

The Mermaid and the Centaur



by John James Northrop



The mermaid and the centaur,
a tale so lovely yet grim.

Two beautiful creatures
in both grace and in limb.

He looked at her in awe
and she looked the same at him.

Alas, you see she could not run,
and he could not swim

Neither one knew what to say...
Neither one could look away...



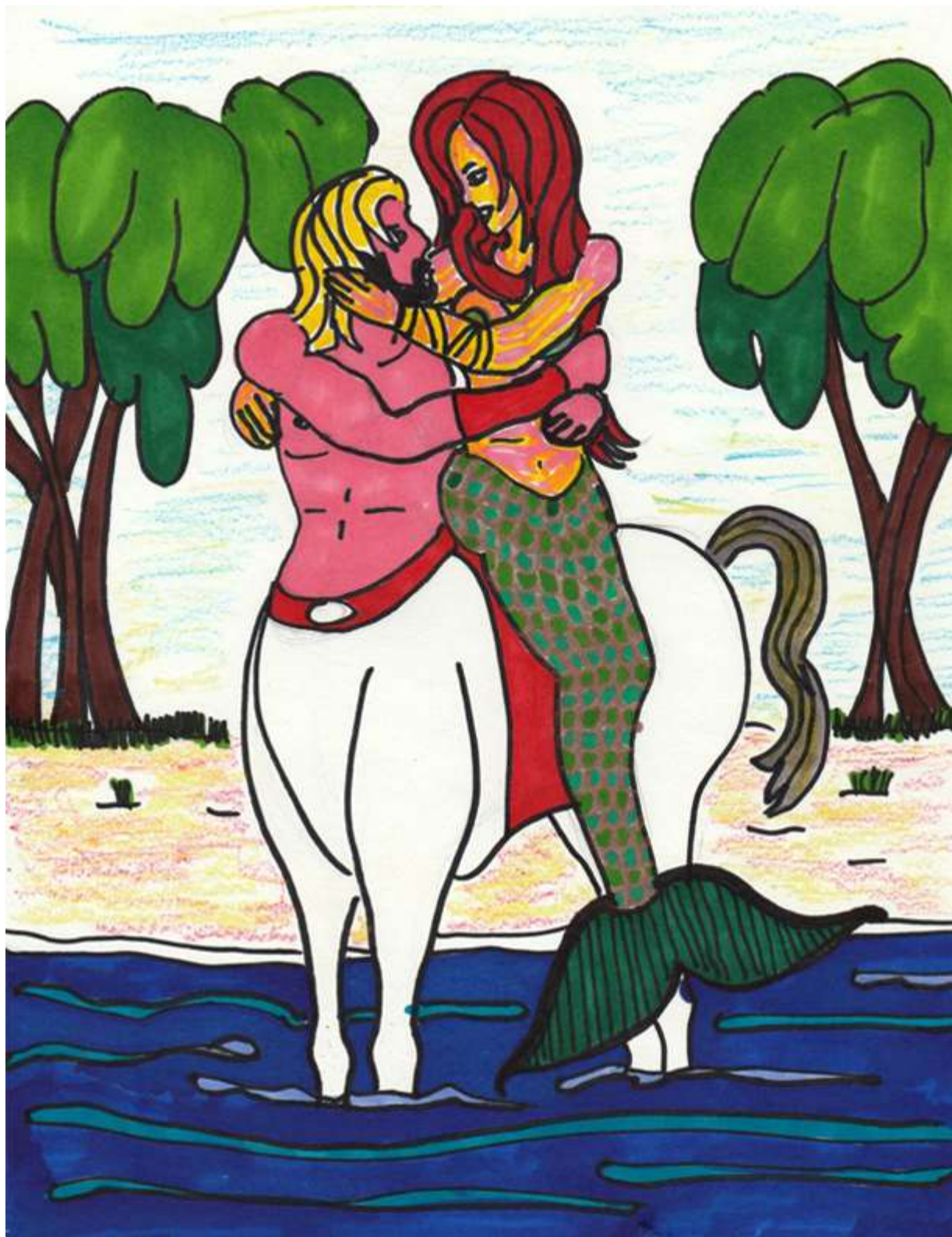
He crept up to the water's edge
as close as he could get.

She propped up on a nearby rock;
her splash got his hooves wet.

They shared a smile in a midday
sun,
no mind to the drips of sweat.

Captivated by each other's glance
they stand there staring yet.

Neither one knew what to say...
Neither one could look away...



For centuries there have been tomes,
of love that can't be found.

And many tales of King of Fools,
whose actions earned their crown.

Yet here are two that could be true,
if she could touch the ground.

Or if he could join her in the
depths, without the chance he'd
drown.

