

## Ode to Isis

Follow the body to Byblos, and to lotus  
Shores where, Isis, your imprisoned lord  
Lies lean in his casket: his floating  
Soul wails weary for its shard.

All Nile waits birthless for the nexus.  
Seth with famine fingers strangles  
The land. Come, goddess, with ankh  
In hand, with immortality mingled,

Be bearer of seed to Egypt's gaunt  
Daughters, restoring the scattered parts  
Of your lord: husband and brother. Grant  
Greeneries to fields: heal hearts.

—Edward L. Hart  
1941