

The centaur sat for 35 years,
Through boredom, sunlight and the tears;
At the random run with the minotaur,
Past Neptune Odin and Minor Thor.

This lyric poetry called Satyr,
Is something to do when you sat and tyre;
For as you sit and think of these things,
Thoughts drift into your head and joy it brings.

So now as I sit down to think and write,
After day has gone and passed into the night;
I think and link the things of the day,
Like where the centaur trod and when his way.

For he is not such an unseemly fellow,
Or uncolourful character you find as yellow;
But he is quick and fast off the mark,
That he should dash and hideaway in the dark.

And when you see or catch up to him,
Remember his name and name of his friends;
For they are bright and colourful too,
That they the God's, would have anything to do with you.

And where I am all alone and tired,
That I should find just what I desired;
For it was the centaur that was the satyr,
Now found in poetry and very and satire.

Signed,

Read me Right