

There lived - in olden days, of course -
A knight who had a clever horse;
In fact, we ought to get things right,
The horse was brighter than the knight.
Though dimmer than a box of bricks,
This knight could knock his foes for six,
And nobody demanded more,
Since that is what a knight is for.

This horse could solve advanced equations;
And yet her rider strained her patience
By constant tourneys, jousts, and fights
With dragons or with other knights.
He grew to fame in song and story,
And mused upon his rise to glory,
Not knowing his reluctant steed
Would rather stand around and read.

A foreign knight of great renown
Arrived to claim the royal crown,
And so the queen declared our knight
Her champion in the coming fight.
This fight must be, the horse conceded,
But wondered why the knight was needed;
The queen was strong, like all her race,
And could have brained him with a mace.

Soon came the great and fateful day;
Our knight (and horse), in brave array,
Came to do many a daring feat
(And keep the warrior in his seat).
The knight wore all his dazzling plate,
Which constituted too much weight;
She thought of diagrams of force...
Until she saw the other horse.

She almost halted in surprise,
Struck by the glimmer in his eyes,
That, if she knew her ABC,
Betokened one as bright as she.
"Excuse me, sir," she softly started;
Said he, "Alas, you seem downhearted!
We should forget this silly fight;
D'you think Pythagoras was right?"

"You're clever, but you must be new,"
She answered; "that will never do.
These humans like to keep a grip;
We must obey, or feel the whip.
Without a shadow of a doubt
There's only one way we'll get out.
I'll give a signal. When I neigh,
We'll throw these clots and run away."

This plan was rapidly agreed;
They charged, she neighed. At once each steed
Committed full assault and battery
In ways dramatically clattery.
The knights, unseated, swiftly fell
Like clanging of a tuneless bell,
Both unaware that either horse
Could calculate the impact's force.

The horses found a distant field,
Where they enjoyed its toothsome yield
Of fragrant plants and tender grass,
And talked about Pythagoras.
The knights were a pathetic sight,
Since both were now too stunned to fight;
The queen arrived, and, nothing loth,
She took her mace and bashed them both.

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