I am from the scorching sun on the desert sand.

I am from the ‘red land’ and the ‘black land’,

From the oases and the Nile River.

I am from the Great Pyramid of Giza in the Giza Necropolis

And from the Valley of the Kings.

I am from polished bronze mirrors,

From scented body creams and intricate eyeliner.

I am from white linen garbs,

Some of which are transparent.

I am from mud brick homes with wide windows to catch a breeze.

I am from bread and beer,

From sweet honey and dates.

I am from polytheism and mummification,

From the belief in life after death.

I am from clapping along to music and the jangling of a sistrum,

From distinct tomb paintings and hieroglyphics.

I am from “Knowledge is not necessarily wisdom”

And from “For every joy there is a price to be paid.”

I am from the beauty of Cleopatra VII,

From the ruler of the 19th dynasty, Ramses II.

I am from ancient Egypt.