

Nafereti-Iti

Book Two

II

The Song Of Seshat

by

William Altoft

<https://williamaltoft.blog/>



*Eternal as the rosettes
of the leopard's hide;
endless as the fires of night –
I write the cycling years
on th'palm-leaf rib...*

Before a sense of time or space
did break across the waters 'round
the benbenet which Atum graced
(in th'form of the primeval mound),
the ibis preened his plumage – white –
with sickled bill b'yond red-ringed eyes
ere, taking self-made wing to flight –
'bove sizeless seas; w'thin endless skies –
he left alone an egg. It cracked...
From deep within, creation hatched!

Emerging, this occasion (First
of all which followed!) dawned to gift
cosmosis of all knowledge; burst
upon by which, the seas did shift!
A land in black 'n red came forth,
'n forth from out that land was born
a river, running south to north –
faultless in flow, 'n flood, 'n form!
Iteru spread to drench the land,
raising green fields beneath her hands!

I, too, was made as th'land became.
I, too, was gifted from the dark.
'Neath seven-petalled flower-flame
I rose, bearing the leopard's mark
across my crimson-belted dress!
A crimson-band about my hair;
jewel-laden gold 'n lapis fair
lay collar-curved above my breasts.
My stylus – hewn of starfire – poised,
I lay my tablet o'er the void!

Rowboats of bundled papyrus
upon the banks of Set's desert;
earth packed 'n dried in th'air for huts
as beastform palettes came t'be worked –
the Red Land roared its new expanse,
as cabin'd reed-boats carried trade
of lapis, 'n wine from th'Levant;
as decorated pots were made!
And, as your painted-tombs were born,
I watched your thoughts take written form!

In carven pictographics (Crude,
though wond'rous!) did your kings proclaim
their falcon-façade, pow'r-exude-
ing, Serekh-bounded, royal names,
e'en as they fell to few; to three.
The Bull Of Bat levelled all walls!
The Catfish raged, mace raised 'bove all,
'n brought the crowns to unity!
The king sailed on procession's ships;
I gifted him my hieroglyphs!

Henceforth,
I scored the annals
into stone.

Stretching the cord, I helped the kings
construct their kingdoms, star-aligned –
precisely-patterned, Ibis-winged,
'n steady stretched the great design
above, 'n thus below must be!
The Upper 'n the Lower Lands
saw stone stand high upon their sands,
adorned with strokes of dynasty!
There, writ in writing tall 'n bold
with pigment, Khemet's tales lay told!

I guided all; gave life to thought
that, uttered only, faced the void
of vast oblivion, where nought's
remembered 'n where all's destroyed!
My miracle (of Thoth's gift made)
now nurtured, spread, practiced, displayed,
'n flowered prose-poetic, laid
for all to see: it's fruits engraved
on shaped, immortal stone! With it,
those thoughts echo on, infinite!

Amongst the sons
of th'sons of men,
Daughters Of Ma'at stand –
the vulture perched;
the cobra raised.

Th'first Lady Of The Two Lands, great-
granddaughter of the Catfish King,
was She Beloved By Neith – doth sing
her serekh of her falcon fate!
Consort; God's Wife; to God Herself –
this trail, by Merit-Neith begun,
was built 'n blazed (Prosper'ty! Health!)

by She Of Beauty Of Th'Fa-Yum,
whence Sobek sends his influence,
cycles of Moon 'n Nile hence.

On cycles more, to Thoth's dynasts –
the first bore th'one from whom this gold-
gilt present comes. Her glory lasts!
Tales of her reign shall e'er be told!
No desecration shall succeed!
Child Of Amun, Ma'at-Ka-Ra!
By land; by water – comes your fleet
to trade with places strange 'n far!
Th'Red Chapel tells your Opet tale –
Hat-Shep-Sut, pre-ordained t'prevail!

The sun has brought no pharaoh since
she fell – Duat-bound – forth by day
who was not man or boy. I may,
however, now portend, evince:
there is one who, out of th'sunfire
that's set to sear 'n scorch the land,
shall bear a crown suff'ring no higher,
smiting all with her risen hand!
Into th'life of the second son,
the Beautiful One, now, Has Come...