

The Eye of Horus

Anna Gretton

Hot greasy skin
Stinging with salt
The hotel light
Buzzes neon
Mosquitoes whine,
Puncture

Smoke thick stings eyes
Curling upwards to
The River of Lethe
Sweet oblivion.
The pomegranates dry
Bend and snap

Chasing back to the city
Perhaps at the bottom of this toxic Nile
Seti's spirit lies and waits
Thoth and his curled beak
Pecking at the scummy froth
In search of holy words
Maybe Horus soars above the smoke
To build a dome around
This city of termite mounds

Where have the Gods gone?
The manged dogs
Eyes sown shut
Red with fleas
That cluster and feast,
Choking on fumes, thick with dust
Engines thrum and sputter
Enough!

The clouds part
Hot air dissipates
To orderly coldness
Back to news. Bills. Whatsapp. Time.
Commute. Quick. Now.
Hearts race to keep pace.

One cold grey afternoon
A train to nowhere in particular
Reflect. Flecks of fire, the leaves
Break out into Catherine wheels

It is a slow and sad ending
I don't want to go they seem to say
But they must

A grey boned landscape

Stillness creeps and shrouds
The hawthorn bushes

Life returns to the soil.
Green sap pumps down stalks and
Fungi gorge on leaves
To exude the wet earthy cinnamon smell
Of a world turning again.

Thick clouds
Pregnant with feeling
Advance over the hill
Shining armies crash
As metal clashes with bone
Now machine clashes with machine

Fire and fury above the earth
It's in our blood to be afraid of the Gods.

They are watching
Above the clouds the falcons soar
Silent in their secrets.

