

How they will laugh with scarlet lips at dawn:
Sweet poppies, ye are Nefertiti's lips
Pressed close to mine—as now! . . .

Wilt thou sit, Love?

Here is a little throne of marble shaped
By Auta for his queen. What cunning work
Of chisel on the stone! How every line
And whorl is emulous of patterned stars
Laid out by Aton for the sculptor's craft!
New art is in the work of Auta's hand.
He will transform the lifeless, flat profile
Of Egypt's ancient, dreamless sculpturing
To love and laughter imaged on the wall,
Or pedestalled beneath our porticoes.
The little throne, my Love, is incomplete:
Our daughter Merytaton is to stand
Forever virgin, wrought of porphyry;
Her body the right pillar and one arm
Touching the back shaped like a lotus leaf.
At left is Meketaton, while the babe
Anksenpaaton is above thy head,
Held by the lotus . . .

At thy feet comes rest.

Remove my crown. Make me forget the King.
I would lose sight of Pharaoh in the man—
The man who loves a woman on her throne!
O Nefertiti! there is deathlessness
Within our love. This night I know that we