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## *Return to the Temple*

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## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

## RETURN TO THE TEMPLE

by  
Dwayne Pagnotto.

As I walk in lingering sadness thru the crumbling ruins of the city  
I step over cracked marble floors that the earth has reclaimed for herself.  
Here and there I do behold scattered limbs and weapons of statues  
Once erected to ancient Deities who ruled this land long ago.  
Though they have seemingly vanished yet their spirits roam these parts still.  
In shadowy caves their cryptic whisperings are still made manifest.  
In airy flights I can hear them filtering thru pores in the enchanted skydome.  
In hushed tones of alluring laughter they speak to me, saying:  
Return, Return, Return....then all at once their voices disappear as quickly as they came.  
With a sudden gust of wind thru the trees they are gone.  
After a deafening silence i proceed on a little ways.  
Off in the distance i see a set of smooth polished steps that leads to a tall columned temple.  
As I approach, the temple itself seems to waver in and out of existence.  
Then as I set my foot upon the stone stairs it solidifies and I make the upward ascent.  
Once I reach the top I make my way into the hallowed inner court.  
There within I see a statue towering tall in dignity and solemn bearing  
'Tis she whose gentle warlike nature and tender nurturing love of the arts sets her apart in her  
wisdom from all others.  
Her figure is all inter-woven with gold and laced with ivory.  
Time has not disfigured nor has age dare to lay it's hands upon her blessed limbs.  
She is the queen of beauty still.  
There she stands in august majesty with her spear and helm and sacred shield.  
As I draw closer and look up she seems to smile ever so faintly.  
And tho she says it not....her very aspect seems to scream it, the words:  
"VICTORY SHALL BE MINE."  
I nod my head in quiet acknowledgement  
Then I drop down upon one knee and i take the laurel wreathe that is upon my head  
and I place it at her feet.  
As I arise I look up....and there seems to be a single teardrop slowly  
making its way down her cheek.  
Then...as I finally leave the gleaming structure I descend the marble steps and  
turn back for one last glance  
As I do the temple itself suddenly disappears and  
crown of laurel leaves is once more upon my head  
  
As I cry a single tear.