

III

The Cobra & The Sand Cat Battle Su-Tekh

Ou-Bast

With th'heatwave of the afternoon
over, the streets are bustled 'bout:
a merchant with ostraca strewn
loose in his cart; a potter touts
her wares from her house-workshop's front
(*Bowls! Handled jugs! Basins! Small pots!*);
contemplating the firmament,
a scribe comes to a falt'ring stop;
a dancing girl rubs her Bes-tattooed thigh
'n then continues walking by.

Lucid eyes fiercely piercing through;
ears stood like th'Places Of Ascent –
Ou-Bast now senses something new...
A tremor through th'environment!
A deep, dark, rolling cloud of storm
strikes unseen to the mortal eye!
But to these Eyes Of Ra? The form
that breaks 'to view against the sky
is cloaked in Issfet's chaos-woven shroud:
Su-Tekh approaches – furied; proud!

Wadj-Et

Alarum bells – alert timpanic!
Isis scoops the falcon; flees!
As she leaps to standing,
she animates
her displayed miscellany!
Wadj-Et warps the bundled bones,
possessing 'n re-fleshing
into snake-skinned life!
On th'sand,
spell-cast,
the scorp'yun tails entangle
with the jewels
to makemergemanifest
two lapis-littered, shining-em'rald
bodied suits of armour,
their high-held, ankh-resurgent tails
taut, menacing the air!

A great, arising cobra slithers
'tween these knights of Isis –
now erect, she dominates the space,
her hood threatful; enfurled!
Ou-Bast,
a-brissuhling with brazen blaze-fire,
leaps/lands/lunges past!
The lionessly wildcat pounces forw'rd!

The mortal world,
time-frozen,
stands obliv'yus...

Ou-Bast

The hound – hell-bent; satanic'lly
empassioned – surges t'ward the force
that musters, magic-moved! As he
beats c'lossal strides along his course,
the supple 'n sublime sand cat
slams cosmic'lly into his side!
Th'visceral sound of her attack
rends th'air! Puncturing through his hide
with searing serration, her claws riprend;
into his back her teeth descend!

Thrown to th'ground by the impact; brought
to howling pain – Su-Tekh lurch-leaps!
Frothing with fury! Overwrought
with rage! Nonetheless, Ou-Bast keeps
half her grappling, persuasive grip!
Their thund'rous throes intensify!
The canid beast of darkness rips
the cat's hindleg off at the thigh!
Fall'n loose 'n pale with shock, she shatters 'neath
th'frenzied flurry of rabid teeth!

Su-Tekh

Tearing out the throat of the lifeless cat,
Su-Tekh is suddenly part-paralysed!
A scorching sting stabs at his lower leg;
a searing sting thrusts through his flexing hip!
His hind-half, venom-saturated, sinks
as, scrabbling in a vicious turn, his front
whips 'bout to swipe wildly at th'scorp'yun pair!
Gnashing teeth clash on nothingness, throwing
dark, globuled blood 'n saliva! Swiftswitched,
the fattails scuttleswerve beneath his breast
to vice their pincers fast upon his flesh!

The sight-hound tumbles, bleeding; now released,
he falls into a dip beside the road!
Erupting dustdirtsand blows back 'n blinds
the scorpions, triumphant! Now the snake
rears ready, peering at the clearing cloud...
A grotesque, broken form billows upward,
its bones reshaping 'neath its flesh; its hide
spreading in cracked 'n deepest black, bristled
over with rawly-'rupted, jagged hair!
Wrecking through 'n up, a great boar stampedes!
The scorp'yuns? Crushed under its dreadful hooves!

Wadj-Et

In pieces pulverised
lie they:
the knights made animate
by she,
the hunted mother, river-bound...
Heaving with heated breath
'n slobb'ring from its tusked-mouth,
Su-Tekh as th'black boar
snorts
like a raging
Apis bull!
Wadj-Et whipwisps,
a bolt of cloudburst lightning –
before its bulk can breathe again
the boar is pierced
either side of a rib
by the dual fangs, dagger-deep!
Tailbody 'bout a foreleg wrapped –
she pulls Su-Tekh
to kneel;

she straightens,
striking down
to spear his thrashing skull!
Thick, blurring blood
from his chest; his head –
the boar screeches;
pulls forward;
throws the cobra o'er its head
'n grabs it cruelly
in its awful mouth
'n breaks three vertebrae!
Crackcrushing down 'pon th'serpent's form,
the boar only relents when
Wadj-Et's pow'r,
at last,
evaporates;
the cobric-hood falls limp...

Spat out
onto the ground,
the snake lies still.

Su-Tekh

Before his bloody, battered, quiet form,
his adversaries quake; contort; dissolve.
Left only, on a heap of dirt: two tails
that lie inert beside scattered jewel-stones.
The mighty bulk of the exhausted boar
transforms, deflating 'n reshaping. Time
emerges from its stasis slumber, waked
to watch as a dog sniffs a ragged cloth
that lies in a shape like an ankh. As now
the mortal world continues as before,
Su-Tekh lopes riverward. Dusk approaches...

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