Glimpses

(in the scraps of a
Danish-English dictionary)

E. Croke

In the twilight, grimalkins wail under gorse
grotesque hymns to graceless gods;
gospels of grating teeth and broken sanity.
My ghost is haggard, mind mad
and heart stained with guilt.
Staggering though the grotto
I'm surrounded by walls of glyptic faces
left to starve on the judgement of truth.
This is my punishment.