

He raised his great head at the sun at dawn,
Two distended nostrils snorted wreaths of frosted air.
He stood gigantic in the middle of my garden,
And snorting, shat upon my flowers.
Black as the ancient rock around us
His horns rising like an emperor's crown,
He was handsome beyond description.
He turned and gave me a royal stare,
And I, dropped my eyes before him.
He snorted again, and ambled over the fence,
With a swish of his tail he was gone.
We call him 'George,' monarch of Ketti.