

GHOULS FEEDING

inspired by HP Lovecraft's "Pickman's Model"

A dark night, full moon, clouds
(only a bit stormy)
the first time I saw them
illuminated
by a freak flash of lightning
dancing
gleefully gruesomely
by the vault they called home--
grinning horribly, drooling
and covered with blood and ichor,
someone else's fingers in their mouths
corpse fingers
broken off and sucked
like grotesque lollipops.

A graveyard picnic with thighbone baseball bats,
grapnelike piles of eyeballs arranged for bocci,
brains a la gore
eaten out of skull plates with relish,
spaghetti veins with blood sauce slurped up
while lounging
on arms and legs strewn about
among split open torsos.

Loops of intestines worn as necklaces;
females parade their finery
as rat eyes gleam
in the passing headlights.

Waiting for their share of the feast
tails thick as fingers,
bodies the size of cats,
fangs like tiny vampires.

Pet dogs crouched at their master's feet begging for bones,
they watch the ghouls--
man-like things
distorted from eating death

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