

My Egyptian Couch

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Now here's a book full of photographs
That my ancestors made some generations ago
They're wearing the latest clothes in a nautical way
The Suez Canal close behind is frozen in time
The deck crews star out of a mime
And they seem to be considering me
Here on my Egyptian couch

O the life on Edwardian steamships
Is measured and slow, while down below
There are fires that shudder and clang and thunder
And sweat-caked in smoke, and cauldrons to stoke
To send the ship on her way
Tasting the salt and the spray
And a century later I scan the equator
From my Egyptian couch

And the news every day brings
Contains the strangest of things
But with confident smiles my forebears decline
To gaze into the wings

So they look from the photographs
And they're curious now, wondering how we turned out
Let's say like the Chinese adage
We're living our lives in interesting times