

Poetry Series

Onoharigho Precious
- poems -

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The Wanderer "Old-Egypt"

Good to see the trees still stir.
Across the sun at the pyramids.
To smell the sweet nice and rotten.
Unforgettable, unforgotten.
The nice smell of the Nile, and hear the breeze wailing in between the little trees.
Say, do the dead armies still stand?
Are they still guardians of the temple of Anubis?
Is the papyrus shade still fleeting the priests dream?
The yet unacademic stread.
Is the night over Egypt still shy and cold?
Are rubbies silver or gold?
And the yellow sun still a silver sea, from near Thebes to Memphis?
And after the moon is born.
Do bats come out with its catch in their mouths?
Is the Nile water still cool and sweet, gentle and brown close to Nekhen?
Does it still laugh at the raging sea?
Say, is there beauty yet to find?
And certainly? And quick kind?
Deep meadows yet to forget.
The lies that Memphis hold and its pain oh yet.
And let let us still think.
Do its glories still appeal to this day?
Forgotten cities of old?

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