

Ode to Isis

Follow the body to Byblos, and to lotus
Shores where, Isis, your imprisoned lord
Lies lean in his casket: his floating
Soul wails weary for its shard.

All Nile waits birthless for the nexus.
Seth with famine fingers strangles
The land. Come, goddess, with ankh
In hand, with immortality mingled,

Be bearer of seed to Egypt's gaunt
Daughters, restoring the scattered parts
Of your lord: husband and brother. Grant
Greenery to fields: heal hearts.

—Edward L. Hart
1941