

XII

The Sacred Scarab Brings The Aten

Iteru

Release...

Flow waters,
free!

A broken spell...
Free waters, flow!

Refill;
release!

Ra rises
in the underworld
to muster morning!

Ou-Bast

The sand cat suddenly awakes,
aware that th'night moves dayward 'gain.
Her lucid eyes behold the snake;
her scanning ears detect the faint
animation that's left that spills
from th'head that partly-severed lies
'cross th'width of th'river that refills
its depths. She runs/bounds/leaps/alights!
Into the opened neck she disappears;
through tissue, flesh, 'n skin she shears!

Wadj-Et

Hood haggard,
the cobra coils;
unfurls;
stands stretched.
Watching
t'where Ou-Bast had flown,
her slitted eyes
meet the dying stare
of the immense serpent,
Darkness.

Th'light eating blackness
blurs,
collapsing in upon itself –
the eyes of Apep
fade
to a cloudy greyness
as Ou-Bast
leaps lightly up,
black, bilesome blood
dripping from her
paws 'n coat 'n mouth.

Thoth

As th'other deities approach,
the head of Apep slumps away
from its already rotting neck.
As th'baboon starts to say
Where is Su-Tekh? the sand cat's caught
in a great lioness' jaws!
Savaging wildly, Sekh-Met swipes
Wadj-Et, who courageously strikes
but's broken by the paw!
Now facing th'wrath of her bloodlust?
Isis, Thoth, Nephthys, 'n Horus!

Sekh-Met

Too wild for words –
terrible, vengeant She!
Released
at the serpent's end,
the Lady Of The Slaughter
laps up blood,
moving from the snake 'n the cat
to yet new prey!

Each all but to exhaustion brought;
th'magic 'n their might depleted...
She charges! Horus looks to thwart
but she leaves him sprawled; defeated!
Isis spans broad wings 'n grapples Sekh-met!
Thoth conjures wine which Nephthys pours...
The pow'r of Isis spent, she falls 'n lets
loose the lioness – Sekh-Met roars!

Glaring on unbroken, she drinks the blood
pooled in a trench carved from the river mud...

Nephthys

Drink deep, Red Lady!
Drunk on bloodlust; drunk on wine!

Scribe Of Ours,
this better work...

She makes to move! Bristling!
Wait...

Succumb to it, Sekh-Met!
Staggerfall...

She is sated.
Sleep, Powerful One.

Horus

Sitting upright,
his forearms on
his knees, King Horus speaks:
*The lioness out cold with drink;
the serpent savaged. Yet
of my uncle, who fought at th'very brink?
Dear Mother – where is Su-Tekh?*

Isis

Th'sand cat 'n th'cobra dissipate
in temp'ry death to be reborn.
The baboon, beside Sekh-Met, waits –
as the lapwing
she will awake.
The vast, defeated form
of Darkness comes to vanishing
at th'scouting light of dawn.

The magic of imminent day
erases all the signs of war –
where heaps of broad destruction lay,
the floodplains now
stretch, waking; they
forget the night before.
In the city, the rams do bow
as light o'er th'walls does pour!

A beetle moves, silhouetted,
along th'roof of a mud-brick wall,
rolling an orb of dung b'fore it.
The Barque Of Night,
trials completed,
meets th'Barque Of Day! A call
rings out from th'Bennu bird in flight!
The Aten dazzles all!

Isis turns to her son to say:
*He must have fallen 'neath the snake,
losing his form. But now it's day!*
Nephthys, backed by
Nafertum's rays,
holds out her hands to take
her nephew's for to join the sky
to rule the Dual Landscape!

The scarab Khepri rolls the orb;
Nafertum, as the Aten, climbs –
by this into existence born
is Ra! Renewed
emergent Lord!
Isis looks t'ward the line
that ends the earth 'n sky where moves
a salukid canine.

Su-Tekh

The Chaos Storm-Lord Of The Red Land walks
in his form of the deshret hound beyond
the far side of Iteru. Reaching now
closer to the Black Land's limit, he turns,
framed by The Peak 'n the receding night.
He looks at Isis; Isis looks at him.
An age that's but a moment... Off he slinks,
t'pass b'yond the jackal-prowled necropolis.
The City Of The Sceptre – sunlit – wakes,
singing songs of morning activity.
A woman walks away. A lapwing flies.

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