

Third Prize – Grades 9 & 10

Golden Face of Death

I sit in the goldsmith's tray,
a formless gold mass.
Selected, heated, struck by
my smith's cold hammer, slowly
taking the shape of the clay guide.
A guide crafted from Nile mud,
formed by the master smith's hands
to match the Pharaoh's regal features.

I slide over Tutankhamen's face
after his embalment, fitting snugly.
His features now strange,
different from my own visage,
face sunken and tight against
the skull bones. Unlike his
once lively and haughty
Egyptian face. My eyes,
larger than his, starring into
the dusty tomb, seeing the light
glinting 'round the antechamber
door, streaming slowly into the
burial chambers as my questions
slowly flow outward towards the
light, looking for answers.
Why did he die so young?

In life, vibrant, a wondrous
boy king. Now though, an
undecaying corpse. Condemned
with me to the eternal Saharan
sands.

by Jared, Newport News, VA