

## V

### Nephthys Deceives Su-Tekh

#### Nephthys

City Of The Sceptre –  
I have reached you!

Most Select Of Places –  
I have reached you!

Alighting on this pylon-gate,  
I see o'er your expanse dark'ning!

Torch-light litters th'evening...  
My hawk-form readies, tense!

As nursing-mother of the falcon-child,  
I must prevent his doom!

I will feed on the carrion  
of the threats that chase him!

Pursuant dog...  
Where are you?

#### Su-Tekh

Pausing with a paw suspended in th'air,  
the sight-hound form of the storm-bringing god  
stops near to the top of a flight of steps.  
A sense of something somewhere somewhere... Now!  
There! Here! A woman divine watching him!  
Leaping to the top to stand rooftop-'breast,  
he whips his dark, immortal gaze about!  
He flinches sharply – out a mourning cry  
cascades its piercing hawk-shriek! Th'eve'ning's torn  
by the sound asunder! Su-Tekh now sees  
a covered woman running 'long the earth!

Pouncing from the rooftop into the air  
that's scarred by that sound that dissipates, swift  
he denatures; becomes a cloud whose wisps  
menace in purpled-black about its core  
of tinge-tainted, vis'ral dark awash with  
threat! He thunders forth at her! Riverward  
she runs in her ragged linen; bare feet!  
Doom descent through th'rushreed, mudsoil expanse –  
as a hurricane he envelops her!  
Thrown to ground 'n kept there beneath his force,  
she cowers, caught at last in th'eye of th'storm...

???

Whorlwind whirling wisps whips without –  
hunches she within that eerie,  
terrible calm... Chaos 'n doubt!  
These he creates  
through famine, drought,  
'n infertility!  
The lush, blackgreen land he negates,  
from th'land of jagged peaks!

*Ahrr-roo-sah-aht... Comes now a voice  
speaking like the far waters wide.  
You've proven to be strong; adroit.  
But here; yet now,  
your friends destroyed,  
you will have to decide:  
will you fight pointlessly 'n proud,  
now that you cannot hide?*

Unto her breast clutchclaspd she keeps  
something she shields 'way from her foe.  
About her still his storm-cloud sweeps!  
From her cowed form,  
shuddering, weeps  
a sound guttural; low...  
The voice, more fiery than forlorn,  
in fluxsome timbre crows:

*You'd chase a child the length of th'land  
in th'grip of pathetic, violent,  
insecure rage? You understand  
destiny, yes?*  
*Ptah's sculpting hand* orchestrates  
our architecture!

He's framed the falcon  
as a king!

You, deshret-dog, do not  
have crowns in your sculptlore!

You can not even catch  
the one you're chasing!

#### Su-Tekh

A surge of pulsing, bolt-ionic blasts  
tears apart the billowed cloud! Dissolving  
in a raw release of realised shock,  
Su-Tekh's shout shatters th'eve'ning into night!  
A hound hunched in a grotesque, boarly pose;  
a grizzled canine, tusked 'neath jackal snout –  
from this composite body comes the name  
*Nebet-Hut*? in stark, vicious disbelief!  
Before th'drooling hulk the woman now stands,  
turning t'reveal the mound of mud she holds,  
e'en as it tumblefalls down to her feet!

#### Nephthys

Scuttle off on scorp'yun legs,  
gruesome 'n grotesque boar-hound!

Can you not tell one from the other  
of th'godly sisters?

From the barren air above your realm  
I came on vulture's wings!

Manifest spontaneous –  
I came to be to fight!

As the House Of Horus,  
I will protect my nephew-prince!

And yet... here I am,  
falconless!

Blurt your snivelling rage  
all you want, Su-Tekh!

Your heated, rancid breath –  
expel it t'ward me!

My nurturing, maternal shield  
has been to take you from my sister's heels!

I can't destroy you.  
I can destroy your plans.

Su-Tekh

Her hair waves in the wind like linen rags  
that would wrap about a prepared corpse. Fast  
Su-Tekh's embarrassed anger vents virile!  
On hind-legs hooved 'n bound by muscle mass;  
on forelegs taut 'neath fur that daggers sheathes –  
on these he stampedes, trampling t'ward her as  
she spreads arms which become gilt, feathered wings,  
outstretched in a span of tremendous breadth!  
Blazing faience glazing glassy em'rald!  
Laden in lapis lazuli 'n gold!  
Piercing cry of the kite – she breathes out fire!

Scorchincinerazing heaven fireflame!  
A rolling wave – tsunamic – rises; peaks!  
Crashing in a white-hot flare – blue-ribboned  
orange – tearing with its taloned extremes!  
Drowning in the pow'r of motherly rage;  
inundated by sisterly vengeance –  
the beast bouldered to a black, burning halt,  
charred 'n riddled o'er with blistering flesh!  
Reeking with rank corruption, c'rroded hide  
hangs loose in places! Low to th'ground he kneels!  
Nephthys arcs up her vast, jew'l-laden wings...

Nephthys

Do you know now  
the power that you challenge?

Can you feel the fierce rebuttal  
of your male rampage?

Would you sooner face the lion with his mane  
or the lioness standing before her cubs?

Come –  
commit the rape of me you ferment.

Seething; stumbling; scorched; scorned –  
I know that it's your recourse!

I have deceived you, Su-Tekh;  
I've brought you to the mud!

There's no more I can do.  
Take, now, your patriarch's revenge.

### Su-Tekh

From the bristled, burnt, disfigured, scorched husk  
comes a melting, morphing, merging movement  
that seeps a toxic scent; an evil sound...  
Bulging breakthrough – bursts a tremendous shape  
from th'floodplain where the boar-hound was brought down!  
On immense, stone pillars, vast it rises –  
a heavy, heaving heap that dwarfs wide legs!  
A massive Ox Of The Water! Canines  
tusk-erupt from the gaping mouth, maw-bared!  
A barrel-bull unhinged in jaw; in rage!  
Bellowing, he trots toward the goddess.

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