

# Dream Sonnet

*by* Jane Flett

Last night I dreamt of water rose too high,  
The sea did roil and cough out broken ships.  
I stood with you beneath a turquoise sky,  
My thoughts of salty crystals on your lips.  
Your limbs were bound with brightly coloured thread  
And when it rose, you had no means to run.  
My heart was light, I had no need for dread.  
Your lips were soft; this end was so much fun.  
    When deep you sank, I climbed upon the rock,  
    The tide came in; it set a brand new clock.

