

As if on a mist, the first blush of the following dawn alighted upon the windows of Khufu's suite. Under the bed's canopy, Theormi's eyes glistened as they lingered over her lover, asleep on his side by her. She traced a finger across his shoulder. Rising, she retrieved her gown and draped the sheer material over her God-king. She retreated to admire his shadowed muscles. In the thin light, imagining Khufu as a sleeping bull, Theormi spread her arms like a bird of prey and orbited the bed in a rhythm she hummed to herself. Footfalls soft, even ghostly, her skin and muscle danced in and out of dawn's pale hues. No sound rose save the whisper of Theormi's song.