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Virgil's Verse and the English Ear: A New Translation of Virgil's Aeneid VI

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## ABSTRACT

Virgil's *Aeneid* is arguably the premier work of Latin epic poetry published in the first century BCE under the reign of the first Roman emperor, Augustus. The work thus arrived at a time of intense political change for the Romans. The *Aeneid* expands upon a legend concerning the founding of Rome, while at the same time promoting the Augustine regime (at least on the surface). Book VI of XII is a departure from Aeneas' journey to Latium, taking him instead to the underworld, an essential piece of any epic. Here Aeneas meets his deceased father who tells him of his future role as a Roman. Perhaps more propagandistically, Aeneas also encounters Virgil's contemporaries who are lauded by the narrator as heroes of the Augustine regime. Book VI may be narratively a departure from the action of the main story; however, the intense drama and descriptions of Aeneas' role as a Roman and his encounters with historical and mythical figures mirrors later old Anglophonic poetry and provided a basis for translation that incorporates Anglophonic storytelling and poetic devices. This translation of Book VI of the *Aeneid* takes a particular focus on the audial quality of the work, including alliterative word choice, memetic syntax, and rhythmic storytelling, and is appended by a critical introduction to the source text with comments on the method of translation.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.....	ii
Introduction.....	3
Briefly: On the Aeneid.....	3
Aeneid VI.....	5
Focus and Method.....	7
Neologisms.....	10
Poetic Devices.....	13
Metaphor .....	17
Chapter 2 Translation.....	19
BIBLIOGRAPHY.....	72

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## Introduction

### Briefly: On the *Aeneid*

Discovering the *Aeneid* is perhaps a magical experience, one that, if a reader carries it with them, changes over their lifetime. Epic poetry has the unique potential to expand as a reader grows older and more familiar with it in ways prose often doesn't. Over and over, I return to the *Aeneid* only to fall in love with a new line or change my opinion on Aeneas himself. In my own life, the inexperience of youth at my first encounter with the *Aeneid* naturally delivered a superficial love for the work independent of Virgil's poetry or its English translations. I was a fantasy child, enraptured by worlds and lore. A hero, driven from his homeland after a devastating defeat and the total destruction of his home, carrying only what he can bear on his back (his father), and taking to the seas to find adventure on his quest to settle a new kingdom was the epitome of fantastical entertainment to a rather nerdy 12-year-old such as myself. As I grew, however, diving deeper into Virgil and his Latin, having my first breakup, first career setback, slowly finding the ups and downs of living a life, so did the *Aeneid*. This is the gift of Virgil. To realize Aeneas is not a faultless hero, to read Virgil's Latin aloud and hear his alliterative crafts is perhaps my favorite part of reading again and again. His words strike you with "s" sounds as the Sibyl whispers scarily from the depths of a cave, and to only detect those crafts a few at a time forces a reader to spelunk time and again down into Virgil's literary cavern. Aeneas, too, is morally ambiguous, offset by his intense passion, calling a reader to reevaluate his decisions as they make their own in life. Do Aeneas' ends justify his means? What can a reader blame him for and, by extension, how do the mistakes we make in our own lives absolve

or condemn him? These answers shift over time. The *Aeneid* does not function simply like an adult novel that reveals its themes as we mature. It, as Vincent Cleary puts it in his introduction to Edward McCrorie's beautiful 1995 translation, *engages* with our maturity and expects us to grow with it.<sup>1</sup>

The *Aeneid* is required reading for anyone who wishes to measure their own growth as they discover their own humanity. It is in part why I have endeavored to translate the way I have, taking great care to bring my favorite parts of the work into an English an impressionable high school student could both read and learn from. I hope they can leave it with an appreciation of Virgil's beautiful language and an understanding of their world as well as one that came before it.

Continued translation creates an artificial fluidity in static works, a double-edged sword. On the one side, no translator can ever capture the true original despite their best attempt, a disheartening realization every translator experiences. The other, more sanguine side, is that the work remains alive as long as someone is translating it. Reading translation alone can give a reader dozens of different experiences with the same phrase, inviting them deeper into the work and Virgil's mind. In this way Virgil is never old, never stale. I, too, am still young and immature, and I believe the *Aeneid* will make me feel so even when my hair greys and my joints hurt.

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<sup>1</sup> McCrorie, Edward, trans. *The Aeneid*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1995.

## Aeneid VI

The poem itself is fundamentally informed by the most important events in Roman history, and often takes what could be read as political stances on contemporary events. The *Aeneid* tracks the journey of the titular hero, Aeneas, as he travels from the ashes of his homeland of Troy on the orders of the gods to set down a new homeland for his *penates*, his household gods, and his followers in Italy. Beginning in *media res* in book I, Aeneas sails up to the shores of Carthage in Tunisia, cresting the hill to discover a wonderful city under construction led by its queen, Dido. Aeneas promptly falls in love with Dido and spends time in Carthage wondering if he should even keep going. Upon his commanding by the gods to depart, he leaves Dido without saying goodbye and causes her to stab herself and die in dramatic fashion. The events in Carthage in books I and IV highlight the *Aeneid's* appeal to the Roman identity. Carthage was Rome's greatest enemy for centuries, and it was only 150 years before the writing of the poem that Rome finally conquered her after three brutal wars. Virgil paints the origin of hostilities as rooted in a fateful love story between Carthage and Rome, Dido and Aeneas, and continues with this theme for the entire poem. Book VI is propagandistic, though whose side it takes is often up for debate. Anchises lays out all the contemporary and historical political figures that connect to the Augustan regime and destines them for greatness.

*Aeneid* VI arrives at a time where Aeneas has finally escaped the pelagic woes that have hitherto consumed him, launching him from land to land as he loses one crew member after another, including his own father, Anchises, who bids him to come visit in the underworld. Immediately evident are themes of loss, prophecy, and the urgency of the situation. Book VI forces Aeneas to reckon with the consequences of his earlier actions, encountering the ghosts of

friends he had left behind while still tasked with leading his ragtag throng to Latium. Already by the fifth line his crew has docked their ships and the youths of his group “flash out” ashore, making fire and exploring the land. They set themselves up for survival, and Aeneas’ responsibilities are juxtaposed with the relative “settling” of his followers. He must rush to the highest peaks, seeking out a frightening prophetess of Apollo to lead him through to the underworld. This is the first time since his flight we truly get to see Aeneas on the backfoot. His departure from Carthage was perhaps unenthusiastic, but it is rare in the poem to see Aeneas so caught off guard. The reversing of the established narrative in book VI comes through manifold in manners both simple and grand.

Aeneas physically shifts locations, moving from the overworld in which he is geographically lost to the underworld through which he solicits a guide who walks him through each location knowledgeably. The weight of physical navigation being taken off Aeneas’ shoulders, however, comes at the price of his mental fortitude. Aeneas in book VI is no longer the sailor-commander of book V, “confident” on the seas and laughing with his men but is instead as lost child, addressed often as no more than “Anchises’ son.” Aeneas must speak to the ghost of his recently-lost captain, Palinurus, who begs Aeneas to “take his hand” and rescue him from the underworld as Aeneas can only yell back. Further, his underworld encounters with Dido and Deiphobus rattle him, as do the Sibyl’s descriptions of the terrible crimes the shades of Hades have committed as they bleat in tortured pain. Loss and the weight of his grief, which have thus far in the poem gone almost completely unaddressed, here catch up to Aeneas.

Aeneas experiences a breakdown. As he completes his duty to his father by seeking the Sibyl’s aid, she, almost as a banal aside, informs him that his friend and crewmate Misenus has



died while he has been away. Aeneas must complete his funeral before securing the Sibyl's other demand, a golden bough from a tree in a nearby grove that proves difficult to track down.

Aeneas soon stares off into the forest before letting out a half-lament half-prayer that reads as sympathetically as one could expect. He, in the underworld, questions the prophetic powers of the gods and experiences bouts of halting to ponder everything happening to him.

Both Aeneas and reader reap the benefits of book VI. Aeneas is made pathetic, falling victim to the same stressors ancient Romans and Americans alike can understand. A reader gets to see Aeneas' *pietas* in action: at his lowest and under immense stress, yet he presses forward still bound by his duty. He is complexified. He suffers when Dido refuses to address him and apologizes profusely to his friend from Troy whom he was unable to bury as they remember together the annihilation of their city. Aeneas the hero, in keeping with the theme of reversing the narrative, becomes Aeneas the man, Anchises' "boy." Aeneas, too, eventually finds his father and is consoled as Anchises lays out everything Aeneas' people, his *Romans*, will become thanks to his actions. Aeneas leaves the underworld with a renewed spirit, quickly rushing back to the ships and sailing away for Latium. Book VI enables Aeneas' moment of catharsis while simultaneously forcing him to deal with the consequences of his journey.

### **Focus and Method**

When deciding to translate, the first task is always deciding *what* to translate. It is certainly impossible to capture every detail, every minute choice the original author made,

therefore I found it best to choose a focus. Some translators, like the newly-famous Emily Wilson, endeavored to try and draw out a particular, often underrepresented, facet of their respective originals. Often they are reflections of their time, and my translation is no different. Emily Wilson's feminist translation of the *Odyssey* addresses longstanding translational issues regarding slavery, sex, and female agency. Richard Lattimore's 1951 *Iliad* translation is likewise a gateway into mid-century high rhythmic prose, granting himself a wide definition of the word as perhaps I do with "verse."

Something, though, I believe to be nearly lost in modern translations is the audial quality of the work. By the nature of the printing press and worldwide publishing it has become somewhat of an auxiliary task to write to be heard along with read, leading to an increasingly bland series of translations that, while nominally metrical or alliterative or enjambling if done in verse, lack rhythm, grace, and a frustratingly indefinable euphonious quality. Though such a quality may be difficult to measure, I do not think it a far-fetched notion that a native English speaker should have at least a rudimentary inherent understanding of linguistic beauty and wordcraft. This work in the original was written to be read aloud, even alone. A translator would be prudent to remember this, even if they expect to be read silently. I have taken great care to enmesh audial quality within visual appeal in this translation. Rhythm emerges as a guide rather than meter. Similarly, I often aim to echo Old English poetry, allowing a line to pause in the middle to structure and guide the phrase. I hope to use all linguistic tools English has available, rather than simply relying on the Shakespearean example.

Allen Mandelbaum in 1971 rightly writes in his introduction that Virgil is nothing without his style and took to producing a translation himself in an ever-appealing loose iambic

pentameter. Iambic pentameter, however, being the “meter of English” does not automatically make it the equal of Virgil’s dactylic hexameter or suitable to use as a transplant. Iambic pentameter’s stressed/unstressed meter leaves Mandelbaum’s work feeling awkward and rigid, full of half-sentences and words with their stress on the wrong syllables. His meter is less a guiding hand and more a dragging leash. Mandelbaum writes,

*And so Aeneas prayed clasping the altar;  
The prophetess began: “Born of the blood  
Of gods and son of Troy’s Anchises, easy—  
The way that leads into Avernus: day  
And night the door of darkest Dis is open. (124-127)<sup>2</sup>*

The long/short syllabled dactylic hexameter is simply not a linguistic tool English has at its disposal. Virgil’s meter may be irreplicable in our modern English. Therefore, rather than yoke a reader to a meter that chokes the line, I have eschewed metrical structure, favoring the rhythmic delight of a naturally anapestic line, allowing the presence of true meter to accentuate a line or phrase. Thus, I embarked on a campaign of righting the poetic wrongs of previous translators, encountering far more problems than solutions. Re-evaluating the extant English translations and producing something fundamentally appealing is a lofty goal. I aimed to produce a text that is readable and understandable outside of the Classics field, something we classicists often struggle with. Creating something a reader can engage with in multiple ways subverts some of the traditional pathways to translation, keeping with the long tradition of reinvention of a static text.

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<sup>2</sup> Mandelbaum, Allen, trans. *The Aeneid of Virgil*. University of California Press, 1971

This work is free-verse, if such a thing truly exists. Likewise, I have tried carefully to avoid the “banking” of poetic devices. Robert Fagles’ 2006 free-verse translation has a habit of encountering alliteration in particular and responding by simply placing an alliterative phrase somewhere in the next five-or-so lines. In removing meter, it becomes the task of the translator to find other aspects of Virgil’s style to capture. Virgil’s alliteration is one of his greatest poetic strengths. He allows a leafy forest to crinkle in the breeze with his hard “c” sounds or simulates an echo with assonant “o” sounds. By “banking” these devices as Fagles often does, much of the original audial mastery is lost. Writing in verse, some alliterative, assonant, consonant, or poetically significant lines are of my own hand, but nonetheless I have kept many of Virgil’s original devices in place in the corresponding line. In the following sections I will discuss specific instances of translation of Virgil’s poetic devices.

### Neologisms

A facet of my translation that is readily apparent is my use of both neologisms and hyphenated words. While many other translators prefer the more straightforward, lexically easy way to work with Virgil, using these two tools is often a both a thought-out poetic choice and one with English and Virgilian precedence. Virgil coins a number of compound Latin adjectives in book VI alone, necessitating a response that attempts to mirror that choice. For example, Virgil writes,

*auricomos quam quis decerpserit arbore fetus. (141)*

*[But the underworld lands are forbidden to you] before you have*

*Displumed the tree's goldcoat child.*

The adjective *Auricomos*, being a combination of *aurum* and *coma*, is unattested before Virgil. The logic is simple in itself, *aurum* meaning gold and *coma* referring to hair or leaves, making the choice to call in English the bough “goldcoat” an easy one, yet one that translators often miss. Seamus Heaney prefers “sprout of fledged gold,” perhaps indicative of his lengthy style.<sup>3</sup> McCrorie, however, more directly describes the bough as “goldhaired.”<sup>4</sup> Choices of this nature appear throughout book VI. More abstractly, the use of neologisms and hyphenations should not be seen merely as a flary translational liberty. With a continued focus on audial quality, I aimed to draw from English’s literary history. In doing so, I can effectively transmit instances of Virgilian intellectual referencing as well as the overall concept to a reader. Virgil writes on line 18,

*Redditus his primum terris tibi, Phoebe, sacravit  
remigium alarum posuitque immania templa.*

*When he first touched back down on these lands, Apollo,  
He dedicated his wind-oars to you, and put down on the earth a mighty temple.*

The two-word descriptor *remigium alarum* describes Daedalus’ “oars of wings” Frederick Ahl in his 2007 prose translation calls them “wings that had served him as oars.”<sup>5</sup> By excising the metaphor entirely, Ahl prohibits a reader from engaging with the text as Virgil intended. Furthermore, the length of the description has nearly quadrupled, interrupting the flow

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<sup>3</sup> Heaney, Seamus, trans. *The Aeneid Book VI*. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 2016.

<sup>4</sup> McCrorie, Edward, trans. *The Aeneid*.

<sup>5</sup> Ahl, Frederick, trans. *Aeneid*. Oxford University Press, 2007.

of the line and contributing to a potentially unengaging, overly long work. In *remigium alarum*, however, there exists an opportunity for connecting Virgil to the English language just as he does to Greek, transferring a sense of relationship between the history of English and Virgil's Latin. By barely modifying the phrase, "oars of wings" in my translation becomes "wind-oars." Not only does this maintain the compact nature of the phrase, it also permits a reader to think and realize a metaphor, unlike in Ahl and to a lesser extent Heaney or Mandelbaum, who describe Daedalus as "rowing with wings"<sup>6</sup> or with "wing-like oars"<sup>7</sup> respectively. The issue of the wing to wind swap and hyphenation, is not merely a choice of metaphor preservation. Using hyphenations or simply combining two words likewise reflects how we represent the kenning. Virgil's learned references to Lucretian, Plautus, Homer, and other great literary figures of his time are difficult to represent in English. The kenning is a vital piece of our linguistic history, so using them where appropriate does not seem a violation of Virgil's intention as an author. He forges a connection between his work and those who came before, and the *remigium alarum* choice exemplifies my way of doing the same. Wings as wind-oars is an attested kenning from a medieval skaldic poem, in which the anonymous author writes that

*Svanr þyrr beint til benja*  
*blóðs vindára róðri. (Lausavisur)*

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<sup>6</sup> Heaney, Seamus, trans. *The Aeneid Book VI*.

<sup>7</sup> Mandelbaum, Allen, trans. *The Aeneid of Virgil*.

*The swan of blood rushes with the rowing of wind-oars straight to the wounds.*<sup>8</sup>

The poet describes ravens as rushing toward wounds on their *vindára*—their wind-oars. Describing Daedalus as such mirrors Virgil’s connection to his own history via a connection with ours. Modern English, too, has a relevant history of neologizing in epic translation. George Chapman’s early 1600’s translations birthed many commonly used words that went unattested before him, ranging from verbs and nouns like “insult” to uses of verbs like “eat at” to mean corrode.<sup>9</sup> Chapman, being the second English translator of the Iliad and first of the Odyssey, provides an excellent linguistic base for the task of transferring Virgil’s sense of learnedness. By nature of the work being widely readable solely in translation, it seems fitting that just as Virgil relies on Lucretian and Homeric metrical structure and phrasing to adjunct his own coinages, I rely on Chapman’s neologisms for widespread use while pioneering many of my own. this creates an explicit connection between my work and the history of such works as I follow in Virgil’s footsteps.

### Poetic Devices

The use of certain poetic devices is a marker of Virgil’s style throughout the *Aeneid* and his other works, many of which I attempted to replicate in my translation. While some of these devices, such as Virgil’s propensity for acrostics, are nearly impossible to include, it is possible

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<sup>8</sup> Tarrin Wills (ed.). ‘Anonymous Lausavísur, *Stanzas from the Third Grammatical Treatise 2*’ in Kari Ellen Gade and Edith Marold (eds), *Poetry from Treatises on Poetics*. Skaldic Poetry of the Scandinavian Middle Ages 3. Turnhout: Brepols, 2017: 538.

<sup>9</sup> Edgecombe, Rodney Stenning. "Instances of Lexical Inventiveness in Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois." *Ben Jonson Journal* 23, no. 2, November 2016: 290-300.

to work towards the inclusion of devices a reader or listener would notice and understand on their first visit to the work. Rhythm, as previously mentioned, is present throughout my work, allowing a line to flow into the next or glide off a tongue with ease. My work combines rhythm, meter, and my focus on audial quality to produce sets of lines that amble and bounce along without dragging a reader behind a set meter. I exchange iambs, trochees, anapests, and other feet at will to create a naturally flowing work. I write at line 179,

*An ancient wood is entered, the warren lairs of wild beasts:  
The Pitch Pines prostrate themselves; the Ilex Oaks crack at the ictus of axes.  
Rowan beams too and cleavable White Oaks with wedges are  
Rent asunder. They wheel down the great Flowering Ashes from mountains. (179-182)*

The first line of this phrase is almost entirely iambic, and, depending on one's pronunciation of "wild" includes a closing dactyl. This has the effect of placing emphasis on the beginning of each word, thereby drawing attention to the words themselves, specifically the adjectives. A reader *feels* that the wood is ancient, and that the lairs of beasts are claustrophobically enclosed. Line 181 is naturally dactylic and produces a sort of urgency through its accented first syllables, almost ushering a reader or speaker through to the enjambed verb on the next line. Free-verse, however, does not mean devoid of meter. I have used traditionally strict meter in places of importance to accent the phrases. By switching in and out of strict meter, I can effectively separate verses of great importance to help a reader feel Virgil's story more effectively. The recounting of Misenus' death is short, no more than four lines. This,



however, is still the death of Aeneas' good friend and should be punchy and weighty just as Virgil's Latin is. Virgil writes,

*sed tum, forte cava dum personat aequora concha,  
demens, et cantu vocat in certamina divos,  
aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est,  
inter saxa virum spumosa immerserat unda. (171-174)*

With which I have responded,

*But now, this time, he rings his makeshift seashell-horn song  
Hollow, it resounds across the water as a challenge to the gods.  
Triton, emulous (if it is worthy of belief)  
Drowned the swallowed man in spuming waves against the rocks.*

Here, in the spirit of capturing the blunt weight of the narrator's four-line tale of Misenus' death, I have elected to use a liberal iambic heptameter. This effectively separates Misenus' death from the rest of the poem, inviting a reader to linger or a listener to feel the wave-like push and pull of the iambs that accentuate Misenus' drowning. Virgil enjambes the adjective *demens*, reckless, to give importance to his foolish actions and perhaps inspire pity for Misenus. Here I have enjambed my adverb "hollow" two-fold to better secure importance both audially and visually. Visually, hollow is part of the grammatical unit of the previous line, thereby emphasizing the characteristic of Misenus' song. In placing "hollow" on the next line, a reader must wait until then to discover what kind of song Misenus is playing just as in the Latin with *demens*. Metrically, too, I have experimented with enjambment. "Hollow" exists outside of the metrical framework established in the iambic heptameter. The three-syllable "-low, it re-..." are anomalies. They interrupt the proposed meter and act as a caesura between it and the next

heptametrical verse. To a reader this may go unnoticed, but to the keen listener who has heard the heptametrical verse of the previous line and will hear the next three, it may seem out of place. Interrupting the meter slightly audially enjambs “hollow,” and draws a listener back to the word in a way that avoids the potential confusion of heard iambic meter which usually places its caesura at the end of a line. Similarly, strict meter appears at the end of the book. To create a sense of completion, I metrically couple the final two lines.

*The anchors are thrown from the prows,  
The sterns rest themselves on the beach.*

One iamb followed by two anapests mirrored in both lines imparts the same sense of importance as Misenus’ death via a continual meter. It is by nature pleasing, as the stressed third syllables metrically pull a reader into the next section and the meter closes the book with a couplet. The metrical choices in my work reflect an attempt to elevate, in the absence of book-wide meter, the work in translation and the quality of self-determined critical significant verses when read aloud. Virgil, too, took great care to elevate the audial quality of his lines by means other than meter. He writes on line 892,

*et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.*

The sound of *quo quemque modo* to an English speaker may seem straightforward, but to a Latin speaker this line may appear rather confusing. The existence of various *quo*-, *quem*-, and, *que*-standalone words and prefixes/suffixes might have had the effect of warping a listener’s ability to understand the line, forcing them to go back and experience it again. This is a non-metrical

audial choice by the author, which I have attempted to replicate using a homophonic construction:

*And whether to weather or wend a way away from each distress.*

A clever non-metrical choice effectively replicates Virgil's audially confusing Latin in English, though any attempt to do so has gone unmade in verse translation. McCrorie writes

*And how to escape or endure hardship that faced him.*

Heaney similarly chooses

*And how he should face or flee each undertaking.*

The deceptive appeal of a simple alliterative line following *fugiateque* and *feratque* diminishes Virgil's craft, and I have therefore endeavored to preserve it even at the expense of a listener's first time understanding.

## **Metaphor**

Virgil's use of metaphor is both widespread and deep. He consistently pays homage to his earlier Greek and Latin poetic counterparts through his metaphors, and, while inventing some of his own, often follows a standard metaphorical format. Bringing these metaphors to life in translation is essential, as they contribute to the quality of the poem and represent Virgil's original meaning. Some translators, however, gloss over these metaphors, inherently changing

the meaning of the sentence and depriving Virgil's style of its life. There is a regularity of interchangeability between horses and ships present in both Greek and Latin, a metaphor Virgil plays on early in book VI. Virgil writes, and I translate,

*Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas  
et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris. (1-2)*

*So he speaks as tears crowd his face, he  
Unbridles the sails and looses their reins.*

Referring to Aeneas' ships' *habenae*, their reins, Virgil conjures the image of the careful guiding relationship between horse and rider and anthropomorphizes the act of sailing. It seems perhaps an easy choice to allow Aeneas in translation to "loosen the reins" of his fleet, yet both Ahl and Heaney, as well as Einaudi Tascabili in Italian, absolutely ignore the metaphor, choosing instead to have Aeneas simply give his sails to the wind. Ahl writes,

*Then he lets the fleet run under full sail,<sup>10</sup>*

Once again Ahl's choice to ignore Virgil's metaphor arrives as a far-too-lengthy descriptive phrase. Ahl's unwillingness to treat a reader as capable of understanding even simple metaphor is reflected in a work that continually overexplains and notates Virgil's text. He writes in his introduction that "In teaching the *Aeneid* in both Latin and English, I have found that the complexity of the epic causes students and other readers to pass over many details both of narrative continuity and of characterization."<sup>11</sup> Ahl's view that the *Aeneid* is simply too complex

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<sup>10</sup> Ahl, Frederick, trans. *Aeneid*.

<sup>11</sup> Ibid

to be understood outside of the magnifying glass allotted in professional circles causes him, in pursuit of simplicity, to simply unravel it. By choosing to retain the original construction, I can hope that a student or other reader encounters such a metaphor and responds either with understanding or curiosity. Retaining the metaphor not only adds the entertainment value of flowery language to the translation, but works within Virgil's original meaning. I have preserved aspects of the original text as best I can, which helps a reader connect with Virgil's poetry even in translation.

## **Chapter 2**

### **Translation**

So he speaks as tears crowd his face, he  
 Unbridles the sails and looses their reins,  
 At long last gliding ashore at Euboea's Cumae.  
 They position their prows to the sea;  
 Anchors plow their teeth in the sand and the  
 Ships are planted in place, curved keels  
 Hem the shore. A band of youngsters flashes out brilliantly onto 5  
 Italian coasts: some strike forth the seeds of flower-flame  
 Hidden in veins of flint; others sprint into the overgrown forest-homes of beasts  
 Searching for kindling wood, making note of the streams they discover.

But Aeneas, Pious, journeys for the fort, from which Apollo rules on high,  
 And searches for the uncanny sibyl hidden away in a deep diving cavern 10  
 Where the Delian prophet-god imbues her with his great Mind Power for  
 Ripping an aperture into the future

Now they make way to Diana's groves,  
 And walk under that Crossroader's golden rooves.  
 Daedalus, so the rumor goes, fled Minos' kingdom,  
 Daring defiantly to put his life in world sky, entrusting it 15  
 To swift wings, and by chance on the sky soared to the glacial Northland,  
 Landing gently above the Chalcidian citadel.

When he first touched back down on these lands, Apollo,  
 He dedicated his wind-oars to you, and put down on the earth a mighty temple.  
 Carved on the Doors: Androgeus' death, and Athens' torture-tribute! 20  
 Seven of their sons sacrificed a year, the urn's lots stand out on the carving.

On the other side the land of Crete responds, lifted from the sea;  
 That miserable bull-lust, and Pasiphae inseminated with a trick  
 And the crossbred abomination, the twofold son called Minotaur 25  
 Monument to a perverted love curse.

Over here is the Minos' house, labored over, and baffling delusory maze.

Trapped, pitying the princess' love, though,  
 Daedalus unraveled the snaking sinews of the structure  
 Tracing back his blindstep path by string. Had grief allowed it, 30  
 You too, Icarus, would have had a share in so great a work.  
 Twice he tried to engrave your fall in gold.  
 Twice the hands of a father failed.

They would have run their eyes over everything at once,  
 Had not Achates, sent ahead, returned to them  
 With the Sibyl, Deiphobe, Glaucus' daughter in tow.  
 The priestess of Diana and Apollo speaks out to the king: 35  
 "Now is not the time to gaze at *those* things,  
 Go find a bull herd, unyoked and free,  
 Sacrifice seven, just as many sheep as the rites demand.

She addresses these words to Aeneas, whose men 40  
 Obey the hallowed command undelaying,  
 And Trojans are summoned to the temples deep in the mountains.

Wide, open-mouthed entrances, one hundred openings wind themselves into a  
 Crag-cliff cave cut from the vast Euboean mountainside,

And out pour the innumerable voices: the Sibyl's answers.

They had come to the limens, the maiden cries out: 45

Now is the time to call to the fates! God, behold a god!

She decrees these words before the doors and suddenly

Her color changed, her face began to warp,

Her hair became a disheveled mess; but her iron-heart and

Ferocious chest swell with rabid fire,

Taller she rises, she seems inhuman, chanting a god's language, 50

For the god on the heels breathed his divinity deep into her soul.

"Do you delay your vows and prayers,"

She speaks, "Aeneas, of Troy?" Do you wait?

For not before you do your duty will the

Breathtaking house unhinge its great gates.

With words laid out she fell silent again.

A frigid shudder shoots through the Trojans' bone marrow, and

From his heart's depths, the king's prayers flow forth: 55

"Apollo! It has always been you, who lamented the struggle of Troy!

Who steered the Trojan arrow-arm of Paris into

The frame of Achilles! I've set out across so *many* seas that wash up



On vast lands with you at the helm, I've journeyed into the far inland to the  
 Remotest Numidian tribes and the Syrtian selvage lands; 60  
 Now finally we grasp at these fleeting Italian shores.  
 Let the Trojan Tragedy only follow us this far!  
 It is time now to spare the last vestiges of the Pergamonian race,  
 All you gods and goddesses who were put out by Ilium and the great  
 Glory of Troy. And you, oh most hallowed prophetess, 65  
 descrying vatic prospects, allow:  
 (I ask for a kingdom no more than my fate-debt,)  
 The Trojans to root down their way-wandering gods  
 And settle their languishing powers in Latium!

To The Crossroader and Phoebus I will then lay this down:  
 A temple of solid marble, and holidays in Apollo's name. 70  
 Sublime sanctums await *you*, too, in our kingdoms, Sibyl:  
 The predictions and arcane god-visions you spoke to my people,  
 I will put them there, and consecrate men for their keeping,  
 Kind one. Only don't leave all your verses on leaves,  
 Lest they fly away wanton like wind-ups on wind. 75  
 Chant them out yourself, I ask." He made an end to his speech with his voice.

But the prophetess, not yet seduced and saddled by Phoebus,  
 Rages manic frantically in the cave's recesses as if  
 She might buck off the mighty god, but he bits her  
 Tittering mouth, breaking her wild heart, overwhelming her with a bridle. 80

The hundred aphotic mouths of oblivion now open all on their own,  
 And whisper the oracle's words on the breezes.  
 "Oh, at last it is you, survivor-for-now, of pelagic dreadful perils,  
 But on land worse grief-bringing horror remains.  
 The Dardanians will make into the kingdoms of Lavinium;  
 Suppress your palpitating heart on this. But they will wish they had not even come. 85  
 Wars, awful wars, I see it. And with so much blood will the Tiber's foam froth.  
 You will find another Simois, and Xanthus, and a Doric  
 Encampment. Latium has birthed a second Achilles,  
 Himself of goddess blood, and Juno's Trojan grudge follows 90  
 You around wherever. When adversity assaults you, destitute,  
 To which Italian tribes and hamlets *won't* you supplicate yourself?  
 A foreign bride again will be the cause of Trojan woes,  
 Once again, an imported wife.  
 Do not succumb to these despairs, but rage against them unrelenting, 95  
 By whatever way your Fortune allows you.

The first salvatory path, your least-expected safety,  
Will be paved by a Grecian city.”

The abyss-altar echoes with the Sibyl of Cumae’s words  
As maddening riddles roar-rush from the deep din,  
Entwining truth and prophecy, for 100  
Apollo claws at the reins that choke her chest as she brays.

As her madness subsides and her tittering mouth quiets,  
Hero Aeneas begins: “no trial will consume me, oh Sibyl, nothing new or strange,  
For I have endured and expected all things in my mind. 105

I ask you one thing, since this is the nightmare-king’s own door,  
Where the sunless swamp and Acheron ooze over their own banks,  
To go down there and find the face of my loving father, is it possible?  
Will you show me the way, and open his infernal gates?

I carried him out on *these* shoulders, through the infernos, with a thousand 110  
Spears on my heels! I rescued him from the thickening battle din,  
He, my companion on my journey, came with me on all the seas  
And endured the threats of endless sea and sky  
Feeble, but more tenacious than his age would let show.

Moreover, he was praying at my feet, begging me to 115

Find out about your whereabouts. Please, pleasant friend, pity a boy and his dad,

You have power over all, and it wasn't for

Nothing that Hecate made you warden of the Groves of Avernus.

If Orpheus could summon the ghost the of his wife

With faith in his lyre and singing strings, 120

If Pollux could rewind his brother's death by running and rerunning

His road forever so can I! why *shouldn't* I remind you of Theseus, or

Mighty Hercules? *My* family too is descended from mighty Jupiter!

He is pleading and begging and hugging the altars,

When the Sibyl starts to speak: "successor of god stock, 125

Trojan Anchises's son, the descent to Avernus is easy.:

The door to Nightmare Hades lies open night and day;

But to trace back your steps, to escape to the world air,

This is a skill, this is a *struggle*. Loved by

Just Jupiter or blown up to heaven by blazing resolve, a few have made it there. 130

They were god-born. A woodland sits in Hades' midst,

Enclosed by River Cocytus's suppurating sinews.

But if you long so greatly, if you lust so much

To float along twice on stygian lakes, to witness twice that blackland

Tartarus, if this task delights you, to indulge in insanity, 135

Hear your inaugural objective. An obscure tree hides a bough, with  
Golden leaves and branches known as sacred to raging Juno  
Shut up in shadowed valleys by the gloom-groves.

But the underworld lands are forbidden to you before you have 140

Displumed the tree's goldcoat child

Pulchritudinous Persephone demands this obligation's

Presentation. When you rip off this bough though,

Branches of the same gold metal grow back in its place.

So hunt it down while your turned-up eyes pierce the deep green 145

And when its found, hand pluck it with

Effort, it comes off with painless ease

If the fates call out to you; otherwise you will not

Impel it with power or excise it with your iron.

There is worse: the corpse of your friend lies exanimate,

I am sorry you do not know. Death-rot putresces on the whole fleet, 150

While you dwell on our void's edge for counsel.

First bring him down to his death-home and ensepulcher him in a tomb.

Lead altar-ward black cattle and make them the first expiations.

Then finally you will witness those Stygian barrow-groves and realmlands

Unstrode by the living.” She spoke, and quiets her lips in silence. 155

With sorrowful face and eyelights fixed on the  
Ground, Aeneas exits the cave, and rolls over the dizzying realities  
In his mind. Achates the Faithful walks alongside him, and  
Fastens each footstep to the same worries.

They sowed the seeds of feverish phrases: 160

Which lifeless comrade the priestess—which body in need of a tomb  
Did she mean? Then they see him as they arrive,

Misenus, dead on the dry shore, destroyed by a death undeserved,  
Aeolus’ Misenus, supreme with his scream-horn in rallying

Men, he set War ablaze with its clarion call. 165

He was a friend to heroic Hector, always with Hector  
Bearing the battle-burn of the frontline, known for both his horn and spear.

When Achilles the victor spoliated his life, this unyielding hero  
Joined up with the throng of the Trojan,

Aeneas; He followed no less solemn a cause. 170

But now, *this* time, he rings his makeshift seashell-horn song  
Hollow, it resounds across the water as a challenge to the gods.  
Triton, emulous (if it is worthy of belief)

Drowned the swallowed man in spuming waves against the rocks.

So, they grumble, all gathered, and their groans mix with tears, 175

Especially Aeneas the Reverent. They then by the Sibyl's order,

Undelaying, throw themselves absolutely into

Raising his pyre-tomb, an altar of tree trunks heaved into the sky.

An ancient wood is entered, the warren lairs of wild beasts:

The Pitch Pines prostrate themselves; the Ilex Oaks crack at the ictus of axes. 180

Rowan beams too and cleavable White Oaks with wedges are

Rent asunder. They wheel down the great Flowering Ashes from mountains.

Aeneas himself is first into the fray,

Exhorting his throng, and is panoplied with the same weapons.

And he mulls over his feelings in his overcast heart, 185

Staring into the cavernous wood, soon a prayer falls from his mouth:

“If only that golden branch on some tree would

Reveal itself to us in this huge glade, since the

Sibyl spoke all too truthful about *you*, Misenus!”

His prayer had barely ended when out of the blue, twin doves 190

Flap-fluttered in, flying along the sky before his very eyes,  
 And fixed themselves down in a flowering field. Those are his  
*Mother's* birds the greatest hero recognizes! He cries out with joy:  
 "Be my guides, oh birds, if there *is* any way, lead on through the  
 Breeze into that glade, where that rich bough veils 195  
 The calm fertile soil. And you, don't desert me in this mess,  
 Goddess, Mother! When he finished speaking he stopped in his tracks,  
 Watching for bird-signs, and where they proceed.

Pecking about, they fly forth and press on  
 As far as following eyes can peer. 200

Then, as they arrive at the reeking throat of Avernus,  
 They steal away swiftly, gliding on fresher air, the twin doves  
 Settle down right above the tree in the same sought-after spot, where the  
 Iridescent glitter-gleam of gold flashes through the branches,

Just as mistletoe's fresh frond flowers bloom anew in the 205  
 Brumal cold: a parasite plant taking over a tree,  
 Envining smooth trunks with its crimson fruit.  
 The gold leaf seemed like this, blossoming out from the hazel



Oak, crinkle-crackling in the gentle breeze.

Aeneas snags it at once, and rips it off though it resists, 210

And brings it back under the home of the Sibyl Prophetess.

Meanwhile, no less, the Trojans mourned Misenus on the  
Shore and delivered last rites to his unreciprocating ashes.

A resinous Pyre they pile up to the sky,

Immense, of Pitch Pine and split oak, with gloomy fronds 215

Interweaved on the sides, and graveyard cypresses

Deployed in front; they adorn the top with his glimmering fittings.

Some boil up warm water in cauldrons that whistle on the flames,

They wash the cold corpse and anoint it.

Sorrow resounds. They replace his grieved-for limbs on the death couch; 220

And his well-worn war robes, bright rose red, they

Hurl on top of the pyre. Some enshoulder the mighty bier,

A somber obligation. So they turn, as they learned from their parents,

Their faces away as they torch the whole thing.

Kraters of olive oil, gifts of incense, food,

The conflagration consumes compiled donations. 225

Once the cinders collapse and the coals burn low,  
 Remains, and the thirsty embers, are quenched with wine.  
 Corynaeus covers the collected bones in an urn of solid bronze.

The same man thrice circled fresh water round his companions  
 Showering them with water dew, flicked from a fruiting olive branch. 230  
 He ablutes the men, and his final words whist and wane.

But reverent Aeneas raises up a barrow of  
 Epic proportions; his tools rest beside him: his oar, his arms, his trumpet,  
 Beneath a sky-top mountain we still call  
 Misenus, where his immortal name holds forever. 235

The tasks settled, he marches back out like the Sibyl commands.

Fissure: fathomless void. A mouth. Deep.  
 Sharp. Screened by sable grove-shades and a toxic lake  
 Over which not a single winged thing could manage a flight  
 Unharmd: *that* is the sulfurous miasma the Jaws breathe to heaven's vault. 240

The Greeks called it *Aornos*: the land without birds.

*Here* the priestess first lines up four black-backed bulls:

Pouring wine over their faces

And tweezing off their inter-horn bristles that she 245

Flings into holy fires as firstfruit libations,

Vociferating vociferations to Hecate, lord of Above and Below.

Others drive knives under throats, and warm blood

Pools in bowls. A black she-lamb Aeneas 250

Ends with his own sword for the Mother of Furies and their strong sister;

For you, Persephone, a barren cow.

Then he makes altars in the night for the Stygian king.

Whole bulls are disemboweled. Their collagenous viscera holocausts on the flame,

He drenches the cinder-seared guts in thick oil.

Behold! At the birth of day and the sun's awakening 255

Under their feet the ground rumble-roars; the forest yoked to the hills begins

To sway, and mongrels seem to shriek from the black understory.

Hecate comes! "Out, oh out, all you unhallowed!"

The seeress wails, "Get away from the entire grove;

And you, seize this road, rip your iron from its sheath! 260

Now you need resolve! Aeneas! Now find an unconquerable heart!

Raging manically, she throws herself down the hell-breach;

Aeneas rushes after his guide pushing on, his footsteps *refuse* to waver!

Gods, whose empire is of souls and quiet ghosts,

Chaos, Phlegeton, those silent places: worming out like hyphae in the night, 265

Allow me to tell of the things I've heard, to expose those things

Sunk into the depthless earth and caliginous fog.

The ink hides their steps as they walk under a lonely night,

Through the empty House of Hades and his upside-down lands:

It is like treading through the forest under a fickle moon, 270

Its light ambiguous, untrustworthy, when Jupiter shrouds sky in shadow,

Unnerving night rips the color from everything.

The entrance itself: in front the mouth of Orcus,

Anguish has set up a hovel with Heartache 275

Demanding vengeance, and pellucid Pestilence lives here with sad Infirmary,

Both Fear and worm-tongue Famine, and filthy Poverty,

Terrible creatures to witness, along with Murder, Moil.

Over there Murder's sibling Slumber, and mind-melting  
 Pleasure, and across the way is death-bearer War,  
 The iron-built bedrooms of the Furies, and rabid Strife, 280  
 With bloody intestines bound up clotted in her viperous locks.

In the middle the branches and weathered arms of a dark elm  
 Yawn out ostentatiously: a roost, so to speak, where empty Dreams  
 Dangle from all the leaves.

Here, too, monstrous aberrations peer into the foyer from every doorway: 285  
 Centaurs and Scyllas, half monster half man,  
 The hundred-grasper Briarius, and the abomination, Hydra,  
 Horribly hissing along with Chimera breathing out her fire,  
 Gorgons, Harpies, and Geryon too, the double-conjoined shadow.  
 He seizes it here, stricken by fear, that iron sword of his. 290

Aeneas offers up the sword point to the monsters closing in,  
 And if he had gone unwarned by his guide that those thin spirits  
 Drift along without a body in the hollow image of life,  
 He would have charged them, carelessly chopping at gloom-shamblers.

From here goes the under-road that ends at the waves of Acheron. 295

Here there is a vortex bubbling with mud, its colossal cavity  
Throbs and vomits its sand into Cocytus.

The horrifying boatman lords over the water-ways,  
Vile, squalid Charon! Half-grey beard hairs twirl  
Spasmodically from his chin, His charring eye sockets swirl with flames, 300  
A crusty cloak hangs like filth tied to shoulders.  
This one alone shoves the skiff with a pole, and sails the boat along,  
And carries corpses round by rusty raft.  
He is quite old now, but age the god sits verdant and callow.

The surge squirms over itself here to the shoreline. 305  
Mothers, men, and the carrion-corpses of  
Magnanimous heroes cut off from life, little boys, unwed girls,  
Kids laid on pyres in front of their parents' eyes;  
Like leaves, as many as fall in that first autumn chill,  
Fluttering down to the forest floor, or 310  
Like birds, as many as flock landward off the swishing deep,  
When winter frost exiles them across the sea to sundropped shores.

They pile up there begging that they be the first across

Outstretching their arms in love-lust, longing for that other shore.

But that sad sailor takes some, and now those ones, 315

At that time he strands the others and drives them from the shoreline.

Aeneas marvels at the tumult, he wonders aloud:

“Say, o Sibyl, why does this horde cluster down at the stream?

Or, what do these souls seek? Or more, why are some marked,

Banished from the banks, and others sweep sullen shoals with oars?” 320

The long-lived priestess spoke briefly back:

“Son of Anchises, god-born for sure,

You see Cocytus’ deep marsh pools, as well as the Stygian fen?

Even gods shrink from their power: no oaths sworn on them in hopes none are broken.

This horde, these masses you spy are wretches, and unburied, 325

Skiffdriver Charon bears on the waves only the interred.

It is forbidden to ferry them over the ghastly shore and bruxing brooks

Before their bones sit in silence in tombs.

They wander a century’s cycle and skirt the coasts

Before at last let past they float on the boat to the marshes they thirsted for.” 330

Halted, Anchises’ stalk ponders his footprints with

Everything else, mourning the spirits' luckless lot to himself.

His gaze hits Leucaspis, then Orontis, the Lycian fleet admiral,

They grieve for themselves and crave the honor of death,

For the moment they set to stormy sea roads from Troy 335

The Auster-wind overwhelmed them. The ship and men were consumed together.

Look there, the pilot Palinurus drags himself along,

Who, charting a star-course on the route from Carthage,

Fell from the deck and drowned in the waves.

Aeneas could just barely place him, lamenting in the pall, 340

And yells over to him first: "Which one, Palinurus?

Which god tore you from us and dragged you down under open sea?

Tell me, come on. Apollo has never lied before, but this

Singular prophecy made a mockery of my mind, Apollo

Sang out to say that *you* would be safe at sea and 345

Reach the Ausonian shorelands. Is *this*, then, what his promise is worth?"

Palinurus spoke back: "The Apollo prophet's cauldron-chair did not cheat you,

Captain, Sir, Anchises-born, I was dragged under the sea by no god!

The rudder went rogue, tore off terribly strong someway.



A careful coxswain was I, even while being keeled under, 350  
 I dragged that tiller with me! On the squally seas I swear it,  
 Flooded with fear was I for your *ship* alone, washing away its tackle,  
 Overboarding its helmsman, that it'd capsize under the stormy swell.  
 Three nights the washy whirlwind walloped me southward on wild waters. 355  
 I spied Italia, sublimed on a wavecrest, barely by fourth day's dawn!  
 Stroke by stroke I swashed to land; already scratching safe sands.  
 If not for some spiteful tribesmen, I'd have lived too!  
 They slew me with swords like an imbecile's prize,  
 Sinking in squelching clothes, my hands hooked like claws to the cliff crags. 360  
 Now the waves have their way with me, and the gales guide me ashore.

From all the way down here, by that cheery sweet sunlight, by the  
 Breeze in the real sky, by your father, by the hope you carry for your growing  
 Son Iulus, I *beg* you! Steal me away from this horror, Endurer, 365  
 Throw earth over me, you can now! Sail out to Velia Harbor!  
 There is no way you plan to float over this Stygian morass  
 Without divine protection, so if a way even exists, if your goddess  
 Mother shows you, give this agonizing soul your hand! Take me with you 370  
 Across the waves so I can finally spend my death in placid places!"

Aeneas had spoken, so the priestess begins:

“Where is this lousy desire coming from, Palinurus?

Will you, unburied, lay eyes on the Stygian seas, and the

Angry river of the Furies, will you approach the shore unbidden? 375

End your hope that prayer can change fate,

But, remember my words: find solace in your disaster.

Your neighbors, sprinkled out all over the cities,

Omen-driven will rite your bones

And will pile up a tomb, where offerings will ever be made, 380

The land will be named Palinurus for eternity.”

His anxiety floats off at her words, his sadness smacked away,

From his miserable heart, he rejoices for his land’s ever-name.

Thus, they take up again their journey just started, drawing near to the river.

Now that mariner eyes them from on the Styx-waves, and witnesses their 385

Wade through the silent grove. They turn their boots shoreward,

So first he assaults them with words, he chatters at them by his own will:

“Whoever you are, arriving at our rivers *armed* like this,

Tell me why you have come. Stay over there, and check where you walk.

These are the shade lands, home of sleep and sluggish night: 390

Corpses that live cannot cross on the stygian skiff, it is unlawful.

I did not rejoice to accept Hercules across the moat,  
 Nor Theseus and Pirithous, though they were god-born,  
 With unconquered might.

The one by his own hand hunted down Tartarus' guard, 395  
 Dragging that Cerberus trembling, tether chained, away from the king's own throne;  
 The other attempted to kidnap the queen from the Hades' bedroom."

The Amphrysian priestess curtly parries his accusations:

"There is no treachery here (do not get up),  
 Our spears carry no violence; let that blustery barking doorman 400  
 Terrify the shadowy dead forever from his kennel,  
 Persephone can remain over her uncle's threshold.  
 Trojan Aeneas, famed for his duty and his arms,  
 Sinks down to the lowest shadowland, to Erebus, to his family.  
 If this act of such love does nothing to you, perhaps 405  
 This branch (she reveals the branch from under her robe)  
 Will catch your eye!" His uproarious heart shrinks from anger.

No more words exchanged. That god, admiring the ancient fateful bough-gift,  
 Finally seen again after an age, poles the caerulean skiff to the bank. 410  
 From here the other souls, seated on the shoreline,

He drives off and clears a plank path, and to the barque beckons  
 Mighty Aeneas. The cobbled-together boat groans under the weight,  
 And the bogwater leaks into the hold.  
 Finally, he poles the priestess and man unharmed across the river,  
 Through the mud and grey sludge sedge.

415

Cerberus the mighty beats the walls of Hades with his  
 Triple-mouth bark, laying sprawled out across the entryway.  
 The priestess, watching as his neck collar squirms with slithery snakes  
 Tosses him a bun ball honeyed up, and medicated for sleep,  
 He widens his three jaws in ravenous hunger, and destroys his snack.  
 Arching his muscly back on the ground, he pandiculates across the doorway.

420

Aeneas sneak-runs past the guard entombed in a nap,  
 Quickly escaping the banks of the stream-of-no-return.

425

Nonstop cry-outs and weepy wails pierce ears,  
 And infants' colic crying at the underworld interstice:  
 Deprived of sweet life, clawed right from the breast,  
 Death-doom has taken them away and drowned them in sour oblivion.

Nearby are those damned on false charges 430

Truly, this unlife is not given without a lot or due process.

Judge Minos arranges the lot urns, he calls a council of

Dead-silent dead souls that review each lifetime and life-crime.

Next in line are the downcasts, who birthed their own death,

Not a crime, with a suicidal hand. Loathing the light 435

They throw away their consciousness. Oh dear, they pine for overworld air

Now, to *live out* even poverty, even back-breaking work!

The Law forbids it, so does the heart-rending swamp with repulsive

Binding waves. Styx, too, imprisons them in a nine-ring river-wreath.

A little farther along, in every direction a swept green comes into view: 440

Mourner's Meadow, or so the mourners call it.

Here are those consumed by love's unyielding, rotting wounds,

Secret pebble paths hide them away, a myrtle wood

Cloisters them; even in death their love-worries haunt them.

Hereabouts Aeneas discovers Phaedra, Procris, and Eriphyla, hurting, 445

Her cruel son's cut-wounds show all over her body.

Evadne, and Pasiphae, Laodamia strides with them;

Caeneus, too, a manly man for a time, gets twisted around by Fate

Again, even back into a woman's form.

Amongst all these is the Phoenician, Dido, fresh off her death-wound, 450

Wandering to nowhere in the endless wood. The Trojan Hero,

As soon as he got close to her and made her out in the umbrous

Ink, just like one who sees, or thinks he saw,

Peeking out from the clouds at the very start of the month the moon,

He weeps, and he cries out with the sweetest love: 455

“Dido, Crestfallen Dido! Was that really truthful news that

Reached me then, that your fire was put out, that your final act was a sword?

Your death, dear lord, I was the cause! I swear by every star,

By the gods, If there is any trust in the plumbless earth I swear by it too,

*Unwillingly*, Queen Dido, I ran away from your shore. 460

But the gods forced me by their decrees, the same orders which

Compel me to journey through the blackness, through

Regions *rotting* in ruin and absolute darkness; I could not begin to believe that

I would cause you such inexorable grief with my departure!

Stay here, don't shrink yourself away from my vision! 465

Who are you running from? This is the last time Fate will let me speak to you!

With all this Aeneas was trying to calm the blazing,

Steely-staring spirit, *he* was crying with every word.

*She* turned her back, nailed her eyes to the ground,

No more of his appeal showed on her face than if she 470

Were a fossil on unfeeling flint or a Paros cliffside.

Finally she cut it off herself, furiously retreating

Under the shadowing grove, where her first husband,

Sychaeus, tends to her cares and entwines her love with his.

Nevertheless Aeneas, concussed by her unfair fate, 475

Weeps his way after her for a while, and grieves her running away.

He trudges away along his track. Soon they were coming upon

The final hidden farmland fields, where war-famed veterans spend their unlife.

Here Tydeus runs into him, and over there resplendent-armored famous

Parthenopaeus, and the portrait of washed-out Adrastus, 480

Trojans are here too who fell under in battle, oh-so cried for up above,

And spying them companied in gapless formation Aeneas

Heavy-sighed. Glaucus, Medon, Thersolichus,

The three Antenor boys, Demeter's priest Polyboetes,

And Idaeus is still tuning up his chariot, still polishing his kit. 485

The spirits crowd him all around, a mob on his left and right.

It was never enough just to see him, they stop him and talk all they can;

They float their steps in sync to ask just why he comes to visit

But the Greek princes and Agamemnon's phalanxes saw him,

The hero and his armored tribe twinkling through the shade, 490

They freeze up in overwhelming dread. Some run with their backs turned,

Just like they fled to their boats in life, others whimper out what they wished

Were shouts, but the war cry atrophies in the slackened mouths.

And here he sees Deiphobus, mangled son of Priam,

Cruelly crushed in his face, in his face and both his hands, 495

His head ripped of reft ears, his nose

Erased by a shame-making wound.

Aeneas just barely could recognize him,

A shade-man,

Hiding his awful

War-rends. Aeneas, as a friend,

Calls out to him: "Weapon Wielder Deiphobus! You of great Teucer's blood! 500

Who was it that chose to inflict such terrible punishments?

Who was *allowed* to do this?



I was told that you, dead tired, after gifting to the Shade-lord so many Greeks  
Finally fell on a mangled mass of crumpled men.

I build an empty tomb for you on the shores of Rhoeteum! 505

Three times, loudly, I cried out for your soul!

There I set your things, your name and life-leeching sword,

They watch over your grave.

I could never find your body, friend, I'm sorry.

The sea beckoned me to hurry, and I left you unburied.

Priam's son spoke back "You left nothing out, my great comrade,

You've given everything to Deiphobus and his finished shade. 510

It was my fate to be drowned in this mess by that

Criminal Spartan woman, Helen.

Look what she did! Have you seen my scars?!

We really spent that final night in grand delusions of delight, didn't we?

We have to remember it, forever:

When that unholy horse danced its way into our city, 515

Pregnant, its womb festering with grunts,

That woman faked a nighttime party, and the Phrygian girls

Shrieked with Glee. She, holding the enormous torch,

Was actually summoning up her Greeks from atop our sacred citadel.

All the while I laid in my deathbed, sound asleep. 520

It was peaceful and quiet though, like death.

Meanwhile Helen, my *perfect* wife,

Took all the weapons out of my house!

She even managed to snatch away the sword under my pillow,

Then she called over Menelaus and opened up the doors, 525

Probably hoping that he would enjoy this gift and

Forgive her for all her misdeeds. Anyways, I digress.

They broke into the room, and Odysseus, that villain he is,

Met up with them along the way.

Hear me, gods, if I ever deserved anything from you, 530

Give back to those Greeks what they gave to me!

But come, Aeneas, tell me, by what misfortune have you

Managed to come down here *alive*?

Do you come driven as a wanderer on the sea?

Or is this a warning from the gods?

What destiny torments you enough to

Dare approach these sunless shores, this uneasy home?"

They could have talked forever, but Dawn, with her rosy 535

Chariot, hurled herself across the sky, passing midday,

And the Sibyl by Aeneas' side warned the Trojan sternly:

“Night rushes in, Aeneas, but we are spending our time here crying.

We are at a crossroads. 540

The right road leads under the great walls of Hades,

*This* is our road to Elysium; the left road is where

Torment is given to the criminal,

And where they get sent to Tartarus Unhinged.”

“Do not be angry, I will go.” Deiphobus interjects,

“I will go down again into the tenebrous ink

And retake my place amongst the shades. 545

Go, pride of Troy, go, and live a better life than I.”

He turned his back and left as he spoke these commands.

Aeneas, out of the corner of his eye, under an

Outcropping on the left spies a hulking hold

Shut in by three-fold walls, encircled by a magma-moat. 550

Tartarus' Phlegethon hellfire: waves breaking on brass-lunged boulders.

In front of it fell the great gate, and pillars of magicked stone,  
 So made that no man, not even a sky-dweller,  
 Could ever wreck in vicious war the walls of witched rock.  
 A tower of iron takes off into the air where Tisiphone,  
 Clad in a blood-burnished shroud, 555  
 Guards the entrance, ever watching through sleepless day and night.

From here he hears the bleats of broken men,  
 The rattling of iron, and strained torture chains.  
 The strider-of-deadlands stood chilled and took in the terror.  
 “What mistakes, Sibyl, warrant such overwhelming punishments? 560  
 What makes the wails here so deafening?”

The Sibyl-priestess spoke: “Famed Trojan Captain,  
 Only wicked men are rightly put by the gods across these liminal plains,  
 But when Hecate appointed me to watch over the Groves of Avernus,  
 She showed me all the punishments the gods can inflict,  
 And guided me through all of these places. 565  
 It is here that Rhadamanthus of Crete rules the terrible realms,  
 Hearing the concealed crimes of those who rejoiced in deferring  
 Their atonement amongst the living until their timely death.

Once they die, Avenging Tisiphone, with her whips, 570  
 Beats and mocks the condemned,  
 Curling around her left hand writing  
 Snakes, calling for all her sadistic sisters.”

Slowly the gates of the damned swung open  
 With a shrill of the iron grinding on its hinges.

Behold what kind of abomination guards the entrance to this place,  
 What kind of shadow-form holds the door: 575  
 A hydra, carrion-crawler of fifty flesh-maul mouths  
 Here makes its den in the depths.

“More inward still is Tartarus itself,  
 Pulling down forever beneath the world  
 Twice as deep as heaven is high.  
 It is in this deep awful pit that the Titans, 580  
 First of the gods, put down in thunderous revolt,  
 Swirl around endlessly!  
 And I saw Aloeus the giant’s massive twin sons,  
 The ones who tried reaching to heaven to

Witness Jupiter and pull him down.

Salmones too, the one who claimed the power of 585

Jupiter's sacred bolt, and his fiery storm.

Maniac, riding through Greece on his

Four-horse chariot, through Olympia even,

Demanding he be given the honors of the gods.

Insane is the man who pretends to be able to

Fulminate like a inimitable *god* with 590

Bronze and horse's stomp smash.

Jupiter put him down from the sky,

No fire, no smoke.

He blew him down below

Headlong in a whirlwind.

Not only those men, but Tityus, Earth's foster child, 595

Wheeled out across nine acres, feasted on by a vulture with

Demented beak, tortured endlessly with a re-growing

Liver, his guts as worms spilling out.

The vulture, burying itself in his body, slashing his insides;

His price for his crimes: no relief from suffering. 600

Should I mention that here too are the Lapiths,  
Ixion and Pirithous, sitting beneath a spike of rock  
Teetering on the brink of collapse, much like they themselves?  
The table legs gleam gilded on the feast tables  
Spread before them in awesome splendor,  
Yet the greatest of the Furies sits across them, 605  
Sardonic, mocking them and stopping them from eating.

Here now are more, those who gave hatred to  
Brothers, even while they lived, and those who  
Beat out blood from a harsh parent.  
Men who took a client, and lied to him through fraud, 610  
And sat alone in empty halls where golden coins abound.

Those slain for adultery, those who took up the storm of swords  
Against their lord, forging feigned oaths as baseless brigands.  
All are jailed here, awaiting torment.

Do not ask me what happens to these men. 615  
Some of them roll huge stones forever.  
Some, like pendants, are wheeled out swinging from revolving wheelspokes.

Wretched Theseus sits, and will sit, forever;

And Phlegyas, that miserable man,

Wails his warning to all who will listen:

‘Learn justice, and never forsake the gods!’ 620

This one sold laws to the highest bidder,

Putting only corruption and gold on the throne.

That one assaulted his daughter in bed and composed

An incestuous marriage: all are those who dared to commit

Unholy crimes, and all are those who succeeded.

Not if my word-oars numbered in the hundreds, 625

Not if my voice was of iron, strong, could I

Ever grasp them all, crimes beyond repentance,

Or run the list of wretched retributions from the gods.”

At last when she the sacred priestess spoke her full response,

She began again. “Come now, let's get down the road and

Finish what we started. We must go quickly.

I spy walls raised up by the forges of cyclopes, 630

And the gate at which we must lay our gifts.”



Together as they walked, along the shadows' road,  
The Sibyl and he talked, snatching up the space between  
Them and the gate, reaching it quickly.

Aeneas seizes on the door, and sprinkles himself with springwater, 635  
And lays the golden branch against the junction's bays.

With their quest at last finished, having done the rite  
To Persephone, they descended further, but this time  
Into fields of elation and groves of bliss.

Here it is light, and the air is free, this place 640  
Knows its own sun and stars. Men flex their muscles in rings on the grass,  
They compete together, and wrestle on pure golden sands.

Some dance to toe-tapping songs and sing along, and Orpheus,  
Renowned for his music, plays along with the voices on his seven-toned lyre. 645  
He plays them with his fingers now, and again with his ivory pick.

Here is where Teucer's race has gone,  
Handsome, proud, strong.  
Memories of a better time.

Illus and Assaracus, even Dardanus, first king of Troy! 650

From far away Aeneas stood in awe, the ghost-arms amaze him,  
 Battle-spears moored in the earth, horses freed from yoke,  
 Grazing in the wealthy wild woods not far away.  
 The same pleasure they found in iron-games while up above  
 And the cares they gave their saddle-bearers find them now below.

655

Imagine it: on every side he sees more merry men,  
 They sing the song of praise, and feast on  
 Apollo's food, in the great groves where  
 The river Po rushes through up above.

Here are bench-mate bands, who died above  
 Fighting for their homeland, and pious priests the  
 Mercy givers, and bards who sang the music of gods  
 So worthy of Apollo.

660

All festive friends who cultivated culture through their art,  
 And those who are remembered by the good they did above.  
 Their headbands are winter white, crowned by Apollo.

665

The Sibyl spoke again, this time to Musaeus,  
 A man in the midst, the tallest of them all.  
 "speak, happy minds, and you the greatest bard,

What place, what road, will take us to Anchises? 670

For him we have come and made our hell-walker's quest.

The hero spoke, if only briefly:

“There *are* no built up homes here,

We live in all the shady groves,

And inhabit the soft sands of the riverbanks

And the meadows fresh with streams.

But if your heart calls you to him, 675

Meet me on the other side of this hill,

And I will set you on a calm road.”

He spoke as he walked, motioning to all the

Glittering groves;

They took in the view,

And went on their way.

But father Anchises was passing through a

Deep-green valley field, walking amongst the imprisoned minds 680

About to be sent to life again.

By chance he was looking at his own family,

His great sons, all their heroisms, and all their fortunes.

When he saw Aeneas cresting the hill into his valley,

Swimming through the multitudes of shades,

He cried as only a parent could, arms outstretched, 685

Tears rolling endlessly of his cheeks,

He could only get out these words:

“My son, its really *you*.

Come here, come here, let me see your face,

Talk with me, just like before!

I knew you would come; I counted every moment! 690

A father’s cares are never wrong, my son!

Great seas and foreign lands have

Driven you right into my arms!

I feared the kingdoms of Libya would hurt you!

It is alright now, perhaps reuniting has made it all worth it.”

Aeneas replied: “Your ghost, father, 695

Came creeping to me in many a dark dream,

Keeping my fleet harbored out of deep seas

Left there on the Tuscan sands.

Let me hold your hand, father,  
Do not pull away from my hug!”

All the while Aeneas was bawling.  
He tried to hug his father three times,  
Throwing his arms around his neck,  
Three times the shade slipped through his fingers,  
Phantasmal, fading,  
Like a dream in the morning, or a summer’s breeze.

700

As Aeneas looks up from his sadness, he spies  
In the depths of the valleys a little wood,  
With thickets and bushes rustling in the wind.  
He sees the stream Lethe,  
Flowing right up against some placid homes.  
And just as bees relax on beautiful flowers,  
And hum around radiant lilies, there are people.  
Countless people, from all families and walks of life,  
The meadows buzz with their tranquil chatter.

705

Taken aback by such a sight Aeneas could not help but ask

710

His father what river runs in the distance, and what  
 Stories lay on the banks in such numbers.

Anchises sees and answers: "Fate owes those  
 Souls another body.

They drink the magic water of Lethe, settling them into  
 Deep tranquility and bliss.

715

I hoped one day I would show it all to you,  
 Here together, and tell you all about our family,  
 So that we can find even more  
 Happiness in Italy, finally found."

"Father, why would anyone ever wish to  
 Leave this place for a miserable body?  
 Why *yearn* for the light so maddeningly."

720

"Calm, my son, I will tell you."

Thus, Anchises begins, pointing out everyone he names.

"First: the sky and the lands, windy fields

The lucent moon-globe and Titan sun-stars

725

Inner spirit nurtures them all. and Mind, flowing freely through the sinews

Binds the whole universe and entwines itself in all its magnificent machinations.

Then comes humanity, the animals too, and birds,

And those deep-dwelling monsters born beneath a marble sea.

Though they are weighed down by the crumbling decay of failing flesh,

Moribund with earthly limbs, from heaven comes these seeded souls, 730

Softly sown in fiery strength.

Its why people fear and covet, grieve or joy.

They cannot pick out that higher light, and

Ever chained in darkhold dungeons, scream their sorrows in the shade.

But even when they let out the last of life's light, corrupting plague remains, 735

Miserable wretches infected with deep-rooted pestilences

Stinging, clinging, tough things grow as they're bidden,

Warping and wrapping while wildly hidden.

Punishment excised, old death-debts are repaid,

Some are suspended on the empty wind, 740

Dyed-on guilts are scrubbed off by vast whirlpools or burnt out in flames:

We each suffer singularly our own retributions.

Then they are sent through Elysium's sprawling swards,

And a few of us latch to those merry meads

Until circling cycles, and time-drawn ages 745

Decants our forge-fired flaws, perfecting our aethereal selves, it leaves behind  
Only the fire of simple breath.

All these, after rolling out their wheel for a thousand years,  
That god levies at the banks of the Lethe as a flock that floods the river  
There their memories ebb, so the tidal horde can return 750  
Again to arched skies and begin to long for mortal bodies.”

Anchises quiets, and sybil and son are drawn as one  
To a mound in the midst of the crying out crowd,  
Where he can see over each and every shuffling shade 755  
To read their faces, and descry those coming on the way.  
“Now come, the glory that will follow trojan race,  
Those who await you, Italians, of your family,  
Illustrious spirits about to be born with *our* name,  
It is of *them* who I will now tell you, I will show you your fates of fame.

That young one there, you see him, leaning on his unbloodied spear, 760  
He holds the first place, closest to the lustrous light,  
He will rise *first* into the ether-air, Italian blood mixed up in his veins.  
He bears an Alban name, Silvius, and will be your final son.



He will be born far into your old age in sylvan groves by  
 Lavinia your wife. He will be born a king and father kings, 765  
 And through him our line will reign over Alba Longa.

At his side stands Procas, our pride, Troy's triumphant son,  
 And Capys, Numitor, and the one who resurrects your name:  
 Silvius Aeneas, panoplied, pious, and unequalled in either pursuit,  
 If ever Alba takes on his reign. 770

What magnificent men, what power laid down,  
 Wearing civic honors, brow-bushes shaded by an oaken crown.  
 Nomentum, Gabia, the city of Fidena, they will build it for *you*,  
 The high holds of Collatina, Pometia, Faun's Fort Inui, Bola 775  
 And Cora. These will soon be their names, names placed on now nameless lands.

There will be another, companion of his grandfather. Mars-born,  
 Romulus, reared by his mother Illia, progeny of Assaracus.  
 Don't you see him? Crowned by twin pinion-plume feathers,  
 Made a man-god already by his famed father's mark. 780  
 Look at him, son. He will be our guide. Rome, illustrious,  
 The earth will be her empire, Olympus the height of her ambition,  
 And a single wall surrounds seven steadfast stronghold summits,

She will be happy with the children of men:

She will be like the Cybele Mother, borne across Phrygian cities in her turret-crowned

Chariot hugging her hundred hallowed grandsons, her litter 785

Of gods is happy, high-holders of heavenly homes.

Give me now your sharpsight twin eyes. Witness this race,

*Your* Romans. Here is Caesar and all Iulus'

Heirs, about to arrive under the sky's great wheeling axle. 790

And this is the man, this is him, whose coming has been promised to you so often:

August Caesar, God-born. He will lay down a golden age again in all of Latium's

Farm fields, once Saturn's reignland. His power will extend itself over

Garamantian Africans, it will stretch itself over Indians, to lands 795

Snaking out farther away than the constellations,

Weaving itself through places beyond the sun, beyond time, where Atlas the sky-

Bearer spins on his shoulder the axis of the world shining with brilliant stars.

He is coming. Even now the Caspian kingdoms quake at their gods' doomsaying.

Scythia trembles. Even the Nile's seven mouths babble in troubled torment. 800

No, not even did Hercules in his enduring expeditions roam 'round lands so far-flung.

So what if he journeyed far to fell the bronze-hoofed doe, even if he

Silenced Erymanthus' forests and boar or laid low the hydra with his bow?

Neither did conquering Bacchus, in his chariot with Verdant vine-ring reins,  
Driven by tigers from Nysa's summit-tops. 805

Have we faltered then, after all that?  
Failed to extend courage into action? Or is it *fear* that forbids you to settle Ausonia?

But look at *that* one. Standing apart, crowned in olive boughs bound  
For the altar bearing sacred signs. Who is he?  
I recognize those silvery locks and salt-grey beard, 810  
A king's beard, Rome's first lawgiver  
Sent from humble Cures-town, leaving luckless lands,  
Elected to rule an illustrious empire. Then comes his successor,  
Tullus, who fractures his country's detestable dormancy  
Heartening the throngs unused to triumph,  
Awakening docile men to war.

Ancus next, with fifteen minutes of fame 815  
Basking too much in popularity's light.

Do you want to see the Tarquin kings, and that  
Haughty spirit of Brutus, Avenger, recoverer of *Fasces* lost?  
He is first to hold that power, a Consul's savage axe,

And will summon up his plotting sons  
 Who were concocting surreptitious schemes, 820  
 And machinating war. Father must sentence his sons to death,  
 A calamitous cost is beauteous freedom's fee.  
 No matter how it's thought of now,  
 A miserable sorrow that man found,  
 But love for his home will win him over,  
 And his unbridled lust for glory.

And look there, the Decius family, Drusii too,  
 Behold Torquatus, savage with his axe,  
 Camillus too, who recaptures the standards! 825

But look *there* at those strong spirits, wearing the same great  
 Glint-gleam armor, harmonious for now, so long as they remain  
 Manacled in this underdark den. Dear god, what a horrible war  
 They will wage against each other, How many whole armies they will  
 Lead to sword-slaughter. if life's light ever shines through their eyes.  
 Caesar, father-in-law, storming through the west 830  
 From the bulwark bastion of Monaco's mountain Alps,  
 Pompey, the husband with foe-legions

Called up from the dawn-bearing east!

Oh, sons, do not harden your hearts to wars so great,

Or summon your strength to harrow Rome's guts,

With the wild-wind weapons of wail-waking wars.

Blood son, born soon, Led down from Olympus' peak,

Cast that spear from your hand, be the first to use mercy! 835

Mummius, over there, carries his conquering chariot

Up the Capitoline, triumphant over Corinth, butcherer of Greeks!

Paullus, there too you see, will ravage Argos,

Obliterating Agamemnon's own Mycenae,

Laying low Perseus himself, an heir of spear-strong Achilles,

Avenger of his Trojan ancestors,

Minerva's temples tempered with temerities redressed. 840

Oh, who could leave you unmentioned, Great Cato, or you, Cossus?

Who could forget those Gracchus brothers, or twin-named Scipios,

War-raging thunderbolts, Carthage's plague!

Or Fabricius, powerful in poverty, unimposing, but strong;

Or you, honest Serranus, sowing seeds in freehold wolds.

All you Fabii, where do you rush me too, tired as I am? 845

Here you are, Maximus, greatest of them all,  
 Savior of our threatened state, for you endured *alone* and stalled.

Others shall carve out suppler lines on breathing bronzes,  
 This I truly believe. they will enchant marble with living faces,  
 They will argue cases better, chart with compass constellated sky, 850  
 And prognosticate the path of stars:  
 But you must remember, Roman, for these will be your arts:  
 To rule nations with your order, to impose the habit of peace.  
 To spare the conquered, and to break the proud.”

So Anchises spoke. But with sibyl and son  
 Awestruck at his words, he begins to speak again.

“Watch how Marcellus walks around, 855  
 Honormarked by armor that he ripped from a foe,  
 A conquering commander, he towers over every hero.  
 He will bastion the Roman realm when unrest undermines it.  
 Regal Rider, he will ruin Carthage and the revanchist Gauls,  
 And for the third time ever will win a one-on-one duel, offering up  
 His well-won war-arms as a dedication to Father Romulus.”

Confused, Aeneas interrupts, for walking with Marcellus he spies a 860  
 Young man: strikingly handsome with gleam-mail aglow,  
 But his face is full of anguish and his eye-lights are downcast.  
 “Who is *he*, father, that guy, that companion to the hero going along like that?  
 His son, or another branch on his great family tree?  
 What clamorous comrades he has! What a powerful presence! 865  
 But a morbid night dims his head with leaden shadows.”

Then Anchises, the father, lets out with his tears welling up:  
 “Oh, my *boy*, do not seek to know the great anguish of your own  
 Nation; his land-life will be woven for no more than a moment,  
 Nothing more do the Fates allow.  
 Gods, it seems the Roman flower would have bloomed 870  
 Too brightly for you had his life-gift remained.  
 How many wail-waves of heroes will resound  
 From the Campus Martius, breaking on his great city!  
 What a funeral, Tiber, you’ll meander through,  
 When you inundate the fresh made tomb!  
 No Illian boy shall ever raise higher the hope of his Latin ancestors, 875  
 Never will Romulan lands boast so highly of another son.

Lament for his piety, lament for his enduring faith and

His right hand unconquered in war!

No man could match his arms and survive, neither 880

Marching up on foot or driving his spurs into his foam-mouth steed.

Oh, pitiable boy, if you only could rip through even Fate's decree,

You will be Marcellus. Let my arms be full of lilies,

And scatter out these violet blossoms, let me take up this vain burden! 885

I will at least pile honors upon the

Shade of my descendent." So, across the whole land and astral-aired

Plains they wander together, surveying the sights.

When Anchises had taken his boy through each land,

And stirred up in his son a love for the glory on the way,

He reminds that hero of the wars still left to fight, 890

He teaches him of the Laurentian tribes, and Latinus' town,

And whether to weather or wend a way away from each distress.

There are twin Gates of Sleep, they say, the first is made of horns,

That grants an easy exit to true shades,

The other is of gleaming ivory perfect in its craft, 895

But strider-shades send skyward lying dreams.



With these words Anchises takes his son with the Sibyl around to the ivory gate.

Aeneas bolts like lightning back to the ships, to

Rejoin his Companions there and sets out directly

With shore in sight to what is now Caieta's port.

900

The anchors are thrown from the prows,

The sterns rest themselves on the beach.

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## ACADEMIC VITA

### Education and Awards

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The Pennsylvania State University: Schreyer's Honors College, Paterno Fellows Program

- College of the Liberal Arts, intended graduation May 2023
- B.A.s in History; Classical and Ancient Mediterranean Studies; Political Science
- Minors in Latin, Italian
- Phi Beta Kappa Society member

Study Abroad: Salerno, Italy: May-June 2022

### Teaching Experience

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Beth Tfiloh Camps: Outdoor Life Instructional Assistant

Jun. 2017-Aug. 2019

*Owings Mills, Maryland*

- Instructed groups of children using differentiated instruction in a classroom-based environment.
- Produced lesson plans, activity guides, and interactive learning opportunities for each age group that allowed students to effectively showcase lesson skills.
- Tailored instruction to individual students daily to facilitate a safe and healthy learning experience.

Beth Tfiloh Camps: Head Counselor

Jun. 2022-Aug. 2022

*Owings Mills, Maryland*

- Supervised students ages 8-10 to promote an open and respectful learning environment while maintaining agency of students via participatory choice.
- Offered increased student freedom relative to other instructors while fostering self-responsibility, resulting in mature, reliable students capable of taking on responsibility.
- Resolved inter-student conflict with mediated discussion, decreasing conflict frequency and developing students' ability to think self-critically.
- Led emergency administrative and medical care on an ad-hoc basis to ensure student safety.

### Internship Experience

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Historical Society of Carroll County

May 2019-Jun. 2019

*Westminster, Maryland*

- Handled, categorized, and organized historical materials.
- Migrated data to modern systems resulting in a full catalogue of Tracy land plat collection.

### Leadership Experience

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University Park Undergraduate Association: Director of Digitization

Oct. 2020-Jun. 2022

*State College, Pennsylvania*

- Built the first digital archive to house all UPUA documents going back to 1971.
- Evaluated over 5,000 documents and reorganized method for document upload and storage.
- Created and implemented method for timely digitization of UPUA documents in a publicly accessible format.
- Facilitated the expeditious archiving of documents by training and heading a dynamic team of digital archivists.

Rhetoric and Civic Life Community Engagement Night

Jan. 2020-April 2020

*State College, Pennsylvania*

- Organized and directed community roundtable on sexual violence at a reserved downtown space.
- Guided participant-centered discussion to inform and expand understanding of sexual violence susceptibility and resources available for survivors both locally and nationally.

### Skills

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Technology/Computer: Microsoft Word, Excel, PowerPoint, iMovie, Acrobat,

Leadership: Classroom-based instruction, Organization, Time management

Interpersonal: Communication, Public Speaking, Team Building, Conflict Resolution