

Rah rises.

As tendrils of white mist
Weave their way through
The reeds and grasses of the Nile
Golden desert sands
Glow and twinkle
Shades of gold
The distant horizon
Shimmers with heat waves
Fooling the eye
Rah burns and punishes
The Nile sparkles like diamonds
Bringer of life
And death
To all who choose to abide here.

J. Price Aug '24.