

VII

The Mother Defends The Child

Isis

Th'fireflame of heaven blazes bright
down beside Iteru! Burning
suddenly through th'established night!
Isis looks on;
her magic sight
sees the dark beast turning
his horror 'pon her sister – strong;
fierce; majestic; yearning!

His hatred stalks her brill'yunt wings.
*Nebet-Hut... Your sisterly love
is pow'rful! But no more fleeing
for me!* Then; there –
she recites; sings!
From her voice, up above
into the starlit, stilling air
an ankhesque knot of blood!

Her spellsight-sense sees Su-Tekh stop.
Th'Bull-Ox Of Th'Water turns 'n sees
her tyet – great amuletic knot!
Far off it glows,
revealing th'spot
where th'mother stands 'n seethes
defiant! Charging, Su-Tekh goes
through mud 'n shrub 'n reeds!

Nephthys

Why did you not run,
your Horus w'thin your hands?

I would have taken
all his rage for you...

Su-Tekh

Speed bouldering exponentially! The
hippoid-god uproots; tramples – ruinous
rage-run along the banks of the city
at the fugitives stood by th'river's walls!
Tusks fractured, drool-drenched, 'n braced lividbared!
His maw more massive than her body whole!
Her symbol gone, he sees her figure – bright;
solitary – at a closing distance!
Wherever the falcon-child may be hid,
for her creation of the upstart prince
he drives his violent horror into her!

Isis

Horus hid 'midst the life-lapped shore,
inanimately sinking down
to shallow burial endured.
Isis stands fast –
her foe procured;
her final battleground.
Su-Tekh approaches... *Here, at last,*
one of us two will drown!

As she says this, she thinks of He
Who Is In The Embalming Tent,
Who's Put In Linen, Perfectly
Everlasting!
Crying soft, she
sighs to the firmament.
Unto her spreading hands she brings
the power that she'll vent...

Iteru

Cloak flung back
b'come wings spectacular!
Red, draping robe below
the vulture headdress –
the sun between her horns!

She Who Knows
The Poor, The Orphan, Th'Widow, 'N The Weak!
Lady Of The Throne!
Prophetess!
Icon Outlasting!

The beggar gone;
th'goddess revealed –
a woman stands beside me.

Su-Tekh

A gargling, gross, 'n guttural great roar
erupts with rancid, rabid sound – th'hippo
ploughs through the final metres! Th'ragged form
becomes Great Isis in her glory grand!
Feet bare to the mud; shin to shoulders robed;
the blackest hair drapes o'er dark-olive skin!
In her right hand – a green papyrus staff;
in her left hand she holds a silver ankh!
A sphere of searing flame between tall horns!
Su-Tekh thundercharges on, undeterred,
bracing his tremendous head for impact...

Isis

A batt'ring ram 'gainst solid stone!
Tide-waters 'gainst the ancient cliffs!
Axe-head meeting th'strongest of bone!
Full-sky rainburst
'pon th'ocean's foam!
Su-Tekh 'gainst Isis hits!
Heaven's Iron meeting the earth!
Isis – her hands she lifts!

Her gracile figure folds; she drops!
His stampede thunders over her!
Whipping his head about, he stops
to see there lies
no body tossed
unto the mud! There stirs,
somewhere in his periph'ral sight,
a flick'ring figure, blurred...

Su-Tekh

Closer to the water, Isis now stands –
Self-transported! – bent forward; to the side.
Wounded 'n winded, though un-trampled, she
straightens up in pain, raises up her staff,
holds ahead of her the ankh, 'n glares glazed
with fury! Vitriolic, he glares back!
Must'ring to charge again, he sudd'nly finds
that all about his broad, pow'r-bristling legs
a vice of vinely-spread papyrus holds
him to the spot in which he stands! Su-Tekh
roars to the fire-flecked sky 'n moves his bulk!

Isis

Futile-fierce th'enraged hippo strains!
Constrictorserpentinely stalks!
For th'one or two he tears in vain
yet many more
surgereach; reclaim
the leg that freeward fought!
In wet-mud dappled, readied f'war,
the Divine Mother walks.

She steps in immense pain, her hip
all batterbruised on her left side.
'Neath th'weight of th'floric-trap, he slips –
Su-Tekh, the fiend!
From him she'll rip
her vengeance! Now beside
his form, o'errun with grasping green,
Isis does now deride:

*Pathetic patriarch! Your ploy
to kill your brother-king 'n then
make further murder 'gainst the boy
born to princehood!
A strange alloy –
rank fear 'n hubris! When
you had the throne of Khemet would
you 'radicate all men?*

*Would you hunt down all boys, new-born,
to kill the threat you yourself posed
to my Osiris, who you've torn
'n scattered far
'n from him shorn
his life? To him's now closed
the sun-graced world where th'living are!
To th'West he f'rever goes!*

*Did you think to have me, as well?
Did you think that I'd let you in?
D'you think you'd stand from whence he fell,
t'make prince anew?
Under my spell
you've ended up! Begin,
if you've not already, to rue
your Truth-offending sin!*

Su-Tekh

*Forcing the grass about his mouth to break,
He Of The Deshret Land Of Red replies:
I do concede your power to be great –
greater than I ever thought it would be.
But my sin? My sin of outrage? Justice
is offended by mere birthright ruleclaim!
I, not your fledgling son, had th'knowledge, pow'r,
'n readiness to rule a peopled-land!
My brother chosen? Fine. But not his child,
assumed when merely hypothetical!
Call your hyaenas t'devour me then.*

*Rising from the waters behind her come
three hunch-hulked matriarchs with erect ears,
striped-coats bristling coarse, 'n legs long; legs stout.
Dribbuhling, they chatterspit; laugh; droolhowl!
Isis turns t'see them, momentarily.
Her hard-fought final victory at hand!
She turns back. She sees her papyrus web.
Yet about no form does it grow 'n grip!
Halting at her thought, the hyaenas gnash
the air 'n each other. The goddess peers
into the vice she cautiously loosens...*

Isis

Great Goddess Of Ten-Thousand Names –
with guard up does she close the gap
that 'tween her 'n her foe remained.
Th'rushreed recedes...
Isis exclaims
a silent exhale at
th'sound th'comes from the papyrus: th'pleas
of an infant, fear-'rapt!

Unmistakable – her son's voice!
Knowing that he's hid near-off, yet
her entire being, at that noise,
is primal-bound!
Her guard destroyed,
her vengeance she forgets...
The hyaenas fall to the ground,
dissolved; pow'r-dispossessed.

Su-Tekh

As th'mother reaches in, the child grows tall!
Sidelocked- 'n shaven-head – his smiling eyes
greet her as he takes her hands! Stepping out
to embrace about her still-injured waist,
the boy cries *Mother!*; a falcon's call rings
glor'yus through the sky! Isis weeps great tears!
She squats to nuzzle her head into his!
The boy grows tall; the man stands over her,
on high, his gold, bejew'led kilt 'gainst her face!
Blue-bangled wrists – his hands direct her gaze
softly up to meet his adult eyes!

Into th'white feathers of his falcon head
his neck, b'yond glitt'ring collar, disappears;
a blackblue wig down past his shoulders drapes;
a beak of lapis lazuli shines sharp,
with reds 'n purples dancing either side;
glowing Atenesque – two far-seeing fires!
She stands. His hands upon her shoulders, now
he holds her at arm's length. Hands to his hips,
they look upon each other – mother; son.
Long dagger drawn – with a scorp'yun's speed, he
takes her divine head from off her shoulders!

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