

Upon Khufu's legs, the water stilled. Doves and pigeons nestled again in the thicket, murmuring with the smaller life. He listened to his lungs' easy undulation and settled his legs into the bog. His toes kneaded the velvety loam. Solitary in the wild, Khufu welcomed the muted world around him as he occupied his portion of it. No longer the God-king but a human animal, wet and vital, robust and silent, he reposed in a moment that lengthened like the stride of an antelope loping across a plain. The sun circled on without him. Past and future drifted away like clouds in a breeze. He sensed no difference in the temperature of his thighs and the water slipping upon them. He felt his body disperse into the Inundation. He coupled with his Egypt.