

Pyramids

Roger Smith

The sands, storm around the base
spinning around solid foundation as we watch in amazement
questioning the conception
of a structure created by the
Omnipotent hands of God, gazing at Giza
staring into the sun shining on the back
of the pyramids.

Definitive, undeniable shape of heaven crafted,
towering over me I bear witness to the Nile
acting as umbilical cord nourishing earlier civilizations
as legendary futures become historical pasts.

Grains of sand enter my nasal cavity and I breathe
in the essence of life, tasting millions of years
which have the calculated scent of a few trimesters.

Positioned next to sisters and protected by
the guardian Sphinx who flanks the temple,
rather the body...

The perfect portrait of a pyramidion.

Less material high with a majority of weight pushing down
towards canals distant from Suez,
anatomically

built of Nubian limestone labeled melanin

I see cultivation within angular eyes
and the rising population of pharaohs in wombs
of Egyptian ancestry.

Images depict you,
wonder of the world
wondering how you stand strong for lifetimes as
time gives life before you

while nations disrespect you,
wild masons abuse your meaning
taking you for granted when they should worship
the sands beneath
because you silently screamed in childbirth as the Sahara
deserted you just as the Blue deserted him before
and the sand storm cycle continues
blowing the genetics of fury through the placenta to be washed
away in the Red Sea,
but its not...
It travels from dynasty to dynasty,
through your heartbeat in Cairo to that of your offspring in
Aswan
creating sharper edges,
strengthening your stone-like exterior
from apex to base,
every face of you is exquisite.
Your goodbye causes the sun to set
and I've finally learned to say I love you in Arabic,
mother,
you're a pyramid.