

T. Rex, Wind Cheetah

Her with moon trodden plow
Herds of African cows
Grazed on her beauty
Fragrant and pale

Young once youthful still now
Muse to the willow and ploughed
Fields arched with orchards
Blooms of the stars

Day whipped his black dray
Opaque orphan of Ring Myrrh coated rider
Guider husband to Matron the King
Streams of yellowy mud

Run to the one that I love
Chained to the chalky
Chalice of night.