

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.