

# EGYPT'S AGONIES

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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.

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



Then to the rolling Heaven itself I cried