

THESE GATES OF THEBES

Michael Fantina

Squat pillars painted in pastels uprear,
Support the temple's tapered roof and throw
Long shadows from the blood red sun, aglow,
Fast sinking in the western sea. So near
Are footfalls, and the statues see appear
A willowy girl, fine-limbed, and pale as snow.
With great Ra gone away she's free to go
Out on the mall, seek out her lover dear,
So dear to her. But something's here amiss.
The great paved mall is drifted in fine dust.
She thrills for him, his arms, his tender kiss,
She does not know these gates of Thebes are rust,
That once fine fanes are now long shattered stone,
That she and he are merely crumbled bone.

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