

# 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  
by the 4th storm lifts

#### 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

## WOUNDS

JABER AL AZMEH

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ART GALLERY, DUBAI



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

no monster more awful nor crueller 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 Italy—  
you’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



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