

Circle in the sky

a g rao

*Once there was a dispute
Among the shapes of repute
Who is the best?
How can we test?
First came a Triangle
Took a stance that was simple
I am a Triangle
I have angles three
Change the angles as you feel free
Obtuse, acute, right angle
Add them together with no tangle
Sum is always one eighty
May be a law of almighty
I can take a test
To be the best
Then came the Square
With a confidence that is rare
Said with an authority of a knight
My four angles are right
And sides equal and straight
I have no match in this contest
I am the best!
Numb went the Pentagon
Neither spoke the Hexagon
No word came from Octagon
As they had no 'Right' angle!
They kept their tongues tight!
Waited for a deeper insight
Is 'beauty' boasting of angles Right?
What if the angles were 'Left'*

*Anyway to be best and bright
You need to surpass Right and Left
Then rolled the Circle
With a gesture that was gentle
I have no angle
That is left or right
Acute or obtuse in sight
I can roll where others have to stroll
Into the sky with a soul
You will discover soon
By looking at the full moon
And realize who is the best
Beauty needs no test!*
