

Day 8

Bristol

Friday 14th April 1843

Wa-Set

2 (Phaophi). Akhet. XV. 7 Thutmose I

Seshat –

Record Keeper;

She Who Is The Scribe;

Mistress Of The House Of Books;

Goddess Of Wisdom, Of Knowledge, Of Writing –

whose seven-pointed emblem

emanates atop her head,

giving to the sky the stars;

to the present – memory!

In regal, pantherine, ‘n

funerary rings, rosettes

adorn your form which

watches ‘n records!

Grant me your preservation

by your gift of essence caught

in th’amber of your libric shelves,

a-shimmer with papyrus!

Inscribe upon those scrolls, your

stylus dipped in deathless ink,

the ‘glyphs I’ve gathered swiftly

for to fend off time!

Strike into your stela slab

(e’en as you notch the years)

the pattern-paths of neurons that’re

writ amidst my mind!

Gift this river-daughter! Make,

etern’ly manifest,

her life in light, that I

might write her name...

Moving in a motion m’raculous, the music w’tin their minds uttering ancience pure in its expressive flame ‘n formless order, finding fire’s flitferocious honesty in sinew’s charged with voiceless verse of silent song, the dancers danced. A trio-troupe transmogrified via tumblestretchfall, reconfigurereaching jinglejangle-jointed wrists – a-ringed ‘n rhythmapture-ridden – wrought in taut ‘n trying trancefigureful, flexibilithe, lustsome posture passing (palms prostrate; long fingers flexed against the dirtsand-spattered stone) in contortioned controlled – their hips did push toward the Aten-bearing sky. Jewelled gesticundulation, draped in semi-precious stone. Jew’lly laden, draped gesticulation undulates. Poses poised in semi-circle, arching, awe-met perches, held – an inverse Nut in triplicated, breast-bare, brazen life. The shimmershine of sweat shed through their painted, perfumed canvas caught the glist’ning glare of Horus ‘fore it soaked the linen veil that cloaked the

contour-lines that led below their naveled peaks 'n met between their thighs. Ankles adorned below their flexing, angled knees – their feet stood fast 'n firm, the primate-palms repurposed.

She watched the tassletumbling locks upon the middle woman's head. Her hand: it tentatively touched her own about her ear, the storied-strands that 'scaped the makeshift grooming wrapping 'round the wisps of breeze that broke against the hazeheat, heady o'er the crowds – her fingers felt for these 'n drew them in.

Riprent's the sky by
crazed callcries!
Crashsymbolism-shouts shear reams
of sheer, Atenic heat from light;
lighthead from heatlight-haze!
Sound-seared, the sky slipscaughters:
settles silent.

Opet.

The Trinity revealed; kings, resurrected.

The Hidden One – He moves within the Most Select of Places, carried forth in rev'rent, ordered motion, daylight-bound.

Unmothered Mut, Her primal, parthogenic pride unbound. Leonine light, She births the Son to 'lluminate the world.

Khonsu – o'er starlit paths He travels, tracing night. Tracking the Aten's rays, He's f'rever young.

A triad tours triumphant, born anew.

And to quietus made – deus, presented.

Knelt to by the passing Nile, the temple stood – its Gothic form peaked by a vacant spire-platform, shorn of reach by bolts of 'lectric sky. The archway of its entry doors – their wooden bulk the weight of God – watched o'er as the passion play passed through to take the steps.

"He's offered up his innocence and yet's repaid with scorn."

"He'll pass upon that crossbeam as we shelter from the storm."

The stone, a-rounded smooth by th'many footfall-tides of time – yet smoother still in future yet still 'pproaching presentward – sang th'sound of heavy wood dragged down 'n cross 'n down 'n cross 'n down 'n cross; the actor, in his costume-robe, stepped heav'ly.

"Christ... that's a load to bear! Especially in jest!"

"In jest?"

"Gestures of pious, passhnut parody."

"The crowds don't spit, or heckle."

"Don't you know that man?"

"Not I."

Sombre – somnambulance, it seemed – th'procession passed, its meditative musing moving in the sun's footsteps:

silent keening,
t'th'west proceeding,
following yonder star.
Ohhhhh-ooooo...

He had fled to the lands of the cradle continent, spirited off when but a newborne dawn, to 'scape the culling only to take up the cross. The fire overhead lit the shouldered wood – here comes the lamb for the burnt off'ring.

"Shepherd In His Field Of Earth;
Greatest In Heaven;

Lord Of All –
o'erthrow the unrighteous!
Creator Of Our Kind
Who Gave Us Life;
Gentle Of Heart –
pacify the strong 'n weak!
Deliver us from evil!
You brought light into the World!
You made all that there is!
Gold, incense, 'n myrrh abound
among lapis lazuli!
Lord Of The Gods,
to Whom the Gods give plenteous praise –
Your horns are strong!
Your step is large!
Mighty Bull Of The Ennead!

Son Of God, incarnate
in this king beneath this crown
Who comes to die 'n
rise again 'n
rise anew 'n
come across the Earth
in phoenix-fire, fertilising
pasture to make plenty!
For Yours is His kingdom,
His power, 'n
His glory!
His kingly cum;
Thy will is done –
His city loves His rising!"

Peering from the peopled walls she'd scrambled through 'n past 'n o'er, the girl-child held the knees of the girl-child wrapped about her head. Hanging off her waist 'n holding on, the boy-child yelped; she hoisted both, reshuffled, 'n explained:

"They take the gods to Ipet-Re-Shyt."

"Why?"

"Here:" (She pulled the boy-child for'd 'n raised him up 'n placed him down.) "hold on to the ram's horns." Into her view the other leant, her face now upside-down.

"Uhhweyeyuuh?"

Her chariot, whose hands still held the boy who wriggled 'pon the sphinx, looked up at her – wide-eyed – 'n whispered:

"Rebirth!"

Drumdancecstasymb'lismiclouds of prideprocession pass in crasshimmering sightsound, sending scented colourcalls careening t'ward the parted sea – its walls awash in 'Gyptian generations gathered for the Festival Of Opet.

Shu, in th'diadem 'n ostrich feather, raising hands along with Tefnut, wearing th'solar disk, as both express their adoration!

Now came the white-clad priestesses, their cascade linen folds enfolding forms enrapt in sistrum shaking, pacing, crying, calling, singing, symbolising, presence giving, life affirming, honour bringing, king preceding, cult performing, joy, 'n p'rayding by!

Tat-tattoo thund'ring! Fanfare bearing down in beating heat!

kemkem kemkem
kemkem kemkem
se-shess-set
se-shess-set
kemkem kemkem

kemkem kemkem
kemkem kemkem
se-shess-set
se-shess-set
kemkem kemkem

kemkem kemkem
kemkem kemkem
se-shess-set
se-shess-set
kemkem kemkem

Khess-sit; Khess-su –
sing of murder,
lamentation,
resurrection,
risen gods!

kemkem kemkem
kemkem kemkem
se-shess-set
se-shess-set
kemkem kemkem

kemkem kemkem
kemkem kemkem
se-shess-set
se-shess-set
kemkem kemkem

Khess-su; Khess-sit –
praise the king!
Praise!
Sing!
A risen god!

kemkem kemkem
kemkem kemkem
se-shess-set
se-shess-set
kemkem kemkem

kemkem kemkem
kemkem kemkem

Khess-sit; Khess-su –
sankh tyoo erry

<i>se-shess-set</i>	to the south
<i>se-shess-set</i>	awaits him!
<i>kemkem kemkem</i>	Amun-Ra!
 <i>kemkem kemkem</i>	
<i>kemkem kemkem</i>	
<i>se-shess-set</i>	
<i>se-shess-set</i>	
<i>kemkem kemkem</i>	
 <i>kemkem kemkem</i>	Khess-su; Khess-sit –
<i>kemkem kemkem</i>	incense soars
<i>se-shess-set</i>	along your
<i>se-shess-set</i>	hymnful voice!
<i>kemkem kemkem</i>	Opet shines!
 <i>kemkem kemkem</i>	
<i>kemkem kemkem</i>	
<i>se-shess-set</i>	
<i>se-shess-set</i>	
 <i>KEM</i>	

The way-shrine welcomed him: the king, resplendent! Thoth Is Born! Djehut-aye Mes! High Priest, he made his off'rings.

"Praise be to this king! See his plaited crown of thorns! How red it runs to colour his dishevelled curls! Ee'yays-ooss Nats'ahrayn-ooss Rrex Ee'yooday-orum! Krystos Yesh'wa! Hail!"

"You know... I think they're mocking him."

"Go kiss him on the cheek."

"I can't."

"Why?"

"I do not know him."

As the procession passed over the pave of Prince Street, the water of the harbour full with the crowd's reflection, wonky windows in the red-brick gables parted like the Jordan – watchers watched the man with the twigs about his head.

A child, her grubby face lit mischievous, yelled down from her first-floor perch:

"Oi! Son of Mankind's messianic urge! Child of God, piously offered to Himself! Star of David's line! Why don't you turn the cross to embers 'n roast upon it fish for all your foll'wers?" Now, here she threw at him a haddock. "You can do it! I believe in you!"

She vanished. Yesh'wa, incarnate beneath a faded tablecloth, walked on to find Golgolta 'midst the pluming, fuming towers.

"And you *really* don't...?"

"No! Ahh... I mean, possibly..."

"Possibly?!"

"Just... give me 'til the cockcrow morning."

"Oi! King Josh!" The girl was now an ancient man; was Satan, swapping bodies as he pleased. Hobbuhlingalong beside the crossbearer, he puffed 'n wheezed.

"*ppuhhaah* 'Ow d'you move so quickly, son? That bloody cross on wheels?!"

The droning of the plainchant chanters, moving solemnly in tow, washed over both Jesus 'n his compan'yun.

"*gguuuaghh* Can't you do something about that? Blink to bind their mouths? Wrinkle your nose to change their tune? I'm afraid" (The old man made a show of wobb'ling-hobb'ling here.) "with my cane I'm only able for to fumble..."

To a bridge across the stretch of Frome, afore it joins the Avon, the followers of Christ's stand-in stepped, auld cathedral bound.

Carts coal-laden 'n sledges slumped,
at rest, against stone walls;
a horseshoe – bent; discarded –
clatterclinked; the seagull calls
its screeching song that undulates
as coda whilst it sits
alitatop a woodbeam perch 'n
turns around 'n shifts.

"Jeeezus that was close!" Winking at an unseen someone, somewhere off somewhen a -watching, the Devil, in his ragged wings, leant 'gainst the bridge-side.

"In all my splendour."

(In all his splendour.)

"All good things come in threes!" (The Devil hissed as, trudging by, the actor – effort real – walked over rope 'n chain.) "This shall be no different! Here's your third 'n last temptation: Why not, my fellow fallen"

His golden armour sagged; his proudly crossed arms fell to hanging. Slumped b'hind bended knees, cracked shin-guards rising, there he sat. Whate'er he'd seen within those eyes... he'd not the heart to stand against it.

The shrine was shouldered, carried by twelve men in kilts on sandalled feet. The long, ungilded poles spread out the weight of golden statues. The barque which sat 'n housed the hidden, sailing Him to meet with Mut, bore glimpses of divinity to those so rarely witness. Both prow 'n stern – they lifted for to raise toward the sky their ram's heads, riding 'pon the broad breastplate 'n lifting 'loft the disk. Covered with a thin, loose, linen mist which draped its veil amidships, the myst'ries of the divine realm – in haze – were brought before excluded eyes.

She scrambled up the wall. Settuhling herself on the stone, she watched the temple waiting to receive the shrine. Once w'thin, The Hidden One would be re-hidden, absorbed in the dark unseen. Housed inside, Amun-Ra'd meet with Mut.

Turning north, she gazed toward the columns 'n the flagpoled pylons. Here, now, sat beside Ipet-Re-Shyt, she pondered o'er her life 'tween temples.

As her eyes did wander wistsomely, her gaze fell t'scanning 'cross the coloured reams of human speech etched, somehow, into earth's canvas. It delighted her when her meagre, unrefined knowledge would flare with new, ecstatic recognition, whether single 'glyph or sequence; in a map yet black with mist, she saw new treasures.

The processions yet processed, proclaiming god.

Coming to its end – inev'table – they stood the cross; the barque was brought within the inner sanctum; the novella's gaps were closed.

In Wa-Set, then, the unseen rites were performed – resurrection!

In Bristol, now, the recreation closed before the crowd. A billy goat, passing behind with a weight about its neck, went to die 'neath the arc of the aging sun as it railed 'gainst entropy. And Christ, Celtic as he deep-down is, spake thus as he departed:

"Ah, since it fell into my lot
that I should rise and you should not,
I'll gently rise 'n softly call:
Goodnight, and joy be to you all!"

Exhalation.
Shallowed chest.
Blood to fill the parting glass.
A keening 'cross the dawn about Golgolta.

Wondering beside the walls; wand'ring through her mind: she slowly made her solitary way.
Reaching up above the limestone – polished – flagpoles held their colour still, still proud at rest in
aft'noon calm.

A form appears.

Discreetly 'bout the corner it appeared, watching o'er its finely-linnened shoulder, with a small,
left-hand against the temple's side. Sandaled-steps along the sand – th'form fiddled with its ponytail,
braided black 'n thick 'n coming to a wavey, cresting curl.

Unnoticed still, the girl looked at the form that came e'er closer: a girl-child of some younger year,
who now looked up and saw her.

For a moment, for an age, they looked upon each other's pose 'n form.

An explosive, gigg'ly smile spilled o'er 'n out from th'younger child's made-face; the
charcoal-darkened malachite moved happ'ly with the skin about her eyes.

Re(tentatively)turning a yet guarded, gleesome grin from out 'n o'er her unmade-face, the older
girl, who tore at the reins of her westward chariot, saw searing starfire whispering its songs b'hind a
curtain worked in auburn rings.

"Hello!" she heard.

"Hello..." she said.

"I want my hair like yours!" As she spoke, the girl with the unchecked smile stepped closer and
reached up her hand. The bracelets of electrum 'laid with semi-precious stone slid down her forearm
til they hit her bended elbow; she touched the taller girl's dishevelled hair. "I hate mine being so
boring. And" (she reclaims her hand and looks over her shoulder) "all this stupid fatty stuff..." She
turned back 'round with a scrunched-up nose, feeling the greasy substance on her head. "At least
they don't keep making me bald anymore. See, touch it."

The loose bands of jewell'ry slipped back down to collect about the limits of her wrist as our new
and extroverted girlchild placed both hands on narrow hips. Bowed head, she waited patiently.

"Eewww!" Looking at the grease upon her fingertips, garnered from the head presented her, the
child of many cycles laughed and then used it on her own dark strands. Giggling along, the
newcomer protested at the desecration.

After rescuing the hair she admired so, she knelt to wipe her hand free on the sand. Remaining
crouched, she traced a standing ibis. As she rose, the other crouched, immediately entranced, and
added to the younger's dance her own.

"You" (asked the jewelled child, as the other stood again) "know how to write?!"

"Kind of... I've been slowly learning for ages."

"I'm not very good... but I'm learning, too."

"Lemme write your name!"

"Okay!"

'Cross the gulf of the divide of sev'ral years, one spoke for one transcribing, reiterating sep'rate
sounds in gleeful incantation. Spilling out the ink of her muscle-mem'ry, the girl we've followed, once
again, crouched writing in the yellowgold of North African earth.

She traced the peaks 'n troughs
of ["Nooo! 'Khunt'met'!"] water;
beside the handled-jug, the lion
lay its resting paw.

["Hat!"] Trace: loaf; another.

["Shep!"] Refine the feline's form.

["Soot!"] A figure watching on –
seated, symbolic poise.

A girl stepped back from her writing as a girl lower'd herself onto her knees.

About th'ephem'ral shapes of shifted sand the younger child then traced, her left-hand index moving on the pivot of her shoulder. An arc o'er-arching – now she swings the hinges of her elbow and her wrist to wrest a finished oval from the grainy ground. Delib'rately, she places – firm – her right thumb with a smile and draws a straight line, up, along one curving end.

Beaming like the solar disc, she clapped.

"What's that for?" The young and female scribe stood looking with her head at tilt as she asked this proud 'n sunlit, noble child about the ring around the words she'd written.

"To protect" (she shined, hands on still-narrow hips) "my name from being buried in the sand."

They stood and formed themselves in shade. Though side-by-side their shadows showed th'inverse of how their stature ranked: the one – her shoulders sloped and her height diminished, chest with edges softening; the other – shoulders broad above chest resolute, tall in perfect symmetry.

Child?

"Oop..."

Arms cut 'cross her breast, with shoulders hunched 'n flattened ears, as she sweeps her right-side foot clear through their stela made of sand.

Child?

"I've" (she whispers) "gotta go... Here..." Once again the smaller and the younger, still a child, she searched the sack she'd tied around her belt above her hip's left-side, wrinkuhling her nose e'en as she did so. Watching – curiosity – this child of the Two Lands, the other scratched her nose and waited for her present.

"Ta da!"

"Thanks!"

Hands together; hands apart; the object passed, they left each other's lives.

Looking back at where she'd stood with the older girl with the em'rald eyes, she waited for the architect to reach her.

"Child..."

"I'm coming..."

"Mistress – your grandmother, the Divine Consort, is waiting for you."

Turning away from the narrative and skipping past Ineni's offered hand, this daughter of Amun moved on through history.

"Are you coming, Mr. Temple-Builder?"

He lowered his empty hand; he looked on aft' her.

"If you command me, little princess."