

# Valley of the Queens

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I We cannot fool the gods  
now they, with infinite testing devices  
set mazes of enlightenment  
wherein we, the queens attempted  
to write over the temples our mothers consecrated

We lie here in this delusion of eternity  
with all our accoutrements  
our mothers cannot take them  
and our daughters are fooled  
in what they allude to as their discovery

Only those mirrors reveal our true grace  
and races, dancing through our pillars  
can awake the sunrise on our face



II The eyes, though they have  
what they really know to see  
will not listen to the hiss of  
those salts of the earth which insidiously  
slake through our pillars; our reliefs  
lie not in audiences

Those who revere reproduce  
those who do not, leach

They leave our valley for the new wave  
erasing all our delusions  
they spare not hieroglyphs  
laughing, they create their structures  
to find what to take apart.

III I look up, stare into my own sun  
I see in the hole in my head  
the eddy of the tidal flute  
this eye waits for the one true sound to find words  
in this wicket, there is no relief

Broad shouldered, I face the pyramid of my days  
oblivious to that sunken shadow  
behind the temple

Below the sarcophagus, lies my mother  
I refuse the take dictation  
I have my boat, my raiment  
I cannot stretch my coat  
into her cloth

But must my daughter be buried second-hand?

IV Through this hole, this micron of humanity  
I await my daughter  
she stalks through life  
her offering tentative  
I cannot give her life  
she gives to that sun  
of process those salts she makes  
which harden into time  
a verifiable construction

The tourists stroll through her  
my tears she does not hear  
for they do not want mirrors  
they are lighters without a light

All my life she strove for freedom  
harnessed me to push away  
tendrils binding her to my sun  
repeating to me that my temple  
is too narrow, that I've become  
dwarfed, the Nile will will enfold itself  
and she must have her own domination over it

In this Valley of the Queens  
there is no one's own  
my daughter is a renovator of labyrinths  
she knows no loss  
she cannot face the gain.

V Yet in this eddy, the river  
of sound takes its silt  
from the banks of time  
and rejuvenates a lotus  
floating

She my daughter, Papyrus  
is the record of my reign  
on the flood plain  
the tourists cannot avoid this journey  
though they expect to fly past  
the eternity of my experience

Though I am plundered  
and excavated by those gods  
measuring my eternal womb  
to recreate their own reality  
the hole in my head constructs  
the process of emptiness  
the fruition of time

My daughter will learn this  
she, the unconscious dance  
borne by the eddy of the hole  
in my head, the god  
cannot catch

She is not seismic  
they cannot grid her teeth  
analyze her raiment  
fix her in time

In this Valley of the Queens  
my sisters know the jackal  
their daughters keep time.



# About North Wind Press

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## About North Wind Press

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