

Citadel

by Jane Flett

Last night we slept with books in the bed.

We crafted a citadel of their spines;
the hardy chapters served as parapets

to defend our dreams from the warriors of the night.

We made a mortar of conjunctions
to help the turret bricks to hold, and

rabid alligators circled a moat that
swished, commas beneath their claws.

They swam until the first sunbeam crested
our Ishtar Gate and roused the city from its slumber.

By the time we got out of bed, all the alligators had gone.

