

IX

Su-Tekh Contends With Horus

Su-Tekh

The neck, cauterised by the blazing blade,
of the one who hid his prey from his hunt
lies lifelessly forward atop the slumped,
sorrowful body of Isis, pow'r-stripped.
Heavy to her shins 'n knees she'd fallen,
her head – suddenly perceptionless – had
met with the mud behind where she had stood.
Her sightless eyes to the city now point.
Still in his foul, deceptive form as Prince
Of The Two Horizons, Su-Tekh breathes deep,
looking at a lapwing 'midst the rushes.

Flitflutter feather-flying skyward swift!
'Mergent from the spot the bird left rises
a form matching his in all but deceit!
Fearfury flushing through his battle-blood;
raw rage rivering 'bout his brain – Su-Tekh
stares, shocked to see the adult Horus stood
lighting up the immediate nightscape!
Silver-saturated – his golden glow,
emanating off of him in glory!
Osiris in his eyes, Horus calls out,
bringing all the nightworld unto silence:

Horus

*My mother's force
kept you at bay
across this land that's mine –
Uncle, you've proved inept at th'hunt!
Yet, both my parents caught...
Only with deceit! Then, bearing your brunt,
my guard'yuns – Courageous! – fought!*

Speaking thus, steps
the Prince-King for'd
toward his reflection.
Simultaneously, Su-Tekh
shuddershimmers 'n morphs!
Now a new man stands, clothed in fear 'n threat
'n vengeful, rebel'yus force!

Gold clasps clip-end
his blueblack hair
b'yond shoulder; collarbone!
Gold, too, his kilt with lapis tail
t'match th'hoops 'bout ankles; wrists!
Okapid head as dark as th'moon is pale;
ears as th'sail-bound masts of ships!

Right hand holding
still th'dagger drawn
that flashed through divine flesh,
this figure Horus faces fierce!
In his own hand (his left)
he takes up a stalk. *Your red heart I'll pierce,*
after tearing through your chest!

Su-Tekh

As the stalk b'comes a spear of seven feet
in the hand of Horus, Su-Tekh responds:
I shall cause you t'behold darkness by day,
upstart god-child! What glory have you earned?
Your mother's head's beside my feet in th'mud,
rent from th'neck by my Metal Of The Stars!
He brandishes his dagger. *Death by this –*
a family tradition f'you to keep!
Enraged, in rage the falcon – F'yur'yus! – flies
at his throne-bent uncle! The bronze point moves
t'meet empty space as Su-Tekh ducks beneath!

Should'ring the cedar wood, he drives for'd; up!
Meteoritely iron shoots, flame-tailed!
Horus grabs his wrist; re-directs th'blade down!
Su-Tekh loops his left arm about the spear
'n snaps it off where Horus holds it tight!
His dagger falls; his nephew kicks it far
from them! Suddenly held behind his neck,
a hand at either end, th'spear-half brings down
the proud 'n crownless head to meet the knee
that th'Crown-Assuming Prince drives upward, fast
as the plummet of the diving falcon!

Horus

CareenCrackCrush!
A broken jaw!
Su-Tekh, with ancient strength,
regardless keeps his attack – at
th'bare abdomen he falls
with fury! Under skin 'n flesh ribs crack!
On the ground they writhe 'n crawl!

Away from this,
where Isis fell,
a cobra 'n sand cat
move about – reconstituted.
The snake rears o'er the breast;
th'feline, 'tween her teeth, holds gently the head
by the fallen mother's crest.

A lapwing lands.
Leaving the head
beside the neck, the cat
sits back. The bird hops t'ward the face
that waits with lidded eyes.
Now that she comes to the cauterised place,
she permits her song to rise...

Hathor

Sesheshatta;
sesheshatta;
sesheshat –
seshet!

Cascadely rattleraiment rains abound!

Sesheshatta!
TUM.
tak...
Sesheshatta!
TUM.

Tatootimpanismic earthsrikes state the ground!

Aru-Sa'at!
TUM.
Aset; Isis!
tak...

*I, who doubt never doth abuse,
High Astral Nurse Of Many Names,
drape fragrant song, drink-dance infused,
with this milk from th'gazelle obtained!*

Sesheshatta –
tak...
TUM.

Th'wound is bathed!

The watchers wait, moon-bidden.

Su-Tekh

The chaos-crowned constructs tremendous bulk
out of his battered form! Horus begets
a bulk of equal size to his uncle!
Two bulls now stand – a mountain range is each!
One towers with body of white – Bu-Akh,
horned-head bright black! As Montu manifest
Su-Tekh bellows! But Horus? Black all o'er,
'cept th'diamond of starlight on his forehead!
Th'Beautiful Image Of His Father's Soul –
Hapi-Ankh! Horus bellows back! They charge –
earth-quaking; hooves rending apart the ground!

Belched snorts of grunting violence – sodden air
expelled from their nostrils! Equipiercing
are the horn-pairs each drives for'd with their heads!
Mud's thrown all about; floodplain flora's felled!
Tectonic is the clash of foreheads vast
as they rip the air from the space about
with the ricochet of their grand meeting!
Spluttering with rageous, salivid foam,
the both of them turn to tear the other!
Su-Tekh as Bu-Akh thrusts a vicious horn,
obliterating the eyeball it finds!

Horus as Hapi-Ankh bucks; bleeds! Enraged
e'en further, he wildly thrashes thund'rous!
Driving at the white bull, tearing his hide,
he lifts; upturns! As he finds the rear end,
the horns of Horus as the Mighty Bull
tear off 'n apart Su-Tekh's testicles!
Th'eruption he emits at this pain breaks
the barriers of sound – scream tsunamic!
Both bulls breathe 'n bleed heav'ly to the mud.
In exhaustion, Su-Tekh 'n Horus kneel,
returning to their human-bodied forms...

Horus

Gore that has gushed
coagulates
o'er beak 'n neck 'n hands –
the Crown Prince, now Imminent King,
s'left eye-socket he grasps.
Red Thunder Of The Deshret, Su-Tekh brings
a hand to his kilt 'n clasps.

C'rrupt deshret dog!

(Horus exclaims.)

*My vision's halved! My sight
brought North 'n South 'n East 'n West
all under my command!
How can I rule with half this scope, at best,
o'er my inherited land?*

Closing his wound
with his own pow'r,
Su-Tekh responds with bile:
*Judged fittest of us all, you were,
to rule – e'en preconceived
you had the job! Over me! Over her...
High'r than your mother esteemed?*

A baboon's bark
breaks Su-Tekh's speech –
Horus 'n he look up.
A primate – sapient – descends
from a crest 'long the strand,
as th'Sister Of Isis from his side wends
t'where her sister slowly stands!

Thoth

A bounding trot – Thoth reaches them,
agonising in furied pain.

The Mighty Pair brought to their knees
‘pon Iteru’s floodplain!

Th’Reckoner Of Time; Of Seasons!

Scribe Of The Company Of Gods!

B’fore him, Horus ‘n Su-Tekh bow
as far as their pain will allow.

Perceptibly, he nods.

Unto the falcon’s costly wound
attends th’North African baboon.

Voice Of Ra! Horus says in praise.

Tjehau-Uti... Mutters Su-Tekh.

From the wreckage of the eyeball
lotus flow’rs sprout erect.

A forepaw opens up the ground –
a lake of river-water fills
the hole from th’sides ‘n from below.

With this ‘n th’wings the lotus grows
he’ll temper battle’s ills!

Life-liquid – petal-infused – cupped,
Thoth cleans the face of Horus up.

All th’secrets of the universe;

all that’s within the heav’nly vault –

this, Su-Tekh, is that which I know.

Regardless of your fault

in all this chaos you’ve induced

in the name of your pers’nal cause,

approaching now is th’greatest threat

to th’equilibrium I’ve kept,

despite this quest of yours.

While you rage ‘gainst the passing crown,

Apep has smited Montu down!

Th’Master Of Balance, as he speaks,

gathers up th’fragments (crystalised

into stones of pure lapis bright)

of th’orb they had comprised.

These fractions collected he counts.

Of sixty-four, I’ve sixty-three...

Su-Tekh, alert at Thoth’s portend:

So Ra stands undefended then?

The primate, busily

fuse-forming th’semi-precious stones:

Ra won’t survive now he’s alone.

Physician-Scribe – he restores now
the Sound Eye, newly uninjured!
The final sixty-fourth from th'stars
th'Divine Author procures!
Two curvesome scars: above; below.
By Bu-Akh's horn: a brow; a tail!
Squintblinking, th'Lord Of The Two Lands
sees glory where his mother stands;
she weeps t'see him prevail!
Tears his own course a riv'ring streak,
painting his passion 'pon his cheek.

Isis; Wadj-Et; Ou-Bast; Nephthys –
they come to where Horus still kneels.
Rev'rent to th'Scribe – they all marvel
at how he has been healed!
Close by 'n standing up, Su-Tekh
stays silent 'n beyond their reach.
Dangerous yet, nonetheless cowed
somewhat he waits with head part-bowed.
Beside the baboon's feet
the lapwing lands. Hathor's voice brings
their attention to her tidings:

Hathor

*Th'Lord Of The Divine Body spoke
to you, Chaos, the serpent's name –
you felt it, did you not? It smote
Ra dead 'n killed his sunfire flame!*

The gathered gods looked at their foe.
For all their deep resentment, they
knew Su-Tekh was their only hope
for to reincarnate the day.

This animosity – put down!
Su-Tekh gives th'gods a stoic stare.
And you – revenge cannot be now!
Two sisters quell their violent glare.

Th'western horizon breaks in black –
a darkrise 'gainst Order 'n Truth!
With Wa-Set to their c'llective back
they stand, as all th'Duat breaks loose...

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