

Troll

Warts.

Plank by plank a bridge,
decibel by decibel the host growls, roars,
whimpers in his sleep.

Green fields.

Sun from a sour sky.

Sorry outskirts finger the boundary.

Bright headache,
unmentionable breath.

We rehearse shock, fear, disbelief.

Can't angels be ugly?

Mathew Lloyd