

# Nafereti-Iti

## Book Two

V

The Dialogue Of Shu & Tefnut

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My love,  
they court as we two –  
twin lions under Ra!  
My Lady Of The Flame,  
you Tongue Of Ptah:

do you see me in him;  
see you in her?

Tefnut,  
the Left Eye 'N The Right Of Ra,  
Moisture Of The Purest Waters –  
you bear the ankh  
'n she'll bear daughters!

A fierce-some pride,  
you lionesses!

My Lover-Sister,  
watch as Time flows,  
reflecting our love  
to us on its bright surface!  
Ne'er enough...

I'd happ'ly watch 'n re-watch  
as they fall!

My love,  
my brother Emptiness –  
she's fated for my flat-top crown!  
You Who Holds Nut Up;  
Who Holds Geb Down:

he'll bring the sun to life  
with you.

Oh Shu,  
you pacify with cool-calm air,  
the fog 'n clouds your bones –  
you bring Duality!  
Apep o'erthrown,  
you'll guide him h'rizonward,  
crayduhling the Aten.

I'll watch with you;  
embrace-entwined we'll be –  
atmospheric!  
Our ankhs enjoined,  
t'gether we'll sit!

Amun-Hotep 'n Nafereti-Iti:  
meet, merge, 'n rise!

Nekh-Bet, clad in supreme robe of feathers –  
thus seemed Lady Tiye in her homage dress,  
bringing forth new women. Amun-Hotep  
sat, all decorated in Khemet's best.  
Straightening from his slouchful posture at  
the entrance of his mother, th' Crown Prince bowed  
nobly from his neck to her world-renown.  
Sev'ral of the ladies b'hind her stood cowed.  
"Amun-Hotep, flame of the Dazz'ling Sun,  
blazing light through Shu 'pon your father's beam,  
here from the Quarters Of The Women come  
menstruating girls." He caught now the gleam  
of rageous, power-passion purpose cast  
by th'one with bruising faint 'neath make-up's mask.

Lucid were the depths within iris-clouds,  
surge-swirling magellanic, locked on him –  
his own impassioned eyes... No other's met  
more than momentarily; gazes thin  
though lovely, servile, 'n with sex-imbued.  
Of course, he knew he need not ever choose  
as all were his. His sister b'side him stood:  
Henut-Ta-Neb, Of Horus In His Heart  
A Consort. Forearms 'gainst the gilded wood;  
hands hung o'er his chest like jewel-painted art –  
she spoke into his ear: "Flame draws us in,  
its pow'r 'n its heat 'n its light the thing  
compelful; magnetismic! Yet t'us brings  
a scorching pain to plague mesmerised kings..."

And yet, my love,  
another stands,  
catching still his eye!  
Kiya – confidence a-grown;  
influence nigh –

steals half his stirring blood;  
steals half his mind.

The other woman,  
to be greatly loved,  
loves her/wants him/knows not  
that where her name  
shall adorn rock

will be carved o'er; replaced –  
a first-born girl.

Look now,  
columns bedecked with  
wooden lotus flow'rs  
are host to walks  
'n talked-'way hours –

the prince 'n queen  
discuss his cattle.

Turquoise  
from the mines of Sinai;  
collars gold 'n beaded belts –  
readied for the festive eve!  
Coned-perfume melts!

The hour of retiring comes.  
A danceful night...

Shake, percussive beads of the menat chain!  
*Sehsheshat! Sehsheshat!* – rattuhling chant!  
Come, Golden Goddess, the singers reach out:  
th'One Who's Beautiful, will you grace us; dance?  
Linens feathered; sequined; gold over-lain!  
Flashing in transparency swirled about!  
Amulets 'n discs onto hair attached  
swing amongst fresh flow'rs – colourful repast!  
The influence of empire: pierced ears!  
Through th'lobes of all – elaborate designs!  
Of date 'n pomegranate tell the wines!  
Voluminous hair framing faces smeared  
with sweat-swept ochre-red 'n black eye-kohl!  
Lily-scent 'n henna 'pon th'young 'n old!

Bes upon the breasts 'n the thighs 'n trunk  
of afrodeeshyac, tattooed dancers set  
on graceful legs of girth 'n hips of breadth!  
Allure exuded; into all now sunk!  
Amun Is Satisfied (Ironical name  
in retrospect!) takes 'to his lap a child  
who's fertile – thus, to him, an open field  
for harrowing at leisure; taming th'wild  
of any/all. The un-torn skin will yield.  
She'll weep – her menstruation early. Tough!  
Panicked among adults out of control!  
Terrified... Cast aside – he's felt enough.  
He looks to her 'n her 'n summons both.

Apart from here they'll go with him in hope.

Sweaty semen pools,  
hard-dries;  
servants place towels.  
Kiya watches th'flight  
of painted water-fowl.

Her hand lies  
on the other's abdomen.

My love,  
they shall be only two –  
You 'n I! –  
once the Aten's  
claimed the sky.

In private chambers,  
sketched o'er with nature,  
they indulge him –  
heir to the Black Land  
'n the gold within.

Leaking; dribbling out his brand,  
they two lie naked.

Nafereti-Iti,  
her hand 'gainst Kiya's face,  
tests her tender soreness,  
her heart now slowing  
back to rest.

Anointed, then!  
Though not she alone.

I shall take your words.  
She'll have his soul.