

Silk & Marble

It is said that a million sunrises ago
the world's most beautiful woman
stood at the white marble railing
of her vacation villa across the water.

Even though the air was parched,
the stone had a comforting coolness
and she relished the pleasant feeling,
pressing her palms to cool her blood.

An attendant powdered her naked body
with the finest talc from the orient
adding a dusty-grey tint to the bronze
of her still slender hips and firm breasts.

For a moment, a touch of pride welled
as she viewed her young attendant's body
and then looked down at her own firm belly,
thinking of the six who had lived there.

Behind her, the finest pure white silk
was wafting lightly in the precious breeze.
As if it were the breath of a sleeping god
who was dreaming about her beauty.

Here, across from her palace, the sun rose
from the opposite side of the Nile...
itself just another god who each year would
bless the soil of her subject's farms.

Watching her husband's sun god rising
as it reflected its orange fire on the water,
she wondered if the sun even cared about
the temples and obelisks that men built.

Or was her own body not the only temple
that men and their gods would ever need.
Were not her breasts all that her daughters
or her husband needed to nurture them.

Her flaming love stared into her eyes,
and she looked lovingly back into his.
She was all that men or gods needed.
At her villa, both could make love to her.