

Zach Schwab

Text

Burners is what I'm singin' bout, and a man  
Been' kicked out from Troy way back  
By God's will. While comin' to the Lavinian  
Shores, that man got tossed 'round the same  
5 Both on land and on the seas by the power  
Of Juno, who was hatin' on Troy. This  
Man got crapped out in wars too, until he  
Dun founded his city and took his gods to  
Latium, that place where the Latin sets,  
10 The Alban fathas and Rome high walls at.

Muse, drop me the science: how the  
God-queen, playa hata she is, drove that  
Man who got soul on full to pay so many dues.  
15 How dey got rages like these in heaven above?

Dey was an ol' city Carthage (Tyrians  
Was holdin' it) set across from Italy  
An' the Tiber, corner to corner. They was  
20 Rich in money and tough in war, and they be  
Sayin' Juno loved that city more than  
Any other, Samos included. That's where  
Her weapons was at, and her chariot too,  
And 'long as the Fates was down, it'd rule  
25 The world. Tha's what she was hopin'  
Anyways. Only, a long time back she'd  
Been' heard that a race outta Trojan blood  
Was gon' turn over Carthage buildings, and  
A gangsta king from those people was fitna  
30 Come to Libya and dead it. The fates had  
Dun decided this. Juno was fearin' such  
Ends, but she also had in her mind an old  
War been' made on Troy for Greece's sake.  
(After all, her reasons why she on the outs  
35 Ain't left her head; Paris decision still  
There, how her fine broad body got  
Played out for a cheap frog. The race she  
Was hatin' still there, and those honors  
She ain't never got that was copped by  
40 Ganymede.) With her soul a' stewin' with  
These troubles, Juno was steady hatin'  
On them Trojans after they'd dun left for  
Latium, leavin' behind remnants of Greece  
and mean ol' Achilles. But, with the fates on  
45 They side, them Trojans was steady fighin'  
back, while wanderin' 'round the entire ocean.

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Such a burden Rome's foundin' had to be.

50 Scarcely outta Sicily's sight, those joyful  
Men was givin' they whole sails to the wind,  
Mixin' salty foam into the ocean as they  
Was doin' so, when Juno, with a beef  
Underneath her chest, said these things to  
Her own self: 'What I doin'? Givin' up,  
55 a defeated woman? Am I supposed  
Let that cock sucka get to Italy that easy?  
Ain't no fates got power over me.  
They dun allowed Pallas to kill off an  
Argive fleet wit flames and everythang,  
60 and not only that, but drown the Argives  
themselves, all on account a' one man's bad,  
Ajax, Oileus son. And she of all people,  
After she dun fired Jove flames from the  
Clouds, got to scatter them ships and ruffle  
65 Up the ocean wit a gust. Then, she got to  
Snatch up that man with a damn  
Whirlwind and stick him on a pointy rock.  
She ain't queen of the gods. She ain't  
Neither Jove sista, nor his wife.  
70 And she ain't had to spend this many  
Years fightin' one sorry set a' muthafuckas.  
Ain't no one gon' praise poor Juno like this.'

75 After marinatin' over these troubles with  
Her boilin' mind up in heaven, she came  
To Aeolia, the place of winds gone  
Buck wild. Here, king Aelous be  
Ampin' up winds and storms with all  
He might, or he be keepin' 'em close  
80 Wit chains and a pen. Ya'll can hear  
Them airish thangs be howlin' all  
'Round the mountain gates at any  
Time a' day, and ya'll can see Aeolus  
Sittin' on high, jus' coolin' the winds  
85 Down and holdin' he scepter. Jove had  
Known that without a guard, the winds'd  
Be dun beat down the ocean and swept  
Up the ground to the airs above,  
So he dun packed ev'ry last wind into  
90 A dark cave atop a high rocky cliff,  
And stuck with 'em a king of sum motha  
Wit to be pullin' and lettin' free the winds

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Text

As he was told. Now, Juno was conversatin'  
wit that king hisself. She told him say:

95

'Yo Aeolus, God almighty above dun gave  
You right to shift them waves n' toss  
Them winds. Now, that rageddy-ass race  
I hate is sailin' round the Tyrhennian ocean,  
100 With they wack-job Ilium gods on board  
Wit 'em. They goin' to Italy. Lemme tell  
It to you straight up: I need you to amp  
Up yo winds an' beat down they ships into  
Water. Drive 'em on course! Toss a body  
105 In the ocean! Do whatever it is you need.  
Why should you do such a thang, you  
Wonderin' now? Lemme break it down  
Fo' you. I gots wit me fourteen fine-ass  
Bitches. You do this fo' me, an' I'm a' give  
110 You Deiopea, the finest one, jus'  
Fo' you, baby. An' you can do wit her  
Whatever ya'll be wantin'. She crazy.'

115 Aeolus talk'd back: 'All you gotta do  
Now is drop me what you want. You  
Know I'm down for you. You dun got  
Me this here kingdom. You dun got  
Jove wit me. You got me a seat at  
Them divine banquets, and you dun  
120 Gave me power over these her' storms,  
So you go an' sit tight, it ain't a thang.'

Once he dun said this, he used  
He scepter to knock the mountain  
125 Side. Them winds came streamin'  
Outta they crib like they was soldiers  
Fitna kill somebody. Eurus and Notus,  
They was pressin' down on the ocean,  
And layin' waste to all 'it. Africanus  
130 Too. On after the other, they was  
Steady whoopin' down the ocean top,  
Rollin' crazy billows towards the shore.  
What followed was the hollerin' of men  
And the riggin's a' screechin'. Then,  
135 A storm cloud dun snatched up heaven  
Itself right outta the Teucrians' eyesight.  
Then, a black night came down on the  
Ocean. The stars slipped outta the sky one

Zach Schwab

Text

By one, and heaven got beatin' wit flashes.  
140 Trojan eyes was seein' death a' comin'.  
Right then, Aeneas knees got locked up in  
The cold. He made a groan and reachin' up  
Skyward he said the followin': 'Ya'll lucky.  
You know that? Ya'll that dun died back  
145 In the hood, in fronta yo fathers. Ya'll  
Got killed right. Tydidus, you the bravest  
On of us all, an' you know what uhm sayin'.  
To lie dead, back on Trojan ground.  
To let my soul free, unto yo right hand,  
150 Brotha. Tha's all I want. I jus' wanna  
Die back in the hood, dawg. Tha's where  
Slick ol' Hector at, right near Aeacida  
Knife. Tha's where Sarpedon at, too.  
And where shields and dome pieces and  
155 Dead bodies be caught up under ocean waves.'

After that man, who was getting' tossed about,  
Dun said that shit, a howlin' hurricane dun  
Smacked on the sails, and raised a wave  
160 Up into heaven. They oars got broke, and  
The backs a' they ships turned sideways.  
The sides flipped straight into the deep,  
Just when a water mountain rose up, fitna  
Smack them silly. Some men was hangin'  
165 In the wave crest. Others watched the  
Wave draw back, showin' them a sea  
Bed right between. Tides was gettin'  
All in the shore's face. Notus was  
Givin' three broke ships a wrenchin' on  
170 Top a' wide ocean rocks (Italians be callin'  
These pointy underwater thangs 'Alters')  
Eurus was takin' ships and thrustin' them  
High up, then crashin' them down again  
On to shallow spots. Lord it was a horrible  
175 Sight. It was all smashin' shallows on the  
Beach and whirlin' up sands at that time.  
One wave from high above crunched the  
Ride was carryin' Orontes and bad ol'  
Lycian. Aeneas dun saw it all wit he own  
180 Eyes. One ship captain got knocked  
To one side and fell on he head. In his  
Place, a water surge came and picked  
His ship up, twistin' it and pushin' it  
In circles. Then, the gust dun swallowed

Zach Schwab

Text

185 It in the ocean. Folks started poppin'  
Up outta the ocean here an' there, and  
Found theyselves in a gapin' whirlpool.  
Then, they weapons an' all a' Troy's  
Bread an' shit came up. First ya'll could  
190 See Ilioneus ride, then hard Achates, then the  
One that was takin' Abas, then the one  
Grand ol' Aletes was ridin' in. After  
Each brotha dun came to the surface,  
he seeped up the storm an' all it's  
195 static at once, and they souls was shook.

*Aen. 1.1 – 1.123*

Jus' like when, amongst a whole mess  
200 A' folks, a brawl breaks out, and caps n'  
Debris be flyin' all around ('cause that  
Shit be happenin' when members get  
Outta order). At them times, if folks  
See a heavy nigga, who got bravery  
205 And soul, they be dun shut they mouths,  
With they ears perked up fo' a listen.  
That homeboy on it: he be leadin' they  
Hearts with his words, and calmin' they  
Souls inside. Like that, when the  
210 Ocean dun stopped heavin' back and forth,  
The father looked 'round, with the sky  
Dun opened again. He whupped he  
Horses and let the chariot go free.

215 *Aen. 1.148 – 1.156*

Aeneas's homeboys, tired and empty, now  
They seekin' the nearest shores, so they  
Turns they ships toward Libya. It's got a  
220 Place, on a lone beach: The island make a  
Harbor by itself here, an' riplets from the  
Ocean be steady lappin' on the shores, splittin'  
Up all into tiny drops even smaller than before.  
Here and there, vast cliffs an' high peaks  
225 Threatenin' the skyline, and under them the ocean  
Lie quiet, safe an' sound. Way back, you see  
Trees sparklin' away, and a grove castin'  
Shades dark and rich. Dey a cave across and  
Under the leaves, with them cliffs hangin'  
230 Ovah. Inside it, dey got sweet waters an'

Zach Schwab

Text

Rock sittin' spaces. Quiet as it's kept,  
Some people be sayin' that Nymphs  
Theyselves livin' in that cave. And tired ol'  
Ships don't be needin' chains an' anchors  
235 And clunkity thangs. They jus' rest theyselves.  
There, Aeneas dun layed seven rides, even  
Though he been' had some twenty before.  
The Trojans, when they dun left, was markin'  
They new grounds and placin' old sticks in  
240 The salty shores, down wit bein' back on land.  
Achates lit up they first fire wit oakwood, and  
Fed it some leaves for to nourish it, and then  
Brought them flames to the tinder. Peeps,  
Weary from all fates' shit, brought out food  
245 Had soaked up ocean water, and Cerealia  
Wet tools. They was fitna dry an' make  
Due wit the goods they got wit them.

While all this was goin' down, Aeneas  
250 Was climbin' up the cliffs, for to see  
Could he find a trace of Antheus or  
Them Phrygian biremes, or Capys  
Or Caicus ships; Any sign sayin'  
Things gon' be fine in the end. But dey  
255 Was no ships in he sight, only three deer  
Wanderin' round on the shore. A whole herd  
Was followin' these deer on the back, and  
They was grazin' through the valleys, in a  
Long line. Aeneas dun planted his feet firm,  
260 And grabbed he bow and arrows, which  
Faithful Acahtes was carryin' for him. He  
Popped his caps into the biggest ones, even  
While they was holdin' they horns high like  
Tree branches. Then his arrows went buck  
265 Wild. He was shootin' them right an' left,  
Until he dun brought down seven deer,  
As many as the ships he got. Then he went  
Struttin' back to they new hood and gave  
Them to his homeboys. Poppin' out the  
270 Wine and fillin' crazy kegs to the brim,  
People was comin' back to theyselves.  
Aeneas said this, calmin' they souls inside:

'Yo B's. Ya'll know we ain't no  
275 Strangers to trouble. We been' done this shit.  
We dun got by worse, and God's gon' help us.

Zach Schwab

Text

Ya'll got all up in Scylla's face, wit he  
Deep soundin' cliffs and such. That  
Wadn't no thang for us. Neither was  
280 No honkey-ass Cyclops and his boulders.  
Ya'll gotta get back your soul, and  
Get rid a' all that fear. Someday, we gon'  
Laugh thinkin' bout all this. We been'  
Holdin' on to Latium, through downfalls  
285 An' troubles and everything. And we  
Been' keepin' our sight, to where  
Them fates holdin' us a seat. It's  
Our right for to found our kingdom. Ya'll  
Gotta be patient. We gon' need you later.'

290

Tha's what he was sayin', and he was  
Frontin' hope wit his face, but  
Underneath he was steady pressin'  
Down on sorrows wit his heart.

295

*Aen. 1.157 – 1.209*

And all that dun ended, when Jupiter  
Was beamin' down on the seas wit  
300 They white-dot sails, the lands a'  
Sprawlin', and all the people. In the  
Midst a' this, he set his feet on high and  
Fixed his eyes on the ghettoes of Libya.  
Jus' barely had he started to marinate ovah  
305 The Trojan troubles when Venus, sad and  
Full a' tears in her white eyes, told  
Him say: 'Jove, You rulin' and guidin'  
Men lives, and the gods' too, wit power  
Eternal, and your lightnin' bolts and such.  
310 I recognize, but drop this fo' me, honey:  
What has Aeneas, my poor little baby,  
Done to deserve these here hardships?  
The Trojans dun paid theya dues, and they  
Still be findin' a whole world closed to  
315 They happiness. You still down, right?  
Dey still gonna be Roman leaders, to keep  
The race goin'? Influential people, strong  
And hard, like you been' promised? Has  
Somethin' dun changed your mind, fatha?  
320 I dun went through this drama one time, seein'  
Troy lie dead in ruins. But I got out the  
Other side, jus' tellin' myself one fate was

Zach Schwab

Text

Gon' outdo the other one. Now I ain't  
Too sure, on account a' the same damn  
325 Shit seem to be on they backs. Do it  
Got some end to all these hardships, baby?  
When Antenor went and slipped right  
Through them Achaeans, ya'll dun allowed  
Him for to go about the Illyrian shores and  
330 Reach Liburnia safe and sound, and Timavus  
Fountain too. Outta that thing, oceans be  
Burstin' steady with rumblin' and such, and  
It floods all the fields. But he still dun  
Setted down there and founded Padua  
335 All clear, givin' the Teucrians they  
Name and weapons too. He gone now,  
But he restin' with peace. Meanwhile,  
We, your own blood, be sailin' in every  
Direction, dodgin' peril after peril, losin'  
340 Our's ships (Jus' sayin' it makes me shake),  
And we still across the sea from Italy.  
This what havin' soul's supposed to get you?  
This what we been layin' dead, waitin' for?'  
  
345 Smilin' down on that goddess, the man  
Above, daddy a' people and gods alike,  
The boss that be calmin' the sky and the  
Storms, he kissed he daughter an' said this:  
'Now, now, Cytherea. Jus' chill here a moment.  
350 Them fates ain't changed for you; They rock  
Solid as always. You gon' see the city, and  
Lavinia's walls, like I dun promised. And  
We gon' carry Aeneas, great and soulful as  
He is, straight up to the high stars a' heaven.  
355 Ain't nobody changed my mind yet, and be  
Sure 'a dat. Now, yo' son (I'm a' talk  
'bout him for a while now, and drop  
You the foe-one-one on his future,  
on account a' you seem to care for him  
360 So much). In Italy, dey gon' be sum  
Hardships: He gon' have to fight hard  
Battles an' come to blows 'gainst  
Beast-type enemies. It's gon' be a trial  
Jus' for to make the culture survive, but  
365 Outta these trials is gon' come strength.  
Afta' that, when them Rutulians is dun served,  
He gon' rule Latium fo' three summers an'  
Three winters. But Ascanius, who gots

Zach Schwab

Text

370 The name Iulus now (it was Ilus before,  
Back when Ilium was around), he gon'  
Rule the great orbs of earth for thirty  
Years or so, and then switch he mighty-ass  
Seat from Lavinia to a place called  
Alba Longa. Hector's race, then, gon'  
375 Give that kingdom three hundred years of  
Beauty and joy. At that time, a woman,  
A queen and sista, gon' get big from Mars  
And' bring out a pair a' twins, and they  
Gon' get raised by a she-wolf. One a' those  
380 Twins, Romulus, he gon' set up the Roman  
Bloodline, and he be dun built up houses wit  
Front porches, an' named the Romans after  
Hisself. An' don't worry chil', cause  
I ain't gon' set no limits or boundaries fo'  
385 Aeneas, neither in time nor space or anythang  
I dun gave power and beauty wit out no ends.  
An' since Juno, who I recognize be's  
Pressin' down steady on the oceans, lands,  
And in heaven, she is gonna change the way  
390 She thinkin', and right there wit me she gonna  
Be carin' fo' them Romans, fo' fathas of soul,  
An' pimped out in all kinds a' ghetto  
Fabulous clothes. Tha's joy. Wit the years  
Slippin' away like sweat off yo' chin,  
395 Time's gon' come when Assacrus an' he  
Royal members bring them Mycenaean  
Back down, and Pthia too. And we gon'  
Rule over the Argives when they defeated.  
Trojan Caesar gon' be born from this here  
400 Race, wit its beauty an' spirit, n' they gon' call  
Him Iulius, straight after Iulus, yo' grandson,  
And he a' bring Rome's majesty all a' way  
To the ocean and the stars above. And it's  
Yo' self gon' bring up to heaven Iulius, at that  
405 Time worn down wit Oriental spoils, and then  
The Romans gon' call up him too  
For to save 'em. Then, hallelujah at last,  
Wars gon' die down and people gon' be  
Chillin' again. Ol' Fides an' Vesta, 'long  
410 With Quirinus and he brotha Remus, they  
Gon' set the tone for ya'll. The gates a'  
War, cold an' rusty with ol' iron edges,  
Gon' close once an' fo' all. And within  
Them, wack-ass Furor gon' moan' n'

Zach Schwab

Text

415 Groan away, sittin' on sharp weapons,  
An' in bronze chains his own self.'

*Aen. 1.223 – 1.296*

420 They all got quiet an' beamed on him,  
They eyes dun fixed. And daddy Aeneas  
Rose up from he high couch to say this:  
'Queen, you tellin' me to go back an'  
Recall shit be makin' me freeze up inside.  
425 That no count set a' Danaans comin',  
Uprooting all we Trojans had got, n' all  
That bloody, gruesome shit I saw, an'  
I was a part a' it too. Ain't nobody I know  
Could tell ya'll these things without  
430 Breakin' down a little, not even no  
Myrmidon or Dolomite or even hard Ulysses.  
And now a drippy night dun swept down  
From above, and stars a' droppin', they  
Pushin' us sleep. But if ya'll want to hear  
435 Bout the burners an' we downfall, an' Troy's  
Last moments that bad, even though  
My very soul gon' twist in my chest  
Jus' to remember all' the hardship,  
I'm a' go on.'

440

*Aen. 2.1 – 2.13*

Maybe right now ya'll wonderin' what  
Went down for Priam. He was seein'  
445 His own city gettin' run down and  
Beat, doors a' buildings crumblin',  
So he wrapped his own worn an' raggedy  
Self in old, molded armor, wit hands  
A' tremblin', all fo' no end, an' got  
450 He sorry ol' sword. Then he carried  
Hissself out into all' thick static, gon' die.  
Ovah in the middle of a yard, dey was  
A huge altar, under the naked an' silent  
Skies, an' it's got the oldest laurel tree  
455 Lyin' in the middle, puttin' a little shade  
On them Penates underneath. Here Hecuba  
An' she kids was sittin', right near where  
Folks was thowin' theyselves to the groun'  
Like a dark n' cloudy storm, packed  
460 Together n' all uselessly huggin' 'round a

Zach Schwab

Text

Statue of a god, but when she dun  
Saw Priam in all armor from boyhood,  
She called out to ‘em sayin’ ‘what  
Awful mind’s makin’ you take up these  
465 Here spears n’ such? Where you rushin’ off  
To?’ she said. ‘This ain’t no time fo’ your  
Help, an’ defenses a’ this here kind. Not  
Even if my ol’ baby Hector was here hisself.  
Come on ovah here. This altar gon’ protect  
470 Everyone. An’ if it don’t, everyone gon’  
Die together.’ An’ that’s what she said,  
Wit the words pourin’ outta her mouth,  
And she ran back to the holy altar she was at.

475 But look, ya’ll! It’s Polites, one a’ Priam kids.  
He dun slipped outta Pyrrhus’ killin’ spree,  
An’ now he dashin’ around through weapons  
An’ people, toward the altar. Hit an’  
Hurtin’, he makin’ his way through empty  
480 Spaces. Right behind ‘em it’s got Pyrrhus,  
Who ragin’ and thrashin’ like he poppin’  
Blood poison. He dun got Polites now  
Wit he hand, he grippin’ tight. And now,  
He dun pressed he spear in. The son  
485 Crawled out, ovah to in front a’ he parents’  
Eyes and moufs. He fell to the dirt, and  
Emptied he soul out, wit blood a’ gushin’.  
Here, Priam, even though he was gettin’  
Held up in death front and center, he  
490 Ain’t kept in no breath and he ain’t  
Spared no hollerin’, crazy hate sprung:  
‘But fo’ all yo’ hatred, and all that shit  
You dun got nerve to do,’ he shout, ‘if  
Dey is any kind a’ pity got such care up  
495 In heaven, let them gods give you whatever  
Fate you fuckin’ deserve. And let ‘em be  
Returnin’ you whatever they owe.  
You that dun made me see my own  
Baby boy die right here, an’ that dun  
500 Brought death on a fatha face. An’ you  
Come playin’ like you Achilles’ son.  
You ain’t nothing’. Achilles ain’t treated  
Me, he enemy, like dat. He had trust, an’  
Respe’t. He was merciful to folks that  
505 Was leanin’ down in front a’ him. He  
Returned Hector’s body fo’ a proper

Zach Schwab

Text

Buryin', and sent me back to my home.'  
After speakin' those things, the old head  
Tossed a sorry weapon wit no strength,  
510 An' it was caught in bronze wit a twang.  
That no count spear was there hangin'  
On a shield. Pyrrhus replied: 'How  
'Bout you bring back all this shit an'  
Tell my pop what dun went down today.  
515 An' don't you fo'get to drop him some  
Science 'bout all the sad things I dun  
Did, an' how horrible I dun became.  
Now die, sucka.' While he was talkin'  
He was draggin' that man shakin' every  
520 Place and all slippery wit he son's blood  
To the altar issell. He grabbed up he hair  
Wit the left hand, an' wit the right he  
Drew up a shiny sword and stuck it in.  
An' that's all she wrote. Tha's how he  
525 Left, while seein' Troy burnin' up, and  
Pergama crumblin' down. Tha's how  
The high up king of Asia, proud, wit  
All he lands and peeps, left us. Now,  
Dey a body lyin' on some far off shore.  
530 It's sorry an' headless, an it ain't got no name.

*Aen. 2.506 – 2.559*

Afta' that, I thought I was the only body around,  
535 But then I saw that daughter a' Tyndaridus,  
Jus' past Vesta's gates. She was layin'  
Dead, keepin' quiet on a hid seat. All  
That burnin' and flames was lightin' up  
My footsteps, as I was lookin' round  
540 Here an' there. That dirty ol' miss Ann  
Dun turned herself to one side, outta  
Our way, cause she was fearin' a beatin'  
From a Greek, or from she old husband.  
That frog-ass Greek, Helen her name,  
545 She was actin' hate on both Troy an'  
Her own hood. An' she dun taken  
Her jive-ass outta it, an' she was sittin'  
On the ground, tryin' a' lay down low.  
Flames was rippin' in my heart. Rage  
550 Risin' up, tellin' me knuckle up an'  
Get Troy's glory back to ourselves.  
'An' I'm supposed to let this here

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Text

Turkey-ass bitch go back an' look,  
On Sparta and Mycenae, all safe an'  
555 Sound? When she actin' like she some  
H.N.I.C. queen? An' she gon' see she  
Baby daddy, and home an' kids?  
Goin' back wit Trojan slaves and women?  
Wit Priam dead by a sword? And Troy  
560 All flamin' up? And the shores washin'  
Out blood so many times? It ain't gon'  
Be like dat. Cause, even if dey ain't  
No glory in killin' a bitch, I'm a' get  
Praised fo' doin' wha's right, and it's gon'  
565 Be copasetic fillin' my soul wit the  
Flames a' vengeance, and pleasin' my  
Friends and fam' all gone now.'

I dun said all that and I dun gone buck  
570 Wild the head, and I's fitna knock her  
Down, when I saw my momma. She was  
Clear an' sparklin', like she'd ain't never  
Been before, and she was lookin' pure  
Through all the night's darkness, cause  
575 She was showin' out rays a' light. You  
Could see the goddess in her. She was  
Lookin' like she was straight outta heaven.  
She caught my hand as I was runnin'  
And talked this outta her dark lips:  
580 'Son, you gettin' out of order right here.  
What is it makin' you lose yo' own sense?  
It seem like you dun gone crazy. Ain't  
You gon' go peep around that place  
You dun left yo' fatha at, tired an' helpless?  
585 And what about yo' wife an' kid? Them  
Greek rags is wanderin' everywhere 'round  
Yo' own family, an' if my own worries  
Wasn't holdin' me back, I'd be dun  
Sent down flames an' knocked off they  
590 Asses already. An' it ain't Helen, wit  
Her jive ol' face, that takin' all them  
Riches outta Troy now, an' it ain't no  
Paris either. It's the gods, them hatin'  
Ass gods. Now, look here (Cause I'm  
595 Gon' cop right here all yo' cloud  
Been blockin' out yo' eyes. Now, don't  
Be playin' like some bad nigga an' go  
Off ignorin' you own momma right here):

Zach Schwab

Text

600 Look here now, baby. You can  
See all that rubble dun turned over  
An' the boulders dun been crushed up,  
An' smoke whirlin' up everyplace wit  
Dust mixed in. Theya, Neptune shakin'  
Up walls an' buildin's from bottom up  
605 Wit he big ol' trident. In fact, he down  
Right layin' the city to waste all from his  
Chair. An' Juno too, hatin' and jivin'.  
Ovah theya she holdin' them ports,  
An' all pimped out in armor, she callin'  
610 She forces from the ships.  
Now there, look here son, Pallas Athena  
Sittin' down right on ya'll highest buildings,  
Sparklin' all about from she cloud wit  
Her ol' Gorgon. An' you know what?  
615 Even the fatha above heself ampin' up  
The spirits a' them Greeks, an' he charges  
Them forwards. Now's yo' time, baby.  
Get outta heya an' lay down this here  
Burden. I ain't gon' leave you, honey,  
620 An' I'm a' be watchin' you get out safe.'  
She had said that an' then launched herself  
Gone inside think clouds. An' then I saw  
Again the sorry face a' Troy an' how  
Mannish all them Gods was.

625

*Aen. 2.567 – 2.623*

'It's time, Aeneas. Let's ride. Dey can't  
Be no delays no more. I'm a' follow  
630 Whichever direction you gon' go. But,  
Gods up there. Take care a' this here house,  
In our own hood. An' take care of my kids,  
Too. Ya'll got Troy in yo' own hands now.  
I gotta let go. Now, son, I'm yo' follower.'  
635 That man Anchises spoke, and now a  
Shot heard outside loud an' clear. Flames  
Was rollin' ovah, rippin' the city apart.  
'It's like dat then, my daddy. Now go  
On an put yo' self on my shoulders.  
640 I'm a' raise up wit my arms: it ain't a  
Thang. Shit might go down any  
Time now, but fo' the two of us, it's  
Gon' be one danger an' one safety.  
An' let's get tiny Iulus as my partner,

Zach Schwab

Text

645 An' my wife for to guard our footsteps.  
Ya'll, slave people, turn yo' eyes toward  
What I's gon' say an' do. Dey is an ol'  
Burial mound an' temple spot belongin'  
To Ceres, and right 'round there it's got  
650 An ancient ol' cypress tree been' kept  
Alive on account a' the souls of our  
Fathas. Le's all us go onto that one  
Spot from different places. You, fatha,  
You grab these here hearth. It's our  
655 Penates. It'd be downright blasphem'in'  
Fo' me to take 'em, what wit me all  
Bloody an' shit from war.'  
When I dun said all that I laid myself  
Wit yellow scraps an' a lion skin.  
660 And little Iulus placed he hand in mine,  
An' was followin' me wit smaller steps.  
A ways back was my wife. We brought  
Ourselves through all the darkness that  
Was around us, an' I, who ain't flinched  
665 Fo' anything yet, not even spears swishin'  
In the air or them Greeks all together in  
A clump, I was scared from jus' the winds.  
Every sound that was makin' startled me  
A bit. I was 'fraid both fo' the folks  
670 Followin' me, an the one I was carrin'.

And then, I was approachin' the gate, an'  
I figured we dun gone ovah every road  
Dey was. But right then us all heard  
675 Footsteps, steady beatin' the ground  
Near us. And my dad, lookin' around  
Through all the shadows dey was,  
'Boy' he was yellin' out 'go on, get outta  
Here, boy; They gettin' close. I see all  
680 They silvery shield n' bronze sparklin'.'  
An' I don't know now what dun took  
Me ovah then, somethin' confusin' an'  
Troublin', and it went an' seized my own  
Mind from me, cause as I was followin'  
685 Byways an' road an' such, an' I turned  
Off from the road I already knew an' –  
Shucks, Creusa, my own wife, had got  
Taken 'way by some fate, away from  
My sorry ol' self. Had she dun wandered  
690 Away an' got lost? Had she dun got

Zach Schwab

Text

Tired an' collapsed someplace? I  
Didn't know. She ain't never come back  
To me again afta' that. I hadn't  
Never thought a' lookin' back to see her  
695 Until we was all at the temple groun's.  
Then everything came together an' my  
Baby girl wasn't no place, no where. An'  
My partners an' my son and my fatha all  
Got all sorrowful together. An' I went  
700 Straight buck wild. Who wasn't I blamin',  
Men and gods? Had I even dun seen any  
Kind a' sorrow like dat before, when the  
City was gettin' turned ovah? I went  
And left Anchises an' Ascanius and all  
705 Our Penates fo' my friends to take care a'.  
And hid all 'em in a valley. Then I went  
Back to the city, an' dressed ma self in  
Armor a' gleamin'. Right then it was my  
Duty fo' to risk all' it again, an' turn it  
710 All back again, an' put out my head for  
A choppin' again. I was seekin' the walls  
An' the gates, goin' back jus' the ways  
I dun came. I was followin' the foot prints  
As I was seein' them through the night, wit  
715 The wilderness all 'round me. Shit was  
Shakin' me right to the bone. Even  
Silence was horrifyin'. I went an' took  
Myself back home thinkin' 'bout if only,  
If only, she'd dun went back there, but  
720 The Greeks had dun taken it  
And was holdin' the whole building,  
An' right then a flame flew up an'  
Rolled ovah all' it, straight to its highest  
Rooftop. The flames was steady powerin'  
725 Ovah, and little flares was floatin' upwards.  
I went on towards Priam's ol' hideaway:  
On them empty porches in Juno's temple,  
Sum guards, Phoenix an' hard Ulysses,  
They was lookin' over all they new  
730 Dividends. They was havin' in crazy  
Piles all Troy's precious thangs: we  
Treasures an' altar tables, bowls  
Solid wit gold, all our special clothings.  
Boys an' panicky ol' mothers too, was  
735 Standin' all 'round in a line.  
I's so desperate that I be dun tossed out

Zach Schwab

Text

Shouts through all the shadows. I was  
Fillin' up all the streets with a hollerin'.  
Full a' sorrow, and moanin' out to  
740 Creusa fo' nothin', again an' again I yelled.  
Then, to the man a' searchin' and a' rushin'  
'Round the whole city, dey appeared some  
Unlucky ghost an' somethin' lookin' like  
Creusa, an' it was bigger than I was used  
745 To. I's dumbfounded, my hair was stickin'  
Up an' everything, an' my voice was  
Dun caught all up in my throat. An'  
She spoke to me fo' to ease all my worries:  
'What you gon' get here from all this  
750 Cryin' an' sorrow, my darlin' baby?  
Ain't none a' this shit gone down wit  
Out God's will. It's jus' not in the cards  
Right now, fo' you to be carryin' me  
'round wit you. King up on Olympus  
755 Ain't allowin' it. You still got shit  
To go through, too, getting' kicked  
To the curb ovah an' again, combin'  
Ovah the vast ol' fields of the sea,  
An' comin' to Hesperia, where that  
760 Lydian stream be flowin' an' glidin'  
Through rich fields fo' the people  
Wit easy flow, an' where you gon'  
Have a kingdom an' a queen all yo'  
Own. So get rid a' all them tears fo'  
765 Ol' shabby Creusa. I ain't gon' see no  
High up seats fo' the Myrmidons an'  
Dolopes, but I ain't servin' so Greek  
Annes neither, cause I'm a Trojan woman,  
An' Venus's baby wife too. Nuh uh,  
770 That queen of the gods, she keepin'  
Me right on these here shores. Now,  
I'm gon' do a ghost: do good, Aeneas,  
An' guard the love of yo' own son fo' us.'  
When she dun gave out these words, she  
775 Deserted me, even while I was still cryin'  
An' wantin' to say things. She jus' laid  
Herself back into the thin winds breezin' by.  
Three time I tried a' grab 'round she head, an'  
Three times my hands dun caught nothing  
780 'Sept air. She was like the winds, or dream.  
I finally went back to my boys, wit the night ovah.

Zach Schwab

Text

785 When I dun got back, I saw that a whole  
Mess a' new peeps had joined us. Dey was  
Mothers an' men, an' little boys been exiled,  
An' faces full a' misery. They was fitna  
Go wherever I told 'em. They had it  
Set in they minds. I stepped up an' went  
790 To the highest Ida an' saw day comin' in. The  
Gates an' harbors was bein' held in siege,  
An' I couldn't might no hope fo' help.  
I got ovah it, picked up my fatha, an'  
Looked toward the mountain range.  
795

*Aen. 2.701 – 2.804*

800 But the queen got hold a' all the burnin'  
Goin' down (Afta' all, ain't nothin' gettin'  
By a girl in love). She dun found out 'bout  
How Aeneas was fitna leave, an' she started  
Fearin' and troublin' herself ovah things  
She was thinkin' was safe. That same  
Bitch-ass Drama dropped that ragin' woman  
805 The science all 'bout them ships getting'  
Strapped up, an' the course peeps was  
Fitna take. The queen dun went buck  
Wild, dun got robbed a' she sense, an'  
Went burnin' and ragin' around the  
810 Whole city, like she was some Bacchante  
Went an' got amped up wit sacred markin's  
In one a' them orgies those people be havin'  
Every three years. They get possessed an'  
Listen to the calls a' Cithaeron in the night.  
815 When she finally got found Aeneas,  
She screeched at 'em with these voices:  
'An' you was wishin' to hide all this  
Shit – was you? -- an' keep me in the dark  
Bout everything, you skunk-ass muthafucka?  
820 An' you was wantin' to do a ghost outta  
Here, leavin' me by ma' self? Was our love  
Not even crossin' yo' mind? Wad it not  
Enough to keep ya? What about my hand  
In marriage, or jus' my own self, now that  
825 I'm fitna die some cruel sorry-ass death?  
An' you come shuckin' an' jivin', thinkin'  
Bout yo' ships in the dead a' winter,  
Talkin' 'bout launchin' out to sea this time,

Zach Schwab

Text

830 You mannish negro. What, if you wasn't  
Lookin' around fo' new fields an' homes  
You ain't nevah heard a', an' dey still had  
Ol' Troy aroun', would you a' go there too,  
Down through all them waves an' danger?  
Is you gettin' rid a' me? Through tears an'  
835 Yo' right hand, I (On account a' I ain't left  
Nothin' else fo' ma' self), through us  
Own marriage, through our own joinin' together,  
If I ever did good fo' you anytime,  
If anythin' I ever did made you happy,  
840 Get some pity fo' a brick house crumblin'  
I'm beggin', if dey any chance or prayer,  
Get yo' mind dry. It's cause a' you them  
Libyans hate me, an' all those nomad tyrants,  
An' even my own Carthaginians be gettin'  
845 Outta order. An' it's cause a' you I dun  
Lost all my props an' the fame I been' had.  
Who you leavin' ma' dyin' sorry self fo' –  
You guest (an' tha's the only name I  
Still got fo' a husband I once had)?  
850 Why stick aroun'? Jus' when my  
Brotha Pygmanlian fitna take down my  
Walls, an' when Gaetulian Iarbas gon'  
Cuff me an' take me off. If only dey was  
A little bit a' you I could still be carin' fo',  
855 A little baby from you, a tiny ol' Aeneas  
Fo' to play wit, that could be remindin'  
Me a' you wit its face. Then I wouldn't  
Be feelin' empty an' alone so crazy.'

860 She dun talked. That man was holidin'  
He eyes still as bone, but he was  
Strugglin' to hold down his love inside.  
At last he was talkin': 'You got a right  
To be listin' off all them things I did,  
865 An' I ain't gon' deny that ya'll be  
Deservin'. It ain't never gon' displease  
Me to recall Dido, 'long as I got a mind  
To recall an' a soul rulin' this body,  
But lemme tell you somethin' right now.  
870 I wasn't hopin' to keep all this shit  
From you (don't be all misconstruin'  
My intentions), an' I ain't never offered  
You a wedding torch or agreed to such  
Things. If fates was allowin' me to go

Zach Schwab

Text

875 'Round an' be doin' my own thang  
An' control my own life, first I'd be back  
At Troy still, lookin' after wha's left a'  
My peeps. Priam's house'd still be now,  
An' I'd a' made a new Troy fo' all us left.  
880 But now luck's got me goin' another  
Direction. They makin' me go to Italy.  
I got love, but I got the country. If you  
Gon' stay here on account a' yo' own  
Love fo' Carthage, why you gotta be  
885 Holdin' us Trojans back? It's our duty  
An' our right to go make a kingdom  
Outside a' here. That shook an' alarmin'  
Image a' my fatha be scarin' me an'  
Warnin' me in my sleep all the time now,  
890 'many times as night's spread ovah lands  
Wit wet darkness, an' burnin' stars came up.  
An every night I be thinkin' 'bout my  
Son too, Ascanius, who gon' be cheated outta  
The kingdom he dun been fated fo'. Now,  
895 Some interpreter of God came here preachin'  
'bout I gotta leave, straight up through  
Them howlin' winds. I swear that by both  
Our heads! I saw a god myself, enterin'  
One a' them buildin's, and I dun listened  
900 To all he was sayin'. So, please ma'am,  
Don't be hurtin' both a' us' wit yo' sorrows.  
I ain't leavin' cause I want to.'

*Aen. 4.296 – 4.361*

905 But Aeneas, full a' soul, and hard from  
His journey, he was wantin' bad to  
Cut the sad ol' girl some slack, an' to  
Turn away her worries an' sorrow from  
910 Her with he words. An' he was groanin'  
Away an' shakin' wit her love in he soul,  
But he obeyed them gods and went away.

*Aen. 4.393 – 4.396*

915 Meanwhile, the king of Olympus, high  
Up an' heavy, conversates wit Iuno, who  
Was beamin' down on all the mess below:  
When's this gon' end, girl? Wha's gon' be  
920 Left afta' all this? Aeneas ain't deservin'

Zach Schwab

Text

None a' this, an, you know dat. You dun  
Recognized yo' self that he got a right  
To his land, an' to be carried up to the  
Stars above. What you plannin', now?  
925 An' why you gotta go be ostracizin' yo' self  
Up in here? You know lettin' mortals be  
Hurtin' immortals is outta line. An' givin'  
Turnus (Cause Juturna ain't got no count  
Wit out you) his sword when it dun  
930 Slipped out too. Let's cut all the shit now,  
An' listen to what I'm sayin', jus'so  
You can get rid a' yo' poutin' don't  
Be whinin' all the time. We nearin' the  
End now. I been' lettin' you hate on them  
935 Trojans steady. I let you whirl 'em up  
Wit storms, an' amp up bloody wars, an'  
Tear down houses an' infect they loves  
Wit pain and sorrow. Know that I ain't  
Lettin' you go no further.' Tha's how  
940 Juppiter began it, and this how Juno ended it:  
'It's cause I know yo' orders, mighty Juppiter,  
That I dun left all them an' came up here.  
An' it's why I'm all alone up in here, an'  
Why I dun went through all that shit, things  
945 I was deservin' and things I wasn't. Right  
Now I oughtta be standin' at the battle line,  
Wit flames all 'round me, an' draggin' them  
Trojans into battle. A'ight – truth be told  
I did convince Juturna to give her brotha  
950 Some help, cause he was needin' it, but I admit it,  
An' I dun let her to do even mo' shit to help  
Her save a life, but I ain't never tol' her use  
Bows an' arrows. I swear this by the head a'  
That fountain a' Stigius, which is the one  
955 Thang us gods is allowed to swear by.  
An' now I agree, an' I'm leavin' the  
Battlefield in hatred. But I'm a' make  
One please to you, an' the fates is gon'  
Be down I think. I beg it fo' the Latins,  
960 An' the greatness an' glory belongin' to  
Yo' peeps: When they dun made right wit  
Each other, and when they dun joined they  
Laws an' pacts an' all, let them Trojans be  
The ones changin' they name an' how  
965 They livin'. Le's make it be the Trojans  
Who change they clothing types an' let

Zach Schwab

Text

Them take up a new way a' speakin'. Then  
Dey can still be a Latium an' years and years  
Of Alban kings. Let's let them Romans grow  
970 Some strength from bein' in Italy. Troy  
Dun died now, so let's let the name go too.'  
To that girl the god of all people an' things:  
'You is my sister, an' another baby a' Saturn,  
Keepin' such anger an' hatred underneath ya.  
975 But come on, girl, let's be cool. I'm a'  
Accept yo' offer. Them Ausonians gon'  
Keep they ol' language and they ol' customs,  
An' they name too. My Trojans gon' settle  
Down an' mix wit ya'll a little. An' I'm a'  
980 Add in some spice fo' they culture, an'  
Make 'em speak yo' language, or somethin'  
Like it. An' this new race gon' rise up,  
Ovah all the others wit soul an' strength,  
An' they all gon' praise you the best.'  
985 Juno nodded to those words, an' let  
Her mind loose a little wit comfort.  
An' she went down from the heavens.

*Aen. 12.791 – 12.842*

990 That nigga, based an' down on his knees,  
Raised he eyes up an' stretched out his  
Hand, makin' a plea. 'I'm gettin' what  
I deserve right here, an' I ain't gon'  
995 Knock you fo' nothin'' he was sayin'.  
'Now, take that luck you got that I ain't  
An' put it to some use. If you got some  
feelin' fo' the love of a momma o' daddy,  
I'm beggin' you now (Yo' pops Anchises  
1000 Been like dat fo' you) take some pity on  
On Daunus sorry ol' ass, an' return me,  
My raggedy body dun lost its spirit, to  
Myself. You dun beat me down, an' them  
Ausonians dun seen my sorry an' skunky  
1005 Ass up in here. Now you the husband a'  
Lavinia. Please, don't be takin' sorrow  
Further than it's gotta go.' Aeneas was  
Standin' there, fierce wit all he armors,  
Rollin' his eyes back an' forth, an'  
1010 Grippin' his hand hard on his sword.  
By an' by, what Turnus was sayin' was  
Takin' its effect on him, when he saw

Zach Schwab

Text

1015 That damn belt sittin' on Turnus's high  
Shoulder an' it gleamed in his eyes wit  
Familiar bling. It'd been belongin' to  
Pallas, the boy got torn up by Turnus.  
The man, after he dun soaked up all the  
Savage sorrow wit his eyes, went sprung  
1020 Wit fury an' terrible rages: 'You, who  
Got them spoils a' my own people  
Strapped on you, you come expectin'  
Me to let you go? This here death gon'  
Come from Pallas. Pallas the one now sacrificin'  
You to the heavens, an' he gon' get he  
1025 Pay back like dat from yo' hatin' blood.'  
While talkin' he picked up his sword an'  
Pushed it straight in under the chest, wit his  
Blood a' boilin'. That man limbs undid  
Wit a shiverin', an' the poor soul came a'  
1030 Fleein' out wit a groan, under all a' shadows.

*Aen. 12.930 – 12.952*