# FROM VIRGIL'S THE AENEID, BOOK III

TRANSLATED BY DAVID HADBAWNIK

3. procul montis ac volvere fumum

Hadn't gone far when winds churned seas rose tossing us pell mell in a massive flood day's ripped out from under us night snatches sky

## LIGHTNING

breaks clouds we go blind in black waves

even the pilot can't tell ass from teakettle nor guess the way for three days we wander starless storm lifts by the 4th

## LAND

far-off mountains twisting smoke

we furl sails and rise on our oars sailors stir froth scouring the blue

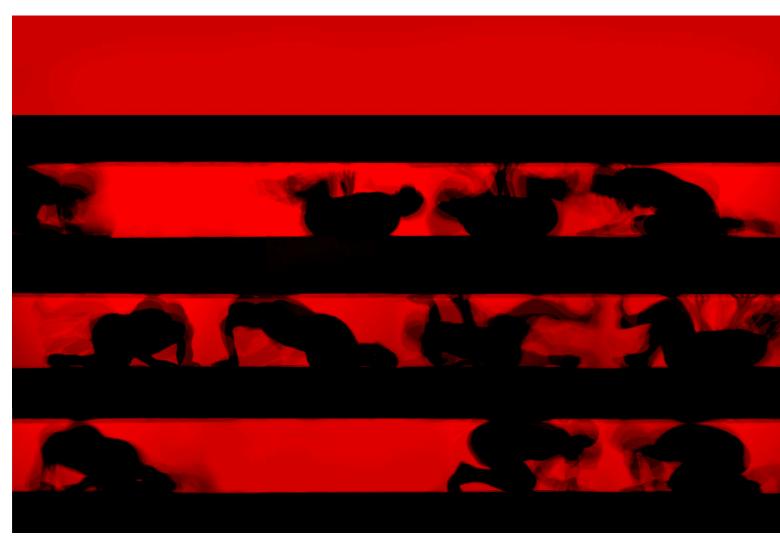
to the shores of the Strophades Islands now fixed once wandered

where the dire CELAENO

and other harpies had dwelled after Phineus shut palace doors to them and they fled those tables in fear



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The Dungeons, 2012 Printed on Cotton Rag Fine Art Archival paper Edition of 5, 100 x 150 cm

no monster more awful nor crueler curse ever swept from heaven through River Styx

their faces maidenly bellies spewing filth hands crooked pale maws always hungry

we sailed into port and slaughtered copious cattle and goats

promising spoils to the gods yet feasting greedily

then with one horrifying

SWOOP

they're here

the Harpies

The Creation of Freedom, 2012 Printed on cotton rag fine art archival paper Edition of 5, 50 x 75 cm





wings shaking up a terrible din they tear apart the feast and turn everything to shit and a dreadful cry rises amidst the stench

they fly back to a far-off nook in a cliff we heap food on the tables and relight the altars

### SWOOP

they fall from hidden lairs in the sky roaring they fly round the spoils defiling our feast again

I give orders men arm

take positions

on a signal attack

sword-flash on feathers

Al Kashoosh, 2012 Printed on cotton rag fine art archival paper Edition of 5, 70 x 105 cm

to no avail-screaming they slip off unharmed leaving half-eaten food, fouled remnant

## CELAENO

herself settles on high rock and utters an unhappy prophecy:

"You're doing all this to defend some slaughtered cows? Or are you really trying to drive the innocent Harpies from their home? Listen to me good: I got this straight from Apollo. Invoke the winds, seek Italyyou'll be allowed to enter. But not before terrible hunger forces you to feast on your own tables in payment for this wicked slaughter."

She beat it into the woods blood went cold in allies' hearts took the fight right out of us instead we make prayers and offerings seeking peace

Father spreads his arms and calls to the gods to ward off such a pass

then ordering ropes from shore

sails catch wind and

we flee over the foamy waves

once more

Day by day the adventure the grind of it

till it's exciting as dragging the trash down to the curb-

my mother the ultimate performance enhancing drug

language to describe raging seas



Equality, Dignity, Freedom, 2012 Printed on Cotton Rag Fine Art Archival paper Edition of 5, 70 x 105 cm

the flash of metal and gods' eyes

but what of the human heart its dangers its moments of being becalmed

and the endless prophecies that make life go backwards—

blood sucked back into victims' wounds the scream shrinking down into throat so to stagger

> The Epic, 2012 Printed on Cotton Rag Fine Art Archival paper Edition of 5, 100 x 150 cm





up walk again the sacrificed animal

### SMOKE

falls back into flame flame into green wood

and Love

that moves everything

make the god run for once

from the girl and the fountain tree or bird

spring into human form

Rising once again, 2012 Printed on Cotton Rag Fine Art Archival paper Edition of 5, 70 × 50 cm