

EGYPT'S AGONIES

From a young age I have believed
In the God of the Hebrews
Scorning the slender gold and ivory figures
Emerald clad, beautiful, weak.

Our rivers bled crimson
Our earth crawled and starved
Where was their power now? Their splendour
Did not give us our light back
When our skies turned black.

Our king, his dazzle darkened
Sat as a statue, resolved.
Cursed by a plague of pride, determination,
Stupidity
As his land wept.

We heard the murmurs, warnings of the Tenth,
The worst.
How I clung to my brother,
As I cried in vain for blood!

That night it swept through, crept
Softly in the dark,
While in my dream I saw the bloody doorframes,
Glistening, raw witnesses.

The God of the Hebrews
Turned my brother to ice.
When my country was torn by savage screams and
Gaping wounds of agony,
He took His people home.



Then to the rolling Deax'n itself I cried

By Rhona McKellar, Isle of Harris, Outer Hebrides.
The poem is based on the drawing **Then to the Rolling Heaven** (1928).