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TELL ME what your eyes have seen,
Nehop-hatsu?
In what past may you have been
Princess, and a priestess, too, Nehop-hatsu?
Was life in the land of Khem only what life is to-day?
Woe and pestilence to them toiling, faint, along the
way
(Here and there a crushed rose lay);
Feasting, pageantry, for those sheltered by high walls,
their dreams
Theirs, and all which man esteems,

BULAK

Except . . . except *what?* A dull
Want, indefinable; some
Felt it lying on their hearts; others named it, and cried
out.
All, all, rich, poor, wise man, ~~fool~~, *trull*
Questioned clouds, the stars, the dumb
Sun, the very birds that fly.
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.
"Gods! Why am I here, and I!"



—This was life when Khem was new?
And the key that you have found, Nehop-hatsu?
In Thoth's hand you lay; unbound, future, past, were
clear to you.
Would, for us, the knowledge make
Time drag lighter? Mummy, take
But as jesting what I say! Hidden things we may not
seek,
Nehop-hatsu.
Priestess, princess, bit of clay, it is well you can *not*
speak. AIMÉE TOURGÉE.