖ Λαερτιάδης πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς,
εἰδὼς παντοίους τε δόλους καὶ μήδεα πυκνά.

τὴν δ᾽ αὖτ᾽ Ἀντήνωρ πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
ὦ γύναι ἦ μάλα τοῦτο ἔπος νημερτὲς ἔειπες·
ἠδὴ γὰρ καὶ δεύρο ποτ᾽ ἦλθε δίος Ὀδυσσεύς
σεῦ ἔνεκ᾽ ἀγγελίης σὺν Ἀρηϊφίλῳ Ἀτρείδαο·
τοὺς δ′ ἐγὼ ἐξείνισσα καὶ ἐν μεγάροισι φίλησα,
ἄμφωτερον δὲ φυὴν ἔδατν καὶ μήδεα πυκνά.

ἀλλ᾽ ὦτε δὴ Τρώεσσιν ἐν ἀγρομένους ἐξίζων
στάντων μὲν Μενέλαος ὅπειρεξεν εὑρέας ὡμους,
ἀμφω δ᾽ ἤξομένῳ γεραρῶτερος ἦν Ὅδυσσεύς·
Erato test rot own dope are rook the song ‘Ari He You.’
Kay gotta go. Nay, peek who Rose sayin’ mate a tease scene,
   a lick thee ‘n’
He might tote, ate eel, though nummy zone is undy a near Rae.
Allude t’ thee? Toss ye son a seal, leak go. Peace, Achaioi!”

They’ve tear enough to th’ easy eye, though nary in (oy!) airy us
“Seep I (ye). Meek gay tone the feelin’ take us so’s tease, so this tea
Me own men carefully. Nag, gum ’em known nose sot très ye (thou)
Every terrace, though me sin, need the starin’ Nisei knee. Thus they
Tough (hey!) a many-keyed epic, though knee pool leave votary.
Oft toe’s thick teal low: ‘Peep-hole eat ace,’ ‘stick us and their own.’
Are neo-mean a go gay scope? Yes, seem mellow.
Osteo ’n’ mega-poi thee heir hate a ‘are yen noun.”’

Tone thee, me vet a pee. The lane either you sec (yayy!) off he o-
“Ut tossed off liar tea o’ these Pauly meat tease so these safes.
’Ostrophe ain’t thee. Moe eat a kiss, craw Anaïs pair use cease.
He, though, spun tea use, Ted, though loose gamey they
   a peek? Nah!”

Teen th’ oft undy nor pep knee menace undy. Oh knee the
“O ye name a lot two-toe oppose knee ’em. Erté say ‘pace.’
Eee! Thee God gay! They’ve rowboat eely. The thee (us)
   o’ thee save us.
Save a neck Cannes, yell ‘Lee, ease sinner reef feel low men allow.’
Two’s thug waxin’ niece suck gay in me g’reasy feel Lisa
Am. Foe tear o’en they. Feein’ a thigh ’n’ gay media pique? (Nah!)
Alló, Ted. Thee t’ row a scene in a ‘grow many scene,’ a meek then
Stand. Own men, Menelaus. Seep peer a hen. Every us a moose.
Ah ’m foe, they’s omen know you’re a rotor-rose see ’n’ know
   thee save us.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ μύθους καὶ μήδεα πάσιν ὑφαινον ἦτοι μὲν Μενέλαος ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγόρευε, παῦρα μὲν ἀλλὰ μάλα λιγέως, ἐπει δο πολύμυθος οὐδ᾽ ἀφαμαρτοεπής ἦ καὶ γένει υστερος ἦν. ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πολύμητις ἀναίξειεν Ὀδυσσεύς στάσκεν, ὑπαὶ δε ἰδεσκε κατὰ χθονὸς ὄμματα πήξας, σκηπτρον δ᾽ οὔτ' ὀπίσω οὔτε προπρηνὲς ἐπώμα, ἀλλ᾽ ἀστεμφὲς ἔχεσκεν ἀϊδρεὶ φωτὶ ἐοικώς· φαίης κε ζάκοτόν τέ τιν' ἐμμεναι ἀφρόνα τ' αὐτως. ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ ὅπα τε μεγάλην ἐκ στήθεος εἴη και ἔπεα νυφάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίηςιν, οὐκ ἄν ἐπειτ' Ὀδυσσῆι γ' ἐρίσσει θροτός ἀλλος· οὐ τότε γ' ὃδ' Ὀδυσήος ἀγασσάμεθ' εἴδος ἰδόντες.'

τὸ τρίτον αὖτ᾽ Ἀίαντα ἰδὼν ἐρέειν' ὁ γεραιός· τίς τάρ ὅδ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιός ἀνήρ ἦν τε μέγας τε ἐξοχος Ἀργείων κεφαλήν τε καὶ εὐρέας ὄμους;'

τὸν δ' Ἐλένη τανύπεπλος ἀμείβετο διὰ γυναικῶν· ὅτος δ' Ἀἰας ἐστὶ πελώριος ἔρκος Ἀχαιῶν· Ἐδομενεὺς δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐνὶ Κρήτεσι θεος ὃς ἐστηκ', ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν Κρητῶν ἄγοι ἕγερθονται. πολλάκι μιν ξείνισσεν ἄρηφιλος Μενέλαος οὐκ ἐν ἡμετέρῳ ὃποτε Κρήτηθεν ἱκοῖτο. νῦν δ' ἄλλοις μὲν πάντας ὥρῳ ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιοὺς,
BOOK THREE

Alló, Ted, thee myth, whose gamey they a paw sin knee,  
feign knowin’.  
Eat teemin’ men allows a peat row, ha! Thee ’n’ Ah go rave, eh?  
Paw of raw men a law maw loll (yea). Oh say pee you pull  
Lee, me thus.  
Ooh, the off a mar to whip piece sea gay ’n’ knee hystero seein’.  
Alló Ted thee, Paul, Lee me teasin’, Ike see ’n’ know thee save us.  
“S task, Kenny pay, they this gay got (Ach!), though know (oh?)  
Ma top peaks us.  
Skipped done th’ (ooh!) toe pee. Sew tip, pro preen. Ace enema?  
Allah stem fizz (ech!). A skin neither Rae fought ye-ache-us  
Face, ’cause a coating titty nay men, eh, Afro-naut tuft toss?  
Alló to thee, up atom egg a lean necks teeth they us see, Eee!  
Kay pay honey father scene, eh? Caught a he, merry ease scene.  
Ooh! Can a pee toe these? These say ’yeh’! Airy sea ever  
wrote to Saul, us?  
‘Ooh’ taught ago, though thee see ol’ saga. Some meth? Thee those  
sea-thunders.”  
Toe tree ton of ta’en dye, though ne’er ain’ O ureas.  
“Tease tarot th’ Allah’s all hail’s an eerie east Emmy gusty.  
Exodus, are ye uncle folly ’n’ take a every us, oh moose?”  
Tone the Lenny tawny. Pep loss? Amoeba! To thee a ye neck owin’.  
“Ooh toss they us ass tip, a low real circus suck (hey!) own.  
Idomeneus that arrow then ninny Crete a seethe they o’ sauce.  
As stick comfy the mean Cretan nag ye (ya wraith, hon?) day  
Paul lucky minx scene knees. Sane are ye if feel loss.  
Men knell louse.  
Eek! Owe any mate arrow up at ache? Re-teethe any key toe?  
Kneein’ the loose men, pandas sorrow a lick. Go pus, Achaians.
οὐς κεν ἐὗ γνοίην καὶ τ’ οὖνομα μυθησάιμην·
δοιὼ δ’ οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν κοσμήτορε λαῶν
Κάστορά θ’ ἰππόδαμον καὶ πῦξ ἀγαθόν Πολυδεύκεα
αὐτοκασιγνήτω, τῷ μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ.
ἡ οὐχ ἐσπέσθην Λακεδαίμονος ἁχθεὶς ἕρατεινης,
ἡ δεύρου μὲν ἔποντο νέεσσ’ ἐν ποντοπόροισι,
νῦν αὐτ’ οὐκ ἐθέλουσι μάχην καταδύμεναι ἀνδρῶν
αἰσχευμενεὶς καὶ ὀνείδεα πάλλ’ ἂ μοὶ ἔστιν.
ὡς φάτο, τοὺς δ’ ἢδη κάτεχεν φυσίζοος αἰα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὐθὶ φίλη ἐν πατρίδι γαίη.
κήρυκες δ’ ἀνὰ ἀστὶ θεῶν φέρον ὅρκια πιστὰ
ἀξαῦτα δόκιμα καὶ οἶνον ἐφαρμόζοντο καρπὸν ἄρουρης
ἀσκιακῶς ἔν αἰγείω φέρε δὲ κρητήρα φαεινόν
κηρυξίκτους Ιδαῖος ἢδὲ χρύσεια κύπελλα·
ὄρσεον δὲ γέρφοντα παριστάμενος ἐπέεσσιν·
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ὥστε φάτο, τοὺς δ’ ἢδη κάτεχεν φυσίζοος αἰα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὐθὶ φίλη ἐν πατρίδι γαίη.
Ooh skinny eke knee in Gate Two. No, ma’am, myth he say mean. The oath dude thee? Nah! May they Inca’s meat tore ale Ah own. Castor wrath heap o’ the moan. Gay peek’s saga thong Pauly they’ve caw.

Oft toke a cygnet, Toto. Mimi a ye ’n’ atom meat tear. You hasp, pest thin lock Ed. They moan us sex Sarah teenies. Eee! They’ve room an’ upon données say ‘Knee pond over easy.’ Kneein’ oft, Duke Ethel lose sea mock ink at a theme:

Many on throne.

Ace hay o’ thee? Thee ought Tess gay on knee. They up all o’ me yes teen.”

Oh Spot Toe! Two’s ‘Thee, thee.’ Caught a hen feces? Oh? Say ‘Ah.’ In locker they moan (yow!) ‘thief.’ Feel Lee, ’n’ pot wreath thee, gay.

Kiri kiss than nasty. They own Pharaoh, nor key appease Da. Odd nay thee, oh gay known. Nay, if Ron a carp pone, a Ruhr ease. Us goin’ neigh. Ye offer a they-critter: rough fine known. Key reek, seethe they, us see they hurry, see yucky Pale law Haute treein’ in their under-Paris. Tom ’n’ us up a Essene. “Or sail Lao may th’ undie Ah thee call lay you seen a wrist tea. Truant thee Poe the moan gay Achaian hall. Cohere tone own. Is sped thee own caught of inane orc? Ye a piece taught ‘dammit,’ eh? Oft are alike: Son throws gayer he if he loves men allows. Mocker ease in he easy, Ma, he son dumb feel ye necky.

Toe they Kenny key Sunday ye knee gay ache Timothy, Peto. Eat the leaf, feel it, eat a gay or key a piece taught Tom Mondays. Neal meant ‘tree inner evil.’ A cut teeth, then neigh on Day. Argos says hippo vote on gay a ‘Hey ye the collar ye neck caw!’”

Hose fat, or he ye send, though your own neck élève say the tear ruse.
ἵππους ζευγνύμεναι· τοὶ δ᾽ ὀτραλέως ἐπίθοντο.
ἂν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔβη Πρίαμος, κατὰ δ᾽ ἡνία τεῖνεν ὀπίσσω·
πάρ δὲ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον·
tῷ δὲ διὰ Σκαιῶν πεδίον δ᾽ ἔχον ὤκεάς ἵππους.

ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ ὅ ἰκοντο μετὰ Τρώως καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,
ἐξ ἵππων ἀποθάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα πολυλόθειραν
ἐς μέσσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐστιχώντο.

ὁρυντο δ᾽ αὐτικ᾽ ἐπείτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἀλλ᾽ ότε δὴ ἴκοντο μετὰ Τρώως καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
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ὁρυντο δ᾽ αὐτικ᾽ ἐπείτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
‘Heap puce,’ Zev gunny manatee thought. ‘Rally us up, pith on doe.’
On therapy, Priam us caught a thee knee, a teen in a piece sow.
Paw, are they on tea? Nor Perry call, lay a V-set. Oh thief, Ron.
To they the ass gay ’n’ pay thee, own the hon. O.k. a sip who’s
All low to thee. Rico ’n’ dumb mate at roe ask gay a ‘hey, youse.’
Ex-sea pawn apple. Von Day say pique, though Napoli vote tea, Ron.
Ace meson Trojan gay a hay, oh Nestea! Hoe onto
Horny toad th’ off t’ eke a peter an ox sunned row knock ’em,

maim known.

And though thee saves Polly meat tease, sot are key reek
kiss, sog. Ave!

Or key a piss tot. They own synagogue, greet teary they (ye) known.
Miss Gonad tar vase sea, lives scene. Knee, though rape. He hear us,
O Heaven!

Ah tray these their ease, some on us. He race sea my hair on
Eee! Ye parks if fey us make a cool Leon neighin’ Artaud.
Are known neck if a’ layin’ Tom? Nate trick us after a peter.
Key reek Castro own gay (a hay own) knee manner, wrist tease.
Teasin’ thought re: These make a lef het a he, a son ass hone.
“Zev putter. Wreathe thee then. ‘Meth,’ they yawn. Key these tame
(may ye stay).

Eely us those punned if for us gay pond to Pa coo wheeze.
Gay pawed Tom, me keg gay, a cape unearth the common Da’s.
Anthro Pooh’s teenies, though notice képi orgone Nome mos’ see.
Eee! Me smart, teariest. If feel loss at tether key, appease Da.
He Mencken men allowin’ all licks on the rose caught up. If knee
Oft toss a pee, the Lenin Hecate toe cake team ought to pawn Da.
He miss th’ any Essene neigh? Oh meth, a punned up a reason.
Eee! The calyx and wrong teen. Eck! Sawin’ those men a louse.
Τρώας ἐπείθ᾽ Ἐλένην καὶ κτήματα πάντ᾽ ἀποδοῦναι, τιμὴν δ᾽ Ἀργείοις ἀποτινέμεν ἥν τιν᾽ ἔοικεν, ἥ τε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ᾽ ἀνθρώποισι πέληται.

ἐι δ᾽ ἄν ἐμοὶ τιμὴν Πρίαμος Πριάμοι τε παῖδες τίνειν ὅλων ἐθέλωσιν Ἀλεξάνδρῳ πεσόντος, αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ἔπειτα μαχήσομαι εἰνεκα ποινῆς αὖθι μένων, ἵνα κε τέλος πολέμοιο κιχείω.’

ἡ, καὶ ἀπὸ στομάχους ἄρνων τάμε νηλεία χαλκῷ· καὶ τούς μὲν κατέθηκεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀσπαϊρόντας θυμοῦ δευομένους· ἀπὸ γὰρ μένος εἴλετο χαλκός. οἶνον δ᾽ ἐκ κρητῆρος ἀφυσσόμενοι δεπάεσσιν ἔκχεον, ἡδὲ εὐχοντο θεοῖς αἰειγενέτησιν.

ὥδε δὲ τις εἴπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν τε Τρώων τε· Ἰεὺ κύδιστε μέγιστε καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια πημήνειαν ῥέοι ὡς ὅδε οἶνος αὐτῶν καὶ τεκέων, ἄλοχοι δ᾽ ἄλλοισι δαμεῖεν.’

ὡς ἔφαν, οὐδ᾽ ἄρα πώ σφιν ἐπεκραίαινε Κρονίων. τοῖσι δὲ Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπε· ‘κέκλυτε μεν Τρώες καὶ ἑυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοῖ· ἦτοι ἐγὼν εἴμι προτί Ἰλιὸν ἤνεμόσσαν ἂψ, ἐπεὶ οὐ πω τλήσομ’ ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρᾷσθαι.
Trojans a pee th' Helen kneein’ cake team at a pond up oath who neigh.
Team mean thar’ ye ease. Sup o’ teen, namin’ kneein’ teen, nay ye can
Eat tech kiss o’ me knees. See mate on throw peas, see pale eat, eh? Eee! The nummy team mean, Priam! Paree am me oh tape o’ this Teeny nuke Ethel low scene Alex on three you piss sewn dose.
Aft are ago képi, Tom. A he sew? May neck a penis?
Off theme men known knee us kettle us pull ’em. Me auk (hee, hee!), yo.”

Theme moot, they’ve omen noose up Hoag, arm men. Know seal it? Toe hulk cuss.
E’en none th’ accrete tea rose a fee summon. Knee the Pa, Ace sin. A Kay honi they’ve Hun doth ace say ye an’ a tea scene.
Ode the they. Tease. Sea pays Ken a hay own debt row woe ’n’ day. “Zeus key these stem a yeast. Tick gay ‘ja’ than a teeth, eh. Ali? Up poet to reap rotary (Ee!) pay. Roar key a ’pee-me-neon.’ Oh the swanky phallus hum at these, Rae. Oh? So they in us?
Oft tone gay tech yawn: ‘All how he th’ alley seethe the me in.’”

Oh syph fun new! The raw Po’s fin a pack rye necro-neon. Tease seethe the thar, the need these pre-ammos met a me, though own ape pay.
“Cake ’ll eat ’em eft. Row us, gay. Ache knee meet the saw. (Hey!) Ye Eat ye egg. O knee me pro tea Ilion knee name Wesson.
Apsé up, you poet. Lease some men off th’ all-me-sin nor us they
μαρνάμενον φίλον υἱὸν ἀρηϊφίλῳ Μενελάῳ·
Ζεὺς μὲν πού τὸ γε οἶδε καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι
ὅπποτερος θανάτῳ τέλος πεπρωμένον ἐστίν.’

ἡ ρα καὶ ἐς δίφρον ἄρνας θέτο ἰσόθεος φῶς,
ἂν δ᾽ ἀρ᾽ ἐθαυμ᾽ αὐτός, κατὰ δ᾽ ἤνια τείνεν ὀπίσω·
πάρ δὲ οἱ Ἀντήνωρ περικαλλέα βήσετο δίφρον.
τὸ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ἀψορροι προτὶ Ἰλιον ἀπονέοντο·
"Εκτωρ δὲ Πριάμοιο πάϊς καὶ δῖος 'Οδυσσεύς
χῶρον μὲν πρῶτον διεμέτρεον, αὐτάρ ἐπείτα
κλήρους ἐν κυνείῳ χαλκήρει πάλλον ἐλόντες,
ὅπποτερος δὴ πρόσθεν ἀφείη χάλκεον ἔγχος.
λαοὶ δὲ ἦρθαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον,
ὁππότερος δὴ πρόσθερος τάδε ἔργα μετ᾽ ἀμφοτέροις ἔθηκε,
τὸν δὸς ἀποφθίμενον δύναι δόμον Ἀιδος εἰσὼ,
ἡμίν δ᾽ αἱ πεῖντα καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ γενέσθαι.’

ὡς ἄρ᾽ ἔφαν, πάλλεν δὲ μέγας κορυθαίολος "Εκτωρ
ἄψ ὅρών· Πάριος δὲ θοῶς ἐκ κλήρου ὅρουσεν.
οἱ μὲν ἐπειθ᾽ ῾Ιζωντο κατὰ στίχας, ἦχι ἐκάστω
ἡμίν ἀφρύποδες καὶ ποικύλα τεύχε᾽ ἔκειτο·
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ ἀνοικοτρίον ἐδύσετο τεύχεα καλὰ
dῖος Ἀλέξανδρος Ἑλένης πόσις ἠχοκόμοιο.
kυψίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κυψίδας ἔθηκε
καλὰς, ἀργυρότητι ἐπίσφυροι ἀραρνίας·
Mar (nah!) men knowin’ feelin’. Y’ own are: ‘Reef feel loam men allow.’

Zev’s men puto (yayy!) the gay a thawin’ a teeth, eh, ya Ali?
O poet, to row the knotty oat tail loss, pep Roman honest teen.”

Era gay as thief. Rowin’ Arno’s they toys. So they, us foes?
On the raven off dusk gotta thee knee, a teen in no piece so.
‘Pod,’ they yawn. Dinner pear reek a lay, a ‘V,’ sate oath if Ron.
Ptomaine are up, sorry pro-tea Leon a pone. Neigh ‘own doe.’
Hector dip Priam me you pais gay. Thee us, Odysseus.
Whorin’ men pro tone the aim betrayin’ off a repeat ‘Ta.’
Clear ruse sink key neigh. Hulk ear rape pollen nail lone days.
Oh putter us thee, prose Thane. A fee ye hulk k.o. neighin’ hoss.
Lie thee reasoned? Oh they seethe. The hair Ross on us, ace cone.
Ode the ‘they,’ tea seep ace Ken Achaians’ and Trojans’ day.

“Zev potter reed thee thin. May they own kitty stay? May yeast stay?
Oh poet to roast a there, gum it. Tom fought a reason, a thick gay.
Tone those up off thee, men. On thee? Nay, though moan
Aida’s see-saw,
He mean the feel o’ teat o’ gay orc. Key up beast, a yen is they.”

Oh sorry, fawn pollen. They may gas Cory, they a low sector.
Up sorrow own par ya us. They, though, sick (clear) rose.
Sore ruse sane.

Eee! Men a pee thee zone ducat a stick (ah!). See, he accost O.
Eee! Pee ire see Poe th’ escape peak helot if ‘hey’ a key toe.
Oft a rogue gum foamy scene o’ thee, set at ‘tiff hey a call, là.’
Thee, oh Saul, lick sand rose, sell Lenny’s pose (sí, sí). Eck!
Comb me you
Can knee me thus, men. Pro top Eric knee me scene a thick gay.
Callas, are ye Rae’s scene? A peace fear ease Sir Arias.
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσιν ἐδυνεν
οἶο κασιγνήτοιο Λυκάονος· ἦρμοσε δ’ αὐτῷ.
ἀμφὶ δ’ ἄρ’ ὁμοιοιοι θάλετο ξῖρος ἀργυρόθλον
χάλκεοι, αὐτὰρ ἐπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιθαρόν τε·
kατὶ δ’ ἐπὶ ἱπθίμω κυνέην εὐτυκτον ἐθηκεν
ὕπουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἐνευεν’
eἴλετο δ’ ἄλκιμον ἐγχος, ὃ οἱ παλάμηφιν ἀρήρει.
ὡς δ’ αὐτως Μενέλαος ἄρηῖος ἐντε’ ἐδυνεν.
οἳ δ’ ἐπεὶ οὖν ἐκάτερθεν ὁμόλου θωρίῳθησαν,
ἐς μέσσον Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐόπτικόντο
δεινὸν δερκόμενοι· θάμβος δ’ ἐμὲν εἰσορόωντας
Τρώας θ’ ἱπποδάμους καὶ ἐὔκνημίδας Ἀχαιοῦς.
καὶ ρ’ ἐγχος στήτην διαμετρητή ἐνι χώρῳ
σείοντ’ ἐγχείας ἀλλήλους κοτέοντε.
πρόσθε δ’ Ἀλέξανδρος προϊεί δολιχόθλον ἐγχος,
καὶ θάλεν Ἀτρείδαο κατ’ ἀσπίδα πάντους ἐστιν,
οὐδ’ ἐρρήξεν ἀλκος, ἀνεγναμφθη δε οἱ αἰχμὴ
ἀσπίδ’ ἐνὶ κρατερῇ· δὲ δεύτερον ὧμως ἀλκω
Ἀτρείδης Μενέλαος ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ πατρι·
Ζεῦ ἂνα δὸς τίσασθαι δ’ με πρότερος κακ’ ἐοργε
dιον Ἀλέξανδρον, καὶ ἐμης ὑπὸ χερσὶ δάμασον,
ὀφρα τις ἔρρίγησι καὶ ὀψιγόνων ἀνθρώπων.
Theft Aaron off Thor. Reek o’ Perry’s teeth, Essene? Nay, thee neighin’:
‘Yolk cause signet eel leak cow.’ Nosier Moe say: ‘Th’ off toe.’
Ump fee the Romey scene valet toke syph us. Are Roy? Loan?
Hulky own oft tarry, peat toss. A cuss mega-taste Steve Aaron day.
Carotid the beef theme Okie neighin’ knave teak tone ethic, Ken.
He poor, e’en thee knowin’ they’ll off us, Kathy pair thinnin’ Evan.
Eel late toe th’ alky moanin’ ‘Hoe owe (Ee!) pal o’ me.’ Feein’ a rear? Eee!

Oh stuffed toe’s men, a louse sorry. Io send dead Dean in.
   Eee! The Punic otter they know me, Lou, though reek thee, son.
Ass masoned row own gay a ‘hey, onus tea!’ Hoe owned dough.
Thee knowin’ they’re comin’ ’neath thumb woes, the Kenny sorrow owned us.
Trow was thee, Poe. The moose cake knee me, thus saw ‘hey, youse.’
Caring yeast eating the Ahmet tree, toe ’n’ knee whore roe.
See yond Deng? He as’: ‘Ali lea scene caught ye on Day?’
Prose they the lake sand rose pro ye, though lick hose key ’n’ unhose.
Gay valet not Rae, though caught a speed the pond does ace scene.
Ooh! They reek! Sink hulk cussin’ egg Nam (Pff!) thee they (yecch!) me.

Asp pee th’ any craw Thieriot: The ‘they’ve Tehran’ or ‘neat-o hulk-o’ Ought Rae. Ye these ma’ Nell louse sip if f’k summon nose.
Thee pottery!

“Zev, Anna those tease sauce they’ll map rotor-rose cock Kay or yea!
Thee own Alec sawn, thrown. Gay Emmy sip O’Hare, see the Ma sewn
Off. Rot is heir ye seek. Gay up. Seagull known, non-throw pun-
ζεινοδόκον κακὰ ōιξαι, ὅ κεν φιλότητα παράσχη.

Ἡ γα καὶ ἄμπεπαλὼν προῖει δολιχόσκιον ἤγχος,
καὶ θάλε Πριαμίδαο κατ’ ἀσπίδα πάντοσε ὶσην·
διὰ μὲν ἀσπίδας Ἦλθε φαεινῆς ὁβρίμων ἤγχος,
καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἦρήειστο·
ἀντικρῷ δὲ παραι λατάρην διάμισε χιτῶνα ἤγχος· ὦ δ’ ἐκλίνηθη καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν.

ʼΑτρείδῆς δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον πλήζεν ἀνασχόμενος κόρυθος ψάλον· ἄμφι δ’ ἀρ’ αὐτῷ τριχθὰ τε καὶ τετραχθὰ διατρυφᾶν ἐκπέσε σε χειρός.

ʼΑτρείδης δ’ ὧμωξεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·
ʼΖεὺς πάτερ οὐ τις σεῖο θεῶν ὀλοώτερος ἄλλος· ἦ τ’ ἐφάμην τίσασθαι Ἀλέξανδρον κακότητος·

νῦν δὲ μοι ἐν χείρεσιν ἄγη νῆψοσ, ἐκ δὲ μοι ἤγχος ἡχθη παλάμηριν ἐτώσιον, οὐδ’ ἐβαλόν μιν.

Ἡ καὶ ἔπαϊξας κόρυθος λάθεν ἰπποδασείής, ἐλκε δ’ ἐπιστρέφας μετ’ ἐυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοῦς·

ἄγχε δὲ μιν πολύκεστος ἢμᾶς ἀπαλήν ὑπὸ δειρῆν, ὡς οἱ ὑπ’ ἀνθερεῶνος ὁχεύς τέτατο τρυφαλείής.
καὶ νῦ κεν ἐξωσσάνεν τε καὶ ἄσπετον ἦρατο κῦδος, 

εἰ μὴ ἀρ’ ὦ δ’ νόησε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη, ἦ οἱ ῥήξεν ἰμάντα θοὺς ἰφὶ κταμένουō·
κεινὴ δὲ τρυφάλεια ἀμ’ ἐσπετο χειρὶ παχεῖῆ.
K. See, know, though cone cock ’ll wreck sail. Ken feel a teat top.
Pa raw as he.

Eee! Rock gay ump pep alone. Pro ye, though Lea hose
keyin’ ain’ hoss.
Give a lip rea’. A me thou. Cut asp, pee the pond. Oh say, ye scene.
The ominous pee those seal they fine niece so free moan in hose.
Gay the authoric cuss. Pulley they th’ all wearier east toe.
Auntie, creed the par rail lop par. E’en the ami say he tone gnaw.
In hose, sew the clean thick gay. Ah love a tokey raw male lain on.
Odd day these, there is some on husk. Sea foes, are ye roilin’?
Blixen, Nana’s home in us Cory thus follow Nam fee the rough toe.
Trick, though a gay Tet rock, thaw the ‘ought,’ reef in ache,
Pesach heroes.
Ought Rae? Ye these, though muck sane need, though niece sewer
a known knave her in
“Zev putter root tea see (Oh? They own?) ol’ low oater rose aloes.
Eat tough, a mean tease us, they’ll lick sawn throne caulk. Oat eat us.
Knee ‘n’ the me ’n’ he race in a yeek. See fuss sack the me ’n’ hose.
Eeech! Thee pal o’ me? Fee net toes. See a new. They’ve alone mean.”

Eek! Gay up Ike’s ass. Cory those Slav in neap. Oh, the cease!
Elk aid the beast rips us mate ache knee me thus a ‘hey youse.’
On heather mean Pauly kissed us, y más! Apple lean neap
o’ th’ earring.
Oh see upon the rail, know. So have stated toe tree folly ease.
Kenny, Kenny, recent deck. Gay as pet oh near rot toke. Key those.
Eee! Me are oak scene, we say ‘thee.’ Us thick a tear rough
row thee tea.
Eee! Ye reek sin, Amanda. Foes see fick, Tom. Many? Oh.
Keeny the tree fall Leia mess pate, oh hear. Reap a he, ye.
τὴν μὲν ἔπειθ᾽ ἦρως μετ᾽ ἕυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
ῥῖψ᾽ ἐπιδινήσας, κόμισαν δ᾽ ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι·
αὐτάρ δ ἄψ ἑπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων
ἔγχει χαλκείῳ· τὸν δ᾽ ἐξήρπαξ᾽ Ἀφροδίτη
ῥεῖα μάλ’ ὡς τε θεός, ἐκάλυψε δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἥρι πολλῆ,
κάδ δ᾽ εἶν’ ἐν θαλάμῳ εὐώδεὶ κηώντει.
 αὐτὴ δ᾽ αὖ Ἐλένην καλέουσ᾽ ἱε· τὴν δὲ κίχανε
πύργῳ ἐπ’ ὑψηλῷ, περὶ δὲ Τρῳαῖ ἄλις ᾳσαν·
χειρὶ δὲ νεκταρέου ἑανοῦ λαβοῦσα,
γρηῇ δὲ μιν ἐἰκουὴ παλαιγενεῖ προσέειπεν
εἰροκόμῳ, ὡς οἶ Λακεδαίμονι ναιετοώση
.awskein εἰρία καλά, μάλιστα δὲ μιν φιλέεσκε·
tὴ μιν ἐεισαμένη προσεφώνεε δι᾽ Ἀφροδίτη·
’diō’ ἵ’ Ἀλέξανδρός σε καλεὶ οἴκου δὲ νέεσθαι.
κείνος γ᾽ ἐν θαλάμῳ καὶ δινωτοῖσι λέχεσι
κάλλει τε στιλβῶν καὶ εἴμασιν· οὐδὲ κε φαίης
ἀνδρὶ μαχεσσάμενον τὸν γ᾽ ἐλθεῖν, ἀλλὰ χορὸν δὲ
ἔρχεσθ᾽, ἠὲ χοροῖο νέον λήγοντα καθίζειν.’

ὡς φάτο, τῇ δ᾽ ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινε·
kai ρ᾽ ὡς ὄν ἑνόησε θεάς περικαλλέα δειρῆν
στήθεα θ᾽ ἱμερόντα καὶ ὀμματα μαρμάροντα,
θάμβησέν τ᾽ ἐπεῖτα ἐπος τ᾽ ἐφατ᾽ ἐκ τ᾽ ὄνομαξε·
δαιμονίη, τί με ταῦτα λιλαίει ἥπεροπεύειν;
ἡ τὴ με προτέρω πολιῶν εὐ ναιομενάων
ἀξεῖς, ἡ Φρυγίης ἡ Μῃονίης ἐρατεινῆς,
εἰ τίς τοι καὶ κείθι φίλος μερόπων ἀνθρώπων·
οὐνέκα δὴ νῦν διὸν Ἀλέξανδρον Μενέλαος

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Teen men a pithy Rose met. Ache knee me thus a ‘hey youse.’
Reap say ‘pee, thee, nieces.’ Comb Miss on their ear, russet Terry.
Off tarot up zipper, ruse sec attack Tom Mene Mene known.
In ‘hey hulk,’ you tone thick. Sir Pox (afro thee tea).
Rhea moll low. Stay, they owe sick a leap, say the rear ripply.
Cod! Thee send th’ Alamo! Ever they key Wendy.
Of teeth, of the Lenin call lay, you see a teen, the key honey.
Peer go if heap seal. Lope Perry that royal easy sawin’.
Harry the nectary way annuity knock sail. A vous, ça?
Greed the mean ache. Ya pal lay, ya neigh. Prose ape pen.
Here Ah come, oh. Eee! Eee! Lack o’ them money net (ow!) sea.
Ease keen ear ya, call ’em all Easter. The mean feel less gay.
Teemin’ ace saw many prose if phone neigh. Thee off roe, thee tea.
“They’ve wreath a lick sand throe, sick a leak on the nes’ they.
Keen nose soy Nth Alamo gay thee note tease seal a hussy.
Calais test teal, von Gay, ye mossy new thick F-face.
On three, Ma Hess amen known. Tone yell “Thin, Allah
whore own they?”
E’er haste thee a whore, Rio Neon league under Kathy’s sin.”
Horse fat, oat either. “Raw thee moan any’s teeth a sin arena.
Care Rose sooner, noisy. The Assbery call ya th’ earring
’S teeth, the ‘Aah.’ Thee mare went ducky, oh Muddah mar
mayor, own Da.
Thumby send a repeat eye post if a’ decked ton o’ Ma’s. Eee!
Eee! Pee may pro tear, rope oleo knave, Naomi noun.
Act sissy! Three ye see me, honi. Say ‘wrought teen knees.’
Eat tease, teak gay Keith thief feel us. Marrow pone on throw pone.
Ooh naked thee kneein’ the own Alex on throne men allow us.
νικήσας ἔθελει στυγερὴν ἐμὲ οἴκαδ᾽ ἄγεσθαι,
tούνεκα δὴ νῦν δεῦρο δολοφρονέουσα παρέστης;
ήσο παρ᾽ αὐτὸν ιούσα, θεών δ᾽ ἀπόεις κελεύθου,
μηδ᾽ ἔτι σοῖσι πόδεσσιν ὑποστρέψειας ὁλυμποῦ,
ἄλλ᾽ αἰεὶ περὶ κεῖνον ἄξιε καὶ ἐφύλασσε,
eἰς ὅ τε κε ἄλοχος πούμετα ἄροι κεῖσθαι; δὲ
κεῖσε δ᾽ ἐγὼν οὐκ εἴμι νεμεσσητὸν δὲ κεν εἰῤῥ
κεῖνον πορσανέουσα λέγος. Ὅρωι δὲ μ᾽ ὀπίσσω
πάσαι μομήσονται ἕχω δ᾽ ἄχε᾽ ἀκριτα θυμῷ.

τὴν δὲ χολωσαμένη προσεφώνεε δι᾽ Ἀφροδίτη;
καὶ μὴ μ᾽ ἔρεθε σχετλή, μὴ χωσαμένη σε μεθείω,
tῶς δὲ σ᾽ ἀπεχθήρῳ ὡς νῦν ἑπιγηλ᾽ ἐφύλησα,
μέσσῳ δ᾽ ἀμφιτέρῳ μητίσομαι ἐχθεα λυγρὰ
Τρώων καὶ Δαναῶν, σὺ δὲ κεν κακὸν οἶτον ὀληαι.

ὡς ἔφατ᾽, ἐδείσεν δ᾽ Ἐλένη Διὸς ἐκγεγαυία,
θῇ δὲ κατασχομένη ἔανῳ ἀργῆτι φαεινῷ
σιγῆ, πάσας δὲ Ὅρῳς λάθευν ἔρχε δὲ δαἵμων.

αἴ δ᾽ ὂτ᾽ Ἀλεξάνδροιο δόμον περικαλλέ ὅκοντο,
ἀμφίπολοι μὲν ἐπειτα θοῶς ἐπὶ ἐργα τράποντο,
ἡ δ᾽ εἰς ψυφόφου σώμαμον κὶ ψαφα γυναικών.
τῇ δ᾽ ἀρα δίφρου ἐλούσα φυλομειδῆς Ἀφροδίτη
ἀντί᾽ Ἀλεξάνδρῳ θεὰ κατέθηκε φέρουσα·
ἐνθα κάθιζ᾽ Ἐλένη κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοι
ὁσσε πάλιν κλίνασα, σόσιν δ᾽ Ἰνίπαπε μῦθῳ.
BOOK THREE

Nicky saw us, Ethel leased earring America, the ‘yes, they.’
Two naked thee kneein’. They’ve road, though. Loaf run
you supper rest ease.
Ease supper often you saw they own the poi cackle left Thu.
Me that easy. Seep o’ the scene neap o’ strip. See a soul limbo!
‘Allay ye Perry keen owin’ no easier gay,’ a’ feel lass say.
Ease sock a seal, a hon’ piece set ‘hey’ (oyez!) Thu lean.
Keys said they gone nukey, mean. A mess, Seton, they Kenny ye.
Keen new pour sunny use saw. Le host row Ed. Them mope piss so.
Pa say mo’: ‘Me Sunday!’ ‘Ech!’ ‘Hoe the hay,’ ‘accrete a theme’ (oh?).”
Teen they hello saw many prose, say ‘Phone he thee. Aphrodite?’
“Me merit this he, Lee. Me hose, a many same meth you.
Toast the sop (ech!) theorist knee neck. Pag laugh, feel Lisa.
Meso-thumb fought Aaron meaty. Some may (ech!)
the all-league raw.
Trunk gay Donna own see the kink cock cone neat annul Lee (yea!).”
Oh? Syph fought Ed? These send the lay, need the us sickie
egg ave (ah!).
‘V’ they caught, us Khomeni, Anwar ye define, no?
‘See ye pass us that row was lather near heather,’ they moan.
Eh? Thought? Alex and three ode, though Ma ’n’ Périchole
lay condo.
Am feeble, Lee. Many peter, though. O say, Pe’er got trap, own dough.
Eat these seep sorrow phone th’ all a moan key o’ the eye ’n’ echoin’.
Teethe the wrath. If Ron a loose saw feel amid these afro ditty
Under ya, lick son. Three oath ya caught a thick F’er. Oh ça!
In Thukkoth ease, Hellenic curried you say ‘oh heel.’
‘Ossible lean clean NASA posin’ thee, ’n’ he pop Emmy, though.
ἥλυθες ἐκ πολέμου· ὡς ὤφελες αὐτόθ᾿ ὀλέσθαι ἂνδρὶ δαμεὶς κρατερῷ, ὃς ἐμὸς πρότερος πόσις ἦεν. ἦ μὲν δὴ πρὶν γ´ εὐχε´ ἀρηήφιλου Μενελάου σῇ τε βίῃ καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ἐγχεὶ φέρτεσσαι ἀντίθευτον· ἀλλὰ σ´ ἐγώγε παῦσθαι πέλομαι, μηδε ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ ἀντίθιον πόλεμον πολεμίζειν ἡδὲ μάχεσθαι ἄφραδέως, μή πως τάχι´ ὑπ´ αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμῆς.

τὴν δὲ Πάρις μύθοισιν ἀμειβόμενος προσέειπε· ἡμεῖς μέναι χαλεποῖσιν ὀνείδεσι θυμὸν ἐνιπτε· υὐν μὲν γὰρ Μενελάος ἑι δυνησεν σὺν Ἀθήνης, κείονθι δ´ αὖτις ἐγὼ πάρα γὰρ θεοὶ εἰσὶ καὶ ἦμῖν· ἀλλ´ ἄγε δὴ φιλότητι τραπείμεν εὐνηθέντε· οὐ γὰρ πῶσον πάρα γ´ ἐρως φρέναις ἀμφεκάλυψεν, οὐδ´ ὅτε σε πρῶτον Δακεδαῖμονος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς ἠπέλου ἄρπάξας ἐν ποντοπόροισι νέεσσι, νήσῳ δ´ ἐν Κραναῇ ἐγέμην φιλότητι καὶ εὐνη, ἡς σεο νῦν ἔρατοι καὶ σε γλυκις ἴμερος αἰρεῖ.

ἡ ῥα, καὶ ἄρχε λέχος δ´ κιών· ἀμα δ´ εὐπετ´ ἄκοιτες. τὸ μὲν ἄρ` ἐν τρητοῖσι καταύπασθεν λεχέσσιν, Ἀτρείδης δ´ ἀν´ ὀμιλοῦ ἐφοίτα θηρι ἐοικώς
“Eee! Lead the sick pall, lame woes, so fail less oft (oh?),
though less they.
On three, the Miss Scrod. Tarot say mos’ pro tarot s’pose he seein’.
He-men the preen (yeah) if, hey, Ah rea’y feel Lou men allow.
Seat Dave, ye gay Herr. See gay in hay if fair terror scene, eh?
Ali fee kneein’ pro all less air ye feel lone men allowin’.
Ex oft tease Ma Hess Sauce. They in awe, ’n’ d’ya own
Allah’s ego? Yeah.
Pa vest thick kill low, maim me, thick sawn, though men allow.
On tv own Paul lay, moan. Paul lame, easy knee them, a Hess they.
Off’ wroth they owes me poster (hee!). He puff tooth (ooh!) wreath the Meese.”

Teen the Paris myth these seen ami’ve ominous prose say ‘pay.’
“Me may ye nail. Appeasing on need they seethe. Theme moan:
a neap day.
Kneein’ Ming are Menelaos an’ Nicky’s ensign, Athene.
Keenin’, th’ Oft-Tease say: ‘Go Pa, regard, they easy came in.’
Ally! Thee feel low teat tit wrap you men of knee, then Day.
Oogh! Are pope ought tame? Moth they arose frayin’ us
some fecal leaps in?
Ooh! Thought to sip proton. Lack o’ them mono-sex Sarah Teenies.
Ape lay on our poxes in pond to pour easy in a yes sea.
Knee sew th’ ink. Ron nigh Emmy, yin feel. Low tea tick gay of knee.
Oh say own e’en Aram may gay Meg leak kiss seem Eros airy.”

Era gay are hell. Lay host thick, he own a mod thee,
pet tacky tease.
Tome men are entreaties. Sea caught Evan. Ass then lay
(hey!) as sin.
Ought Rae yield these, the no-meal loan effete? A theory ache us.
εἴ ποι ἐσαθρήσειεν Ἀλέξανδρον θεοειδέα.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ τις δύνατο Τρώων κλειτῶν τ᾽ ἐπικούρων
deίξαι Ἀλέξανδρον τότ᾽ ἀρηϊφίλω Μενελάω.
οὐ μὲν γὰρ φιλότητι γ᾽ ἐκεύθανον εἰ τις ἰδοιτο.
Ἰσον γάρ σφιν πᾶσιν ἀπήχθετο κηρὶ μελαίνῃ.
tοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
κέκλυτε μεν Τρῶες καὶ Δάρδανοι ἠδ᾽ ἐπίκουροι.
νίκη μὲν δὴ φαίνετ ἀρηϊφίλου Μενελάου,
ὑμεῖς δ᾽ Ἀργείην Ἑλένην καὶ κτήμαθ᾽ ἅμ᾽ αὐτῇ
ἔκδοτε, καὶ τιμὴν ἀποτινέμεν ἥν τιν᾽ ἔοικεν,
ἡτε καὶ ἐσσομένοισι μετ᾽ ἀνθρώπωισι πέληται.

ὣς ἔφατ᾽ Ἀτρείδης, ἐπὶ δ᾽ ᾔνεον ἄλλοι Ἀχαιοί.

3.450–461
Eep! Weigh saw, three seein’ Alex on throne. They oy, they ah. All Lou tease the not-oat row, Unc. Lead tone tape peak couronne. Thick sail licks on throne tote a reef. Feel low? Men allow. Human Gar feel a titty (Yecch!) if the known eat is a thee toe. Ease sewin’ Gar’s fin, Pa’s sin up Ich. That Okie ear ream Melanie. Tease sea the quai met ape pinnin’ knocks on thrown Agamemnon. “Kick, cleat ’em after West Gay th’ Earth on knee, the pee curry Nicky mend, the feigned net. Ari feel lumen nail. Ow! He missed the ‘are ye in hell?’ Lenin kick team moth o’ mufti. Ache, though ticket team mean up a teen namin’ e’en teen achin’. Eat tech gay? Yes ’m. Many see May 10th throw pee, sea-pale eater.” ‘Oh,’ say Fatah, ‘Trade these.’ Ape pee’d thee, neighin’ alley Achaean.
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*Men in Aïda*

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