optimistic that the heart will have been *touched* by his speech; the second verse recalls the title: there the heart was searched for (rt. 1), but now it is *touched*. The phrase *the servant's lot* . . . recalls the end of rt. 13, where a 'brave heart' was 'a companion to its lord', and suggests the interdependence of the sage and his heart.

[7]

The Dialogue of a Man and his Soul

Introduction

This lyrical composition is an internal dialogue between a living man and his own soul. 'Soul' is a free translation of the Egyptian *ba*, which is one aspect of the personality, and the manifestation of a person after death.

The Dialogue is inspired by a wise man's alienation from the world around him, a theme paralleled in other Discourses. Here, the source of his sorrow is his uncertainty about how to view death, his existential anxiety. Death was respected by the Egyptians, but also feared, and harpist's songs preserved on later tomb walls juxtapose different responses to death and seek to reconcile the audience to both its horror and its blessing, and to the uncertainty about what comes after death. The Dialogue may well draw on this type of song, as well as on pessimistic literary laments and on funerary compositions known as 'Transfigurations'.

The poem is a poetic dialogue on a general theme, and is not a logical analytic argument about a specific aspect of belief, such as the value of funeral rites or the status of a man's soul. Its questioning approach to its subject has a theodic aspect, since the existence of death implicitly calls the justice of the creator-god into question. The Dialogue takes its theme and moves forward through transformations of literary form, imagery, and tone to reconcile its protagonist and its audience with the prospect of death in all its aspects.

In the Dialogue the anonymous speaker and his soul hold opposing views about death. The man is eager to enter the otherworld that is represented by the funeral ceremonies; this was the generally propounded view of death, familiar from funerary inscriptions and other official writings. In one funerary text,[1] the creator-god justifies the existence of mortality as an inspiration to piety:

[1] Coffin Text spell 1130; text: A. de Buck, *The Ancient Egyptian Coffin Texts*, vii (Chicago, 1961), 461–71; recent translation: R. B. Parkinson, *Voices from Ancient Egypt* (London, 1991), 32–4.

I made that their (mankind's) hearts should refrain from ignoring the West, in order that offerings should be made to the Gods of the districts.

The man's soul, however, disagrees and opposes him with the view that death is a painful experience, and that nothing can mitigate its agony. Strikingly, it is the soul that praises this life, while the living man extols life after death. The soul presents a less orthodox view, and is less formal in speech, but its arguments would have seemed pragmatic, valid, and vivid to the original audience.

The start of the poem is lost, but may have included a title such as 'The Dispute of a Man with his Soul'. The man may then have described how he and his soul had a discussion as if in a court of law: grammatical details suggest that the dialogue takes place before an audience, possibly of the gods, even though the man is still alive. In the first surviving verses, his soul is speaking; it warns of the dangers of entering the otherworld, and threatens to desert the man if he persists in his attitude. This would result in the man's utter destruction, the second and final death known from other Egyptian texts.

The man urges his soul to stand by him—a wish found in contemporaneous funerary texts—and he longs to reach the beatified 'West'; the man uses this term for the otherworld, while his soul prefers the more blunt and final word, 'death'. His soul rejects any preparations for death, and thus would consign the man to destruction in the otherworld; it instead pursues the hedonistic 'happy day', as opposed to the 'day of burial'. Their speeches also show two opposing views of the gods who judge the dead: the soul warns of their intransigence, while the man prays to them to justify him.

As the man utters his prayer, his soul interrupts with a sarcastic comment, urging him to value life instead. In an equally biting response, the man warns of the consequences of the soul's attitude. Here the language is particularly rapid and the syntax elliptical, suggestive of an intimate discussion. The man then resumes his topic and eulogizes the West in more stately language, promising his soul that it will benefit by standing by him. The speech ends with a description of funerary rites as an ultimate homecoming.

His soul, however, takes up this description of burial and echoes it point for point. The dialogue proceeds, not with logical argument, but by rhetorical means and through imagery, as the two disputants answer image with image. There are also changes in literary hierarchy, as the soul now lowers the tone to articulate the wretchedness of death. It does this by telling two parables of lowly men in wretched situations, developing the imagery that it used earlier to combat the man's vision of death. For the man, a harbour was an appropriate metaphor for death, but for his soul death is a shipwreck. The generally sordid nature of the parables undercuts the man's claims that death is a noble state, and the events related in them show the vanity of care and of impatience. Both parables are targeted at the man's urgent desire for death.

The man's response retains some of the tone of his soul's speeches, but, instead of a parable, he speaks a lyrical poem which is highly patterned with refrains lamenting his wretchedness. It presents a repetition of extravagant images, which makes it stylistically and formally different from his soul's comparatively simple narratives. Its measured cadences rise above the language of all the previous speeches, but the subject matter remains lowly. The imagery is dominated by stench, crocodiles, fishing, shores, and low life—images taken from his soul's speeches, but which now articulate not the man's folly in longing for death, but his weariness of life. There follows a second poem, which retains a personal concern, but also laments the state of all society. This is the longest and the most forceful of the poems, echoing earlier statements while also echoing itself: this degree of repetition articulates the pervasiveness of evil, and the reflexiveness may also mark a turning-point in the man's interior dialogue. The bleakness of his soul's images and parables now becomes a justification of death, since life is not worth living. The despairing refrain 'Who can I talk to today?' is also a direct rebuttal of his soul's conversation—there is no one for the man to talk to.

A third poem returns to the subject of death, as the man sees it; this is an answer to his soul's injunction to 'call burial to mind', but there is a dramatic change of tone. This intense lyric takes the preceding strands of imagery and transforms them: true life is only to be found in eternity. Immediate, vivid, and fresh imagery gives a sense of release, and a paradoxical feeling that existence can be worthwhile. A fourth lyric concludes the sequence with a description of the blessed Beyond, which moves from the egocentric 'here' and 'now' to a 'future' state 'There'. It is dense in its allusions, and forms a further resonant transformation of the preceding imagery.

Its succinctness contrasts sharply with the seemingly endless laments.

The man's reply, with its four lyrics, kidnaps his soul's images and reformulates them to present his own vision, transforming the conflict between their views into an interplay of opposites. His lyrics overcome his soul's speech both by outnumbering the parables and also by their being a more elevated genre. They transfigure the imagery from a lament into a celebration of the perfection of existence 'There'.

The poem ends with a final speech, in which his soul acquiesces and the two reach an agreement. This speech is not an antagonistic 'answer' like the other speeches, nor is it merely a capitulation or a final attempt to persuade the man. Instead, the imagery in each verse is once again drawn from earlier speeches, and the soul now advocates a balance between the two attitudes towards death. The conflict here reaches a suspension, and the dialogue ends with the two speakers facing death together, with a final allusion to the imagery of voyaging. As the text stands, it is the first time the speakers refer to themselves as 'we'.

Neither vision of death triumphs in isolation: the two sides of death are metaphorically interwoven, as inextricable as death and life are. The consistency of the imagery through the dispute provides a dramatic fusion of opposing views. The problem of death's existence is justified by the perfection of the Beyond, and by the imperfection of this life, which, it is implied, humanity brings upon itself. But this justification is not made in a simple manner (as in the funerary text quoted above); the horror of death is not mitigated, and both aspects of death are found acceptable in a literary resolution.

The Dialogue, with its psychological debate, lyrical style, and elegy-like subject matter, has proved appealing to modern audiences, although its interpretation has been much debated. A late Twelfth Dynasty manuscript (P. Berlin 3024) is the only known copy; it was found together with three rolls containing the Tales of *Sinuhe* and the *Eloquent Peasant*. The start is lost, but the end is preserved. To judge by the language, the Dialogue was probably composed only a few decades before the manuscript was copied. Numbers give line numbers of the manuscript.

The Dialogue of a Man and his Soul

. . . . . .]'[1]
[My soul opened his mouth to me, to answer what I said,]
'[. . . . . .]
[unknown number of verses lost]
[. . . . . .]
you will [. . .] to say [. . . . . .]
[. . . . . .] Their [tongues] will not be partial[2]—
that would be cr[ooked] retribution—Their tongues will not be partial!'

I opened my mouth to my soul, to answer what he said,[3]
'This is all too much for me today! My soul has disagreed with me!
Now this is beyond all exaggeration; this is like leaving me alone!
My soul should not depart! He should stand up for me about this!
[. . . . .]! He should [. . .] without fault!
He [may be far] from my body,[4]
from the net of ropes,
but it shall not come about that he manages
to escape on the Day of [Pain].
Look, my soul is misleading me—though I do not listen to him,[5]
is dragging me to death—though ⟨I⟩ have not yet come to it,
is throwing ⟨me⟩ on the fire to burn me up!
What is he like, [. . .]ing [. . .],
with his back to his [. . .]?
He should stay close to me on the Day of Pain![6]
He should stand on that side, like a praise-singer does
(this is the way to set off so as to return safely)!
O my soul, foolish to belittle the sorrow which is due to life,[7]
you who constrain me towards death, when I have not yet come to it—
make the West pleasant for me! Is this pain?
Life is a transitory time:
the trees fall.
Trample on evil, put my misery aside!

May Thoth, who appeases the gods, judge me!
May Khonsu, who writes very Truth, defend me![8]
May the Sungod, who controls the bark, listen to my speech!
May Isdes in the Sacred Chamber defend me!
For my need is pressing, a [weight] he has placed on me.
It would be a sweet relief, if the gods drove off the heaviness of my body!'[9]

What my soul said to me: 'Aren't you a man?[10]
—so you're alive, but to what good?
You should ponder life, like a lord of riches!'

I said, 'So I haven't passed away yet,[11]
but that's not the point!
Indeed, *you* are leaping away—and you'll be uncared for,
with every desperado saying, "I will seize you!"
Now, when you are dead, but with your name still living,[12]
that place is an alighting place,
attractive to the heart.
The West, an [inescapable] voyage,[13]
is a harbour.
If my soul listens to me, without wrongdoing,[14]
with his heart in accord with mine, he will prosper.
I shall make him reach the West, like someone in a pyramid
at whose burial a survivor has waited.
I will make a cool shelter for your corpse,[15]
so that you will make another soul in oblivion envious!
I will make a cool shelter, so that you will not be too cold,
and will make another soul who is scorched envious!
I shall drink at the river lip; I shall raise a shady spot,
so that you will make another soul who is hungry envious.
But if you constrain me towards death in *this* manner,[16]
you will find nowhere to alight in the West!
Be patient, my soul, my brother,[17]
until an heir exists who will make offerings of food,
and will wait at the grave on the day of burial,
and make ready a bed of the necropolis!'

My soul opened his mouth to me, to answer what I said,
'If you call burial to mind, it is heartbreak;[18]
it is bringing the gift of tears, causing a man misery;

it is taking a man away from his house,
and throwing him on the high ground.
You will not come up again to see the sunlight!
They who built in granite,[19]
who constructed pavilions in fair pyramids, as fair works,
so that the builders should become Gods—
their altar stones have vanished, like the oblivious ones'
who have died on the shore for lack of a survivor,
when the flood has taken its toll,
and the sunlight likewise,
to whom only the fish of the water's edge speak.
Listen to me! Look, it is good to listen to men![20]
Follow the happy day! Forget care!

A commoner ploughs his plot;[21]
he loads his harvest into a boat
and tows it along, for his feast day is approaching,
and he has seen the darkness of a north wind arise.
He watches in the boat
as the sun goes down,
and gets out with his wife and children,
and they perish by a pool,
infested by night with a swarm of crocodiles.
And at last he sits down, and argues,[22]
saying, "I am not weeping for that mother,
although she has no way out of the West
to be on earth another time;
but I shall ponder on her children,
crushed in the egg,
who saw the face of Khenty before they had lived."

A commoner asks for dinner.[23]
His wife says to him, "It's for supper-time."
He goes outside
to relieve himself for a moment.
He is like another man as he turns back to his house,
and though his wife pleads with him,
he does not hear her, after he has relieved himself,
and the household is distraught.'

I opened my mouth to my soul, to answer what he said to me,[24]

'Look my name reeks,
look, more than the smell of bird-droppings
on summer days when the sky is hot.
Look my name reeks,
look, more ⟨than the smell⟩ of a haul of spiny fish
on a day of catching when the sky is hot.
Look my name reeks,
look, more than the smell of birds,
more than a clump of reeds full of waterfowl.
Look my name reeks,[25]
look, more than the smell of fishermen,
than the creeks of the pools they have fished.
Look my name reeks,
look, more than the smell of crocodiles,
more than sitting under the river edges with a swarm of crocodiles.
Look my name reeks,[26]
look, more than a woman
about whom lies are told to her man.
Look my name reeks,
look, more than a healthy child
about whom they say, "He belongs to someone who hates him."
Look my name reeks,[27]
look, more than a port of the sovereign
that utters treason behind his back.

Who can I talk to today?[28]
For brothers are bad,
the friends of today do not love.
Who can I talk to today?
For hearts are selfish,
and every man is stealing his fellow's belongings.
⟨Who can I talk to today?⟩[29]
Mercy has perished,
and the fierce man has descended on everyone.
Who can I talk to today?
For they are contented with bad,
and goodness is thrown down everywhere.
Who can I talk to today?

He who should enrage a man with his bad deed
makes everyone laugh ⟨with⟩ his evil crime.
Who can I talk to today?
They plunder,
and every man is taking his fellow.
Who can I talk to today?
For the wrongdoer is an intimate friend,
and the brother with whom one dealt has become an enemy.
Who can I talk to today?[30]
The past is not remembered,
and no one helps him who gave help then.
Who can I talk to today?
For brothers are bad,
and one turns to strangers for honesty.
Who can I talk to today?
People are expressionless,
and every man's face is downturned against his brothers.
Who can I talk to today?
For hearts are selfish,
and no man's heart is reliable.
Who can I talk to today?
There are no just men,
and the land is left over to the doers of injustice.
Who can I talk to today?
An intimate friend is lacking,
and one turns to an unknown man to protest.
Who can I talk to today?
There is no one who is content,
and him with whom one walked is no more.
Who can I talk to today?
I am weighed down
with misery for want of an intimate friend.
Who can I talk to today?[31]
For wrong roams the earth;
there is no end to it.

Death is to me today[32]
⟨like⟩ a sick man's recovery,
like going out after confinement.
Death is to me today[33]

like the smell of myrrh,
like sitting under a sail on a windy day.
Death is to me today[34]
like the smell of flowers,
like sitting on the shore of Drunkenness.
Death is to me today[35]
like a well-trodden path,
like a man's coming home from an expedition.
Death is to me today[36]
like the sky's clearing,
like a man grasping what he did not know before.
Death is to me today[37]
like a man's longing to see home,
having spent many years in captivity.

But There a man is a living god,[38]
punishing the wrongdoer's action.
But There a man stands in the barque,[39]
distributing choice offerings from it to the temples.
But There a man is a sage[40]
who cannot, when he speaks, be stopped
from appealing to the Sungod.'

What my soul said to me:[41]
'Throw complaint over the fence,
O my partner, my brother!
May you make offering upon the brazier,[42]
and cling to life by the means you describe!
Yet love me here, having put aside the West,
and also still desire to reach the West, your body making landfall!
I shall alight when you are weary;[43]
so shall we make harbour together!'

So it ends, from start to finish,
as found in writing.

Notes

1. One and a half sheets are probably missing from the start of the manuscript—about forty verses. These would perhaps have included a brief introduction setting the scene, an opening speech by the man in praise of death, and then the soul's disagreement.

2. The *tongues* belong to the judges of the dead in the otherworld, whose impartiality threatens any hope of a painless death. The soul seems to use this to justify his disagreement with the man. *You* (plural) are the audience hearing their dispute (see introduction, p. 152).
3. The man's speech is rapid, with varied constructions, giving a sense of swiftly changing ideas in debate. He begins by describing the soul's reaction in the third person (this speech may be addressed in part to the audience (see n. 2)). Despite the lacunae, it is clear that by disagreeing with the man about his attitude to death, the soul is—in the man's eyes—trying to mislead him, and if they continue to disagree will in effect abandon him. *Stand* is a keyword (16, 144), later used of a survivor standing at the funeral of a dead man (cf. 42–3, 52–4).
4. The *Day of Pain* is a euphemism for the day of death and judgement, which the soul cannot avoid even though he shuns the man's *body*, and the perils of the otherworld such as the *net of ropes*, which was used by demons to trap men.
5. The man implies that the soul, by urging him to shun the cares of burial (presumably in its lost first speech), is actually leading him to ultimate destruction (*death*), as if the man's corpse was burned rather than being preserved; the enemies of the gods suffered destruction by *fire* in the otherworld, and it was also a means of capital punishment in this life. *Death* is here not just the end of a man's life, but the second, final, death that was inflicted on the dead who were condemned by the gods.
6. The man urges his soul to agree with him and be on his *side* at the judgement of the dead (already alluded to (1–3)). In this court the soul should *praise* the man out of self-preservation, like a traveller who makes provisions for *returning safely*; the image of travel as a metaphor for life runs throughout the Dialogue.
7. In the second half of his speech, the man now addresses his soul directly, and accuses it of underestimating life's suffering and the joy of eternity. He implicitly extols the unchangeable *West*, the land of the dead, in contrast with both the impermanence of earthly life, and ultimate destruction (*death* (see n. 5)).
8. The man invokes various gods to ensure his safety in the otherworld: *Thoth* is the scribe and arbitrator of the gods, who is involved in judging the dead; *Khonsu* is, like Thoth, a lunar god of reckoning; the Sungod is the creator, and the ultimate judge, of the universe, whose *bark* carries the sun across the sky ensuring cosmic stability; *Isdes* is, like Thoth, a funerary god of judgement, and the *Sacred Chamber* is where the deceased are judged. These prayers respond to the soul's warning about the impartiality of the otherworldly judges. They are calmer and more stately than the earlier parts of the speech.
9. His speech ends by begging the gods to free him from the troubles his soul has imposed on him by its dissent.
10. The soul now butts in with a sarcastic question, and tells him to appreciate *life*, rather than wasting it in longing for death; the word '*riches*' is homonymous with 'lifetime'.
11. The man replies in the same rather sharp tone, to assert that, even though he is still alive, the final destination—the West—is still the most important concern. Although the soul accuses him of abandoning life, it is the soul who is abandoning his fellow, and as a result it will be defenceless.
12. The man now offers the soul an alternative: death with a funerary cult which will keep a person's reputation *living*, and bestow eternal life. Then the Beyond (*that place*) will be a permanent home to it; *alighting* alludes to the bird-like manifestation assumed by souls.
13. The image of the *West* as a *harbour* is a common expression of eternity's role as man's home and an end to life's voyage. The restoration is uncertain.
14. The man describes, in measured verses, how agreement with him will ensure

the soul's security after death. The soul will be like one of the wealthy and blessed dead (echoing the soul's earlier reference to a 'lord of wealth' (33)), whose immortality is ensured by *survivors* who provide a funerary cult around their *pyramid*.

15. The man also promises to provide for his soul after death and make him enviable (the soul having a *corpse* is poetic licence). *Oblivion* is a term associated with the unresurrected dead who are unprovided for. The first two couplets concern only the soul's felicity, but the third couplet includes both the man and the soul; the *shady spot* is an arbour, such as were used for feasting (and thus will inspire envious *hunger*).
16. The man now threatens the soul with the consequences of condemning him to destruction (*death*). His arguments rely on the paradox that the soul's love of life will lead to death, whereas love of the West, which he advocates (cf. n. 5), would lead to eternal life. For *alight*, see n. 12.
17. He ends his speech by appealing to the soul as a relation, to stay with him until he has prepared for his longed-for death; he offers an attractive—almost homely—description of the *day of burial*; this term is used here rather than the more threatening 'Day of Pain' evoked earlier (10, 15).
18. The soul reasserts the contrasting view of death as painful, and matches the man's description of a funeral point for point. *Burial* is not a homely thing, but an expulsion. This speech reverses the common idea that 'calling the West to mind' inspires piety (see Introduction, pp. 150–1).
19. According to the soul, the horror of death is apparent in the impermanence of funeral buildings, which were designed to immortalize those buried in them. This impermanence means that even the wealthy owners of these monuments are no better off than the poor whose bodies are abandoned beside the river: death spares no one. In a single sentence the soul drags the man from monumental grandeur to corpses. The extended syntax, with its expansive treatment of suffering, contrasts with the repetitive formulations of the man's praise of death; the syntax evolves with the imagery, which echoes earlier passages (e.g. the *oblivious* ones (45 and n. 15)). For the soul, the water and the sun are hostile forces, whereas the man invoked the Sungod (25–6) and spoke of cool drinking water in the Beyond (47–8); a corpse has no survivor to *speak* the funeral rites for it (cf. 41–2), only *fish* ('fish', 'mankind', and 'tears' are all homophones).
20. The soul reminds the man that he, unlike the oblivious ones, has an interlocutor, and it now answers the man's commands to heed him with ones of its own to enjoy life. The terse imperatives contrast forcefully with the convoluted clauses of the preceding sentence. The advocacy of *listening* is characteristic of wisdom literature, and the soul does not advise mindless hedonism: the *happy day* can mean a religious festival as well as more frivolous enjoyment.
21. The soul now tells a parable about the vanity of excessive care, to point out the man's fault in caring too much for the West. The style is looser, simpler, and more rapid. The tale concerns a lowly man, retaining the same social setting as was alluded to in the preceding verses; he is careful not to sail in dangerous weather, and at sunset cautiously disembarks for further safety. His journey is a pious and dutiful one: his *feast day* is a religious feast in which he is to take part (and contribute offerings). The unexpected end to his journey suggests the agony of death, which is not a 'harbour' as the man claimed (38). The climax of this disaster echoes the soul's earlier image of death as corpses on a riverbank (63–4).
22. After the swift series of events, the narrative about the commoner halts with this lament. His debate with himself offers a parallel to the man's debate with his soul. Contrary to the man's view, the commoner, like the soul, sees the *West* as a country of no return, and for him life is so precious that its loss when mature is no grief compared to loosing it early (*in the egg* is an idiom for extreme youth). Death is here a ferocious predator: *Khenty* is a crocodile-god, a demon of death. The word *ponder* points the moral aim of the parable, by recalling 32–3, where the soul urged the man to *ponder* life in a positive fashion (n. 10).
23. The soul immediately tells another similar parable, which increases the slightly sordid atmosphere. Another lowly man wants his food (*dinner*) before the right time (*supper-time*), just as the man is being over-eager for the West. Such impatience leads to distress and alienation: the lowly man's impatience makes him senseless and unrecognizable with rage. Urinating (the translation is uncertain) can be an image in literary texts for complaining.
24. The man replies in a contrastingly formal tone: he utters lofty lyrics with refrains. He takes images from the soul—the lowly setting (68–70), the riverbank (64–7), crocodiles (74–5), and the smell of excrement (82–4)—to present life as a dreadful swamp. This image shocks because this landscape was often portrayed as a setting for a dead man's rebirth through rituals of fishing and fowling and was given a general positive pastoral value. The *reek* of his name in life contrasts with his earlier hope that the souls's 'name' would 'live' in the West (36–7). His horror of life is implicitly due in part to the soul's disagreement with him.
25. The mention of human workers prepares for the change from vegetable and animal desolation to the human wretchedness which dominates the rest of the lyric.
26. This image recalls the second parable about family dissent. In the following couplet there is another image of family collapse and alienation: although a child is *healthy*, he is disowned (perhaps due to illegitimacy, given the preceding couplet).
27. This lyric ends not on a personal level, but with a description of dissent in the state; this wider horizon is developed in the following lyric. The motif of crocodiles continues indirectly through puns: *sovereign* is normally written with two crocodile hieroglyphs and the verb to *utter treason* is homonymous with to 'be infested with crocodiles' (74).
28. In a second lyric, the man says he can find no one to speak to—he is alone and abandoned, even by his soul. The lack of *friends*, *brothers*, and *intimate friends* embodies the man's lack of an agreeable soul but also extends it further into society as a whole. The refrain occurs elsewhere as the lament of a wise man in adversity: 'And the sage now grasps like an ignorant man . . . the wise man is saying, "Who can I talk to?" ' (the Maxims of P. Ramesseum II, verso ii.4). The man's agony induced by his alienation is no longer personal, but universal, and the Dialogue is concerned, for the first time, with all humanity; the man uses the language of pessimistic discourses such as *The Words of Neferti* (*q.v.*). This lyric is the longest and most monothematic section of the whole Dialogue. It echoes both earlier statements and itself, and this degree of repetition articulates the pervasiveness of horror. The dreadfulness of *today* rebuts the soul's urgings to 'follow the happy day' (68), and the bleakness of the soul's images and narratives becomes in the man's mouth an implicit justification of death, since life is not worth living.
29. The scribe left a blank here, having mistakenly started to write out the refrain of the third lyric.
30. The *past* is a golden age of values, such as reciprocity and righteousness, that have been abandoned *today*.
31. The lyric ends by proclaiming that *wrong* is endless: the lament could continue for ever.

32. In a third lyric, the man moves to *death today*, rather than today's agonizing life, and he extols *death*. The lyric directly answers the soul's challenge to 'call burial to mind' (56 and n. 18), and is made with a dramatic change of tone. Immediate, vivid, and fresh imagery gives a sense of release after the preceding descriptions of suffering. It is not only an exact reversal of the imagery of the soul's tirades against death, but also the converse of what the man previously used himself.
33. The *smells* and weather are now fair, not foul as in the first lyric (86–103). The image is of a pleasurable sailing trip (unlike the voyage of the soul's first parable (70–5)), but also alludes to the funeral journey to the west bank of the Nile for burial.
34. There is now festivity on the shore, echoing the soul's 'happy day' (68 and n. 20), and reversing its speeches' image of suffering 'on the shore' (64, 75). Smelling *flowers* (lotuses) is an activity characteristic of banqueting scenes. This feast also alludes to the funerary feast celebrated by mourners. *Drunkenness* is imagined as a land, but the image can be paraphrased as 'on the verge of drunkenness'.
35. *Death* is now not just a release, but a homecoming; this contrasts with the disastrous journey of the soul's first parable (70–5 and n. 21) or the 'roaming' in the preceding lyric (129 and n. 31). The images of the second half of the lyric concerns someone (a *man*) whose experiences are what the man aspires to.
36. Death is now a cosmic revelation, in contrast to earlier descriptions of life where all was alien and ignorance (e.g. 124–5).
37. The lyric concludes with an image of death as humanity's *home*, but also on a negative note: mankind is full of *longing*, and life is *captivity*.
38. The man now extols the blessed state of the dead man in the otherworld (*There*) in a final lyric of transcendence. Only there is a man truly alive, and divine. The man's lyrics in praise of death grow increasingly succinct, unlike those lamenting life, which grew more diffuse. This lyric has the whole weight of the Dialogue behind it: in death the man can enact the ideal of Truth in social terms, in cultic terms, and in spoken terms. In the first couplet the wrongdoings that were mentioned before are avenged by the gods.
39. The distribution of offerings is an image of the piety, plenty, and social order that have been lacking hitherto. The image expresses the unity of men and the gods, past and present. (Such piety implicitly includes funerary cults.) The dead man's journeying in the *barque* of the Sungod recalls earlier, less happy, voyages.
40. The dead man's enlightened state is an image of the fulfilment that has been lacking hitherto, and is another guarantee of justice, appropriate for the context of a dispute between the two speakers. The man no longer lacks an interlocutor, but when dead will be able to speak to the Sungod, who now is not a hostile force (as in 65–6); this is the language of funerary texts.
41. The soul answers immediately, and the Dialogue ends in its final, dense speech of conciliation. By adopting the man's imagery, it makes it clear that it has been in part won over by his metaphoric argument. It is now the very *partner* and *brother* that was lacking in the man's second lyric (103–30).
42. The *brazier* alludes to funerary rituals, the image reformulating the earlier reference to the agony of death by fire (12–13), being hot after death (46–7), and scorching weather (65–6, 88, 90). The soul now advocates a balance between the two attitudes towards death: one should love the otherworld, but also love life. The soul expresses this balance with vocabulary that the man has used (the *West* (cf. n. 5)).
43. *Being weary* is an idiom for dying, associated especially with Osiris, the god of resurrection. For the soul, death is now, as it was earlier for the man, a place

of *alighting* (37, 50–1 and n. 12) and of homecoming into *harbour* (38 and n. 13). For the first time the word *we* is used, and the Dialogue ends with the two facing death together, with a final harmonious allusion to the imagery of the riverbank and voyaging.