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Jormungandr

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JORMUNGANDR

Alexander Connell



In the ox head fell cracking
 The glass of the Atlantic.
 Down it sank waiting to catch hold
 Of my quarry, my prize.
 The line caught and began
 To dredge up my trophy.
 Heaving and pulling, assisting
 Until the glass shattered
 And sprung forth a mighty
 Serpent.
 Shaded and grinding it turned
 To face me, eyes as
 Twin moons, cold.
 Inhaling sulfur and salt to
 Gather strength I raise my hammer
 The end times,
 The world serpent.
 Hemlock dripping from fang,
 Thunder rolling overhead. The
 World,
 Breaks free of its constraints.
 Take what you can,
 Give nothing back.
 The
 End of days is upon us
 Ragnarok has come.