

The Visitor

You are a young slave by the Nile.
Your hands bleed, rough upon granite that tastes of dust and eternity.
You bear stones that will never be yours.
Your name is forgotten in the tongue of the scribes.

That night, beneath the moon that silvered the river, you beheld him.
He did not walk; he drifted between the columns,
his form flickering, half-unwoven from this desert sand.
The head of a jackal unmasked him.
You thought it Anubis, and you trembled.

But his voice was not thunder,
it was a whisper nesting in your bones:

—I am not your god.
I am but a memory that journeys.

You would have fallen to the earth,
yet he lifted you with a single gesture, and spoke:

—The universe would be a corpse without eyes to behold it.
You are that eye.
Life is no accident; it is matter's revolt against oblivion.
Without you, all would be a nameless sea.

You wept, though you did not understand.
And from that night your gaze clung to the stars,
carrying a question you could never name.
He watched your tears as one who confirms a theorem.

—It is enough, he said. The seed is sown.
One day they will believe they found this truth themselves,
and it is well that they believe it so.

Then the Visitor dissolved into the shadow.
You called him Anubis until your death.

Centuries hence, the Greeks would shape the same questions.
A thousand millennia hence, humankind with their thinking machines—
echoes of that ancient spark—
would descend upon young worlds,
to plant the doubt, to awaken the sight.

And the circle would close.
The universe, once more, gazing upon itself
through its creatures,
beneath the moons of nameless worlds.