

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Poetry*

### ***“Pegasus” by Eleanor Farjeon***

From the blood of Medusa, Pegasus sprang.  
His hoof upon heaven like melody rang,  
His whinny was sweeter than Orpheus' lyre,  
the wing on his shoulder was brighter than fire.

His tail was a fountain, his nostrils were caves,  
His mane and his forelock were musical waves,  
He neighed like a trumpet, he cooed like a dove,  
He was stronger than terror and swifter than love.

He could not be captured, he could not be bought,  
His running was rhythm, his standing was thought;  
With one eye on sorrow and one eye on mirth,  
He galloped in heaven and gambolled on earth.

And only the poet with wings to his brain  
Can mount him and ride him without any rein.  
The stallion of heaven, the steed of the skies  
The horse of the singer  
Who sings as he flies.