

## Poems written on the Nile

### THE QUEST AT LUXOR

We went to see the valley of the Queens. The most decorated tomb is Nefertari's but there are only limited tickets available and the queue begins at dawn.

They sallied forth before dawn's glow,  
Fearing neither wind nor snow,  
Cursing the driver who's too slow,  
Their ranks advanced row on row,  
Up to the barrier it was go ! go ! Go !

Over rough hewn rocks and desert sand,  
The harshest country in the land,  
Ignoring all discouragement and,  
Faith and hope holding every hand,  
They follow the quest – a gallant band.

The decisive moment came in early gloom,  
Reminiscent of Gordon at Khartoum.  
The victors' laurels to assume,  
They reached the grail in the tiny room,  
A ticket to Nefertari's tomb.

## TO AN ARTIST

One of our Nile was a photographer who was an artist with the lens who always carried her gear.

The photographer with her load, the philosopher in his den,  
The painter with his palette, the poet with his pen,  
Are all devotees of the dread demon who demands  
Full time devotion no unconverted understands,  
The thinker's years of life will not outlast his thought,  
The span of art is long, the time of life is short.

## **THE VISION IN BLACK AND GOLD**

While the Nile cruise one night some traditional drummers inspired a lady of our party to dance very energetically. She was wearing a black and gold dress.

Unaccompanied by shouts of Ole !  
She danced a sensual display,  
But still in traditional mould  
The vision in Black and Gold

The drums beat out rhythm not tune,  
They filled every inch of the room,  
Her movements both new and old,  
The vision in Black and Gold

The dance lights up her smile,  
One may bask in its warmth for a while  
Joy not bought or sold  
The vision in Black and Gold

Everyone of her muscles dances  
Her short hair her face enhances  
She makes men around her bold  
The vision in Black and Gold