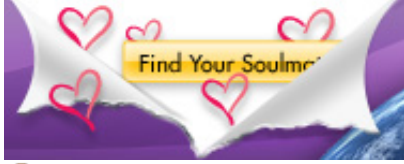


UPDATE: Important information -- Gaia is [shutting down](#).

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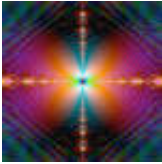
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-
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-
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- [Groups](#)
- [The Integral Pod](#)
- [Water Cooler](#)
- [The Song of the Nile](#)

◀ [previous thread](#) | [next thread](#) ▶

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The Song of the Nile

[Balder](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 12:38 AM:

This thread is for the little exercise in communal dreaming we started in Ramsses' beloved thread, "Om Amriteshwaryai Namaha." I was going to cull together all of the relevant posts, but Lord Ramsses has saved me the effort. I wouldn't have included my two little poetic pieces at the beginning, but who can say what will spark a great dream? If Pharaoh wants to include them, I bow to his will... :)

I was pleased and a little surprised to see the title Ramsses' had selected, since I had been thinking of something similar: "The Song of the Pharaoh." I think it is more his story than the Nile's so far. But who knows what will unfold!?

Anyway, let's get on with this! Sing muse, the passion of the pharaoh...

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Balder](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 12:41 AM:

Balder:
Mother, was that you in my dreams?
I ran from you like a monster
In a B movie, stifling screams
As you gripped me with your streaming hair

And pulled me to your fathomless face.

How long will this unfortunate son
Fight the ministrations of your grace?
How long will I seek sweet ease, when
I need most the fierceness of your face?

Ramsses:

Once upon a time long ago in Ancient Egypt, Ramsses was sitting quietly on the roof of the temple gazing at the stars and their reflections in the black river. Suddenly the peace and stillness was rent with piercing screams as the High Priest burst from the inner sanctum of the temple followed by a ferocious woman trailing a long stream of tangled hair. Ramsses watched helplessly as they burst into the courtyard and the fiendish woman lunged at the priest like a tigress, caught him by the neck and proceeded to dismember and devour him piece by piece. Ramsses became aware that the spirit of the priest was standing by his side watching the scene below. "Who is she?" asked Ramsses, innocently. For the first time ever, in all the time he had known him, the bald priest was insanely furious. "You effete, puffed-up piece of narcissistic puffery!" he screamed, "That was your girlfriend!"

Balder:

There once was a king who invited his self
To boldly enter the public and stand
Four-squared with the Lion of Trafalgar,
An ornament of Time's regal unfolding.

Ramsses:

Once upon a time long ago in a land called Ancient Egypt, Ramsses was taking his evening stroll by the beautiful Temple of Karnak. At the front entrance he was startled to come upon a boy gazing thoughtfully at the magnificent statues of the god Ramsses standing beside a lion. Ramsses was much struck by the sight of this strange-looking, shaven headed fellow dressed in ocher, obviously from a foreign land and, as he correctly divined, a most precocious and prescient follower of the Lord Buddha, who had not yet even been born. But before Ramsses was able to bask in the boy's adulation, this young imp who had apparently been poking a stick at the statues now resumed his impudent behavior. In an instant and before Ramsses even had a chance to warn him, the lion lept up and tore the poor lad to shreds. From the deep well of his memory Ramsses recalled a similar event of many years before involving the High Priest. In a flash Ramsses knew that this same boy was his reincarnation and that for some unfathomable reason he had come to the same grisly end. He was careful this time not to upset the poor soul standing awestruck and shaken by his side. After a long period of pained silence the young lad asked him in

anguished tones, “How is this possible?” As gently as he could, Ramsses responded, “Don't poke sticks at sleeping dragons.”

Michael:

One day from heaven the Archangel Michael arrived without steed or sword. He sat down a respectful distance from the mouth of the great dragon Ramsses's cave. It was just morning, and as the cave faced east to the river, the sun was on Michael's back and lit up the entrance to the cave. Wisps of smoke pulsed from the cave mouth while from inside, a rhythmic crackling could be heard. The sun reached the back of the cave. A brief pause. No smoke. No sound. Of a sudden the dragon erupted from the cave, wings aflame and mouth on fire. He stretched his horribly beautiful neck and guttering countenance to his utmost height, the better to see over this mysterious silhouette before him. “Who has come to disturb my perfect repose!!!?” With the “Who” and the “-pose” came great gouts of ragged flame. The air filled with a sulphurous stench and the sand at Michael's feet began to steam. With the steam, Michael rose to his feet and said,

“Come Ramsses, to the well and drink with me
We will sit back to back, no words will pass
You looking West to your lovely Nile
And me to the East and the drifting sand”

Ramsses:

Strange things happened in Ancient Egypt. Not long after the aforementioned recurrent but final tragic passing of the past, present and future bald priest, it was brought to Ramsses's attention that a yogi from foreign parts had taken up residence across the river in a cave in the Valley of Kings. Ramsses had no objection to this and was even pleased that a holy man had chosen as his residence the sacred grounds. What did not please him, however, was that the holy man had apparently been telling stories among some of the tomb artists who lived and worked in the outlying community there of a nature not particularly flattering to the Pharaoh. Further inquiry confirmed that the holy man had referred to Ramsses as a dragon and himself as an angel, the two of them involved in some kind of confused visionary pact. Always willing to give miscreants the benefit of the doubt, and taking into account the probable near starvation and desperate need of the holy man, Ramsses arranged for him to be fed and cared for and supplied with a quantity of ganga to ease his troubled

mind. Abruptly the unfavorable stories ceased. The holy man lived out his days in great peace and contentment, a constant source of benediction upon both land and Pharaoh, and even came to be referred to as the Dragon himself for the characteristic emanation of smoke from his cave and his mouth and nostrils.

Mascha:

Irritants make pearls of great price.

Black pearl, shaped like a teardrop,
formed by aeons of pressure and pain –
a white-robed thief stole mine once upon a time
on the streets of Bombay near Nisargadatta's cafe.

I followed the rogue, chased him down
all the way to the burning ground
where he peevishly admitted he'd lost it himself!
It took years till an honest appraiser took mercy on me
and showed me the place where Grace
had kept my black pearl safe & shining bright:

On the forehead of my original face,
clean out of sight.

Ramsses:

It was perhaps the greatest irony of all in that fabled land of ancient mysteries that no beggar, no guide, no sure-footed pickpocket knew the souks and alleyways of the thousand-gated city of Thebes better than the man least likely to set foot in them, Pharaoh, monarch and supreme deity of the most powerful nation on Earth. Disguised in a Bedouin scarf and cloak, he knew the hearts of his people as he knew his beloved city. How great was his astonishment then one evening, as the sun burned its golden passage into the western hills, to see a Hindu princess purposefully walking through the crowds, on what secret pilgrimage he could only guess, and, fascinated, follow her through labyrinthine streets to the dwelling of a saint where she emerged hours later, radiant and defiant of danger, to shed soft footfalls in the night. What distant strain of the great song of the Nile had called to her in her faraway palace?

Ramsses:

No jungle cat prowling in the night, no falcon scanning a panorama, nor crocodile grinning in the murky depths had more stealth than Ramsses stepping into the darkened lane.

With such infinite assurance did he pursue his quarry, now swiftly running, now silent and still, advancing and falling back, instinct identical with motion. At length they emerged from the city where the destination of the princess revealed itself in the shadows of a rocking vessel. Did she suspect pursuit? No fear betrayed the confidence of her walk along the deserted wharf. What mission of hers could be so secret that she would dare to bypass the royal court? "Tell me, Princess," said Ramsses softly, "to what god Egypt owes the honor of your visit."

Mascha:

She paused, struck by his overwhelming presence, looked down, then back at him,
and answered, "The One."

Ramsses:

You are most welcome here and free to come and go at will. It is not the custom of Egypt for royal visitors to be ignored, much less that they should come here unannounced. If your mission is not too private, the Pharaoh himself will receive you, and you shall find no limit to his hospitality. Egypt worships many gods as faces of the One. We have temples and shrines here so sacred, the gods themselves worship in them. You have traveled a great distance. May no hasty departure deprive you of the reward of your hardship.

Ramsses:

High noon in Thebes, smoke in the alleyways.
Lone ranger with a raven in the haze
Gets hit by a bolt from someone in black.
No cause, no sense, no reason for attack.

Wherein, Ramsses, exhausted from his clandestine adventures in the city, returns to his palace by most secret ways and, throwing off the stinking cloak and scarf, heads directly for the baths thinking only to soak away his travails in scented lotus water heated in great cauldrons of onyx. And in the early morning hours, sliding gratefully into a bubbling pool, what should befall him but that a young thing so ravishingly beautiful he could scarcely bear to look at her, and whose every word and gesture seemed playfully, knowingly, to mock him, slips off her flimsy robe to enter the waters beside him and wrap her lovely form around his? If the temple will not come to the Pharaoh, the Pharaoh will enter the temple.

Detachment is a lovely thing sometimes,
But when a goddess throws herself at you
Beauty must be worshipped accordingly,
With passionate, reckless abandonment.

To that Eternal Egypt where there is no death, the world pristine and unpolluted, the gods ever visible as light forms playing over the water, and forever Ankhesenamun offers bunches of lotus and papyrus to Tutankhamun, plying the length of the Nile in their little boat from the great marshes of the delta to the upper reaches of the cataracts, numberless birds joyously attending their progress, did Ramsses betake himself in ecstatic reverie. For this only, the great pyramids and colossi, magnificent temples, chapels and colonnades, the mighty obelisks, pylons and avenues of sphinxes, that the untethered spirit might soar free to that other world, love enthralled by beauty.

It was perhaps here, in this most ancient and dimmest of memories, gliding along the still waters of this reclusive paradise lake in the Fayum fed by a tributary of the Nile, a vast sea of waterlilies, papyrus and reeds, its gemlike waters reflecting the enchanted kingdom of the sun, the moon and the stars, that the dream of Egypt was born amid myriad unfolding worlds.

Thus spake the Pharaoh Kheti to his son Merikara: Beware, for the governors

of the provinces may rebel at any time, and any sign of weakness will be a signal to the Asiatics to cross the frontier and pillage the country. Formidable armies of the Africans are contending for possession of the south. You must rely on the support of a powerful elite, who will be the more willing to apply your laws if they themselves are dealt with justly. These must be chosen by merit and not by birth. Great is a king who has great counselors. Do not oppress the people but uphold the law. Punishment must fit the crime, and death not be meted out too often. If you are just, your soul will serenely pass to the life beyond and confront formidable judges who see a lifespan in an instant.

Death to those who touched the king's regalia,
Which tells you right there that it was a cult,
Except a supernatural power
Was available to those who knew it.

In the Old Kingdom some kings were worshipped
For generations, even centuries,
Until the priests abandoned the ruins,
Antique objects of curiosity.

When Sinuhe learned of a murder plot
Against his king, fearing for his own life,
He fled and married a chieftain's daughter,
Until Senosret invited him back.

These words spake Sinuhe of Senosret:
Benevolent invincible hero,
Extremely gentle master of wisdom,
Fit for the adoration of a god.

Buried in deep pits by the pyramids,
A cage the size of a man in a chest,
And the royal barge, both disassembled,
And happy is he who knows the difference.

Michael:

In honor of the 400th post to this exquisitely entertaining enterprise, and to the participants and other attendees of this thread divine, and in honor of our great Lord Ramsses I submit the following:

In time, in the fullness of the grandeur that was Thebes during the reign of the God/King Ramsses, when the moon had been absent from the night sky for a good two weeks, a Raven rustled herself awake in her secluded temple perch high above the still sleeping city. Ordinarily, the Raven would never fly at night as there is a proscription against such expedition due to responsibilities of her caste. Nighttime for Raven is to the roost and family, is to nurture and debrief the day's activities. But this particular morning, the Raven was anxious. She was on temporary escort duty and knew that her charge the Yogi, who was supposedly meditating in a cave across the Nile had lapsed into hibernation. This soporific state was due to the powerful influence of ganja, bestowed upon the Yogi by the Great Ramsses himself, in order that the Yogi might rest from his ill-conceived ministrations on the King's unwelcome behalf. (or so it seemed at the time)

So the Raven, stretching the proscriptions of caste to the ultimate, and knowing about the cycles of the moon, decided to wait until the pre-dawn new moon scimitar had made its full appearance.

Meanwhile, in the cave across the Nile, the Yogi slept (if you could call it that) and groaned to the flux of perplexing dreams. The floor of the cave was littered with sesame seed-sized roaches and the whole place reeked of dope, sweat, and indecision.

After crossing the misted river with effortless adjustments to her great wings, it was to this squalid scene that the Raven arrived. Down she set, weightless, at the mouth of the cave, turning her head so as to peer inside with her really good eye. The scene she beheld was appalling. The Yogi still slept in formal style, sitting, hands on knees, thumb to middle finger. Ah, but his posture was corrupted to the point of collapse. The moolah banda had shrunk to the size of a pea and the shushumna was twisted beyond all use. The chakras had dimmed and were flickering faintly like the

ebbing iridescence of moth wings dying on the mountain from exposure.

She knew there was no time to lose and, stalking her way to the Yogi's side, she leapt with one cramped beat of her powerful wings to land on the shoulder of the sleeping holy man. Immediately she opened her beak, drew a great breath, and quietly as she could (for Ravens are not great whisperers) she spoke, "Kronkety bonk de wonk de thonk, ti catcha ta kock kachoolya." With that, she dove from his startling shoulder, skimming low over the cave floor, past the entrance, and with a few rapid beats of her full spread wings she was up in the mist and rising thermals over the Nile, on back to roost and family high in the crags of the Atlas mountains to the East.

The Yogi of course was blown awake by the intrusion and immediately tried to stand. This great effort was soon met by a thunderous pain as his head collided with a sharp thing protruding from the roof of the cave. He fell in a heap alternately cursing the interruption and trying to remember what it was. Thankfully, the sharpness of the intrusion had awakened what was left of his senses. Feverishly, he swept the dust in front of him clean and wrote down what he had heard as faithfully as he could. To his momentary satisfaction, when he contemplated his scribbling, it clearly resembled what he had heard. "I shall meditate upon this," he said and tried to assume the posture. But his back and bottom ached so much from his slow decline that "fuck it," he said, and assumed the corpse pose, shivasana. There he lay, repeating the message while interspersing it on occasion with his own mantra "Om Namah Shivaya."

For the further adventures of the Yogi, the Raven, and the secret message, please patiently attend this ever-effulgent thread.

Best,

Michael

Ramsses:

The doors to the great audience chamber were flung open and a posse of security officers marched in hauling something that resembled a cross between Satan and a bedraggled cat. They dumped him unceremoniously before the throne, then kneeled and kissed the floor. Pharaoh bade them rise and with a gracious wave of his hand signaled both his thanks and their dismissal. The bewildered yogi thus left there alone in a state of utter confusion thought he had best follow suit and, making a motion to kiss the floor himself, was stopped dead by a peremptory bark from the Pharaoh. This was followed by a gasp of astonishment throughout the entire hall. That such a dishevelled ragamuffin had been brought before the king at all was matter of surprise enough, but that he should be granted such privilege from custom as might be accorded only the highest royalty was beyond comprehension. "You idiot," the Pharaoh muttered. Then more loudly, "They tell me you like birds." "Yes, your majesty." The Pharaoh continued with a dangerous tone in his voice, somewhere between warmth and sarcasm. "What a coincidence. I love birds. I raised a baby myna. She was my dearest heart's love. I gave her her freedom." This remarkable confession was followed by a long, awkward silence. "Birds are divine creatures," the yogi ventured uncertainly. This enraged the Pharaoh, who sat up, then controlled himself, and sat back again. "We're putting you to work. You'll be in charge of the royal aviary. Just make sure that not one of those divine creatures is ever kept there against its will." A nod of his head was all that the yogi dared to signal his agreement. "Now get out of here and have a bath."

A great kahuna from Labrador, Lady Jane Amun, had been visiting Egypt, and Ramsses made sure that she was given an abundance of fresh pineapple and coconut juice every day. They shared the same silly sense of humor. A great court wit, Lady Mascha Amun, had created a short pantomime in which someone knocking on a door gets his face punched when it opens. Ramsses commanded that it be performed 108 times morning and evening. Like complete idiots, they laughed themselves sick every time.

Dear ones,

In honor of King Ramsses puzzling beneficence, and in the spirit of fair play, I offer the following continuance,

Well, the Yogi, who was exhausted from having been dragged from his cave by the feet and towed across the turbid Nile tied by a rope to the boat of the disgusted guards who could not bear the thought of this stinking apparition actually sitting with them, tried to think with what was left of his befuddled mind. He knew he must make some admission of gratitude to his benefactor. From his knees on the floor, he raised his silt-encrusted head and hand, hoping for words to come when the King roared “Bathe! No words! They too will reek of your filth!” Defeated by the effort to kneel and the King's imperiousness, the Yogi collapsed on his side. The guards were summoned again, this time grabbing him by the arms, and dragging him unceremoniously facedown along the hall, past the stupefied assemblage of courtiers, ambassadors, courtesans, functionaries, and toadies. His unkempt beard draggled along the marble floor and, just as he passed the great door to the hall, a smile came to his face. None but the scarab, who monitored the entrance from a crack in the floor, could see this smile and not even the scarab could see the wry twist to it. “I'm in.” exulted the Yogi to himself, “I have gained the palace!”

Nearly expired from his dissipation and recent labors, he muttered, “Bathe? Bath?” to the guards. “Fool!” their leader cried, “You will bathe with the birds!,” and their pace increased. The floor was no longer marble but knee-battering stones as they wound their way deep into the warren of passages in the great palace. Presently, they took a sharp turn towards a narrow door almost hidden along a wall. The door, after having been knocked upon in a ritual fashion, was thrust open after a count of ten and one guard, as there was no room for another, took both of the Yogi's aching arms and flung him into the magnificent room beyond. Landing on his back, and just before he lapsed into unconsciousness, the great aviary came into view. “Strange,” he thought, before passing into the sleep of the dead, “there's not a bird in sight.”

It was true, no peep, or chirp, no cackle or croak was to be heard and nowhere was there a single feather in sight. The aviary was constructed around a south-facing corner of the awesome pile of stone that was the great King's residence. It was composed of three chambers. The central chamber faced south with a view of the languid river's approach. To the west could be seen monuments to Egypt's past glory and construction equitable to the magnificence of its present. To the East, directly across the

Nile, the tiny dot of the Yogi's former home all but disappeared in the blast of sun. A wall to the north rose sixty feet to the beginning of a slanting roof. The roof and outside walls were a combination of slate supported by hewn beams and rafters and piled stone. There were no windows to speak of, but openings in the roof and walls were covered with the thinnest of fine silk gauze netting allowing light to pour into the rooms. The space was filled with vine-draped trees, resplendent shrubbery, gem-colored flowers and delicate ground cover. Built high against the towering north wall was a mountain landscape topped by a voluminous, burbling spring. In rivulets and curtains and plunging cataracts, the spring waters spread across the mountainside into a profusion of alpine blooms and thickets of grass and heather. From the outside walls, the trees rose to the ceiling and the vines drooped near to the tiled floor. The tile pattern was a curious tripartite design of alabaster, onyx, and jade triangles centered upon a lapis blue geometry. This stunning effect was splashed with light and shadow as was the space all around. In the absolute center of the central hall, another, far more formal fountain arose. It had been carved from a single block of marble so pure as to confound the eye with its whiteness. Its convoluted rim was adorned with a pattern of erotic protuberances and the inside of the semi-hemispheric bowl sloped downwards to a central stupa-like monument. From the top of this central feature, a column of crystalline pure water rose a foot before turning back on itself and falling into the bowl. Despite the chaos of water falling from above, the water's surface was marked by a standing succession of wave forms that slowly evolved from one mysterious pattern to the next. From a hundred spots around the rim steady streams of drops reached to the floor and on down to a central drain beneath the fountain. The drops and waves flashed in the gauze filtered amber glow combining with the subtle variances of light and shadow from leaves quivering in the vagrant breezes which stirred this sacred place. The effect was a shimmering vibrance and throughout, wiglets of chitishakti ignited and vanished in the love-suffused air.

In the midst of this, near the foot of the central fountain, the Yogi slept face up dead to the world without, and lost in the turiya darkness within. He slept through the rest of the day, through the star-twinkled night, and on til mid-morning when the eastward rolling ball of earth brought the fullness of the sun's brilliance to his filthy face. His eyes opened slowly, sorely, to the vastness of his aching and the transcendent wonder above him. Cautiously, he rolled to his side and struggled to a seated position. No

sooner had he struggled erect than a great owl carrying a small bowl in its beak dropped to its feet on the floor before him. “Pranam! Pranam!!!” came a thunderous voice from high in the rafters. “For the sake of the great Gods and the future of Thebes, bow! or we will all surely die!!” The Yogi immediately, with great pain, prostrated himself before the horned and yellow-eyed owl. The great bird placed the bowl before the Yogi's outstretched hands, walked to his side and bit the back of the Yogi's neck before lifting upward to his roost deep in the shadows above. “Never let the owl's gaze fall upon you without this pranam!.” came the slightly less anxious voice from the shrubs. “Take the bowl before you and drink it. It is the urine of a thousand hummingbirds and will restore you from fatigue.” The Yogi looked at the teaspoon-sized dollop of golden liquid in the bowl with consuming dread. “Drink!” came the voice, now commanding in tone, “or you will wither and die. Grimacing, the reluctant Yogi took the bowl in one hand and, pinching his nose shut with the other, downed the stuff flat in one gulp. “Fool!” cried the voice, “it is meant to be savored. But what can we expect from such a stunning wreck who spent his youth hunting birds with a slingshot and arrows? Now, you may stand.”

Immediately, the Yogi could begin to feel a certain glow beneath his skin. As he stood, he felt calmer and the furrows in his brow began to soften. The calmness gave way to a deep contentment within. As he shrugged his shoulders and arms and shook his feet and legs he could feel the aches and pains fly from him with the dust he was shedding along with his exertions. “That's enough!” cried the voice, “Now into the bath.” The Yogi stripped himself from his excrescent rags and turned to the waterfalls on the mountainside. “Not there, you sacrilegious dumpling, here, in the fountain at your feet. None but the ouzel may bathe on the mountainside.” The voice seemed closer, and even more autocratic, so the Yogi turned to the fountain, baffled by its power. “First, wet yourself beneath the drops by rounding the bowl twelve times while turning about yourself and weaving back and forth on your path.” Even with the power of a thousand hummingbirds coursing through his veins, the Yogi could not take a step without falling flat on his face. “Up!” the now strident voice commanded, “Again! ... Again!! ...Again!!! Slowly the Yogi got the hang of it and before long he had completed the course when the voice, now softer, instructed him to climb into the bowl and float there quietly for a while. The Yogi negotiated the rim's eroticisms as a long-forgotten glow returned to his lower chakras. He slipped into the water laying suspended there amongst the plashing waves. Memories of an ill-spent youth flooded to mind.

Visions of hookah-smoked canteens, pendulous breasts, barely veiled faces and the tinkling of glacier ice in silver cups floated behind his softly closed eyes. “Well, now that's enough of that!” cried the voice seemingly in his ear, “Now stand above the spout, and lower yourself upon it.” The Yogi was aghast and stood sharply to the side forgetting that the slope of the bowl and the fineness of its surface were too slippery for him to stand. He fell with a crash. Great waves of water exploded from the bowl after which the drops were stilled for a while. During this time silence reigned and the Yogi feared that all was lost. The voice, now low yet riven with emotion, spoke slowly with ominous distinction, “Never once in the 888 year history since the commissioning of this fountain, has the sound of these drops not been heard. Dynasties and their resplendent Kings and Queens have come and gone in its history. What may be an embarrassing and momentary interruption to you, to us is a tragedy. We must further consult.” Deeply chastened by his fear and shame, the Yogi sat on the rim, confounded by remorse and the titillation coming from below. The silence persisted and dread began to rise. He started to speak, but thought better of it and just then he heard, “It is decided. You will be given one more chance to redeem yourself from rebelliousness. Now place yourself upon the spout or you will be fed to the crocodiles forthwith!” That eventuality lent a certain perspective to the Yogi's considerations and with a sigh, he moved to the center of the bowl while repeating silently to himself “Kronkety bonk de ...” and so on.

(Dear readers, your servant, this writer, has chosen to spare you the particulars of this next event in the Yogi's life. But suffice to say that the expressions on his face covered the gamut from horror to ecstasy.)

When done, and still under instruction, he was ordered to stand carefully in the bowl until the water had entirely cleared then dip himself fully again in the patterned waters and step to the floor when done. This he did with a lightness that he hadn't felt since long-ago days in the monasteries of his youth. Dripping wet he stood upon the tile as the aviary came to life. From every nook and corner, every branch and thicket, a startling array of birds came into view. There were peacocks and hens, guinea fowl, birds of paradise, and parrots of every hue. The air was full of coursing birds, wrens, thatches, titmice, swallows, flycatchers, robins, and grouse. Doves emerged cooing and dipping while bowing one's head to the other's neck feathers. Ostriches plodded in the Eastern gallery above sandpipers and a

host of other shore birds scampering between their feet. An enormous flight of hummingbirds appeared and, gathering about the agape' Yogi they came in close and began to hover. The wind from their wings dried the naked Yogi who was beginning to feel rather conspicuous amidst the attention. As he covered himself with his hands he could feel a subtle change of energy in the room. The birds settled down in place, the flyers quickly took to their roosts and then they began to shake and shiver themselves while furiously digging with their beaks at their own feathered covering. Slowly at first, and then like a blizzard of snowflakes, feathers filled the air. Some fell like arrows, helically to the floor. Others drifted more slowly first this way, then that, tumbling over and over but down, down, down til the floor and shrubbery were littered with whatever was readily loose. Swallows and Martins came swooping, diving, skimming and plucking to gather the offering up. Weaver birds appeared with other fine nest builders and together they sorted the pile. Others were dispatched to the mountainside for dry strips of grass. Together, in a feverish display of community, the fine nest builders and their associates began to fashion what was to become a magnificent robe. The peacocks themselves, not ordinarily associated with much other than their own peculiar interests, donated all manner of spectacular tresses insisting that they alone would construct the belt for the emerging robe. The hummingbirds vanished into the trees and flowers returning with their beaks full of nectar and light oils from deep within the blooms, lemon blossoms and the bark of spice trees where the sap is thin. Together while hovering, they spat this mixture onto the stunned Yogi who was instructed by the maddeningly close but still invisible voice of his instructor, to rub this viscid goo all over from head to toe. At first it was sticky, like glue, but as it warmed to his body and mixed beneath his hands it rendered to the finest of oils. The sun did the rest and soon his skin glowed with new health. The robe was ready. An emu stepped forward and, delicately grasping the garment in his beak, he offered it to the humbled Yogi who smiled and slipped it on. The peacocks presented their sash and the Yogi, remembering his manners, bowed deeply before tying the belt in a formal dojo knot. He turned slowly before the assemblage who quieted, backing up to fully admire their creation. After the Yogi had completed a few rotations, he stopped, cleared his throat, and asked the gathered birds, "To whom do I owe the honor of this magnificent instruction?" There was silence at first, and then from far enough off as to seem just without the chamber, a voice spoke, "Kronkety bonk (And with these first syllables the rest of the birds joined in as best they could the whole of it summoning an orchestral sound in a major key.) ... de wonk de

thonk, ti catcha ta kock kachoolya.” In the silence that followed, the Yogi thought he heard the flap of distant wings and turning to it could just catch of glimpse of a dash of blackness disappearing towards the West.

Namaste,
Michael

Balder:

Bravo! Splendid! Cockadoodledoo!

Jane:

No wonder I have got insomnia tonight....this fabulous palace party going, all the cockedoodling and so on, not to mention the fountain situation to which I dare not allow my imagination to wander....it is hard for a girl to get a little sleep.

Michael:

Jane,

I am sure my newfound status in the palace has not gained me enough leverage to promote even a toad for the job of croaking, but if there is anything else I might do to help you on your way, say towards the fountain to which I can claim a certain novitiate experience ...Well, I'm your guy that is if Himself doesn't execute me for stepping on his toes.

best,
Michael

Mascha:

Upon hearing this, the princess rushed across the sun-drenched courtyard to find the High Priestess who had caught her eye once in passing. She found her in the great meditation hall, drew the Priestess aside, away from the others, and, hidden behind a soaring column, whispered urgently: “That scribe... the wanderer, who told the yogi's tale to Ramses and his assembled court tonight, he is not what he seems!”

"I know," the Priestess answered unperturbed. "There are many here among us who see into a creature's soul."

"Then, what is he," asked the princess with her eyes alone.

The Priestess smiled and with a slight bow turned to walk away. A wind arose in her wake, then in its slight swirl, the princess thought she heard a mocking voice: "You'll have to listen more... see more... more, more..."

Ramsses:

Not long after the yogi's somewhat mixed introduction to the court, Ramsses made a discreet inquiry as to his progress. On the whole, the report was favorable. He was clearly the man for the job. The birds had taken to him immediately. Ramsses was most gratified to learn of this as birds were especially dear to his heart. He had sensed a deep affinity in the yogi for these creatures. Of some concern to him, however, was the all too apparent eccentricity of the yogi, a certain hallucinatory derangement bordering on psychosis, for which Ramsses much blamed himself despite his best intentions having provided the yogi with ganja for his meditations. The yogi had been seen smearing himself with bird excrement and rolling around in the feathers. He would have to be watched closely. Ganja had been sacred medicine to the Pharaoh after a severe head injury incurred in battle with the Hittites. It had all too clearly had the opposite effect upon the yogi, and it was apparent, moreover, that the yogi also had authority issues with the Pharaoh. Just let him step too far out of line, thought Ramsses grimly to himself, and I'll bury him in bird excrement.

Jane:

Later that morning, when the yogi was called before the court, it was immediately clear that some sort of disjuncture had fallen upon the courtiers. While some gazed upon a glowing man replete in this splendid multi-coloured robe, the fragrance of lavender issuing from his every joyful and dancing movement, others saw quite another circumstance. Feathers were haplessly sticking out from his hair and his eyebrows. Then continuing in odd colours and patchy arrangements, feathers were stuck here and there on his otherwise naked body smeared in bird droppings. For these latter observers, his movements were awkward and halting too. He was as a wounded bird himself, a broken wing, a crumpled claw, half plucked. As if he had been caught by a group of vigilantes and subjected to a humiliating

ritual.

At first, it was, indeed, a complicated vision that the Priestess herself saw. Through her right eye, she saw the derangement and the sadness, a long life of strife and broken dreams, yet through her left eye, she saw just as clearly the splendor, the wholeness, the shining beauty. At first, even with her finest acumen, she was barely able to hold both visions in unity. This vision, thus, was flickering before her, but as the court fell into a hush and Lord Ramses entered the Great Hall seating himself upon his throne, her focus softened. As it did, something else emerged.

Lord Ramses, she could tell by his deft and hasty movement and his sharp breathing, was not in a mood for being trifled. As always, no matter what, she would bear witness, though the outcome in this earthly realm was not at all certain.

Colin:

I rest in awe at the splendor all around me.

Blissful waves of emotion bubbling through consciousness letting me know that this sweet, love-filled court is THE place to be, despite outward appearances to the uninitiated.

Michael:

Barely, had the Yogi time to admire his restoration to health, and fresh resplendence when he received a summons to rejoin the court. "So soon?" he thought, and began to fret. In a former life, the Yogi had been an advisor to politicians, strategizing, speechwriting and trying to anticipate the vagaries of the electoral winds. Though he had loathed the squalor of politics, he had thrilled to the challenge of contesting the countless little struggles on the campaign trail. He had loved working with other writers and the candidate himself, provided he liked the basic thrust of the candidate's politics and style, asking only of the candidate, "Which is more important to you: getting your views clearly heard, or winning?" If the candidate answered the former, the writer would shake his hand and leave. If the candidate answered the latter, the writer would shake his hand and say, "I AM your man."

So, in the suddenness of this recall to the court, the Yogi was immersed in

speculation as to how he might successfully present himself. He knew that his very survival depended upon being of service to the great Ramesses. As long as his acceptance by the God King outweighed his nuisance, he was relatively safe. He knew the King adored the birds, and he knew that the King's instruction to determine if there were any birds that were being held against their will, was of utmost importance, the Yogi resolved to undertake a full inventory of the Aviary. At the same time, he knew that he must find a way to determine each bird's level of contentment with their state.

Alongside these considerations, the Yogi placed his own considerable needs for autonomy. He knew that he harbored a particular fascination for princesses and priestesses. There were several in the court that had gained his attention in the brief time of his ignoble introduction. To be seen as dallying with the King's harem or any candidates to it, would be certain death. Ordinarily, the Yogi eschewed the practice of siddhis. Nevertheless, he had acquired a few by default during his time as a sanyasin. One of them was the ability to expand his awareness from the limits of his physical location, through walls, past the guards and secret traders, over gardens and into the most delicate of realms. While trying to prepare for this next venture into court, the Yogi determined, to judiciously employ this particular siddhi in an effort to secure that his appearance would suit the upcoming drama for he knew that however superficial "appearance" was to a person's actual state, that it mattered deeply in the highly political world of the court. He knew that the King, must be "right," that there was no room for error, or uncertainty, or question. No king, no Pharaoh, no God-Man could be made to look foolish or derelict without risking the spread of fear and fractiousness among the court. This, among all the uncertainties that plagued the Yogi, this, the Yogi knew for sure.

So out he reached, eyes closed, mind to heart center, out he expanded to the vibrations in the court. The King was there, resplendent on his throne despite the million considerations of his awesome station. From the rest, the Yogi could feel, doubt and indecision beneath their masks of complacency. Around the hall, his detectors roamed searching for live wit and true contemplation. One of the princesses in particular and a priestess radiated such authenticity. Remarkably, the Yogi had identified them earlier, when first drug into the court. Their looks were distinguished by an inside-out beauty to which the Yogi was particularly vulnerable. Their thoughts also seem to resonate with one another, and the Yogi could feel that among their other weighty considerations, that his own plight was of

their concern. This further endeared the Yogi to these women and exaggerated his own worries about how to manage this endearment under the all-seeing gaze of the Pharaoh.

All things considered, the Yogi reached for his robe and plucked at it recklessly so that it might appear obviously less magnificent. He requested some excrement from the dodo's who were, in their innocence only too happy to oblige, and he dabbed himself with it to mask the perfume from his recent ablutions. When the disguise reached the desired politically suitable affect the Yogi signalled the guards to attend his re-entry to the court. Thoroughly befuddled now by the Yogi's confusing appearance, and knowing that the great Pharaoh had granted the Yogi conditional approval, the guards appeared and escorted the Yogi now on his own two feet to the great hall. Along the way, the guards joked nervously, punching themselves on the shoulders in the manner of silly men, and stiffened to attention when they approached the doors to the great hall. The scarab scuttled from its crack and up the door jamb to the Yogi's eye level. As he passed through the door, the Yogi winked at the scarab, passing the assemblage with his eyes focused on the great Ramesses' feet with nothing but complicity in mind.

Colin:

The scarab delighted at the Yogi's wink. Little did the Yogi know, Khepri – the scarab – had come into his new life by the nourishment from the dung of those very same dodos with whose excrement he was currently adorned. The sweet-smelling scent reassured him that, despite the murmurs of the court, the Yogi knew his game.

Mascha:

A hush fell upon the assembly as the Yogi approached. Unmoving as stone sat Ramesses on his square-cut earthen throne, flanked by two African lions he had recently tamed with his eyes and commanded to obey his bidding alone. To his right, the priesthood had gathered, male and female alike, dressed in pure white. To his left, every warrior in the God-King's court stood ready, in full regalia, to do battle at the flick of the royal hand. Behind Ramesses, counsellors of every kind sat motionless, shrouded in shadows of their own device.

Nothing moved. Never had the whole world been so alive as just then, when

even the birds in all of Egypt stood still in midflight...

Balder:

Zorokothora Melchizedek paused in mid-step and grew still, closing his eyes to the sun-kissed plains, and his ears to the knocking of reeds in the Nile. The earth spoke through his feet as he stood like an elephant, listening. He had not felt such power stirring in the deep since he had prayed at the sulphurous lip of Sinai. *Why is Geb shuddering so?* he wondered.

He had awakened this morning knowing something was afoot. In the deep, black hours of the night, in the space between dreaming and waking, Raven had brushed its black wing down his spine and whispered *nomina barbara* in his ear. The night tilted with stars and a golden scarab mounted his body, dragging an offering of *kamia shel ikrin* which it left on his naked breast. When he woke, he immediately reached to grab the amulet bag on his chest, but it was not there.

Now, he stood listening to the groaning Earth. It was laboring, he knew, to flash forth motes of light – shards, not of matter, but of the Kingdom come. And the magma chamber stood there gleaming on the plain: the court of Pharaoh, Ramesses the Great. Melchizedek pulled his robe around himself and, stooping slightly, assumed the form of a slender horned gazelle.

He would enter the court, but he would enter it unseen.

Ramesses:

Before the great throne of the Lord Ramesses, the yogi kissed the floor.

“Your bird shit becomes you,” the Pharaoh remarked drily. “So you like the ladies, do you, Bird Man? I admire your taste, but you really must clean yourself up a little. Permit me to advise you on politics. Sooner or later a man always leaves his signature. Did you ever learn that peeping through walls? Let's cover religion too. Once a sanyasi, always a sanyasi. Forgive me for lecturing. You are at such a disadvantage. I must apologize to you for

the manner in which I introduced you to the court. Perhaps you can understand how your abuse of the sacred herb I gave you insulted me. In any case, I am happy that you have adjusted so well to your new life. May all happiness be yours. I welcome you to the palace. Oh, and that gazelle and the scarab? Pay attention to them. You have much to learn.”

Once more the yogi kissed the floor. Reverently.

Chris:

The kind-hearted, dark-skinned crone stood on the periphery of the court; scarab on her shoulder. Ramses so regal on his throne. The yogi, so earnest and adventurous. The princess and priestess, so wise and graceful. The gazelle, quietly observing. She continues to gaze on in awe.

Michael:

As the Yogi kissed the floor of the great hall, he kept his eyes on the feet of the Pharaoh, and a hundred thoughts began to bruise each other in his mind. His sense of welcome had been redoubled by the King's kind words. Why was this reinforcement so important that the King would recall him so soon? And why had he gathered the entire power structure of the court behind him? Could he be signaling to them, that whatever their doubts about the Yogi might have been previously, he now chose to speak for them all, and they better pay close attention? Was there something afoot that troubled the King? Was the all-seeing Pharaoh in doubt? Had any shadow crossed his mind? The Yogi thought about the interruption of the fountain drops. Could there be a brewing consequence? The great One had urged him to pay attention to the scarab, Khephi, and the gazelle. “What gazelle?” thought the Yogi. “Gazelle, what could that mean?” The Yogi knew better than to employ any siddhis in the direct presence of the King, as it would be insulting. But, as he rose from his kneeling position, he chose to back out of the court, palms together, fingers to chin, bowing slowly and repeatedly, to both honor the King upon whose feet the Yogi still partially concentrated, and to review the reactions of the court as they were revealed by his backwards departure.

As the Pharaoh, his phalanx of lions, white-robed priests and priestesses, and various members of the court receded slowly from view, the Yogi noticed, standing to the right of the King, the Priestess to whom he had

been previously drawn. She was close by the Princess whose perfect skin held lightly the bronze of India. Their inside hands disappeared behind them while their outside hands hung alive with attention, palms open and both seemingly focused on the Yogi's retreat. The Yogi felt warmed by this, warm too from a form near the shadows along the side of the hall. He sensed an ancient presence there, near full resolution, but dared not allow his eyes to stray far enough to see from whence it came.

As the Yogi neared the hall doors, and the transition point monitored by Khephri, the entire room came into view. Something was there, a something that he could not identify – not vague, but definite. He turned to see if the scarab could offer a clue but did not see him there. It was as if the chi in the room had assumed a subtle standing order instead of its usual flowing vagrance. Something was pending. The Yogi knew it. He reluctantly exited the room and as the hall doors closed, he turned to find himself alone in the corridor, free to find his own way back to the aviary and his duties there and he thought again to thank the King for his unexpected extension of trust.

Ramsses:

Ramsses was disturbed by the Yogi's sense of foreboding. He recalled an image of himself he once entertained as a mad cat clutching at long grasses with human hands as it levitated off the earth. He saw clearly now how so much of his life had been torn from him. What was left? He would visit the gods tonight in Amenti.

Balder:

After the yogi had withdrawn from the room, an electric stillness hung over the court; no voice murmured, no foot shuffled on the floor. The lions on either side of the Pharaoh raised their heads slightly and cocked their ears, as if listening to something beyond the range of human hearing. Wind murmured at the palace windows, a desert spell, a song of wilderness beyond the kingdoms of men.

It may have been a trick of light, but the lapis tiles on the floor seemed suddenly to shift and move – deepening, shivering at the edges, scattering for a moment like leaves in a dust devil and then patterning themselves

again. A deep rumble rose and shook the pillars of the palace, as Geb stirred in his primordial sleep. For a moment only, passing so quickly there was almost no opportunity for memory to retain it, the tiles gave way to a terrible darkness, like a pattern of infinite holes bored straight through the foundations of the world.

Wind rushed at the windows and scattered dust with a magician's flourish into the room. Tiny motes hung and swirled in the air, catching fire in the morning light, dancing round the heads of the courtiers and the King.

Ramsses:

Something dormant had awakened. The Pharaoh searched his heart. There was no mistaking it now. What had aroused this enormous grief? After so many years, this clear memory of descending stone steps and halting at the bottom, lost in thought, as the woman whose memory would haunt him forever followed him down and walked past him. It was impossible to suppress his tears. The entire court would think he had gone mad. He reached out to ruffle the ears of both lions and then stood up. The audience was over. Something was afoot.

Mascha:

'Nothing lasts,' thought Princess Rani. 'Soon, they will find that I am not of royal blood nor even from Bharat, the homeland of Krishna and Ram. I have traveled in time to find... what?'

Slowly she ascended the stairs to her chambers, seeking guidance from a well within. A young maiden stepped forward as Rani reached her door, offering a goblet filled with steaming liquid of some kind. Just then, another rumbling made the massive stone walls shudder, an aftershock to the first, no doubt. A few drops of brew splashed unto the floor, there to vanish with a tiny hiss. The maiden fled, leaving the goblet and Rani to ponder her fate.

With the cup of steadily cooling liquid before her, Rani sat, while Amun, the sun, rose higher and servants in the Great King's court tended to their chores. Barely breathing, she sat and resolved to end her torment once and for all. 'I will test my skills and everything I've learned in countless lifetimes,' she concluded. 'Now! From whatever is offered anywhere in time and space, I shall extract only the good, the essence of *amrita*, but leave the poison behind.'

With this, she took the goblet and put it to her lips.

Michael:

As the Yogi returned to the aviary, he thought of the scarab and his absence at the door, the King, and the splendor of His court contrasted with a gnawing emptiness that hovered about Him, just beyond knowing – a chimera of loss and longing. How could this Magnificence be so oddly bereft? The winding halls back to the aviary seemed different, as if the way was changed. Above, in the vaulted roofing, animations of wind probed the gaps. Dust accumulated for ages poured down in tumbling streaks and the Yogi grew yet more pensive as he approached the door to the aviary. Knocking, waiting, he was impatient to be safe within his new domain.

The sight which greeted him as he stepped into the room did not dispel his fears. The owl was perched upon the rim of the fountain, with its wings spread six feet wide. No other birds were in sight. Its back was to the Yogi as it shook itself free of water from the bath. Transfixed, the Yogi watched the owl slowly turn its great head until it fixed its gaze upon him. Immediately the Yogi fell to the floor rather than challenge the gaze of the owl. Without taking his eyes off the Yogi, the owl sprang from the fountain's rim. His great body turned towards the Yogi under the motionless head while the wings beat slowly and directly at the prostrate figure. When the wind from this effort ruffled the feathers of the robe the owl increased his wing beats reaching deep into the air and rising slowly upwards through the mist of its effort into the rafters above.

Sensing that the owl was gone, the Yogi thought, absurdly, that he was spending a lot of time on the floors of the palace. Soon, this thought was lost in a sensation of change. The tiles beneath him grew unsteady. The very pattern of them began to shift and change. From triangles, a hexagonal pattern emerged, and the Yogi leapt to his feet. In the shimmering air above him, where the tiniest drops of water mingled with the jots of dust, the slowly dissipating image of a bucking gazelle appeared. The animal was deeply agitated, tossing its fine head, eyes wild, mouth open, tongue flailing, as its hind legs shot backwards over and over again.

Balder:

As the last human withdrew from the court and the great carved doors were shut, the gazelle rose to its feet and surveyed the room. Brightly turning motes settled over the empty earthen throne; wind scattered flower petals and leaves along the walls. The voices that had animated the hall had dissolved into an incoherent music, sound unmoored from meaning.

The gazelle's hooves struck hollow notes from the stone floor as it crossed to the middle of the chamber. The lapis tiles had arranged themselves into a complex spiraling pattern, leading both outward and in. A shudder passed through the gazelle's lithe frame. It closed its eyes tightly, and then quickly opened them: briefly, hanging in the air, it could see the dark motes where so many eyes had been. The black, Raven-bright points where the yogi had kneeled; the liquid drops where the princess had looked on; the deep, sad wells above the throne; the hundred shards of soul along the walls. *What a terrible, holy day is coming*, Melchizedek thought. *No one knows how deep this goes. Help us all, Most High.*

As the momentary vision faded, the gazelle shuddered and kicked in place, then raised up on its hind legs over the patterned tiles and brought its hooves down hard.

~*~

Michael, please post your last contribution next, if you would like. I left it out because it was partly written in response to posts that are no longer included, and I'm not sure where your daemon will lead you...

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Re: The Song of the Nile

[maxie](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 10:53 AM:

The hallucinations continued, expanding in their scope and scale. The Princess had fallen, the cup rolled from her senseless fingers spilling the

last contents of the potion in a sizzling arc upon the floor. The gazelle had vanished from the court but the echo of its hooves still resounded in the chamber. The Priestess, who like Ramesses could not afford to indulge in uncertainties, burned in meditation. The hall was completely empty save for the crone who made her way along the wall to just behind the throne. She whispered to the scarab on her shoulder, waited, nodded, and placed a small bag in a nook behind the throne. A southerly wind from the Balkans began to blow upon the eastern Mediterranean while a long silent fissure running the length of the blue, blue sea opened ever so slowly. To the deep South, in the headwaters of the Nile, a rain began to fall upon the Nubian plains. Softly at first it soon grew to a blinding torrent. Flamingos rose in clouds from the flooding marshes to sail over nearby hills running with the friable red blood of earth. Magenta canyons echoed with the crash of sudden waves and the Nile, turning orange, began to swell. Even dormant Atlantis trembled in its black sleep. In the Atlas, high above the nervous sands of the Sahara, the roosts anchored in cliffs above the green forest grew agitated as the turquoise horizon of evening came to the Kingdom of Egypt.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 10:58 AM:

The crack in the floor of the Mediterranean widened as the Nubian flood bore down upon the cataracts. The roosts were empty at night and the indigo night sky was adorned with the fully gibbous moon. The aviary was unsettled and restlessness began to spread in Thebes. Moneylenders were tending to their wallets, parents to their children, children to their dolls and ...

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[marigpa](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 1:49 PM:

(Copied over [slightly modified] by request of Lady M.)

The Raven is sacred to the Bonpo
For sounding 'Ah', that primordial Word
From whose light and rays manifest all things
Gods and mortals alike dream the Great Dream.

One Raven uttered other syllables
From an ancient whispered-ear lineage
Words of such power they cause worlds to shake
As the Elements resonate with them.

Once sounded thus they cannot be called back
But must reverberate through the three worlds

Like distant thunder crashing through heaven
What can withstand the oncoming deluge?

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[chris](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 7:21 AM:

Now that the hall was empty, the crone was momentarily transfixed with the incredible beauty of the space itself. She was brought back to the task at hand with some gentle prompting from the all-seeing scarab. He was getting a tad impatient as he had planned on meandering over to the aviary to chat with the yogi. So the crone, having been in Pharoah's court for quite some time and sensing his restlessness, left a velvet pouch behind his throne. The pouch contained some of the finest ganja on the Nile and a set of hieroglyphic runes that she had received from a most beloved teacher. Having carefully deposited the pouch in a crevice only Ramsses knew of, she was off to check on the priestess.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramses](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 11:17 AM:

Contrary to Ramses' stated intention to visit the gods in Amenti, he had been restless most of the night. What was it about the yogi that had so unsettled him? Had he been using siddhis? Or was it something else? There had been such a strange presence in the hall. Ramses would have to go back there alone to check it out. And then there had been an attempt made on Rani's life. Who would do such a thing? The servant who gave her the poison had been apprehended, but why was Rani acting so guilty? Had she taken the drink knowingly? He would have to sort that one out, but he was in no condition to deal with anyone now. He had finally managed to get some sleep last night only after a few drinks and the remainder of the medication given to his wife for an extracted tooth. How long had it been since he had abstained from the medicine he gave to the yogi? There were times when it was what he most needed himself. He sat down on the throne in the empty hall and entered a meditative state. At first it was so tenuous he could scarcely be sure it was even there, so slowly did that most elusive of memories take shape. Finally there was no doubt. The image that resolved itself in his mind was that of the High Priest he had lost so long ago. It was his spirit that had been in the hall. How incredible! He was back! As Ramses sat back in wonder his hand touched something rich and soft. A magnificent aroma told him that a goddess, too, had left something in the room.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 1:06 PM:

Morning rose in Thebes to the sounds of agitation. Shore dwellers, reed gatherers, boatmen and bathers, were bringing news of strange doings from the fringes of the great river. The current had mysteriously increased and the water level of the Nile seemed to be dropping. At the same time, messenger pigeons were arriving from the south with news that a great flood was approaching from the upper Nile. Too, news of uncertainties, of rumblings and other mysteries, were filtering into the city from loose lips in the King's court. It was rumored that the King himself, Ramsses the Pharaoh, was beset by this unease. It was rumored that the Pharaoh was plagued by distant memories of lost love and other repressed sorrows. The city began to pray for Ramsses relief, that he would, plumb these depths and dare to resolve them, that he would speak to the court, and through the court to citizens of Thebes.

Meanwhile, the ominously still noontime air above Thebes was thick with soot and an endless wheeling vortex of ravens circling counterclockwise in the smoggy gloom. Their wings were fixed as they soared and not a sound was to be heard from them. Ordinarily quite playful in flight, they kept their distance from one another seemingly focused on holding the shape of a twisted ram's horn with its point directly over the palace. A single raven was suspended there spinning at the focus of this solemn tornado.

Ramsses, prescient as always, was further aided by the rumors and news from town, the messages from the south and from the shores of the Mediterranean where fisherman were reporting a slight decline in the volume of that blue sea. Long-buried sediments at the mouth of the Nile were being exposed along with fallen columns and great stone causeways from epochs gone by. The Pharaoh deduced that some grand event was underway deep within the sea and that, somehow, it was connected to the approaching flood, the interruption of drops in the fountain's performance, and his own long-deferred grief. He knew, that for the first time in his auspicious life, that there was a reason for the court to be, a purpose, in His life, for its existence. The faintest of aromas of fine, sweet ganja tickled the arch of his noble nose and epiphany sprang within. He reached for his golden asp-topped staff and with one mighty blow struck the floor of the court crying "Assemble the court! Immediately!"

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Mascha](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 1:14 PM:

Where am I? Darkness engulfed her, reeling, heaving in thickening motions. Still, I live, the dying Rani realized. O my Beloved, why won't you let me drown in you and rest forever in your infinite arms?

Shadows emerged, one spoke in lilting Arabic... a silhouette brought cold compresses to her lips. The fragrance of chamomile and other herbs mixed with the musty smell of mummified death. Retching, the Princess propped her shuddering frame up on an elbow and asked her question again.

Fa, the Nubian slave girl, began to chatter in urgent Arabic, interrupted by the voice of a slight man with a Manchurian beard, two strands of which were bopping like tassels on his chest as he spoke. "In these catacombs you are safe, daughter of man. We have brought you out of Ramses' house at great peril to ourselves. Now conscious stay, you must. I am Wu Nepthr, healer and translator, the builder of a labyrinth underneath my modest hut near the Valley of the Dead, where I keep many a secret," he chuckled, somewhat self-satisfied, then continued, "I will act as your guide. In grave danger are you..."

The scenery began to reel again, splinter and quake in Rani's mind. *Is it just my poor body that cannot absorb that single drop of poisoned broth I drank before the earth shook and brought down Egypt itself, perhaps... along with all its greatest monuments? Or is this trembling brought about by the chasm in that most conflicted man of all – Egypt's ruler, beset with jealousy and worse?*

Why should I live? To wander among the ruins that madman leaves behind? Rani's eyes had closed and breath had fled her chest.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 2:08 PM:

The news of Rani's abduction was compounded by further reports of the yogi's evident absorption in some tortured, private world. Ramsses was beginning to suspect the same of the princess. He decided not use the ganja unless he had to. He had enough experience already of the drug to be fully aware of both its benefits and liabilities. He had no intention of retreating into a world of his own. As long as the yogi took good care of the birds, he could live in whatever world he chose. Rani was a different matter. As his guest she had been put in grave danger. He could move like lightening. The servant who had given her the poisoned goblet was summoned and summarily interrogated. Rani's abductors were found and bound. The princess was dead.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Colin](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 3:09 PM:

As soon as their sacred pact was sealed, Khepri took flight from the crone's shoulder. He soared across the hall, his wings inaudibly vibrating exactly six hundred and sixty six times before he came to rest on the lapis tiles in the southeast corner of the hall. His subtle energy transformed the tiles to reveal the darkness that had awakened. Knowing the risks involved, he dove into the blackness to retrieve the amulet that the seven hungry ghosts had stolen from Queen Tuya's sarcophagus. Nothing else would save the princess.

Moving outside the bounds of time, he barely managed to escape the pull of a thousand moons as he descended into the hell realms and immediately sensed the repugnant smell of the hungry ghosts he was after. Retrieving the heart scarab was simple; consumed by their unquenchable desire for more treasure as they hatched a plan to raid another tomb, the ghosts were oblivious as Khepri used his siddhis to transport the amulet from the fifth ghost's satchel, shrinking it to the size of a grain of sand as he grasped it

between his rear-most legs. In a flash he was gone, leaving the ghosts to hatch their devious plan reveling in his knowledge that they would never succeed at their task.

Khepri knew that avoiding the pull of the moons would be more difficult while holding the shrunken amulet, so he swallowed it; he would retrieve it when he returned. Moving quickly through the galaxies and successfully averting disaster, he summoned the force of Light to help him locate the princess. The stench of death was dizzying given his extraordinary scent glands, but the power of the Light enabled him to overcome the limitations of this incarnation. Back in the world of the Pharaoh Ramsses, he found his way by the light of the moon to the dark chamber that held the lifeless body of the princess. He coughed the heart scarab out of its resting spot and placed the grain on the sleeping princess's heart. He left the body of the scarab host and willed his subtle energy to expand as he took the form of the High Priest. A light touch of the sand grain transformed it back into the amulet. Bending over the princess, he whispered into her ear...

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Mascha](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 4:15 PM:

Interlude

Heart Scarab Amulet



Many heart scarabs bear a spell on the flat side. It is a plaintive prayer to the heart of the deceased not to bear witness against the departed when their actions are being judged before Osiris.

This inscription is a prayer from the Egyptian Book of the Dead ~

O my heart which I received from my mother,
 my heart of my different ages,
 do not stand up against me as a witness.
 Do not create opposition against me among the assessors.
 Do not tip the scales against me
 in the presence of the Keeper of the Balance!
 You are my soul which is in my body,
 the god Khnum who makes my limbs sound.
 When you go forth to the Hereafter,
 let my name not stink to the courtiers
 who create people on his behalf.
 Do not tell lies about me
 in the presence of the Great God!

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 5:34 PM:

In the aviary, the Yogi quieted his mind with the task of the inventory. He had immediately noticed the absence of raptor's other than the Owl, of the corvidae as well. No ravens or jays, or crows, magpies, rooks or jackdaws. As he noted this with quill upon papyrus, news arrived that Ramesses had inexplicably cancelled the court's reconveyance. This mystified the Yogi and stung him deeply. Still-fresh wounds were recalled. He threw his implements to the floor and spun in anguish, yanking the barb from his heart. "The fool!" he reacted, then stopped, again hanging on the precipice. "Hmmm ... wherein might this lead? My urge to reaction is so strong that it must hide shadows within." The Yogi prayed to the Gods for assistance, thanked the Pharaoh again for his heavy-handed reminder, and, taking a sandy spot on the mountainside, he folded the top half of his robe beneath him and opened to meditation. "Om Namah Shivaya," he began, then, still perplexed totally as to its meaning, "Kronkety bonk ... and so on."

The world behind his quivering eyelids was black save for the rhythmic

tittles of light from the fountain drops. His japa was aided by a string of beads in his right hand. The thumb and middle finger passed the rudraksha one upon the next as he steadied upon the sand. At first nothing appeared, then a faint indigo light behind a curtain of black cumulous clouds brought a sacred light to this inner world. As he tried to see through the clouds to the hidden blue pearl, something blacker than black emerged against the clouds. It was the image of Raven, wings tightly folded, nose down, slowly spinning in full stoop but somehow suspended before the Yogi's inward eye. Like the wheel of the galaxy, a rim of brilliant white spread from the mid-axis of the bird's rotation. When this light blasted at full force into the Yogi awareness, it dawned upon the Yogi that his efforts on the King's behalf were nothing but a projection of his own needs for healing. That secrets no man dare tell lay scattered, festering within his story. He recalled the time, when in the service of Arjuna on the battlefields of India, that he had been a litter bearer and attendant to the wounded. One day, after a particularly gruesome attack on Arjuna's fortifications by battalions of elephant-mounted enemy, he had been dispatched to excavate bodies from the ruined battlements. So doing, he came upon a collection of warriors crushed by the weight of the beasts. As he dug with his hands at the gruesome pile a survivor was revealed. The man's chest was caved in. His sternum and ribs collapsed to his spine. His breath was short and the light in his eyes dimmed with each labored breath. How he had survived this long was a mystery, but there was no saving him, that the medic knew for sure. At his feet lay a purse of golden coins. The medic, ever confounded with conflicting motivations, sat with the warrior until he died, then pocketed the gold for his own.

In later years, when the ravages of this war eroded the medic's health, he was confronted with cancer, cancer again, and a queer, wasting numbness from the lower chest to his toes. In earlier days, he had been a champion athlete whose gifts were many but whose specialty was running at full speed along the boulders in the mountain streams of his youth. It was a peculiar skill, but one that prepared his legs and eyes for the dance which was to become his greatest joy. Almost exclusively, the Yogi now danced alone. He gave it all he had, knowing that the flow of time might limit the joy of his movement to mere memory.

He recalled the shame he felt when the cancer appeared. It was of the prostate and due, according to the doctor's, to the poison that his own army

had spread upon the land. So this, in addition to the other wounds the medic had suffered, preyed deeply upon the shadowy archetype of the victim/martyr. Such a choice! To either ply the sympathy trade by taking the red pill, or to slip into the dark shadows of secret rebellion with the blue. It was easy, as the medic was gifted of voice, language, and nuance, to tell his story in such a way as to appear fearless and noble, that he could take all that the forces of darkness threw at him and still rise shining in his infirmity. This always worked. Others would draw their own conclusions with the ready illusion of consummate betrayal by the leaders at this time. Oh! How great gouts of sympathy, tsk'ing and clucking of tongues would be showered upon the medic. "You are so fine and noble for suffering so, and without even a complaint to the offices of those who abandoned you. My, my, what bravery!" And the medic would demur in false modesty knowing within that he had suffered great bouts of fear and cowardice in the face of the tragedies of war. When pressed, he would even admit this, gaining even more understanding for his victim/martyr war chest.

Today, as the Yogi, deep in reflective meditation, he was glad that he had refused either pill, that he had chosen to seek solution. This solution lay inwards towards the tending to his own affairs, to the continual revisiting of his own story, to the dedication to root out all lies and replace them with the truth. And then, in the fullness of time, to share such truth with others who had proven by their own actions, that they merited the showing.

The birds in the aviary had gathered about the Yogi, convinced that he needed their support. Even the Owl, who never mixed with the other birds had descended to the mountainside spring. The crack in the floor of the sea paused in its opening as afternoon came to Thebes. The ravens still spun in the smoky skies, the flood poured though the cataracts and the court awaited the Pharaoh's next command.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramses](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 6:21 PM:

As much as that yogi could infuriate him, Ramsses could not shake his feelings for him of deep brotherhood and respect. He knew that he was deeply wounded by the horrors of war. He was keenly aware of his courage and nobility. Ramsses, who knew the tongues of the birds, heard every bird in the land proclaim it. Suddenly he was overwhelmed with grief for his suffering. He would send him immediately to bathe in the healing waters of the Osirion at Abydos. He would be healed. There was no doubt about that.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Balder](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 8:10 PM:

A clattering of sharp hooves on stone roused the Pharaoh from his thoughts and he turned to the window. "Who has let the –" he started to exclaim, annoyed, but the air was suddenly rent by a loud and graceless honking. Gengen Wer flapped past the window with great wingstrokes so powerful that they stirred the Pharaoh's locks and raised the dust from the sills. The alarming honking receded in the direction of the aviary, from which now arose the answering cries of the King's kept birds – the sandplover, the ibis, the eagle owl, the Indian parrots, the painted snipe, the kingfishers and nightjars, the brainfever bird calling, "Pi kahan! Pi kahan!" Even the horses in the stables cried out, whinneying and wailing as the great goose honked overhead.

The Pharaoh rushed to the door, perturbed by the unseemly commotion that had overtaken his palace, when even the floor seemed to rebel against him. It buckled and leapt underneath his feet, sending him tumbling down the stone steps, where he cracked his head against the base of the stone lion.

In the aviary, the Yogi had risen to his feet and was staring in awe as hundreds of birds whirled in frantic wheels around the room, raising a wind that buffeted him with feathers and fountain spray. He could hear

the goose calling out, but could not fathom why it disturbed the birds here so. But then he too felt the floor shudder and tilt, and once again he was on his face on the cool, fountain-splashed tiles, fighting for purchase with his fingers as he slid in the direction of the fountain. Geb tossed violently in his sleep, and the sacred bowl moaned and cracked, slipping off its base. Michael cried out as it landed on his leg and sent shudders of lightning up his spine and out the jagged fissure of his fontalle.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 9:00 PM:

“You inveterate prankster. You do not ever, EVER challenge the Pharaoh.” Ramsses instantly transformed himself into a laser beam, traversed the subtle realms, effortlessly locating the bald priest in his hidden form, and gave him such a whack as sent him reeling through so many galaxies he would have to beg to find his way home again. Peace returned to the Two Lands. Ramsses walked out of the palace to the aviary and found the bird man nursing an injured leg. There was a radiance in his eyes and his face. “Next time, I’ll break the fountain over his head,” Ramsses told him. The bird man looked at him with incomprehension. “Get up. We’re going to Abydos.”

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Balder](#) said Mar 25, 2007, 9:39 PM:

Melchizedek sat on the edge of the roof, his head still reeling from the blow Lord Ramsses had given him. He surveyed the city below. Dusk was settling over a shaken but untoppled Thebes; the birds and horses had quieted; and torches were being lit all down the narrow souks, as food vendors called out, and workers returned from their day's labor, and reed

boats were moored along the ruddy edges of the Nile.

He turned and looked in the direction of the aviary. Several figures emerged from it. Ramsses walked beside the yogi, who was being borne on a litter by several figures in white.

Melchizedek touched his temple, which pulsed and throbbed where Ramsses had tried to knock him into another universe. He smiled to himself. *This job is never easy, is it, my Lord?*

He stood, stretched his arms, leaned over the roof's earthen edge, and dropped into silent-feathered flight behind his charges.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Jane](#) said Mar 26, 2007, 4:34 AM:

The Priestess appeared as an apparition while the Great Lord and his Yogi prepared to take their leave.

"If I find my way through the ascending passage to the healing waters of this blessed grotto of Osiriis, perhaps I will find you both at my side.

"As of yet, I find myself steeped in silence; the many gifts I could always count on to help you have suddenly dried up and blown away. I am puzzled.

"Who are you over there?" she said directly to the Yogi, "You who can so easily leave everything, reduce earthly possessions to a solitary sack, and then travel and seek whom and what you love with a solitary abandon? Make no mistake, yours is the journey through the eye of the needle, the sacred journey of the dispossessed, where everything becomes nothing, it all turns to nothing, it all turns to beauty. It is not a journey for the faint of heart. Over this archway is written: 'Abandon Hope, All Ye Who enter here.' Very few have returned, and those that do are often locked up and scorned. And yet, in spite of the peril, it is the only journey that any of us is ever on and

once this journey has begun, the only way out is through.

“And You, Lord Ramsses, my heart breaks a thousand times. I want to gather you up, and hold you in some sacred wholeness, some form that I cannot even pretend to hold myself, except by grace, and even then with no surety, and only in the glimmer of an ancient eternal time.”

She paused and took a deep breath before continuing, “I am struggling here with texts of antediluvian times, thinking perhaps I can become an expert in only an hour. And then pretend to say something deep and perfect, to move this story along, and take away your pain.

“In truth, I ride a silver bear in a frozen land, with a white wolf as my companion. Sometimes in moments of perfection, the raven flies ahead of me on this path. Yet, I notice these moments, these perfect moments. They are the myths diving down as gannets from heaven, pointed and singular, determined to pierce the ocean below into the very deep of deep itself. In their wake, these unfolding stories possess the whole world, all of us, the willing and the dull alike, broken into dizzying splendour, a shattered prism of jewels and colour, each of us, ever starving for more.

“ But look closely. Take your time. For it is this sharpened point of attraction, the space-time moment when the gannet’s beak touches the mystical ocean that everything becomes a flickering, shimmering singularity, a unity, a no-thing. In this paradox lies our freedom, the gateway to the promised land.

“I give you my blessings. I give you both my blessings. Godspeed.”

She bowed deeply to each man and with that she was gone.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Mascha](#) said Mar 26, 2007, 1:26 PM:

Rumors spread among courtiers, commoners and traveling mendicants alike, faster than a raven flies. Throughout the region tongues were

wagging, speculators made their bets, enemies of the King gathered and plotted strategies to usurp the power they had coveted ever since Ramsses' ascent to the throne. The questions of critics, it seems, would never end.

From an account by the chief embalmer to the King's court ~

I am an old man, soon to stand before Osiris in my naked Ka as I pass into the afterlife. Many things I have seen with these, my slowly fading falcon's eyes, but never a more fearful thing than this:

Two young acolytes in the arts I have mastered were sent to the death chambers where Princess Rani's corpse was to be prepared for burial. On a whim, I followed them to oversee their ministrations and take notes as to their skills in the science of mummification. My disciples had barely begun to remove the foreigner's elaborate wrap (sari?), when thunder claps amid cacophonous screeching was heard as if Toth himself had torn the hearts from a thousand songbirds and fowl. A light appeared with these deafening sounds, it momentarily blinded us, all three, and we retreated to the farthest wall. Just then, Naftheput, main wife of the King's vizier, came rushing down the steps, followed by women of her entourage, shouting, "Cut her to pieces, quick, quick. She is an evil sorceress! Feed her limbs to the vultures now! These are the orders of Pharaoh, God-King of Egypt!"

Seeing none of us move, Naftheput seized the largest scalpel on the operating slab and raised it over Rani's chest, apparently oblivious to the presence we could clearly see – the transfigured form of High Priest Ra, who had been torn apart by a lion in the days of Ramsses' youth. Now Ra was golden, a green-golden scarab in one moment, the next an ancient Hebrew saint with flowing beard, then, to my eyes, he was a God!

And He turned his back toward Naftheput, heedless of the knife in her hand, exhaled a golden breath over Rani's lifeless body, and made it rise to a standing position.

The women screamed, my ears went deaf so high was the pitch of their wailing. Rani stood, first in mid air, then on the floor in a single movement. She breathed and opened her eyes. But the waist-long tresses of raven-black hair on her head had turned white, and her face, once sun-kissed by an Oriental Aten (sun), now was the color of crackled porcelain.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Colin](#) said Mar 26, 2007, 2:18 PM:

Naftheput had succumbed to the orders of the Pharoah, as all followers of the Rule have throughout time immemorial; the Ruling classes have always feared the keepers of the Light. Despite her attempt to quash the revival of sweet Rani and conspire with Ramsses to maintain the status quo, the High Priest would not allow it. The fair beholden lady was too late.

As soon as Rani came to new life, Ra enveloped her in a sacred embrace and quickly transported them to the aviary. Now they just had to bring the Yogi out of his trance so that they could find the crone, the priestess and Melchizedek; the Light keepers were waiting in the wings so that the sacred pact could be brought to fruition. The next steps were crucial...

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Colin](#) said Mar 26, 2007, 2:51 PM:

Alas, the Yogi is not in the aviary as expected. Uncertainty abounds as the Keepers look on with trepidation. Perhaps the Pharoah knows more than they gave him credit for...

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Colin](#) said Mar 26, 2007, 3:20 PM:

As the High Priest considered the next steps, the elaborately-tiled floor sprung into motion. The earth rumbled and Rani looked at Ra with fear in her eyes. The High Priest quickly consulted with the Light Keepers who offered their counsel as to how to proceed. Ra once again embraced the princess and transported them to a safe shore of the Nile upstream from the ancient city. He immediately transformed himself into the golden scarab. As Khepri, he launched into flight. He must find the Yogi.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 26, 2007, 3:05 PM:

Suddenly, the crack in the ocean floor began opening again. The Nile, from its delta to far upstream turned to rapids as it drained towards the sea. Near Thebes the riverbanks receded dramatically as the flood rushed northward. When the surge reached the sacred city, Thebes could be seen trembling in the ragged jaws of an earthquake. Cooking fires tumbled to the floor, potted plants swayed and bounced in their hangings, precious glass shattered on the stones and the palace was shrouded in a cloud of dust. At Thebes, the river had declined so dramatically, that the flood passed unnoticed. The crack in the seafloor began slowly to close. Water levels in the sea returned to normal and the great wash of Nubian mud fanned northward to be lost in the blue, blue sea. Over this unprecedented display, the Balkan wind freshened to a gale. In the city, brigades of firefighters, dashed about dousing the flames, the money lenders emerged from their secret cellars, rubbing their hands as they turned their tables upright, knowing that business would be brisk. Children, patting their dolls free of dust, took them for walks though the shaken city. The southern corner of the palace, where the great aviary once stood, had sustained considerable damage. The palace itself had held, but the aviary was gone. Rags of gauze fluttered in the shattered ruins. Many of the surviving birds were perched upon the scattered beams and rafters. Others circled slowly, stunned in the smoky skies. All in all, Thebes had narrowly escaped. Had the crack in the ocean floor snapped shut a tidal wave of awesome proportions would have met the flood at Thebes just as the earthquake shook the city. Total destruction would have been the inevitable result.

None of the residents knew this, not the Pharaoh, not the court, the moneylenders or children, not the shoredwellers, or priests. None save the Owl, the scarab Khephri, and the wounded Yogi, knew the real truth of this narrow escape.

Beneath the aviary's tumbled rafters and ruined stone walls, a shaft of light swirling with fine debris shone upon the destroyed fountain. The spout was dry, no drops fell from its shattered rim, but the whiteness of its shards still defied the eye. An ouzel lay trembling on the eruption of tile. Appearing at first as a monstrous shadow, the owl descended slowly to the ouzel's side. In one deft move, the great bird swept the grey dab softly into his clutch, springing upwards through the jumble and, daring all convention for the owl, out into the rusty morning heading west to the Atlas and relief for his tiny charge.

The stone masons and carpenters sharpened their tools sending assistants to the banks of the now-placid Nile to check the trueness of their levels. Together, they headed towards the restoration efforts already underway at the Palace, while the Pharaoh's entourage wound its way past the city walls towards the healing waters of the Osirion in the grotto at Abydos.

The Yogi, bouncing gently to the careful tread of his litter bearers, lay prone in a swarm of thoughts. His greatest efforts had led to this: a shattered leg, expertly set and splinted by the Pharaoh's private surgeon, a head that ached from a stupendous blow, and a heart rendered void of all feeling. The Yogi had isolated the pains from his wounds into a small room deep within and firmly closed its door. He knew that Rani's great challenge had been met by awesome consequence, that phenomenal efforts had been put forth on his behalf, that a mysterious presence from the river of knowledge attended the confusion within the King's entourage.

Khephri fluttered to rest on the fingers of his left hand, rolling forth a tiny black ball of tarry substance. His carapace opened again, the transparent wings emerged and began vibrating, blowing the ball into the palm of the Yogi's hand. To the Yogi, it appeared as a particularly constipated wad of dung. Khephri wagged his wings back and forth in a decided "No!" pushing the ball up across the palm to the wrist of the Yogi's hand. The Yogi

pointed to his mouth while raising his eyebrows and Khephri lifted into the air, and down, and up again in positive assurance. The Yogi winked at Khephri, and the scarab departed in a dizzying display of beetle acrobatics. The Yogi took this primitive pill and placed it under his tongue.

Its taste was bitter, pungent. An astringency spread through the soft tissues upwards towards the sinus chambers and deep, deep, rushing inwards to the pineal of his brain. Exploding there into a blaze of attention, the thalamus convulsed and a flood of neuropeptides seeped into the pulsing river of his blood. Instantly, the adrenals responded, carrying the message through every cell wall, past the organelles and straight towards the radiant hologram of his DNA. A softness crept to the edges of the Yogi's thoughts. Warmly, the thoughts gave way to the inevitable solution of surrender. He drifted towards sleep, rocked gently in the careful stride of his attendants.

Beyond, the Northern horizon grew suddenly dark as the Balkan wind stiffened in the heat of the endless Sahara. A sandstorm was approaching.

The Raven sailed a blazing reach eastward across the front of the approaching storm. It met the westward-flying owl head-on and the two towered upward spinning about themselves in the rarest display of inter-species cooperation and play. They parted at the top of the clouds, the owl arching westward on its mercy mission to the Atlas while the Raven stooped low to the now besieged caravan.

Attendants with silk curtains rushed to the Pharaoh's elephant. Everyone rolled down their turbans. The camels and horses slitted their eyes and the Yogi's men threw layer upon layer of cotton sheets upon the Yogi that he might sleep purely through the onslaught of wind-driven sand. As the Yogi drifted towards bliss a prayer for his Pharaoh rose from the Kosmos of his being:

"You may say that I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one, some day we hope you'll join us and the world can live as one."

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Re: The Song of the Nile

:)

gitanjali [no longer around] said Mar 26, 2007, 5:11 PM:

The words rose, caught like a broken garland in the wind. They were fading now, echoes in a vast sky

....dreamer...one.....one

The dark air was quiet save for the soft brush of wings above.

But the silence was changing into something brooding and tense as if the night creatures were holding their breath.

Then the sand shuddered, and the stars blacked out. The earth rose in a groan to meet the the sky. The sandstorm had arrived.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 26, 2007, 8:38 PM:

The Pharaoh would normally have taken the trip by boat, but Michael was all for elephants, so elephants, camels and sandstorms it was. At the last minute Ramsses recruited Jane and fitted her out with a boat. He needed someone to keep him informed. She would be the perfect agent, reliable, devoted and ruthlessly honest. They would meet at designated points along the river. As a kahuna she would monitor Michael's progress. Ramsses was looking forward to introducing her to the miraculous healing center at Abydos.

They met on schedule at the first stop. Michael, who had been invited to join them in the royal tent, listened in amazement to her frank and

detailed account of state secrets. The conversation then shifted to the latest court scandals and rumors. As always, it was difficult to separate fact from fiction. It appeared that Rani had yet again been revived from death. "This is getting to be a habit," remarked Ramsses. It turned out that she had been in Egypt many years before, had been infatuated with the High Priest and, not knowing that he had passed away, had returned for him, hoping against all hope that she could win his love. It appeared that she even believed Ramsses was jealous of him and involved in a conspiracy to get rid of them both. Ramsses recalled how he had followed her through the streets of Thebes. "Why am I attracted to these women?" he asked. "They're nothing but trouble. I think I'll feed her to the crocodiles. That is, if I can just catch her while she's still alive. She dies so often these days. Or would alligators be better? Which is the slower death?" Jane threw a fig at him and announced that she was going to bed. They agreed where they would meet next and she disappeared into the night.

Ramsses then reached into a secret place hidden in his robes and pulled out a precious velvet pouch. For a long time he sat quietly with it in his hands and meditated. He was scanning his memory of the faces in the audience chamber. Sure enough, one emerged from the very back of the crowd, hidden in the shadows against the wall, the beautiful face of a wise and venerable woman. He touched the pouch to his brow and his heart, and then reverently fingered the sacred hieroglyphic stones. "Michael," he said, "You and I are going to get stoned."

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 26, 2007, 10:34 PM:

Unbeknownst to the Pharaoh, the Yogi still swam to the tune of the powerful narcotic given to him by the scarab. Everything that came to his eye during the audience with the King and the Priestess, had a paisley, fractal edge to it. The Priestess appeared within a multi-hued radial aura as an icon with an enormous butterfly diadem for a crown. Her heart was visible and shone

a blinding pure light. And Ramsses, well the Yogi could hardly look at him. Ordinarily, the Great One's visage crackled with the charismatic vigor of a surfer boy in his prime, but under the influence of the opiate, the Yogi beheld waves of rainbow-colored outlines chattering from his silhouette, each muscle sharply defined. Above his head, a trio of baboon children wrestled playfully in a holograph of tourmaline mist. Primal fears for his safety spiked through the daze and, as the Yogi was not much good for conversation in the ordinary sense, he returned what little focus he had to the chiseled feet of his King.

Through the fog, he had heard himself called “Michael,” and wondered if the King had grown tired of referring to him as the “Yogi.” He could not hold this thought for long as his mind was steered by unseen forces. Michael did try to appear present so as not to alarm anyone. He knew many tricks from the theatre: how to appear present when a thick-witted performer who was way over his head playing the lead would kill his best soliloquy with an overdrawn pretense at performance. He knew about the stage version of the Point of Attraction, called by theatre types, the “point of focus.” The point of focus was that single dot ever-moving on the stage where the audience's attention was most concentrated. It was every actor's job to always keep in mind this rapidly moving point of focus. You may look at the character with whom you are interacting, and the point of focus may lie between you, but if there is another character behind or to the side of you who has a stake in the proceedings, the point of focus location must take this into consideration. Thus, the actor who knows his stuff, will always contribute the bulk of his attention to the point of focus, no matter where it might be on the stage. This is done not with the eyes, but with the intention – a subtle point, but one that distinguishes the greats from the spear carriers. “The theatre is an infinitude of such subtle points,” Michael thought before losing focus again.

As the King and the Priestess traded dish on the court's shenanigans, Michael, trained to this focus thing, would let his head loll this way and that, interjecting an “oh” or “ah” or “heh heh” or “eek!” as seemed appropriate. Thank God for this training as neither the King nor the Priestess seemed to catch on although he did catch the Priestess, in a guarded moment when Ramsses closed his eyes to think about something, look at the Yogi while placing her upturned finger to her pursed lips while slowly shaking her head. This puzzled Michael and he endeavored to ask

her what this sign meant the next time they were alone.

Back the Yogi's attention went to the safety of the King's feet. The Priestess disappeared in an indigo cloud as the Yogi heard the Pharaoh's pronouncement, "Michael, you and I are going to get stoned." "GET stoned," the Yogi exclaimed to himself, trying to imagine what that might feel like knowing that the King's weed was bound to be some righteous shit.

The Yogi watched Ramsses dig into his velvet bag producing a packet of papyrus papers (was there anything else back then?) and a vial of weed. Immediately upon uncorking the bottle, a blast of bear den stench exploded into the room. "Oh no," thought the Yogi, "I'm gonna puke for sure." Politely, generously, the King offered the papers and vial to the Yogi saying "Your recent indulgences in the cave must have left you quite suitably skilled." "Jesus no," thought the Yogi deferring with a wave of his hand, "I can't even see my hands right now." To the King, he said, slowly, effortfully, "Oh no my Lord, this is an honor I must defer." The Yogi had held on to the "fer" part of "defer" just a fraction too long and the King looked at him curiously while nursing da spleef into being.

In the hipster fashion, the King offered the joint to the Yogi striking a precious match and holding the flame to the tip of the joint lying askew in the Yogi's slack mouth. The Yogi sat there, not breathing as the smoke curled up his nose. There, premium concentrations of THC and other fugitive alkaloids known only to da kine, attacked the sensitive tissues causing the Yogi to violently sneeze. Upon sneezing he involuntarily sucked up an unknown quantity of the joint through his closed lips, coughed a great cough blowing the joint into the King's lap while falling backwards into a faint. Immediately he began to snore, dead to the world.

The Pharaoh, who had seen everything in his day, commanded that the Yogi be covered where he lay and exited the audience room thinking, "What a wuss. My plans are proceeding better than expected."

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 26, 2007, 11:05 PM:

From the bottom of his heart Ramsses blessed the yogi for the good manners, the exquisitely refined good taste, the sensitive, thoughtful and judicious consideration to pass out so quickly and decisively. Ramsses quickly slipped out of the tent and into to his own where an impossibly gorgeous creature greeted him saying, "What's a little surfer boy like you doing in the middle of the big, bad desert?" as she slipped off her dress.

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Re: The Song of the Nile

:)

gitanjali [no longer around] said Mar 27, 2007, 1:34 AM:

After an interlude with that delectable desert-flower, Ramsses slept the sleep of the dead. Such are the basic-goodness powers of sunny-side surfer-boy sex.

When yet another rosy-fingered dawn stained the desert horizon, members of the entourage were awakened by a clunk-dunk outside their tents. Several acolytes of Ramses emerged in force to see who would dare disturb the pharoah's rest.

The originator of this career limiting move turned out to be a small dark man studiously parking camels inside the perimeter of the royal party. He apologised immediately for the disturbance, deflecting blame onto a particularly snotty-nosed beast which it seemed had pretensions of being an individualist. As an afterthought, and in the silence that followed, the man introduced himself as Abebe S. Jebeyehua of Limu. And then finally, he apologised for his intrusion into this story.

Deferentially he said 'I confess that I am not important to the plot....'
He waited.

As no one made signs of contradicting him, he picked up a gear.

However!...I am... my kingdom's premier coffee-maker and I have been sent by the High King of Abyssinia to offer his royal highness the greatest latte he will taste in this lifetime.

As incredulity, doubt and amusement hurried over the faces of his audience Abebe S Jebeyehua frothed on:

You must understand, coffee is the backbone of our kingdom. We drink it several times a day, as an almost *sacred ceremony*. When our women are offered in marriage, it is not their physical attractions that settle the deal, it is how well they perform this ceremony.

The bride sits facing the families. She washes and cleans the fresh beans. She dries them and roasts them over a charcoal fire. She grinds them with a mortar and pestle and then she pours hot water over them. Everyone is watching closely and she rises and falls by the grace of her actions.

Then all the families drink three cups. The first is called arbol (a blessing). The second hulatenya (the journey) and then sosteghna (the resolution). *Breathlessly beautiful women have lost their place in the sun through the unexpected bitterness of their offering.*

Finally he came to the point. To offer his divine majesty a cup of our finest, from beans hand picked from the royal plantations and roasted by twelve doe-eyed virgins would be my greatest honour. He bowed low in an arc of advance gratitude combined with a weak third chakra.

The acolytes appeared to confer in hushed tones and then sent Abebe packing.

Thus Ramsses was deprived of that moment before a perfect double shot camels-milk latte.

That essential moment of anticipation.

Centuries later Abebe's descendants rose to higher echelons of success, if receptivity is the only measure. They named their coffee houses after Abebe's middle name, which had started with an S.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[chris](#) said Mar 27, 2007, 12:11 PM:

-While making her way through the labyrinth of hallways that was the palace; the crone wondered whether she was fated to die in the mighty Nile. No, not yet. That had been one and hell of an earthquake however, and she feared that she was also hallucinating. There were pink flamingoes everywhere! With the walls of the palace beginning to buckle, she became even more concerned with her tenous grip on reality. A blinding vision of Ramsses as a toddler came to mind. He was a handsome boy and it was quite obvious, even at that early age, that he was going to be a fair and hysterically funny ruler. Even though many saw him as a manifestation of malevolence, she saw his *ba* and it made her smile. However, being acutely aware that Pharaoh could be quick-tempered at times; she summoned the crocodile god, Sobek, to watch over the reanimated Princess Rani. Leaving the palace and seeing the carnage in the streets was heartbreaking. Thank Ra she spotted Kephri's dazzling countenance. It was he who told her the yogi was being carefully transported to Abyos. Ah...the promise of healing. Incredibly, she found her abode still standing. Taking the oppotunity to freshen up, pick up some more ganja (just in case), and retrieve her Amulet of Re; she made her way to the most sacred site in Egypt to join the festivities.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 27, 2007, 12:17 PM:

The Yogi awoke to the slow jostling of his litter. A couple of days had passed since the audience with Ramsses and the Priestess had ended so embarrassingly. The effects of Khephri's gift had vanished and the soreness in his wounded leg had escaped its confinement lending a steady sharpness

to the journey broken only by an occasional burst of pain when the litter would jostle on the rough terrain. The Yogi rolled to his side and looked behind him. They had passed Luxor in the night. Its magnificence faded slowly as they headed further south to Abydos. The carrier off his shoulder said, "Easy, my Lord, its not that far to the Seti temple and the baths of Osirion. "Tell me of this place," inquired the Yogi. "My Lord," the attendant began, "It is not for me to describe such things." "I give you my permission, young man. Tell me what you know." Slowly, haltingly, the carrier began to tell the Yogi of the mysteries at Abydos. The King's father, Seti, it seemed, had built a temple of great power for Himself. The cult temple of Seti I was built of limestone and sandstone blocks to an unusual L-shaped plan, it had seven sanctuaries instead of the usual one (or three). This temple was built recently by Seti I, but the decoration of the courtyards and first hypostyle hall was being completed by none other than his son Ramsses. The temple was entered through the first pylon which fronted a quay linking the temple with the River Nile to the east. A courtyard with battle scenes of Ramsses on the remaining walls held two 'wells' or ablution tanks for the ritual purification of the priests. The second pylon, hardly bigger than the first was fronted by a portico with niches where Osirid statues of Ramsses were being carved. The walls of the portico depicted some of the children of the King (sons on the left and daughters on the right). The second courtyard, also decorated by Ramsses, has a doorway in its south-west corner which gave access to a complex of administration buildings and magazines, including an audience hall with a dais for the king's throne which took up the space in the long arm of the L-shape. Near the entrance to these buildings a stela of Ramsses offering to Ptah had been erected. Also in the second courtyard was a statue of a king sitting in a shrine from earlier days and was thought to be from the Middle Kingdom, and brought here from elsewhere in the Abydos area. Immediately behind the Seti Temple rose the curious structure known as the Osirion which lay on the main axis of Seti's temple but at a subterranean level. The monument was roofed, its only entrance was through a long vaulted passage outside the northern wall of the Seti Temple and was decorated with scenes from the 'Book of Gates'. At the end of the passage a sharp turn led to two transverse halls decorated with scenes from the 'Book of the Dead' and mythical and astronomical scenes. The Osirion was the only structure known in Egypt to have been built with its floors below the local grade. The central hall was built of sandstone with 10 huge red granite pillars each nearly ten feet in diameter which supported the massive roofing blocks. In the central part of the hall an island was separated from the rest of the building by surrounding

trenches of water. At the end of the island there was a sarcophagus and canopic chests suggesting that the purpose of the structure was to serve as a pseudo burial chamber. There were six small chambers in each of the northern and southern walls.

The Yogi was stunned by the mystery this place evoked. He wondered why the King sought to take him there. The carrier had hesitated frequently in the telling of this story and fear eventually halted him from continuing despite the Yogi's repeated assurances of confidence. The attendant's now ominous silence and refusal to describe the purpose of this place weighed heavily on the mind of the Yogi. Was this to be the place of his healing, or his death? He knew of the myth of Osiris, God of death and reknewal. He knew that Ramsses held a special fascination for this God who had been torn to shreds and then reassembled in some powerful and auspicious way.

Ahead, the Pharaoh's elephant, rolled steadily up the banks of the Nile. Just at the edge of the horizon, the temple tops of Abydos came slowly into view.

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Re: The Song of the Nile

:)

gitanjali [no longer around] said Mar 27, 2007, 3:37 PM:

An old woman with a basket of fish stands in on the other side of the river watching the royal arrival. She cries:

*Abydos!

Immersed in a king's dream

You lay like a waiting bride

All grace and beauty in rose-colored silks

With a secret love that has died

Thanks to an ancestral agenda for praise.

All the brilliant processions

Bejewelled courts and bourgeois priests

All their scripted intercessions

All their rich and splendid feasts

Meet you indifferent and beautiful gaze.

But the river's song weaves into your bones

And the Shadows of Love move through your stones.*

She hurries away

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Mascha](#) said Mar 27, 2007, 3:31 PM:

She found herself standing near a mountaintop in a niche formed by enormous limestone boulders. How long had she been there since Melchizedek in the form of Egyptian High Priest Ra had transported her to this windswept perch overlooking the Valley of the Dead?

She had lost all recall. Her eyes gazed out into the distance where dust clouds from the last great trembler lingered, looking – but not recording anything. Strands of dry white hair swirled about her, snapped at her bare arms, but she felt nothing. A line of memory flashed by, some song from another time... “And I... have become... comfortably numb...” She lifted one arm and looked at it for the first time. The skin of her hand and forearm

was a grayish white, like marble crisscrossed by broken bluish veins, yet gleaming with a polish that seemed to come from within and smooth to the touch.

Another memory, searing like a heated butcher knife, cut through her, almost brought her to her knees. “No!” she screamed but heard no sound escape her dried-up mouth. “Why did you bring me back to life?! I will not live. I can’t!” Amid curses for her savior and the intolerable guilt for such ingratitude, it all came back to her, torrents of feelings, horror, abject terror... and the love. Yes, love, so secret and impossible it should never have been seen by anyone except, perhaps, the wisest of the wise. The face of the God-King shone before her as it had done night after night ever since the eve he had followed her to the harbor, accosted her as she was gazing at the barges that one day might take her home. He had been cloaked that night in the garb of a commoner, and she did not recognize who he was until he sent a chariot to carry her to the palace where servants and all manner of luxuries awaited her.

Now Ramsses face again filled the sky from east to west –and it glowed with meanings stretching deep, further than the horizon for Rani, the tormented. This pain could not be borne without writhing. “No,” she thought for the thousandth time, “it was not him who gave the order to bring me a poisoned cup. It was done without his knowing by Naftheput, that evil wife of his power hungry vizier... or by any other of Ramsses' many wives. I must warn him. He, himself, is in constant danger!”

Abruptly she turned, put one tiny foot in front of the other, and descended the mountain, an unearthly vision for birds and beasts to behold.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 27, 2007, 5:55 PM:

As the caravan entered Abydos, the Yogi could see by the looks on the faces of those that had gathered to celebrate the arrival of the King, that this was auspicious indeed. Ordinarily, at this time of year, the Great One was usually

directing the training of troops near Thebes, Himself occasionally indulging in hand-to-hand combat with selected warriors, and hugely cheered wrestling matches with the most adept of grapplers. His opponents were of the highest caliber and were instructed upon pain of death to not go light on the King. Ramsses defeated them all, time after time, as his prowess was more than human. It solidified his reputation among the military – they would fight for him anywhere. Additionally, opposing forces would tremble when they saw this Pharaoh at the head of his mighty army.

But the Yogi's mind was fixed on Osiris, the mighty God of the underworld. Again, he asked his bearer if he might inform the Yogi more. The bearer did not even look at the Yogi. His jaw remained tight until the Yogi produced a golden coin from his purse, slowly rolling it between his fingers. Taking the coin, the bearer quietly began speaking quietly, almost inaudibly into the Yogi's ear:

<http://socsci.colorado.edu/LAB/GODS/osiris.html>

The language had a strangely clipped and formal quality to it, but as the Yogi listened a startling world was revealed.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 27, 2007, 10:12 PM:

Ramsses was impressed by the Yogi's great curiosity and interest in the Osirion. "Just take your ease here. Thousands of years from now you will come here again in a dream. Someone bearing my name will give you the name of a book. You will read about this place. The book will be called The Search for Omm Sety by Jonathon Cott. Then you will remember this time."

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Balder](#) said Mar 27, 2007, 10:21 PM:

Traveling ahead of the Pharaoh's retinue, Melchizedek rode the Balkan-cooled currents, kingdom of daylight's dauphin, gold-vermillion gashing through his wings. He swung then on the buckling wind, gliding low and coming to light on the red granite roof of the temple at Abydos. The sun broke all around him with a dangerous beauty; crimson bled over the rolling sand.

A few goats walked the perimeter of the great building, nibbling at grass, dull bells clunking in the morning silence. He looked to the mountains in the distance where he had left the princess. He could not yet fathom what part she would play in the events that would unfold in the next two days, but he knew she would bring something to this great meeting of souls that he could not.

He leapt off the roof and glided to the ground, assuming his human form as his feet settled on the sand. A shadow moved suddenly between the pillars of the temple and he turned sharply, surprised. He had not expected to be seen. "Come out," he said. His command was met by silence, save for the sound of breathing and an odd buzzing of wings. "Come out, I said!" A boy emerged from behind a pillar, hanging back in the shadows under the roof. Melchizedek mounted the steps and approached the boy, the sound of buzzing growing louder. The figure's face was curiously dark, obscured by a moving shadow. As Melchizedek neared him, he noticed the boy's shoulders grow tense, on the verge of movement. He stopped short when he saw him clearly. His face was a mask of insects, dark-bodied, swarming over every inch of skin.

"You are afflicted, son," Melchizedek said softly, reaching out a hand. The boy flinched, hissing, his teeth flashing through the shroud of insects with a frightening grimace. "You will *not*!" he growled, and ran deep into the shadows of the temple.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 27, 2007, 11:31 PM:

Ramsses was walking with Jane in the courtyard. Like a great hippopotamus with only his eyes and nose visible above the surface, Michael was basking in the sacred waters below. "Zorokothora Melchizzedek. Maybe a tad pretentious? Sometimes he's a gazelle. Most of time he's a big, fat bird. Rumor has it he's even been seen as a hedgehog. Pink flamingoes fill the land. Earthquakes and tremblors follow him wherever he flies. He's done more damage to the country than an invading army. He cracks my head against the base of a stone lion, cracks Michael's against his favorite fountain and for good measure breaks his leg. Do you think he flatters himself that he may have knocked some sense into our heads? We deserve this. I, most high and mighty Pharaoh, especially deserve this. Why? Because twice, not once, but twice under my watch he got torn to shreds. Of course he's angry. Who wouldn't be?" Jane was used to the Pharaoh's rants but she had had enough and was about to tell him so when they were both stopped in their tracks. Zorokothora Melchizzedek himself was ascending the stone steps towards them, his gaze fixed on Ramsses. "Come out," he said. Ramsses glanced at Jane in disbelief and horror. Jane was as still as a stone. "Come out, I said!" he repeated. Ramsses stepped forward. The High Priest mounted the steps to Ramsses. "You are afflicted, my son," he said softly, reaching out his hand. "You will not," Ramsses growled, and ran deep into the shadows of the temple.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Jane](#) said Mar 28, 2007, 7:40 AM:

"Mother, was that you in my dreams? I ran from you like a monster in a B movie, stifling screams as you gripped me with your streaming hair and pulled me to your fathomless face. How long will this unfortunate son fight the ministrations of your Grace? How

long will I seek sweet ease, when I need most the fierceness of your face?"

Those words returned and reverberated around the courtyard as the screaming boy was swallowed into the temple. In the quietness that followed this hysteria, the priestess and the old man, Melchezzidek, looked at each other and smiled and sighed. "We need mother here," the Priestess said. "This is a difficult delivery."

"Ja-ne," he pronounced her name like her Danish Grandfather had, Yan-ne, "I am getting to old for this work? Will they never learn?"

It had been some time since she had seen such weariness in her father's eyes. "Oh come on, my old man. You can't retire, it is in your blood, it is in mine too. We can believe at times that it is a curse, but indeed, is a blessing beyond blessings to be here at this gate, to be keepers of this sacred order. And if not us, then who?"

"Oh, but look at him," he said shaking his head. "Young Ramsses, Where is the dignity, the decorum? A royal son more beautiful than a thousand sunrises, with emerald eyes and streaming golden locks—It breaks my heart to see him so, rheumy eyes and flies festering his wounds, and this hysteria, this fear?! What am I to make of this?" Melchezzidek momentarily looked defeated, as if the sadness of all the worlds had settled in his heart.

"Stop it! It won't do for you to be overcome with melancholy at this critical time," the priestess said sharply. And then she softened. "I love you. I love you. I am devoted to you, and I know how hard you have worked all your lives through so many incarnations. My heart breaks again and again. But get a grip. Where is Mother?"

Ja-ne continued, "And besides, have you seen the little Rani lately? Perhaps you should spend time with her. She was born again just the other night, as perfect and whole as never—you-mind, just before you helped Ramsie again. I don't know why it is so much harder for the boy children?"

"Yes, yes. Perhaps you are right. I must go and watch over the new little Princess. She will be coming down from her perch on her mountain to save her brother again any time soon. There is nothing she can do to stop herself. Her heart is pure, and she can only see his beauty through her love."

With that, Melchezzidek shape-shifted once again and took flight of in the direction of the mountains, and Ja-ne sat down on the steps to wait for Mother.

As she sat, the sun rising high, the silence piercing the air like a thousand cicadas, she was drawn into a reverie. This latest birth of Lord Ramsses had been difficult, and she had been thankful for her father's assistance. "Dr. Rawluck, is on his way," the midwife had informed her, after the second hour of pushing had not budged the head from above the spines. So many women and babies, and only one womb, one gateway. Halfway across the world and three thousand years, baby Ramssie, was reluctantly hauled out with a suction on his head, and even then, he momentarily lay limp and pale, refusing to take that primordial breath.

How many times was he prepared to go through these theatrics Ja-ne had thought to herself, while swiftly putting him under warm bright lights, sucking the yellow secretions from his pharynx, drying him off, and placing a mask over his lovely little face. With a few puffs of oxygen, he was pink in an instant. "His heart rate is good," Shirley, her nurse informed her. Yet still for another minute he lay there, as if suspended in that moment between life and Life. "You little rascal," the Priestess said, "You have got to work with me. Who was it that said, 'a slave is also someone who waits for someone else to set them free.'? Stop all the shenanigans, the surfer dude thing, the wild women all night long, the hallucinogens. It is this simple: You just breathe in and then out....and you do that over and over and the rest will take care of itself." With this, the gasping started. It was as if he had fallen from a tree, the wind momentarily knocked out of him. "That is better," she said, as his tiny thorax heaved in and out drawing his abdomen under his ribs with his effort. And then, just as quickly he settled into an easy rhythm. He was born again.

"It is the Egyptian Pharaoh again," said Nurse Shirley, looking at the shape of his head.

"I know," said the Priestess.

"Every thing good here?" asked Rawluck, coming over to see the situation before leaving the birthing room. "Oh course, it is! look at him, beautiful and perfect as the day he was born," he said snapping off his rubber gloves and taking his leave.

Back in the warm Egyptian courtyard, the sun beaming down in relentless streams of dancing colour, the Priestess was brought out of her dream by a gentle, glowing presence. In a splendid weave of ochre and purple, Mother had arrived to help out with the situation. It was true, no matter how she loved her father, Ja-ne would never tire of looking into those old wise eyes, now surrounded by a millennium of lines that stretched all the way back to first ripple of time. She nestled her head back on her mother's chest and was encircled in those strong ancient arms. After a while, the old woman said, "All we can do is breathe, breathe and hold our intentions clear and sharp. The rest is not up to us."

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 28, 2007, 4:30 PM:

The Yogi, Michael, floated in the emerald pool. He had just witnessed the most baffling and extraordinary exchange between the Pharaoh Ramsses, Ja-ne the Priestess, and the awesome figure of an eternal whom the King had called Zorokothora Melchizedek. This near spectre of a man had openly confronted Ramsses. "Come out!" the ancient one had cried, pointing to the Pharaoh of all Egypt. And the King, whom Michael had never seen back away from even the most ferocious challenge or the most subtle of probings, turned infantile while saying "You will NOT" and ran headlong, arms and legs flying in abandon into the dark passageways of the Osirion. The "NOT" echoed its terror throughout the many-chambered temple as Ja-ne turned about herself whispering a restorative colloquy. Finished, she left the bathing area after nodding to the Yogi and saying. "We have entered the familial delirium. You must find your own way and somehow weave it thus or Osiris will surely drown us all upon you."

"Breathe," she had said at the end of her ministrations, "Breathe in, breathe out." Michael responded. Grace on the in-breath, exhale gratitude, grace in, compassion out ...grace . . forgiveness ... grace ... surrender.

A servant appeared with a chalice. “My lord,” she said with lowered eyes, “a restorative for your return to well being.” Michael edged to the side of the pool and reached for the odd-shaped vessel. It was a most beautiful thing, composed of two opposing triangular cones that appeared to penetrate each other somewhat around a hexahedral knot at its midst. It had been carved from a single quartz crystal through which shone a turquoise broth. Faint wisps of steam rose from the warm surface as the Yogi raised the chalice to his lips. “A brief blindness will come upon you my Lord,” said the girl, “The darkness will be soft and lead you within.” Michael drank it slowly, allowing the warm potion to flow across his tongue in smooth and patient swallows. The light in the Osirion slowly diminished. The island altar in the center of the bath faded into the gathering darkness. Michael could feel himself sinking into the waters. “Breathe in, breathe out,” came again as he began to flood with fear. The fear reached deep into his cells, past the organelles and straight to the vibrating helices of his human being. “Breathe in, breathe out,” came the voice again, soft now with the nurturing assurance of all womankind, “Breathe, my Lord, breathe.” Against all reason, Michael took a tentative breath. As the waters rushed into his lungs, the double helix collapsed like springs upon themselves. Welded together for an instant in a flash of piercing indigo light, they exploded back not as two, but twelve. A soft glow appeared in the dark void within as the Yogi continued to breath. The water flowed into his lungs and out as the glow expanded into a blinding white. As the splendor rose from the core of each cell he became buoyant again rapidly rising to the surface of the bottomless pool in a splash of ecstasy. In this instant of boundless joy, he knew why he had come to Egypt, why he had so pestered the King with his insistence, and what he must do in the present.

Strangely, the jubilation gave way to a piercing loneliness. Though still bound to darkness by the effects of the potion, Michael could see a slowly evolving world behind his eyes. It showed him his past, in this life and many former incarnations. Stretching back to his infancy was a sense of abandonment to a world not fit for him, where people seemed not to care about themselves, their children or their Gods, where they treated each other with vain disregard and missed the greatest lesson of all: that life was a theatre, that God was the audience, yearning for the players to look within for Him as they studied their lives. And they missed this in their abandonment to self and Michael knew that he had given up his own

certainty to a need to belong somewhere, anywhere.

Through many past incarnations, Michael knew that he came from a planet bound to a star in the Pleiades. There, long, long ago a similar fate as unfolding upon Earth had come and gone. Eons had passed since that tumultuous time on his home planet. Generations upon generations had come and gone there with one single thought in mind: to restore the place to its former glory as a university of the soul, as a garden to incarnate upon and bless the land with scholarship, devotion, service and meditation. The planet, Katchoolya, had been rubbed near free of any prominence by the now-dormant volcanoes and ceaseless erosion. Nurturing seas dominated its surface while the land was broken only by sharp-edged canyons where waterfalls plunged into the mists below. Habitation was constructed near the upper ends of these chasms near the crystalline waterfalls. Ever-present rainbows offered the base instruction, which, over this epical time had deeply informed Katchoolya's citizens of the natural order of things. Their homes, just beneath the canyon rims, were fractal nestings of intentional community scattered around both sides of each canyon's apex. They could call to each other across the divide and wave flags in celebration. They all knew the guidelines and simple rules of the Theatre. The guidelines were many and the source of much friendly debate, but the two basic rules were firm: no upstaging another player, and never, ever, ever refuse an offering on stage. The first rule was broken often, but always with consequence, but the second, ah, a player would sooner dive from their veranda into the mists below than ever break the second.

Along with the theatre, the ritual of conception, gestation, birth and nurturance dominated the lives of these people. With their eyes ever on the purposes of their existence, prospective mother's and father's would surrender to the bonds of Tantra, making love within the river of Knowledge so that their progeny might be conceived in moments of purest love. At times, of course, they would just play with each other exploring all the nuances of affection and tenderness. But, whence conception occurred, they would surrender to the rituals of gestation, speaking frequently to the quickening form within of their devotion, of their assurance that whoever this little form was to be, that nothing they would ever do in their lives, no mistake or petty insolence would threaten their belonging in the family. That life was their's to do with what they willed and that their every need would be met, there every tear would be attended with patient allowance,

there accomplishments celebrated and their autonomy cherished as divine.

There was more to this world from which Michael had traveled to the Earth but light was returning to the Osirion and it came clear to him what he must do. The attendant was still there, her feet dangling in the pool. The Yogi's eyes opened and she jumped with a start to her feet. "My darling," spoke the Yogi, will you fetch me some writing implements? I must send a message to the King." Her knees softened at the sound of the endearment and she bowed, rushing away to fulfill the Yogi's request. Michael lifted himself from the pool noticing that his damaged leg afforded not pain at all. He looked to the wounds to see that the redness was gone and where scars had begun to form, new skin was spreading in replacement. He felt light, new, different and he knew that the clogged void within had been cleared of concern and replaced with a soft emmanence.

Returning with the tools, the servant girl bowed low while offering them to the Yogi. Michael lifted her chin while accepting the quill and sheets of papyrus, saying, "Fear not my eyes for you and I are on the same path just a small distance from one another." She looked up to him and could see that he meant it by the tears shining in his eyes. "Swim" he said, "take the waters." As she stripped from her clothes, the Yogi turned to give her privacy, sat on a nearby chair, and began to write the King. When he finished, the girl reappeared, smiling, refreshed. Michael tore a lock of his hair free and handed it to the girl along with the message saying, "Take this to the Pharaoh and give it to him personally. Let no one take it from you. If they try, show them this lock of hair and tell them that it came from me. Any resistance will be met by the joint wrath of Ramsses and I." This time, she raised her arms holding the folded message between her palms and, looking the Yogi straight in the eyes said, "I will."

The message read: "My Lord Ramsses, You, whose soul is the very essence of Egypt, You, whose Will pervades the night, the day, and the river of sacred blood that is the Nile, You who have carried such an awesome responsibility with the grace of ages, with the torment of familial delusion surrounding You into a prison of solitude, to You I offer this opportunity for our mutual redemption. I have heard that You have planned a celebration for tonight's indulgence. May I propose a simple addition to the festivities? In the spirit of fair play, I suggest you and I find one question

for each other, and one challenge too that will stretch our respective talents to their limits. I know that we are twinned in some way, either by fate or luck of birth. It does not matter as the currents of Knowledge recognize both as the same. So, what say You Great One. Are you up for such a piece of theatre? In the event that our minds may be uncertain of outcome, may I suggest the good offices of Melchizedek as arbiter towards a fair leveling of this exchange?


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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Balder](#) said Mar 28, 2007, 7:32 PM:

[A NOTE TO WRITERS AND READERS: I've given a send-up to our little story on [my blog](#), and have just added the cast of characters...]

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 28, 2007, 8:22 PM:

Ramsses understood the personal importance of this contest to Michael, even if it had no appeal whatsoever to himself. In fact, he found it delusional. Zoro as arbiter? Why not get one of the baboons Michael saw dancing over his head? Sure, Michael. We'll just invite the most dangerous and wanted poltergeist in all of Egypt to stroll over and be the judge of our little public wrestling match. Do you have any idea why I did that dance with him in the courtyard? No, of course you don't. You don't have a clue where I'm coming from, Michael. And this why you drive me completely and totally insane. Ramsses did not express these thoughts. He merely scrawled angrily on the back of the letter, "If you can get Balsy, Ramsses will attend," and thrust it back to the terrified girl. Then, before she could take more than a couple of steps, he called her back. He crossed out "Balsy" and wrote "Zokodick".

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Re: The Song of the Nile

:)

gitanjali [no longer around] said Mar 28, 2007, 10:59 PM:

As Sirius ascends on the eastern horizon and the Nile surges towards the city , Abydos is getting ready.

Preparations for the Feast of Osiris had begun weeks ahead of Ramsses coming. Kitchens were buzzing with the gutting of fish, roasting of pigs, and peeling of tubers. The spicy aromas of decanted amphorae mingled with scents of jasmine and sandalwood, laid at the shrine of every minor deity. More than eighty minstrels and poets, tuned their instruments in vast antechambers. Actors rehearsed the passion play of Osiris, murdered by his trusted brother, found by his beloved wife, and resurrected by the Gods.

White peacocks with opal eyes and black swans with vermillion beaks were released in courtyards and pools. Sevekh, the great crocodile had been appeased with a hundred rako and now glittered with divine menace in the sun.

The wealthy elite of Abydos quarrelled with their tailors, fretted on the newly ciruclated “a-list”, and lobbied over seating protocol . Young debutantes replete with rumours of Ramsses’ power and virility, and quite aware of his lacking an official consort, imagined passionate dialogues with the Great One in shadowy alcoves. Young men endlessly improvised battles between Ramsses’ and his antagonists, always with the King victorious.

For how could it be otherwise?

As the day wore on, crowds began to gather behind the silk cordons on the road from the new temple to the Temple of Osiris.

They did this every year. Everyone was prepared. And yet...no one was

prepared at all.

Little did they know that this year , what happened at the feast of Asir, God of all Gods, Ruler of the Underworld, and Merciful Judge of the Dead, would change the history of Egypt for ever.

Little Nefertiti, burdened with cucumbers, hurried to the temple kitchens, dreaming of the eyes of the man she saw moments ago, and sensing deep in her breast, an unspeakable destiny rising to meet its child.


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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 29, 2007, 4:53 AM:

Despite his irritation at yet another one of Michael's harebrained schemes, Ramsses had been charmed by the girl who brought him the letter and had not failed to notice the dreamy gaze she had given him. The question was whether she wanted to join his harem. He would not take advantage of her. He was not looking for a consort. He already had one. He discreetly arranged to have her brought to him. The life he was offering her was wildly glamorous compared to the one she had now but he did not falsify it. She would be one of many. She would live in opulence at the sacrifice of a normal life. She might produce an heir to the throne but the odds were slim. Ramsses watched her closely. She understood. She was charming and gracious. He was hopelessly smitten.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Balder](#) said Mar 29, 2007, 11:30 PM:

Nekhebet, The Vulture Goddess

Melchizedek stood behind a tree on the windswept hill, looking down at the small cave where he had left Princess Rani to find her new form in the belly of the earth, under the numberless eyes of heaven. She stood now on a small outcropping, looking up at the sky. A vulture was circling there, spiraling up and down over her head as if riding hidden currents of light. After reaching a great height, the yellow-faced bird pulled in its wings and plummeted through the air towards her, then swung away at the last moment, showering feathers at her feet.



At that moment, Melchizedek stepped out from behind the tree, and the princess looked up at him, startled. "It's you," she whispered.

"Your mother is coming," he said. "Are you ready to go back to the Pharaoh's company?"

She didn't answer at once, but stooped to pick up one of the feathers, which she turned curiously in her hand, as if she had never seen such an object before.

Melchizedek approached her. "This is where Asherah once stood, and raised a bright pillar to the Most High. This is where Ament stands, at the desert's edge, to welcome the newly dead. This is the home of Nekhebet, whom you have just seen with your own eyes. On this very hill, under the blazing firmament and the fathomless dark, the infinite storylines of Creation converge. Shed your shoes, my child; this is holy ground. Let the soles of your feet drink of these roots."

She looked at him with a wry smile. "I thought you didn't believe in sympathetic magic," Princess Rani said.

"I don't," the high priest replied. "It's all just a matter of perspective."

She removed her shoes and curled her toes in the dust of the great mountain. Melchizedek put a hand on her shoulder. The touch was gentle, yet she feared it all the same. He was always up to something, always cracking things open and looking for catalysis, never letting things settle or grow too comfortable. She found it tiring, and wondered if he did too. Sometimes she wondered if he felt at all.

His next gesture did not comfort her. Holding her shoulder, he drew her near the lip of the stone outcropping. The mountain face fell away sharply, a drop of hundreds of feet, broken only by jagged rocks and the rugged brush of the desert. "This is not a time for thinking," he said. "Just jump."

She hesitated, looking at the feather in her hand.

"Jump!"

She had already died once. What was there to lose? She spread her arms and leapt into the void, the wind whipping the vulture's feather in her hand, her white hair streaming back behind her. She did not remember falling, or soaring, or anything at all. She entered a gap in time that swallowed her whole, depositing her barefoot in the sand a thousand feet from the entrance of the great temple at Abydos. People swarmed in and out of the entrance, bearing offerings, plates of food, brilliant banners and flags. The desert-muffled voices of the celebrants made her feel suddenly fearful and alone.

A hand on her shoulder told her Melchizedek had made the journey with her.

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Re: The Song of the Nile

:)

gitanjali [no longer around] said Mar 30, 2007, 4:46 AM:

Far up, on the hill where Rani had been, and much earlier an old woman had sung to the wind, another figure emerged, but stayed in shadow. She watched for a while the two small figures weaving their way through rocks and shrubs. She followed their path with her eyes to the great temple. It was alive, la citadel of light and colour and music. But her gaze moved with purpose beyond the festivity. It seemed to penetrate through layers of granite walls to an inner room where sat a solitary man in silence. Her eyes filled with tears.

She sang.

Oh love of my heart! son of my desire.

It was I, I fingered your conch-pink lips

I held your glen-dark eyes in mine; my hand

Moved in the dark, and then I let you go.

And you fell like the sweetest child-angel

Folding your wings over a new secret .

Past a sky of indiff'rent stars, you fell

Past a thousand terraces of this world.

It was me who let you go and though you

Learned well from all your teachers your duties

This world showed you shadow and disorder

The knife at your throat the blow to your head

It crushed your faith like an ant is taken

By a passing heel. You grew that secret
Deep in the white spiral of your soul till
Without a doubt you knew I did not love you.

Now, will you come to my sister's throne?
The one who haunts you with blazing eyes.
And the darkness swaying in her hair, and
A scar, half-mooned on the bone of her cheek

Do not face her in battle, do not turn
Away. She will let you fall on your knees
She will make your language into a wail
She will turn your face as white as a bone

Inhale her deep in your blood, in your pores
till your heart is a lonely barque of grief
And you cannot move but for her command.
And she will move her hand like once I did

And you will fall , deeper than sea or sky.
And you will know what only the dead know.
You will know where I hid my love for you.
You will stand and lift your face to the rain

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 30, 2007, 6:21 AM:

I am Abydos. Alone in the Osirion, Ramsses entered the great Alone. Perhaps he would stay there forever.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 30, 2007, 1:08 PM:

The Yogi, after receiving a return message from the Pharaoh, thanked the message bearer Nefertitti, and leaving the silent, empty Osirion, could sense a spectral presence of lonely abandon in the temple air. The sun was well to the West and strong shafts of light burned across the cavernous central hall highlighting the altar platform in the center of the bath. The pool was still. Its emerald waters reflected the sunlight and the roof, decorated with celestial scenes, wavered in quivering light. The Yogi knew that with the oncoming evening, the entire court would soon arrive for the festival and ceremonies which were destined to leave an indelible mark on the history of Egypt. A shiver of doubt ran through him as he thought of the softness of Nefertitti's hand which had touched his when she handed him the King's message. The Yogi, celibate for years, knew after all that he was just a man, vulnerable to feminine beauty. He yearned to be with his Guru, for whom he harbored the greatest love. It had been years since he had taken her Darshan, yet, in his heart, her face ever-glowed. The Yogi considered the other manifestations of the feminine mystique like motherhood, sisterhood, marriage and sport. He had experienced these as a youth and young man. Always, there was the call to the path, and always, there was the temptation to stray. This doubt had plagued the Yogi all his life. Each

woman, in turn, had pulled back from the turbulence of his fire, retreating behind the bolted doors of her garden. Still, the yearning for the bliss of Tantra with another competed with his solitary ways. Overwhelmed by these thoughts, and intimations of a deeply shadowed bond to the Pharaoh, he thought that it would be best to join the crowd outside the temple and left the Osirion. He walked through the Seti Temple and out into the raucous throng.

It seemed all Egypt had gathered for the event. The courtyard stretched for a hundred yards in all directions. It was filled with court members and visiting dignitaries from Karnak, Thebes and Luxor. Various watercraft were lined up ten deep on the quays and riverbanks. Their sails were furled and the rigging hung limp in the still, hot air of the late Abydos afternoon. At the edges of this packed assemblage, merchants had set up stalls and the crowd was nagged by beggars, purveyors of palm fronds, oils and incense. For hours, the whole of it murmured insistently and throughout rose the hiss of gossip. People spoke into each other's ears, as the sun reached ever westward, raising hands to their faces and looking upward in surprise. The Yogi, a complete stranger to all but the Thebe's court, nevertheless felt attention flooding towards him from all over the malling scene. He could see Ja-ne and the withered form of Melchizzadek leaning to one another. Rani, too, was there, radiant, purposeful, alone. Even the crone was there and the dot of Khephri on her shoulder.

The Temples stood silent. Their very stones pressed defiantly upon one another, resisting the mundane babble of the crowd. From the Seti Temple entrance, a garlanded priest appeared with two attendants by his side. Looking upward, he raised his arms and eyes to the sky. The attendants lifted their massive poles topped with effigies of Osiris two feet above the stones. Swiftly, the priest dropped his arms to his chest and his palms exploded together as the poles shook the stones beside him. As the sound of it spread through the crowd, the quibbling grew silent. All eyes turned to the temple entrance. Silence prevailed. The images of Osiris shone in the sun. Speaking slowly, the priest intoned, "Welcome, you sons and daughters of Egypt, to the presence of your Lord and King, Ramsses, son of Seti, awaits you. Entrance within will be strictly by rank, order of birth, and station. The King's court will proceed you all. The Pharaoh of all Egypt bids you enter."

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramses](#) said Mar 30, 2007, 8:06 PM:

From a great distance Ramses heard the words, “The Pharaoh of all Egypt bids you enter.” Like the singularity supposed by modern science to have predicated the entire universe, they set off an explosion of panic engulfing the furthest reaches of his inner space. All Egypt? Was that twice half of Egypt or something more? And what exactly did all Egypt, whose clattering footsteps he could already hear echoing down the passageways, expect from him? In an instant of absolute terror Ramses realized that he had himself made and stepped into the most perfect trap Michael could ever have set for him. His body went into convulsions and his teeth chattered. Only moments before his consciousness had embraced the entire kosmos. Now he was just a whacked out surfer dude with brain damage who had smoked so much pot he thought he was king of Egypt. That vast consciousness in which he had been immersed for what seemed like all eternity had dropped down, down, all the way down to his very balls. What if he had an erection? He had never known a woman who had not been impressed by it. No, the context was all wrong. He was Pharaoh. Oh yes. Poor Michael. In the blink of an eye he had snapped up his little filly, he who already had a whole stable. He wondered what it must be like not to get all the nooky you wanted. A frightening thought. Could he deal with such a crisis? He could only deal with the task at hand. “Friends,” he said, “welcome. I want you to experience this sacred space. Meditate and immerse yourselves in the waters.”

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Mascha](#) said Mar 30, 2007, 9:33 PM:

Rani never looked back. Whether Melchizedek and Ja-Ne were still there or following her steps, she did not know. Somehow she moved forward – and

the crowd left and right moved back, gasping and hissing, muttering spells of self-protection. But even amid shrieks of Ghoul! Walking Wreath! and Sorceress! every one assembled there at the gates to the Osirion gave way.

A young boy picked up a stone and hurled it, laughing, his companion encouraged, followed suit. An older man rushed to beat them both back to reason with his dusty shoe. Two rocks struck Rani's back, one at the shoulder blade, and she faltered, but righted herself instantly and moved on, barefoot, in her erstwhile best ceremonial dress, a crimson-fuchsia wrap with brilliant borders of gold brocade, now filthy and torn, now blood-stained as well in the back. Past the stalls with their fleeing vendors she sailed like a swan down the river of eternity never changing her fiercely concentrated expression. At one booth, she snatched a merchant's black cloak from a hook, flung it across her shoulders and went on. "Scare crow!" hissed the crowd as it receded even further. Guards armed with spears, knives, ceremonial crooks, rushed into her path, but once they saw her face, every one of them slunk back.

Unimpeded, that black-clad apparition passed the great gates, the entry hall, vestibule and walked the length of the temple floors until, at last, Rani came to stop not more than twenty feet away from Ramsses. In a strangely resonating voice she called out, "Kronkety kronk... Hello, brother Bonk. Do you remember me?"

Ramsses gave one of his signature short laughs, waved a bejeweled hand to dismiss her, and then spoke a curse that had not been uttered in these sacred grounds for more than forty thousand years, ever since workmen built the foundations for a Temple Most High in Atlantis on that very spot

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 30, 2007, 10:34 PM:

"Don't knock it till you've tried it!" he called after her, laughing hysterically.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Mascha](#) said Mar 30, 2007, 10:58 PM:

She had leapt up unto the sill of an arched opening between two columns in a single bound. Hearing her brother's hysterical cackling, she turned. Rani looked at the quivering man who had heedlessly uttered that ancient curse and appeared to be now firmly in its grip.

“You and I, we've tried everything already. Don't you remember?”

And with that, she flung herself into the sky above Abydos, shaking a tailfeather.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 30, 2007, 11:03 PM:

“Did you see that?” Ramsses cackled to Michael. “She shook her tail feather at me. Naughty girl.”

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Re: The Song of the Nile

:)

gitanjali [no longer around] said Mar 30, 2007, 11:59 PM:

General Nasser Tebreki standing in the crowd of dignitaries in Ramsses presence, looked at the young pharoah – looking all too amused and

casual on his throne – and muttered: “If we dont get the right political headlines from tonight, I swear I'm gonna do a coup.”

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramses](#) said Mar 31, 2007, 12:11 AM:

Ramses pointed to a saucy little thing in the crowd. “I want that one. Bring her to me.”

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 31, 2007, 5:03 AM:

The Yogi, finally, and thoroughly reviled by the dissipated Pharaoh's besotted behavior, edged away from the throne and crossed to the other side of the pool. Now, between he and King lay the altar. Two bridges were layed to it. The one from the King's side was made of an arched ebony ramp and rosewood rails inlaid with gold. From the Yogi's side was a simple plank though stiff, wide and firm. Musicians struggled to play their instruments in spite of the debauchery flowing from the throne, the harem, each trapped woman guarded by a eunuch giggled on cue from behind the throne. To the sides of the Pharaoh stretched the seated principals of the Thebes court, and guards, many guards were sown among them. Ja-ne, troubled by Ramses' dishelvement and seeming total disregard for his station, had simply left the room. Everywhere else, the nobility and upper echelons of governors, their wives, and hundreds of other dignitaries and wealthy merchants who had vainly tried to ignore the King's spectacular self-destruction, were left to whisper among one another as to the future of Egypt.

The Yogi stood opposite the King – stood mind you in the presence of the Pharaoh himself. Disgusted, for having to call his siddhis to life, the Yogi nonetheless anchored his feet to the floor, steadied his knees, hips and shushumna, drawing iron from the center of the earth. The Kundalini awoke afire with full alarm. No one could see the process unfolding save Melchizzadek who was seated by the wall just behind the Yogi. The ancient one rose, slipping further to the side. With his movement, the King, who had pulled two servant girls to his lap, slowed his lascivious caresses, stopped, and said “What's this?” Melchezzadek shrugged his shoulders and said “Prepare yourself my Lord, for I fear the era of Ramsses, son of Seti, is about to see its end.” By this time the Yogi's combat chakras were fully aroused, the heart was closed and the throat, head and crown were vivid blue. When the Yogi opened his mouth, a snaking bolt of lightning shot over the altar to grab the King by the throat. The guards jumped. Melchizzadek froze them with a glance, and the Yogi lifted the paralyzed King into the air and drew him to suspension just over the altar. He held him there dangling, toes twitching for the altar stones, urine running down his legs to drip on the most sacred spot in the Osirion, his father's favorite place on earth. No sound save the crackling and hissing of the lightning chains broke the stillness in the temple. Holding him there, the Yogi could see the pathetic and wasted creature before him. How could the court in Thebes allow this charade of a man to offer such pretense. This man was no God. No warrior. No heart and soul of the sacred kingdom. The pathetic eyes of Ramsses waggled about in terror. Everywhere he looked people hung their heads in shame. He knew that with one wrong move, the bolt would close upon his throat and his head would soon join the underworld. No crossing of the deep river would occur for him, no immortality, no murals to his greatness, not a stone would be struck on his behalf, no songs, no mourning and never another breast to suckle.

Through the sizzling plasma boiling from his mouth, the Yogi spoke directly to the terrorized King. “Thou hast soiled thyself! Thou art not fit for the pyre! Thine eyes hold no Truth, but corruption darkens them! If thou were even a man, and I not so horribly disposed, thou might see who I really am. Dost thou care to know? Dost thou?!!!” And the white hot noose began to close. Dark smoke began to rise from the roasting flesh. “Yes” screamed the strangling wreck, “Please, on my father's honor, please, YES!”

There was no greater oath in Egypt but to place your own honor on your father's name. Everyone knew it, especially the King, and with that oath, he yielded all of provenance to the Yogi.

With that, the Yogi set Ramsses to his feet upon the altar, but did not let go of the high-voltage collar. The Yogi spoke much more softly now, "Close thine eyes. Try to think of a time not so long ago when thou were first provoked by me. Remember?" The King could think of nothing but times when the Yogi provoked him, but dared not say for fear of his life. "Remember when I sent thee this quatrain:" the Yogi inquired?

Broken dignity on a sandy throne

The simmering rage of a baboon god

Sad Parades twixt stone and marble facade

Our helpless sorrow his too to atone

Cutting off the brief silence with a shake of the lethal restraint, the Yogi said "Well dost thou?" Rammses began to get a sense of where this was going and said, "Yes, I remember," not wanting the fire to return to his neck. The Yogi continued, "That sentiment in that poem was on display here earlier this evening. I have tried since I wrote it to thee to avoid this tawdry spectacle, having shared with thee my own darkness of soul, have taken thy cheap insults time and time again only to return, heart open, and yearning for fellowship, and family within the court. As I have told thee in secret messages, we are brothers, thee and I. I have told thee that I would never shame thee or hold thee to ridicule. I have not broken my pledge, thou has done all the shaming by thyself. Now I wonder if perhaps I've missed the mark. Thou dost not look as brother to me." The King tried to hang his head in the silence that followed but snapped back to attention when his chin touched the fiery restraint. The Yogi looked deeply into Ramsses eyes for a long while and then said, "Is there redemption in thee?"

Ramsses sought a quick, affirmative response but knew that a lie would

doom him for sure. He looked within. The truth was nothing but decadence and total moral failure. He lied continually and took advantage of person after person who came before him. He plucked every beautiful young woman who came anywhere near him, first courting, then savaging her with the pillage of his raging self-disgust. At times he could seem vaguely human offering tepid apologies for his petulance, greed, and wicked temper. The truth was his kingdom was in an uproar, intrigue, betrayal, and poisonings were the rule rather than the exception. He was dead tired from trying to appear strong and in control but his appetites betrayed him and now, he was simply lost. “No.” he said, “I harbor no redemption.”

The electric plasma vanished and the Yogi released him to stand free on the altar. “Ah, the truth!” the Yogi said, what a pleasant ring it has to it. Now, on to our little game.”

“I have asked thee my question, Is there redemption in you? You answered ‘No’ so now that is done. Now thou must ask me thy question.” Ramsses hesitated, fearing somehow that his life, or what was left of it, might still hang in the balance. Yet he was free, for the moment, and thought deeply as to what might further the truce. He realized that he really knew nothing at all about the strange figure before him. After a long pause, he whispered “Who are you?”. The Yogi chuckled and lifted his eyes to the celestial ceiling, “Why, I am the Archangel Michael,” he sang to the painted stars overhead. Then, looking back down and across to the stunned Ramsses, he added, “There maybe redemption in thee yet dear one. At least thee can take a suggestion!” And he laughed a great laugh, not at Ramsses but too himself and the Godness within. At this, the paralysis in the court softened, Melchizedek slipped his wand back into his robe, and Ja-ne returned to the temple with Rani by her side. The crone straightened imperceptibly and her body, unnoticed, began to slightly flex and stretch. Khephri flew from her shoulder to the ceiling over the altar, and, clinging to a scrap of waste paint, settled to a low thrumming of his wings.

“Now”, the Yogi said, still unmoving from his spot, “to the challenges. As agreed, I will go first. My challenge for thee is to wrestle any one I shall choose from the assembly. Are thee game?” Ramsses knew that despite his dissipation, the recent trial by fire had significantly sobered him. He knew all the guards in attendance and not one of them would be a match for

him. As he looked around at the rest, his eyes fell on none that had a chance to best him. “Of course.” the King said feeling the rise of opportunity for redemption. Then to himself he said. “This Angel is not such a bad guy after all.”

“Done,” said Michael, “I choose ...” and his finger ran slowly around the room until it came full circle to the crone, “Her.” Ramsses paled. He lifted his forearms to his sides and turning the palms slowly up, he said “This can't be. I will crush her in one stroke!” “In due time, my Lord, in due time we shall see who suffers the crushing.” And with that, the Yogi walked past the crone who herself was shuffling towards the plank. As the crone made her downcast way to the foot of the bridge, Michael crossed to the musicians, whispered their leader close and conversed with him for a few moments. Heads nodded in assurance, Michael took several coins from his purse, the musicians smiled and Michael returned to face Ramsses again as the crone stepped to the altar. Bowing deeply to Melchizedek, Michael stepped back to see the ancient one take his place at the foot of the plank bridge. Softly, a complex throbbing came from the drums and other rhythm instruments in the orchestra. Upon that, stringed instruments and several flutes played an overlay of insistent counterpoint. The effect was stunning and the assemblage began to move involuntarily as they sat transfixed, all eyes upon the altar.

Overhead, in a stone crook on the roof, the Raven settled in to listen. Khephri's thrumming picked up the beat and the emerald waters of the pool began to shake sending waves to the sides of the pool and back until a shifting pattern emerged. It was now quite dark outside and as the temples torches burned, the light bounced off the waves turning the room into a phantasm of vibrating light and shadow.

Ramsses was aghast. This would be no contest. There would be no redemption here. The Yogi had tricked him! As he headed for his opulent bridge it rose in the air by the magician Melchizedek's hand to hover there out of reach. The same feat the wise one performed with the plank at the other side of the altar. The Pharaoh was trapped and turned to face the crone. For her part, the old woman opened her cloak at the throat. She produced a simple and strange medallion. It was a silver mirror polished on both sides, and hung by a chain around her neck. She held the mirror out

in front of her and, looking at her face in it, she beckoned Ramsses closer so he could look in it too. A power beyond the King's comprehension pulled him to the disc. When his image came clear, he was shocked by what he saw. It was him alright, but him as a much younger man, when his father, Seti was still alive. The boy's face shone with the vigor of youth. His eyes were bright and merry. A sister played nearby with him, and over at the edge of the garden, an older boy was practicing with slingshot and arrows. Ramsses, using all of his considerable power, snapped back in retreat from this scene. The crone returned the medallion to her withered breast and, bowing low before the King, she backed up and began to turn. The music pitched upwards and forward rhythmically. Ramsses stood back, removed his tunic and stood before the revolving crone in his dhoti.

It wasn't a few turns before the crone began to straighten as her speed kept pace with the increasingly frenetic sound of the orchestra. The pool's waters responded and the standing waves grew peaks of droplets rising higher and higher above the level of the pool. Soon, she was fully erect, a foot taller than she had originally appeared. Ramsses, paralyzed by the sight just stood there, his mouth slowly falling open. When the orchestra reached an impossible frenzy and the droplets had risen as high as the King's eye, the dervish suddenly collapsed to the floor. The music slowly died. Her robe had opened at her chest, partially exposing one perfect breast. The disc was gone. Her hair had gone from white to black. Her face was peaceful and of a beauty that none had ever seen in the days of Egypt. The King, stupefied, slowly collapsed to his knees. Immediately, the entire assemblage thrust themselves prone to the floor so as not to be higher than King. Even the Yogi and the wise one took to their bones. Khephri's thrumming ceased. The pool's waters were the last to stop beating. The light stabilized as tears came to the eyes of the King and most of the assemblage. The bridges were resettled. Attendants rushed to the side of the fallen sacrifice, lifting her body to a pallet and solemnly crossing the black, red, and gold bridge. The King, sank to his heels, lowered his head and continued forward into the pose of the child. The Yogi crossed the plank bridge and sat cross-legged before the Pharaoh. "Now thee," he said softly to the King while stretching out to touch his hands, "now thee may challenge me."

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 31, 2007, 10:19 AM:

Ah, but the Pharaoh was subtle, so infinitely subtle. He knew the hearts of men. He could play any role. He would test and probe whom he pleased. Was there honor in the man he had befriended? There was none. He on whose behalf Ramsses had toiled ceaselessly, crossed the desert and moved armies, brought even to the most holy of holies for healing, would betray him in an instant. For all men wish only to be lord over their little pile of dirt and proclaim themselves to be lord of all.

“The Pharaoh of all Egypt bids you enter.” Ramsses played out the ensuing scene. He would throw a scrap to the pigs and watch them scramble. It was so sadly, so comically predictable. But, no, his judgment was too harsh. Truly it was honor, in his total blindness, that Michael so desperately sought, honor that he would never find so long as he could not bear to look within at the despicable heart of darkness in his own soul. For there only lies the battle and the victory, there only is the Pharaoh who reigns forever in Abydos.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[maxie](#) said Mar 31, 2007, 5:11 PM:

Ramsses reacted to the touch of the Yogi by springing to his feet saying, “Despicable fool! You come to me with this pathetic plea for brotherhood, for belonging to my court! You pig of a mere man. I scoff at you and render your efforts to the wallow.” The Yogi sat beneath him looking up softly into the King's enraged eyes. “Has it ever occurred to you why I have paid so much attention to your feet,” asked the Yogi while stretching as if to touch them. Ramsses stepped back out of reach revealing the pool of his urine between them. Extending a finger to the edge of the pool, the Yogi

lowered his hand and just touched the surface. A drop, tiny, shining, golden hung there sparkling in the torchlight. Looking up again at the King, the Yogi raised his hand and pressed the drop to his forehead, holding it there for a moment while slowly rubbing it in. "My brother," he said, "your feet are what make you human. No King, no God, no Pharaoh, may walk this earth on more than human feet. Why is it, do you suppose, that the shoes of the Guru are important to the devotee? Why are there footprints of great beings the world over carved into stone to mark their passing? Look at your feet. They are perfect. The small toes are separated one from the other just so. The great toes are splendid in shape. The nails exact half moons, pink and shining as if newborn. There are no scars, no evidence of any travel, no consequence at all shows from your time upon this earth. Now, look at mine," the Yogi continued. "Mine are a bit different." And, lifting a foot from beneath his cross-legged position, the Yogi presented it for his own and Ramesses inspection. The foot was gnarled, the toes splattered in all directions. The nails were dark and cracked and the sole was calloused beyond description. "Now this foot, has seen some action. It has climbed mountains and flown down them. It has carried me through caves and through the ashes of the ghats in Benares. It has supported the weight of my children, the wounded, the burdens of wives, and long upheld the heart you so despise." The Yogi put down his foot, and, as he spread his arms wide into a great circle while pressing upward from the edges of his weathered feet to stand toe-to-toe with the King. Neither man flinched as they stared into each other's eyes. The Yogi spoke softly, "My brother, within my arms lies the entirety of God's creation. Every spark, star, vortex and mote, all within, all resounding to OM divine." With that, he closed his hands upon the scalded throat of the King who tried to struggle at first but feeling no real pressure from the Yogi's hands, he decided not to resist as he knew the Yogi, who was close enough to kiss him, might turn lethal if resisted. So he waited and, while waiting, he could feel a warmth beginning to come from his enemy's hands. The warmth grew to just the point of irritation where one knows the medicine is really working. With that, the Yogi released his hands revealing the taught and perfect skin of the King's throat.

The Yogi then passed by the King and crossed the gilded bridge to bow before the court. He looked directly into the eyes of Rani and Ja-ne. "My sister, my Mother, thou knowest who I am. Ever I go upon this earth I will take thee with me." He continued towards the portal to the Osirion, through the assemblage which parted before him. Stopping at the entrance, he

stopped to bow before the servant Nefertitti. “My darling,” he said whispering, “thou hast borne the brunt of some of this. Know always that you too will remain in my heart and prayers.” With that, he exited the Osirion, walked through the Seti temple while bowing to the images of Ramsses father, and walked out into the peach glow of morning in Abydos.

The Raven arose, stretched her wings and took to the dawn skies. The scarab, who had just observed the death of his beloved, fell from his grasp to the ceiling landing dead at the King's feet. Ramsses foot rose and dropped crushing Khephri's body. With a yelp the King hopped to one leg while lifting the other to have a look. In the center of his once-perfect sole, there was a deep gash. Gouts of blood poured from it and dripped to the floor to mix with the remains of his urine. No one moved. Rani and Ja-ne edged closer together reaching for each other's hands. Ramsses put his wounded foot tenderly back on the floor and stood there, unbalanced and alone on the altar.

The Yogi, moving swiftly with intention now, came to the pyre where the ashes of the crone still smoldered, bowing deeply, he raised his palms to his chin, intoned “Namaste” and continued on to the quay by the riverside. He reached deep into his purse for the last of his coins and held them forth while pointing across the river. A young man, early to rise, saw the Yogi and nodded yes. The youth snapped to, the lateen sail was lowered and its boom made fast to the breeze. The Yogi hopped aboard and together he and the boat's captain crewed the sleek craft through the maze of other boats to the open waters of the Nile. The sail cracked into shape in the morning air and the little craft jumped in response. Soon there was a vee of white foam streaming from the bow. “A bone in her teeth,” the Yogi said with a wide grin to his young captain. “Aye my Lord, a bone it is. It won't take us long to cross. Where is it that you are bound for?” Pausing, the Yogi said, “The Sinai at first for the heat of day and the cold of night to purge me of the confusion in Egypt, beyond that I don't know, India perhaps or maybe Ceylon. The Himalya are warming at this time of year or over to the Taklamakan. There are great cities there with splendors that have never met an outsider's eyes, with grapes the size of a giant's thumb and dates like your fist. Dancing is permitted and no one cares what or who you are.”

They reached the shore and the Yogi, after tousling the boy's hair, leapt to the beach proceeding inland without looking back. After walking for hours,

he sat behind a boulder and closed his eyes in the shade. He knew how to find water in this barrenness. He knew that vultures would lead him to meat. He knew the Sinai contained secret wonders of learning enshrined in caves. He knew that he would find companionship and brotherhood soon. He let himself drift within. The soft rustling of wings caused his eyes to open and there before him stood the Raven and the Owl. As the Owl was staring directly at him, the Yogi sought to prostrate himself but the Owl raised his wings and shook them while blinking at the Yogi as if to say that the protocol was no longer required. The Raven shifted from one foot to the next while they all looked at each other. The Raven and the Owl closed their eyes and the Yogi soon followed suit. Immediately, he could hear the mantra of the Raven playing in his head, “Kronkety bonk, de wonk de thonk, da katcheta cock Katchoolya.” It repeated after a pause and then again and again the pauses seeming longer each time. Slowly, the Yogi came to realize that an interpretation in his own language was filling the gaps. After a couple of more repetitions, the sound of it came clear, “Breathe in, breathe out, move, add music, expect the joy of your birth and your true home, to be with you always.” As he opened his eyes, he could just see the birds, stroke for stroke heading west and back to their duties in Egypt.

The Yogi turned northeast into the heart of the Sinai, repeating “Breath in, breathe out, move, add music, expect joy to rise within”

The saliva returned to his parched tongue and lips and, as he strode deeper into the desert, he began to whistle.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Mar 31, 2007, 9:09 PM:

Ramsses was walking with Jane in the courtyard of the great Seti temple. His head was down and his hands were in his pockets. His shoulders were hunched. He had come very close to doing something he would always have regretted. He was all too acutely aware how inestimably

valuable she had been to him as friend and confidante.

It was she who had restrained his deadly Pharaonic wrath.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Balder](#) said Mar 31, 2007, 11:35 PM:

The Zorokothora, Melchizedek, had watched the dissolute behavior of the Pharaoh and the violent escalation of the challenge with distant resignation. How often had he seen this over the centuries? How often had he been instrumental in provoking such incidents himself, meddling as he did in the affairs of men in his ceaseless effort to harvest motes of light? He felt at times like the greatest of fools, attempting in his blind, divine arrogance to catalyze something so volatile and unpredictable, so beautiful and tormented and free as the human heart.

When the challenge had ended, and the Black Mother lay in a heap on the ground, and the princess had fled, and the Pharaoh stood trembling with rage in his own urine, and the Yogi stood exhausted and disappointed before him, he knew that the moment had passed – that the great forces that he had sensed at work in the magma chamber of the Pharaoh's court had spent themselves, not in birthing something new, but in the entropic dissolution that was so often the outcome in this fallen realm. He turned from the faces of the players in this drama, so beloved to him, and so confounding, and sought a quiet corner of the Osirion in which he could commune with the Most High.

In the evening, when the temple of Seti had emptied out and the Yogi had set sail down the Nile, Melchizedek sat alone by the edge of the emerald pool, watching light and shadow flicker across the riotous colors of the wall. The sound of voices stirred him from his reverie, and rising quickly, he withdrew behind a pillar as the Pharaoh and Ja-ne approached. “Thank you,” he was saying. “Once again, you have stayed my hand. But this

time,” he paused, looking in her eyes, “I do not resent you for it.” From where he stood in the shadows, the Zorokothora could see a small bindu of light dancing around the Pharaoh like a firefly.

Melchizedek turned and walked away. He could have assumed the form of a bird and swallowed it whole – another brick for the bright kingdom come, another jewel for the Treasury of Light. But this evening, for the first time since he had first begun working in the kingdom of men, he did not want to snatch it away. He liked it just where it was, dancing in the space between two fragile bodies.

“Forgive me, Father,” he said. “I know not what I do.” And as he uttered these words, he was seized by a vision that stopped him in his tracks. He saw himself, his skin in ribbons, bloody on the floor; he saw the sky black with a dangerous wind; he saw himself howling on a stake on a benighted hill with all the rage and hatred of the world upon him; and he saw the curtains of his heart rent in two, shuddering with an intimacy that left him reeling with ecstasy, blazing with a light no angel or god had yet known.

He sat down on the dust of the floor and leaned his head against the wall of the temple. After centuries of gathering motes of light, wrestling with men for the pitiable harvest he could wring from them, he had grown dull with resignation. He had not seen this coming.

But the Kosmos will not sit still, even for the sons and daughters of God.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramses](#) said Mar 31, 2007, 11:49 PM:

The Pharaoh laughed. They got the show they wanted. It was the one they deserved.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Mascha](#) said Apr 1, 2007, 2:06 AM:

the eye of a wildflower

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Jane](#) said Apr 1, 2007, 3:28 AM:

On her royal brother's seal is written, "God is coming and she is pissed." Jane could not help but consider this as she looked at the situation in the courtyard of this sacred temple. The sun was barely beginning its appearance. It was not at all satisfactory. "If we have only convened for high theatrics, this would be quite suitable," she thought. "If I was here, merely for the service and counsel for my self-indulgent, sometimes hilarious king, this would be disappointing, but also bearable. God knows my pharaoh will get this his own way if left another 500 life times, and I am hoping for much sooner. But now, Look at this, Look at this! I have cried my last tear of helplessness. I have had enough." She paused, the fury in eyes burning with the heat of the primordial fireball, the strength of a thousand women coursing through her veins.

She had seen this all before, in the past, in the future, in her dreams, – the wise woman is in cinders, the beautiful Rani– a shriek, and the sweet servant girl, Nefratiti– somehow bearing the confusion and the shame. The tantric flow splattered in shambles. It is the same the world over, when the party is over and the dramatics concluded, my sisters, my mothers, my children slowly and quietly lift their precious heads and begin to spin the new day into being. And instead of living in a blessed paradise, we are in dusty bowl of sadness and gloom. The party ribbons become firestarter; the leftovers of the banquet are turned yet again into a meager compost and coaxed into another cycle; the sacred waters of the Abydos are left to hold the toxins of another pissing match. "Oh they may all mean well but so what. This it is pure crap."

As she gazed over the temple grounds, aghast in ruin, and already stretching out in time and consequence, the entire situation was more than merely irritating or annoying. In the deluge, smoke fire and flooding, famines ensue, rivers damn, and breaking her heart in for the one millionth and one time, the children of the earth were left to forge on their own. All the children, the baby gazelles, the baby mynas, the baby elephants, the baby humans, the baby scarabs. "It is just not good enough."

"This display is atrocious. I love you all unconditionally and forever, And,

AND this is total crap!” Her voice reached a rage stronger and more powerful than even she had ever imagined in her capacity. “This behaviour is unacceptable. We need men, not stoned and indulgent, and not seething in anger at their father’s misbegotten rage and stupidity, not beating the crap out of each other, not believing that another bedpost notch will bring some relief to their inadequacy, but men with their balls and hearts connected. Men know how to dance shamelessly and with abandon. Men who laugh and love and stay present.”

“Stay present,” Ja-ne thought about this. She considered the eons that she had sat outside of some caveman’s cave, waiting for the rare appearance of the mythic creature. How many life times had she believed herself responsible for this absence. Not juicy enough, too strict, not beautiful enough, a ball crusher, as if in all the world she could be something so perfect that the mythic man would come to his senses. She scoffed now at the delusion of these beliefs.

“If it tastes like Honey, and it is pure shit, why would you ever go on eating it?” She had remember her king saying this to her, how this simple truth had pierced her heart chakra with the ease of a scalpel held against a festering boil. She might just roll the rock of Sisyphus over the portal of that cave once and for all, she was so angry! “With the pretense of miners for a heart of gold, in the dark and the damp, in the lewd and destructive. There is no nobility in this. What a pile of shit!!” The anger gleamed in her eyes, “And who would care, who would care! If these idiots suffocated and rotted, putrefying and drying to some mummified parody, a relic in a museum. Petrified rocks rearranging themselves! Too stupid for survival. I did not bring my boy children into this world for this. I have had one too many splendid earthly banquets wrecked by all of this stupidity.” Her rant came to an abrupt end. She breathed in a deep breath, and with that she resolved to call upon her sisters. “Enough I will not drink of this cup another moment. We are the voice of the Earth. Sophia must be heard!”

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Re: The Song of the Nile

:)

gitanjali [no longer around] said Apr 1, 2007, 5:58 AM:

Nerfetiti walked away from Abydos through space and time on her journey to Eleusis. She thought about the events of the past few days, culminating in the destruction at the Osirion. Yes, she thought it was a fitting end after all.

The events had played out the pain of the world. For centuries gone and centuries to come, there would be the great schism. The young pharaoh's soul had been a playground for it...

nirvana without samsara, emptiness without form, man without woman, light without the dark.

It was not surprising that most spiritual traditions of the time disrespected women, sex, the body, emotions, the ego. These things were of the manifest world. The followers of these traditions could not penetrate Matter with the eyes of Love. The hate of the manifest world was the hate of She.

But She could not be escaped. Those who chased transcendence and grew round and oily in the process would feel their shadow crash over them like a wave over a surfer boy.

If she was not honoured she would seek blood. She invited penetration to her deepest joys but would not allow it unless you offered your heart, and your soul as well as your cock.

It was no wonder that most traditions had no sense of structures – that was something of the relative world. And that world was not important. So even those who were chauvinist and racist could lead you to some minor degree of awakening. Or maybe they were just really smiling chubby people, plumped up like potentates who had devotees to do everything for them. All those forms would be part of the evolution of spirituality over centuries to come.

And perhaps all the players of this song had been drawn to it to heal the faultlines in themselves? And certainly it would be played out again and again, in relationship, in work, in wars, in the planet's fate until we were conscious enough to create the identity equation.

“The play was the thing wherein to catch the king. ”

Nefetiti felt a parade of emotions flow through her. Disappointment, shame, resentment, boredom, relief and grief. Grief for the hidden beauty of this world, hidden in even the densest and most fleshly objects of the world... the trees being cut down, the hungry squalling family, the aged and dying body, the blowfly on the dung, and the beauty hidden in grief's own endlessly deep surge.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramses](#) said Apr 1, 2007, 7:17 AM:

Ramses heard the voices. They had nothing to do with him. They were lost.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Jane](#) said Apr 1, 2007, 5:49 PM:

My older sister Shivvy offers this poem to the pharoah,

SiObhan here again with a missive for your king;
Sweet pharaoh in your mortal tomb
Crypt enshrouded
The dancing starlight overhead
the luxury of death affords you no opportunity

of celebration in this magnificent imperfection
 yours a thousand deaths to feel
 when all is waylaid and misplaced
 Out of the desert appears a wanderer
 filthy, misguided and bereft
 happier endings could ensue
 should we travel deep into this world
 to find the whimsy few
 who do not abandon hope and
 challenge the vaulted ,stoney crypt
 to shed itself protection

The black pearl upon the forehead of the princess affords you a glimpse into the vision of a better world. Your scarab can protect you as you face the murky depths. Your yogi friend has vanished and sent a messenger from whither he has gone. Return dear brothers to the task unmitigated by despair. Your fledgling followers search too for what you've left behind. Your dedication is in part founded on your cornerstones and all travelers weary sometimes in this fight.. Your gazelle will advise you. Illumination does not usually come in moments after but in the present time. Your fortress falls in ruins with you. In this tomb you cannot find immortality nor face your many human tasks. A good rest it may be. Does it bring you into the light?

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Apr 9, 2007, 8:00 PM:

Ramsses was walking alone among the pillars of the Seti temple. Fairly early in the heated discussion still taking place in the Osirion it had become clear to him that he had better stay out of it. Yet he was as amazed as everyone else by the depth of the experience they had shared. Such a deep vein had been tapped. Was it the shocking encounter of real identities through the donning of masks? He had a much clearer view now of the other participants in the Song, but what had he revealed of himself? Apparently, he was alone in his estimation of himself as Pharaoh. Oddly, this did not trouble him. His mind went back to the

curious origins of the story, the desire of the High Priest to behold Isis in her ferocious aspect of Sekhmet and his repeated dismemberment. Well, he asked for it, didn't he? Then following Rani through Thebes as if she were a goddess and he a god. Who did he think he was, anyway? And the Yogi he befriended and brought to Abydos for healing who betrayed him. Why do I feel like I need to take care of people? They crucify me and act like I crucified them. They would have destroyed the Osirion if I had let them. I'm going back to Luxor. Who needs this?


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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Jane](#) said Apr 9, 2007, 8:41 PM:

The Priestess had also been considering the temple at Seti, the strange choices people make in lieu of love and song and dance. The devastation and loss. She was feeling a deep cool love for her king. She had some questions for him, as she sat at the Prada they began to form. Questions like hailstones, forming, dropping and melting in the desert.....and then forming like pearls, all these questions, people raining down from heaven. Strangely born we birth each other.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Apr 9, 2007, 9:14 PM:

Just as Ramsses was about to slip away, the Priestess emerged from the great doors of the temple and caught him with a look of love. It was hopelessly romantic. What was he to do? She knew of his beloved Faerie. He would never betray her. The Priestess was clearly not of that variety of luscious desert fruit that could be tasted among many. She must be kept at bay. But she was there and the boat was waiting. Ramsses beckoned. He would deal with

her. How could he resist?

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramses](#) said Apr 9, 2007, 11:39 PM:

And so they boarded the royal bark and, hoisting sail to the immemorial northerly winds, bade silent farewell to the great pow-wow in the Osirion. The stars overhead wheeled fantastically in the clear desert air. Ramses sat alone atop the forecastle in the lotus pose silently repeating some mantra he had picked up from an itinerant sadhu from South India. Jane stretched out on a comfortable bed on the deck and blissfully drifted into the great starry night.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Jane](#) said Apr 11, 2007, 8:38 AM:

The beautiful priestess, with eyes that held the sky, felt the confusion of her Pharaoh. He had done this very thing before, and he was doing it again. He was “hopelessly romantic” and projected this flimsy, immature and charged state onto her. If he knew how many, many men had offered their hearts on platters at her altar, he might have been able to understand the pattern and the problem. Now in this moment, he had the silly delusion that perhaps he was the only one with the nerve. Phooey!

All of these hearts! All of these platters!

She had at times been compassionate, at other times, annoyed. “You’ll be needing that,” she grew accustomed to saying while casting a glance at the bleeding offerings, followed by inspecting the rent in the gaping chests.

“Jay-sus! What can you possibly be thinking?!”

She had watched the fuming fury of these suitors, how quickly they had turned from these effusive offering of a pale and tepid love, to a passionate


anger and disparagement. “Love is not love, that alters when it alteration finds,” she would sometimes say, even if rarely heard through the blind rage of rejection. “I gave you my heart, but you wanted my soul,” some folksinger representative took to whining at her lonely door... damn if that whining did not go on for years. How annoying that had grown, until she finally leaned over her balcony and told Bob to shut the fuck up!

The priestess got up from her bed, and hiked to the roof and sat down beside her friend. “It is like this my dear and darling Ramsses, I neither want your heart nor do I want your soul. I want to dance. And guaranteed this too— my beautiful sister, your sweet and devoted faerie, she wants to dance too! For this dancing, the wild and ecstatic dancing of Shatki and Shiva, you need not only your heart but your balls too....all of it!” They looked over the smoldering courtyard, the acrid smell of burning garbage, of burning corpses. She continued, “Of course, until you get this right, your situation is in ruin, your pharaoh-land is a desert. All of this, where a great banquet is yearning to be manifest. You are powerful beyond your wildest imaginations. Remember that song I sang to you once...Moxy Frugus: “Once you were the king of Spain, and now you are cleaning the turf at the SkyDome... once you were the Pharaoh of Egypt, and now you are refusing humble pie.”.... That was a fun night. OH, I have loved playing with you. I have loved laughing my head off.”

She paused, she looked in those sad and bewildered eyes. These were not the eyes of a king, but of a boy who had lost something precious, and did not quite know the next step. She continued, “ Make no mistake, I love you, I love you indeed! your emerald eyes, your magnificence...I am your true sister...all of this waiting and watching that you have been doing! Waiting in an historical mythology, waiting for you to bring your legacy into this world. You are a magnificent host. I remember the red hibiscus flower, the mangos and the pinenuts...the annointment with lavender. I know your love it real. But make no mistake: it is time that you found the part that you lost and when fully restored, you served your self at this banquet. You are an offering on this stage of life. We all are. And even as we are destroyed, we dance. It all turns to nothing. It all turns to beauty.”

She smiled at him, and then she started to laugh, “ya jus’ do the hanky panky and ya turn yourself around. that’s what its all about.” And with that she slid down the drain pipe of the turrette, off the balcony, onto the court yard.... “Come on down.” She called up to him, starting to rummage in the rubble. “There must be something left down here that might still be good to eat. I am starving.....Left overs are sometimes better than the real thing.

And retrofits sometimes have an elegance. It is time to birth the story anew.
A woman's world is never done."


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Re: The Song of the Nile



[marigpa](#) said Apr 11, 2007, 11:51 AM:

The Raven perched atop the highest crag
The orb of her left eye taking all in
Flights of fancy gently brought back to earth
The rubble yielding hidden treasure, then?

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Ramsses](#) said Apr 11, 2007, 3:51 PM:

Ramsses threw the silly fool overboard to the crocodiles. Peace at last.

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Re: The Song of the Nile



[Jane](#) said Apr 11, 2007, 3:56 PM:

What silly fool are you referring to?

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