

VIII

The Eye Of Ra Empowers Horus

Ra

By Khnum, ram-headed, was I
shepherded on,
leaving The Place Of The Pillars
where I stood as the great, grey heron
‘top the mound ‘pon which
my rays of lifelight fell
to offer their first heat-touch to the land!
An obelisk in my place behind us,
we met with Atum – The Completer;
He Of Pre- ‘N Post-Existence;
Embracer Of The Dying Sun –
at the edges of the world
in their western limits,
where my heatlifelight lay down!
Daughter Of The Air ‘N Moisture, Nut –
I entered my granddaughter,
She Who Holds A Thousand Souls;
Mistress Of All, Who Bore The Gods!
As the Night-Time Sun, I’ve passed
the first five gates
of the Duat, dark!
The Serpent seeks my Mesek-Tet –
My Boat Of Sailing Night! –
drooling issfet from its
violent fangs,
jagged as the deshret peaks!
As I pass from life,
dying in the realm inherited by Lord Osiris,
I send my Eye
along the river of the underworld
to breathe my power!

Hathor

A night-borne breeze breathes, barely heard,
buffeting the flight of creatures
little ‘n legion. Th’grass is stirred
all ‘long Geb’s riverine features.

Within the rushes; 'mongst the reeds –
a prince, wood-carved, in slumber waits.
His mother's spell upon him bleeds
its strength, its source decapitate.

Nut's Robe Of Night, star-dappled, guides
along its contours Heaven's Milk –
cosmic'ly ineffable! Th'sky's
in fluxflow; in galaxy guilt!

Out of th'clouds of magellany
comes down a lapwing. Rounded; long –
its span navigates, lazily,
the air to th'sound of sistrum-song.

Soft ratt'ling fading, she alights
atop a mud-mound. In her beak
of unparalleled malachite,
a sprig of sycamore she keeps.

Her wings spread – Turquoise! Copper! Gold! –
as she stands in portrait before
Prince Horus 'midst the grass. *Behold*
The Lady Of The Sky, Hathor!

Mistress Of Life! Lady Of Stars!
Mother Of Mothers! Song-Dance Queen!
I am your sheltershade! How far
across the land this hunt has been!

Emanating from seven eyes
across her wingspan – end to end,
with one upon her breast – doth rise
this voice the Midnight Sun did send.

That Which Is Ordained – Shayt, she tells
your lifetale to me, icon-child!
No further flight your future spells
'long your life's length! No more exile!

At this, the bird lets down the sprig.
It settles b'side the falcon's face.
Out of the branch flowers a fig.
A milk-river flows, magic-laced...

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