

At the Palace of Ferdinand and Isabella, The Great King and Queen of Spain

By Frances Roberts

At the palace of Ferdinand and Isabella,
There in Spain, where they lived when they were paying
Columbus to potter about the seas looking for things,
Even while they were also fighting off the pesky Moors at Granada
That very same year,
At this palace you will discover
A hole in the ground where you can see
The top of a Greek temple column!
Ionic, Doric, or Corinthian, you can't tell which,
Since it is only the very top you can make out,
Peering down that little dug-up part in the palace garden.
You cannot know in what condition lies
The rest of the temple, nor can you tell its name,
Or rank, or beauty, or anything about it,
Except that there it is, stuck for all eternity,
Silent and solemn, in mute protest perhaps
At being so denied its noble heritage to impress
With its white marble grandeur and magnificence.

Obviously, somebody was never dusting properly
To let those centuries of dirt pile up,
More than temple high,
Making a new earth crust over buried treasure.
For that I say, to Penelope, Medea, Helen of Troy,
Or some other such Grecian housewife,
For shame to let the dust accrue so deep,
When we could have had a temple shining
In the bright Mediterranean sun for all to see,
And Isabella to show off her Sunday gown
While other worshippers knelt down to her,
And marked how beautiful she was,
How handsome Ferdinand standing tall beside her,
And what a lovely day to be
In that Grecian temple in Iberia,
At the palace of Ferdinand and Isabella,
The great king and queen of Spain.

Copyright 2013 Frances Roberts. All rights reserved.