

## Frozen Nile

Mechanical Poet

The morning lights  
Annealing eyes with cold  
A tempest rides  
Defiling skies like mould

I see a dream being wide-awake  
This world is running mad  
A crazy trick that I can't take  
When limbo lies ahead

I see the Nile entombed in a hyaline case  
So clear as a heavenly blaze  
The hoary bodies of hippos froze in glaze  
Sphinxes surmount with lacteal bays  
Resignedly standing at gaze  
When croak of perishing toads expires in haze

Palm-trees have bowed to winds  
Falling to vitreous sands  
Wherries like pointed splints  
Stick out of stony bents

Does anyone retrieve a key?  
Which devilry we meet?  
Uncanny scenes have seemed to me  
And overturned my creed

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