Glib:

1) Not far from glob, and globule,
in *Web II*, akin to glissade, as in slippery, a skillful slide,
a way of going about one’s life, perhaps? You won’t find glib,
anyhow, as an entry in Mr. Bierce’s dictionary,
for it must have seemed self-evident, like breath,
which also goes undefined. Breath, by the way, would have fit
between brain, v.t. to rebuke bluntly . . .
to dispel a source of error in an opponent—
(as in, the pieces of a cane with which Bierce once brained
a former associate, for example, & which he saved
to remind himself of the nature of friendship)
—and Brandy, n. a cordial composed of one part thunder-and-lightning,
one part remorse. . . . Dose: a headful all the time.

& with said headful,

Bierce, bent over Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall*,
became “Bierce,” “A.G.,” a third person, a sleek familiar,
such that glib grew as a wound
around a blade. No word for that, either.
You just embody it.

2) Glib: wit under the weather, (i.e, drunk);
the occupational hazard
of one burdened with being,
(i.e., drunk) in weekly installments.

Tho sometimes it turned out rather well, cf Reliquary, n. A receptacle
for such sacred objects as pieces of the true cross,
short-ribs of the saints . . .

the head of Saint Dennis,
which, because of misbehavior in Canterbury cathedral
(it, the head, was searching—rather loudly—for a body of doctrine)
was thrown into the Stour.

3) a habit of mind borne of the long view,
e.g., bent over Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall*.
To a lady author hectoring him for advice from the ancients
on the rearing of the young:
Study Herod, madam—study Herod.

4) An all together too easy tactic or strategy, it seems, issued from some great remove—

4) e.g., God’s view of the predicament

4) Ha!

4)—if, indeed, God had anything to do with it:
note the brows arching over eyes set too close together,
the neck thrust forward,
in a rare and deadly combination of ferocity and perplexity,
fingers gripping the podium of empire,
behind which lie hidden the duct-tape,
boom mics and cameras of empire—the shutter-flash like a thousand cicadas—or like laughter

5) as one of three condemned soldiers for the Union Army
whose hanging Bierce oversaw,
shouted from the gallows, I’m coming, Jesus!
and as if on cue,
a locomotive whistle blew
a long, derisive hoot—
& the assembled crowd of officers and enlisted
burst into it, a rolling laughter
which the condemned must have heard,
Bierce reminds us,
as they dropped into the hereafter

6) Used in a sentence: the glib laughter less mirthful perhaps, than the product of a habitual grimace

7) Glib: a place of refuge that becomes a trap,

8) an unwitting concession, a way of being a ghost.