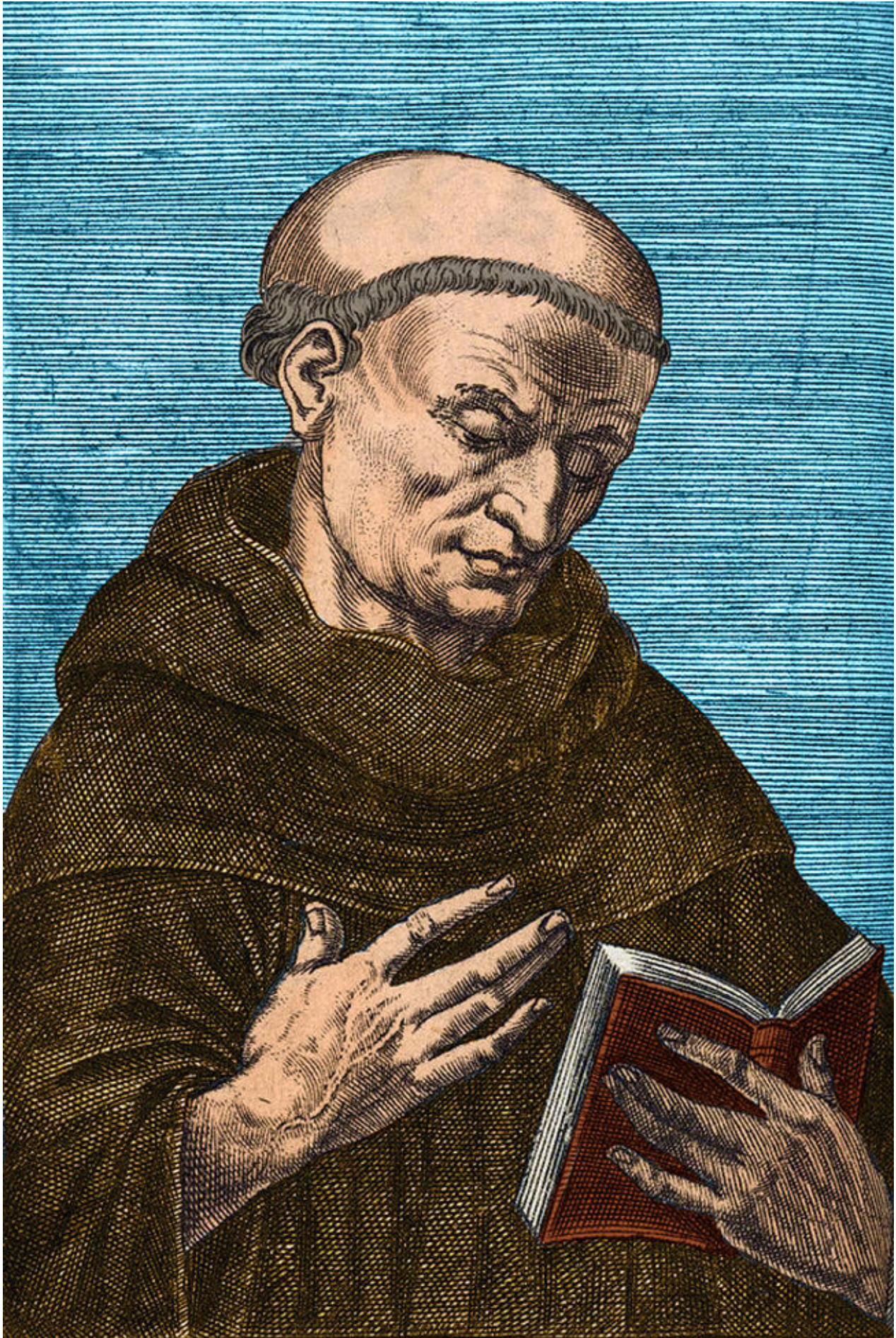


A Taste of Riches

by [Walt Garlington](#) (August 2024)



Gildas the Wise

Rich and gleaming,
Wealth unseemly,
Wales from Grace is falling.

Saxons raiding,
Many slaying,
Britons now bewailing.

Modern cities
Awfully gaudy—
Leprous sores are spreading.

Wise and holy Gildas,
Resting quietly in Rhuys,
The pure sea breezes blowing
Gently on the shores of Brittany
Are your constant friends at the church
Where your body lies still, enclosed.
Send them throughout the West
To cool the passions deep within our bones.
And with the resounding waves,
Lift up your voice to God unceasingly
That we be freed from spiritual bonds
And infirmities, able to join the chorus
Of all creation in praise of the Holy Trinity.

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Walt Garlington was born and raised in that part of Dixieland

called Louisiana. A chemical engineer by training, he has spent the last several years writing full-time. He has written essays and poems for *The Hayride*, *New English Review*, *The Tenth Amendment Center*, *The Abbeville Institute*, *Reckonin'*, *Katehon*, *Geopolitica*, and *USA Really*. He writes regularly at his own web site, [Confiteri: A Southern Perspective](#).

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