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A Postcard From Cairo

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A POSTCARD FROM CAIRO

The people are so likable here at the fertile clot of the Nile— here where the blood still sings, where cabbies will take you on a pilgrimage along the riverbank and point out the spot where Moses disembarked. My man is silent. He drives so fast I fear for my life. I see a crowd of children in the windshield. Watch out! I cry. His red eyes see nothing but the road. Watch out! I repeat, but it's too late. I hear the thump of a little body under the tires. Here we are, Sir! he concludes, grinning jackal-like in the rear view mirror, here in the Valley of the Dead.