

## Ode to the Creators

What are the signs of life that bear my body?  
O, Osiris! What is this feeling under my breast?  
How have I failed to embody  
What I thought would be my place to rest?  
This cruel kiss on thy lips crumbles without consent  
This nectar burns as it travels to my esophagus.  
Who dares to raise my malcontent?  
What has happened in my sarcophagus?

The glare of greed shines too greatly.  
O Isis! What is this?  
They utter the wrong name such straitly  
I feel myself drowning, choking on water of an oceanic abyss.  
I cannot reach my hand out to comfort my wife  
For her panic, I cannot see as I am parted from her nurture  
To what lands am I traveling on in this life?  
To which suns am I to see, burglar?

This life could've ended as a beloved story.  
O, Horus! What can you see?  
The blades that glint in glory  
And the words that are foreign to me.  
Who dare touch their mighty king  
Even if their skin seems to not be touched by the sun.  
It should be them on their knees worshipping  
If these chains of mortality had loosened - they would've runned

They expel my name with no fear nor malice in their breath  
O Ptah! I can see you in these walls  
Thousands of people see and dance around my death

Look upon your works they do but in these halls,  
The works of your men do not fit.  
Our art clashes with their rapacity  
And the claims against them - they won't admit.  
The white has yet to see our audacity.

I beg of thee to release me of these mortal messes  
O Re! What seas have I crossed?  
This air tingles my memory - how many guesses?  
After all this time and trying to catch what Seth has tossed,  
Has my suffering granted my passage?  
To what wars have there been fought and lost?  
Who do I tribute the freedom of my bandages?  
No matter. Let this form be the last cost!  
Let them shine on those who've been disadvantaged!

## **To Pharaoh**

Your beauty is illustrious treasure -

A mysterious form for men to fall.

For mysterious reasons, you tickle my pleasure.

Destiny carrying the wish of your call.

Wrinkled skin adorned with finest oils...

The hint of wine and spice teases the nose...

I have fought and scavenged for such spoils!

Bless the king as he resists to compost!

Call us savages! They ought to resist!

Power to further the interests of the world

Is our duty as an existence!

We are the saviors with great wings furled.

So long as I shall live: bleed, bruise, and breed.

This is my legacy and mine alone.