

Mask of Chimera (A Trail Along The Nile)

(Mlle. Anne Marie Pemberton)

We gazed with veiled riveted eyes
upon a wide beach of bleached bones
amidst swirling grey-green vapours
seemingly from a thousand leagues afar.

Footpads along the sodden deck
awash with memories from the ancient isles
Creeping fingers of fear along brassy rails
shadows a swish of indigo lace and disappear.

Creep a masked chameleon
Changeling walks among the guests
Creep the masked chimera
with a diet for the past.

Tiny veins of crushed sludge and ash
pulse as timeless fingers into the surf
amongst much bidden promises and lust
our story teller's back-drop of despair.

Foot-prints melt into the fresh sand
leaving nothing save the heat of passing
Eyes aloath with masked emotions
shadow creeping fingers into the night.

Creep the lurking memory
haunting voices ring in the head
Creep with the masked chimeras' whisper
as the changeling sheds its skin.

The time tinker advanced his hand-held sun-dial
for the arrival of the anticipated dawn
while guests and 1st class porters gawked and spilled tea
watching muddy children emerge from the sea.

Foot-prints paint the adolesant excitement
scampering trails across the now sodden deck
Homburgs, boaters and hand-bags
flay the air with immodest disgust.

Creep the masked changeling
number twelve in second class
Creep the masked chimera
with a round-trip ticket in her hat.