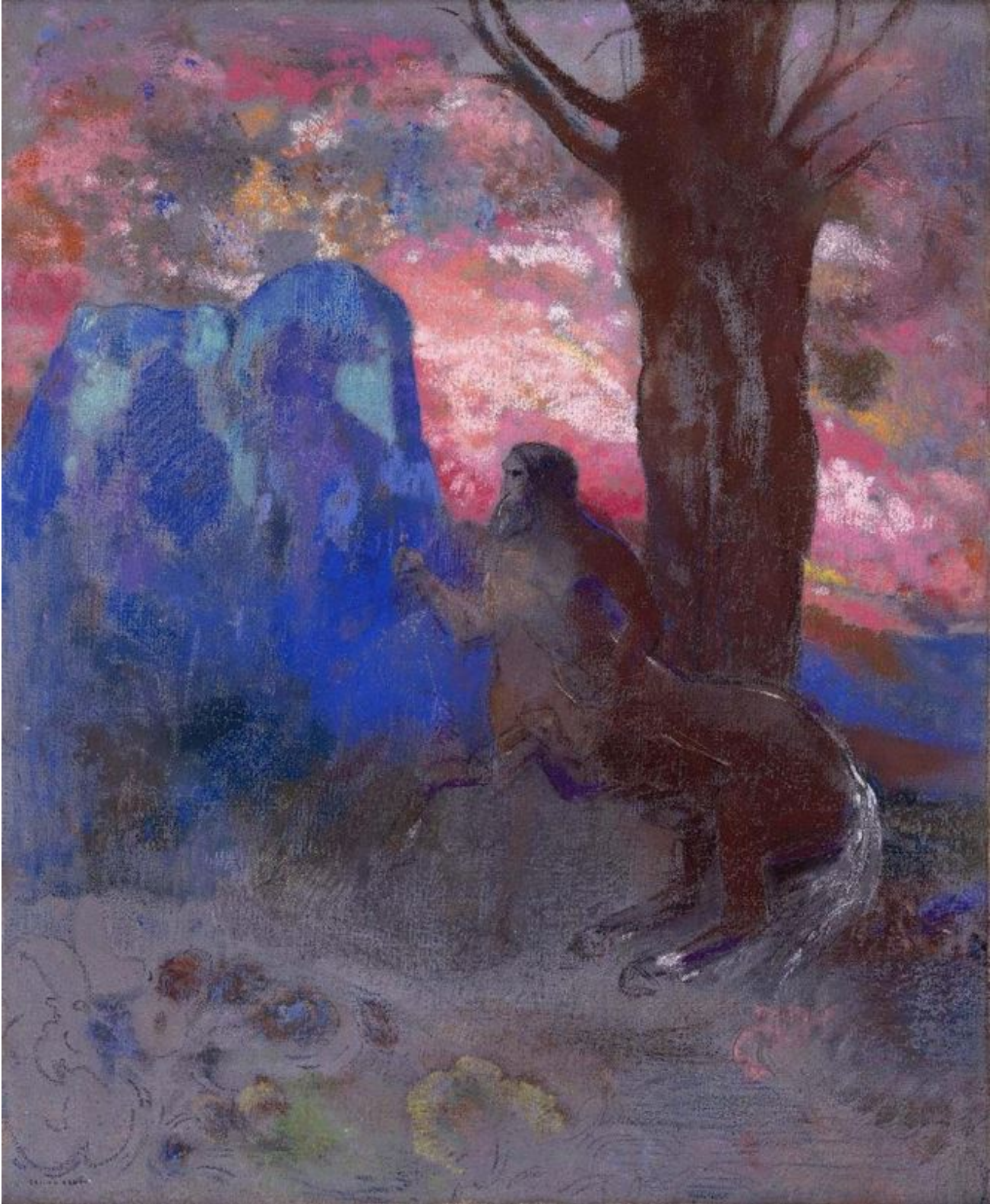


# Centaur

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.

## [Table of Contents](#)

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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