
TO A MUMMIED CAT IN A MUSEUM

While your form is thus preserved,
Linen bandaged fold on fold,
Is your spirit free to visit earth—
As men once held—
And familiar temple haunts?
Do you prowl round ruined columns,
Climb what's left of roofs?
Or search for this your body,
Where it was entombed,
Nightly wandering, disconsolate,
Beneath the Egyptian stars?

Do you long for reeded lakes
Where you stalked the water-fowl?
Or go questing lotus pools
Where you watched the skurrying fish
And the long-legged heron trailing dark-blue plumes .

Though this may be fantasy,
I think if I were he
Who broke into your sealed sarcophagus,
Or he who placed you here in this glass case,
I'd fear that I might meet your roving shade
In dark dreams of the night.

FLORENCE WESTACOTT