

## Sonnet II: Egypt

In Cairo now, shopkeepers tend their wares  
As cars horn-talk and push down narrow streets  
Muezzins from minarets call for prayers  
And children chase their friends as donkeys bleat  
At every corner is Mubarak's face  
And up the Nile stands Nasser's dam  
These modern names to fill an empty space  
What's left behind to stand from men to man  
Erect behind are three mountains of stone  
Built with the sweat of men who are no more  
Three pyramids as three eternal thrones  
For might pharaohs to be laid in lore  
Awe-struck tourists pull cameras out of sacks  
While peddlers hawk pyramid knock-knacks