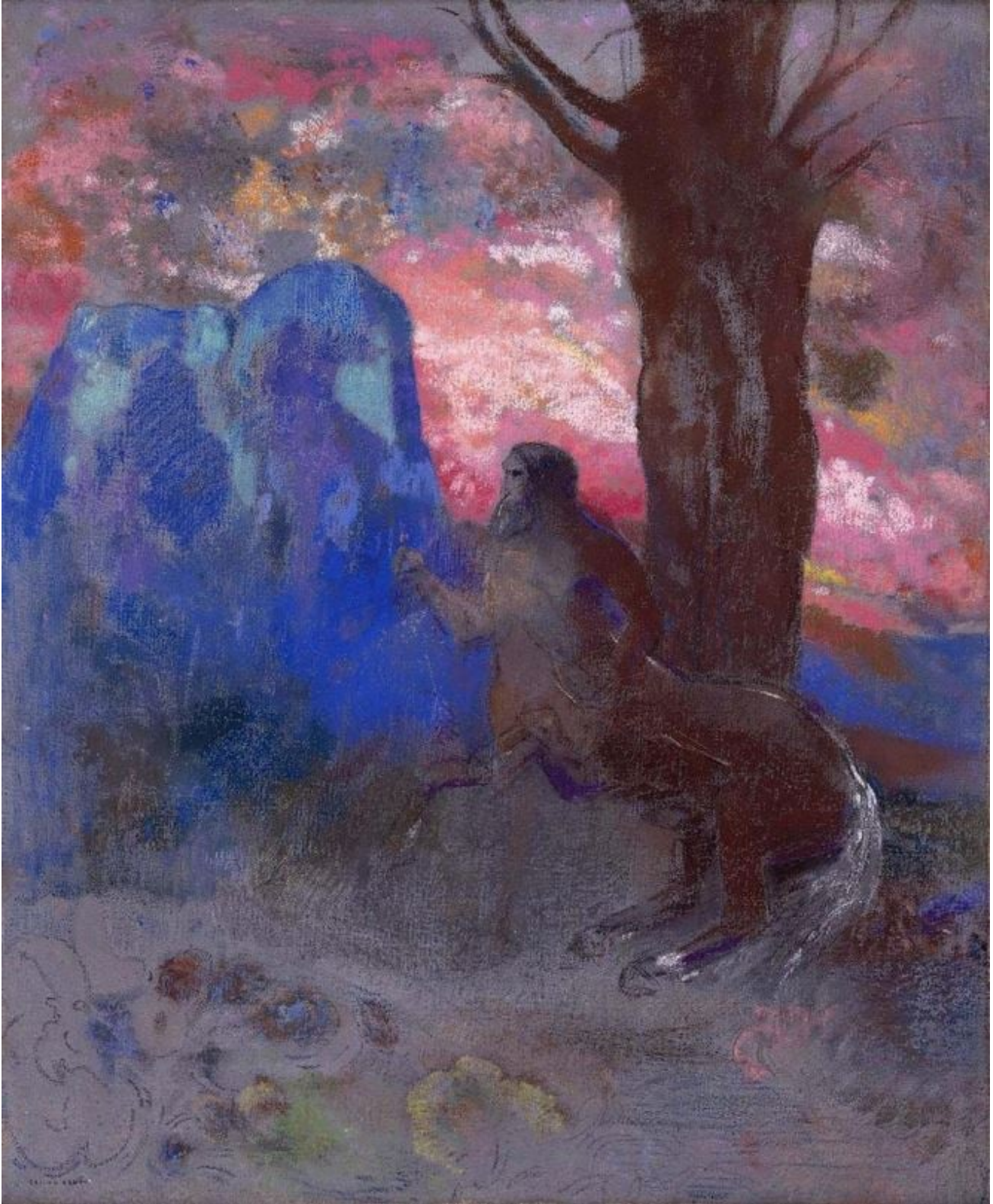


Centaur

by [Michael Shindler](#) (March 2023)



Centaur, Odilon Redon, 1895–1900

A centaur in a dim field
Contrary to all nature
Wears a sort of smile.

And the enemy beats his shield,
Perhaps to scare the creature,
Into a woodland exile.

He beats like the storm
That beats on an empty plain.
But the night is long, and warm,
And so, he beats in vain.

The centaur rears himself up
Over the rows of growing grain.
In one hand he holds Christ's cup
And in the other his pain.

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Michael Shindler is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *The American Spectator*, *National Review Online*, *New English Review*, *University Bookman*, and *Providence*. Follow him on Twitter [@MichaelShindler](#).

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