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I Don't Cry When Baby Girls Turn to Salt

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I Don't Cry When Baby Girls Turn to Salt

Daniel Hernandez

I don't cry when baby girls turn to salt
Nor do I weep for empires passed into the
sun
Nefertiti
A beautiful woman has come
And gone
Millennia
Eons
Gone
Turned to salt
Or sand
Grime
Rivers flowing into oceans
Forgotten like whispered words in a lover's
ear
Promises that you never meant to keep
Nefertiti
I understand
We shall not weep for your empire lost
The dream stands alone against the
onslaught of time
Overpowering time flowing onward like the
great Nile
Flooding
Destroying
Nefertiti
Come to me, beautiful woman

I will never shed one tear for all that you've
lost
Your visage was never known to me
Save for art
Relics
Remembrances
All past
Going further and further away
I shall not mourn the passing of Ming China
Nor mad Tiberius in Rome
"Empire!" they cry
"Lost!" I reply
Utterly lost
Why should I cry for their daughters?
Their kin: dread ghosts
Passing formlessly through my brain
Dreams
Nothing more than shadows
Nightshades
Telling me to push onward
Forward
That the dead are not happier dead
But what can the dead be?
Never sad, never angry
Never mournful, never joyous
Dead
Memories must be honored
Intentions and spirits
Empires are meant to last
But buildings will fall
Towers will fall
All is temporal
Save an ideal

Nefertiti
A beautiful woman has come
Returned from salt
Or sand
I remember you
I cherish you
Knowing not your thoughts
Nary an inkling of your ways
Your spirit remains
Barren Egypt
Bountiful Egypt
It means little to me either way
Nefertiti
You turned to salt long ago
As will we all
Lot's wife has doomed us
And life becomes a waiting game
A never-ending ride
We await an end
When all that remains
Is to blow away