

## AN UNEARTHED SCROLL OF KHUFU

Who finds this may be blest or cursed,  
dependent on my mood. Among  
all legacies, the pyramids  
are notable, my own and two  
of lesser size to complement  
horizons near my sepulcher.  
Proclaimed as worldly Wonders, these,  
most ancient of the Seven, these  
alone survive: Kings' monuments  
of my design, my contribution.

While other Wonders crumbled, even  
mighty Zeus of ivory  
and gold, Diana's temple walls,  
the bronze Colossus, yes, the crypt  
of yet another king, plus things  
unworthy of the epithet--  
the pyramids withstood the wars  
of sand, wild desert winds and time.  
The guardian beast, unsleeping Sphinx  
still faithful at his post, is mine.

Attune your mortal sense to truth  
I let you read. I was a child  
who sculpted, studied architecture,  
mathematics, physics, natural laws.  
My plans and figures laid foundations  
for perfect structures made of stone.  
That stepped erection at Saqqara,  
that jagged effort built for Zoser,  
was premature, a clumsy trial,  
an early incarnation. I

regret it, but perhaps the gods  
experimented too. In this  
rebirth, in name of Khufu, I  
fulfilled my role, my destiny:  
The flawless dune I saw in dreams,  
two wizard chamberlains who taught  
me weights and measures, served me cups  
of sleep and visions, made me blocks  
to stack, to incline to an apex--  
converged within my dynasty.

(cont.)

If some suppose my pyramid  
 a mere obsession with my tomb  
 let them attend my history:  
 My reign was peaceful, none attacked  
 my realm. The laborers and cooks,  
 the masons, scribes and quarry men  
 had well-paid work for scores of years.  
 Poets and artists painted me  
 with honor, carved my name with care.  
 My red sarcophagus was lined

with simple grieving of my people.  
 How many monarchs past or future  
 can make such claims? Whose names still known?  
 Yes, reader, I was born a seer,  
 to be remembered by my symbol  
 aimed at heaven's eyes. And was  
 there magic shaped in tons of rock?  
 I tell you this-- each century  
 the great peak stands, my ba ascends  
 a level closer to the stars.

There I will use their kindling rays  
 to light my holy reign of fire.