

Fever Dream

Matt Hurley

At night I crawl into a castle,
pull its outer walls up to my chin
and lay my arms over the battlements.

Outside there's the roar of an army
of mice and elephants stampeding up and down the moat.
The orange, circular explosions created by their artillery
swell slowly and innumerably beneath my eyelids.

I bid sweet dreams to a winged,
sky blue dragon at my side.
We peer over the rampart's edge,
look down the curtain wall
and see my feet sticking out
at the bottom, toes wiggling,
twenty feet below.