T. Rex

She was born to be my Unicorn Robed head of ferns Cat child tutored by the learned.

Darkly ghostish host Haggard vizier of the moats Seeks the sandled shores of Gods Baby of the moors.

The night-mare's mauve mashed mind Sights the visions of the blinds Shoreside stream of steam Cooking kings in cream of scream.

Jackdaw winter head Cleans his chalcedony bed A silken word of kind Was returned from Nijinsky Hind.

Giant of Inca hill Loosed his boar to gorely kill The dancing one horned waife In doublet of puffin-bill.

The beast in feast of sound Kittened lamb on God's ground Ridden by the born of horn Jigged like a muse on life's lawn.