

# Egypt

I feel the wind, the sun beams' reflection  
On my eyelid's rim – liquid gold fire;  
Illuminated dust floats before me  
Licking the air like flames leaping higher.

Through bluish haze I see waving palms  
The pyramids of Giza stand behind  
Like sentinels of this enchanted land  
Their monolithic presence slows the time.

I step forward, my vision bathed in light  
In my ear the wind whispers ancient tales  
Of Pharaohs, of magic, of mighty acts  
Of great warriors whose heart never quails.

Of thundering horses and chariots  
Of the battle, of the uplifted spear  
Of a past era of glory untold  
A great empire the whole world did fear.

Visions pass before my astonished eyes  
I see gold and palaces bright;  
I see the glory and pomp of the gods  
Bugles are blown, men tremble in his sight.

Son of the sun he is, of divine kin  
The ground shakes beneath his golden sandals  
The sun glitters against his golden mask  
The wind blows his royal purple mantles.

Garlands, flowers of color brilliant  
Tossed by his subjects, do adorn his path;  
For he is Pharaoh, the divine of earth  
Lord of all, and fatal is his wrath.

He fades away, a new vision appears  
Of dunes, of camels; through a hazy mist  
The Arab leads his precious caravan

His first camel's reigns wrapped around his wrist.

On their bactrian backs sugar canes strapped;  
Others silk, velvet – treasures of the east  
Their hooves leave clouds of swirling yellow dust  
They stomp and sway, not tired in the least.

The Bedouin's face, half covered with cloth  
The hollows of his eyes a dark shadow;  
The wind blows and rips at his long white robes  
His steps on the sand are soft and mellow.

In these vast horizons he is alone  
It is only him and Allah his God;  
His thoughts are deep, the world he contemplates  
As he trudges forward clutching his rod.

And now 'tis the city of Cairo I see  
With its dusty streets and sandy buildings  
Its wide boulevards and colorful blooms  
Sphinxes and facades with golden gildings.

I stare at the bricks zooming past my feet  
I stare at the blue sky stretched over me  
I stare at the palms waving in the wind  
And the Persian rose so red and thorny.

The faces of Cairo pass my vision;  
Glittering black eyes, sculpted face, black hair  
Oriental fabrics wrapped around them  
Their step and their gait is so strong, so fair.

My fingers are trailing over red stone  
The wind whistles through its porous surface;  
I feel so small, so insignificant  
And yet I feel I have found my purpose:

Is it not nothing else but to stand here  
And feel the desert wind blow over me  
As my eyes fill with tears of happiness

And the warm Egyptian rays cover me?

To feel the grains of sand in my fingers  
As my vision quivers with heated sheen?  
To faint into the arms of the hot wind  
And be carried away into a dream

Of Pharaohs and gold; of empires bright  
Of Arabs and camels, the golden sun  
The Nile that flows to eternity  
To the Mediterranean his son.

The blue sky is spinning – I'm waking up  
It's melting into darkness – what a dream!  
Oh beautiful Egypt – don't go away!  
You're ecstasy, euphoria supreme!