**George and the Dragon**

A boyish George, arrayed in gleaming plate,

lunges forward with a lance and white rocking-horse.

The dragon’s head dips in sympathy, bleeds

over the ground, on tousled patches of grass.

But she presents the beast with her palm out-

stretched as if a harmless pet pulled at the chain.

Is she deceived? Or is that fog behind

Brave George, the black cave’s echo, evil unseen?

*Martyn Crucefix*

(link to 'Not my best Side by U.A. Fanthorpe: http://english.emory.edu/classes/paintings&poems/uccello.html)