The Gift of the Nile

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There was a river

it was the Gift of the Nile.

It brought to the people

everything they desired.

It watered their crops,

and washed their feet,

quenched their thirst,

and carried their fleet.

The people wondered

why they were so blessed.

to have a God

that was the best.

To let them prosper

grow and have fun.

It must be none other

than the glorious sun.

This warm giving sun

that let them fatten.

They gave him a name,

they called him Aton.

To Aton they turned

for grace and advice.

They would do so forever

just as long as he burned.

Every year the river

would overflow

bringing water for crops

so they could sow.

Papyrus, barley, and wheat.

Plenty of food for them to eat.

To prepare for the floods

is what they needed.

They turned to one man

whom they heeded.

The Gods say we must

fulfill our fate.

We must organize

to irrigate.

For this man they built

a great palace.

He was the son of the sun,

and understood the balance

of nature, and people,

and why things grow.

He was their King.

He was Pharaoh.

The people loved life

they ate good bread,

but they wondered what happens

when they are dead.

The Pharaoh and Priests

Undertook the task

to prepare for the afterlife.

They built big triangular

granite tombs without windows or even lids.

They called these structures pyramids.

Put my body

in that booth.

I’m headed for the Hall of Truth.

Wrap me tight

like a mummy.

I’m going to a land that’s sunny.

I say goodbye

and I have one wish.

That soon I meet

OSIRIS!

 By,

 Christopher Rudolph

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