

## The Forever-Turning Carousel

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A carousel full of horses so bright,  
Colors of red, green, yellow, and light:  
They move up and down, round and round.  
In the wheel of life, they forever abound.

The carousel, like  $\pi$ , turns infinitely—  
A joyous ride that's so pretty,  
With marvelous lights and hues  
That make it impossible to refuse.

Blue horses gallop with glee;  
Red ones charge ahead daringly;

Green ones saunter with grace;  
Yellow ones mirror the sun's warm embrace.

And then I see a unicorn  
Spearing through the night as if reborn.  
This carousel's a magical ride  
That takes you on a journey so wide.

So, let's hop on and feel the thrill  
Of life moving, never standing still;  
And just like  $\pi$ , it goes on and on—  
Like this carousel ride, we'll never be gone.  $\Omega$