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Glatisant / The Hound of Cullen

Richard King Perkins II

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Additional Keywords

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GLATISANT

by Richard King Perkins II

Even with daylight
The sky seems to howl with life force.

Men amongst Fay,
Perhaps these sounds mark
The pack of the wild hunt,
Its ignoble master gowned in jet leather,
Adorned with the rack of a stag.

As the supernatural baying draws nearer,
Fabulous Glatissant emerges
From the bulrush like mottled shadow,
Trapped within the skin
Of the feline, the equine, the reptilian.

Palomides the Saracen
And ill-fated Pellinore the King
Have espied their glamoured quarry

Plunge headlong into the second growth
Pursuing an elusive glory.

Always to be hunted, never caught,
Each knight kennels a questing beast
Slinking somewhere in his gut

Betrayed by the barking of hounds
Swallowed whole—

The feral gluttony of all
Who proclaim a chivalrous soul.

THE HOUND OF CULLEN

by Richard King Perkins II

Setanta is seven years old
and waits on a mat before the hearth.
He is hungry and there is never
enough food to fill him.
The magus, poet, general and sage
have all left for the day.

From above, in the corner of the house,
a violet and ebony mist enshrouds him
with parhelic ring. Setanta is unafraid.
The shuffle and clatter of Ulster loses
any definite edge as the Otherworld
appears, its ardent potential displayed.

*He kills a dog but makes restitution.
The masses cheer him as Cu Chulainn.
The eating of a dog destroys him.*

Setanta sits on a rug in front of the fire.
A ball is near the door. A dog waits
impatiently outside, barking with passion,
the promise of fame and identity wrapped
like a silken toque about its muzzle.

Something cooks in the kettle before him.
His mentors will not be home for hours.
He is still quite hungry, and as usual,
a decision must be made.