Light flushes the walls
To four dimming
Dwarves
Born from the cusp
Of the child’s mind.
She

Freezes in the palm
Of the sun, ivory legs stacked to barricade the Wall.
Cerulean blue wades
Around her waist, a nightgown clasping the Fruitless chamber hovering

Above gossamer thighs.
Painted leaves wallow
Down to her, a rasping infantry,
And birds, fantasy
Fuming in their blood, never dare snag the

Blistering mahogany to unite with their Home in
the head of the
Girl,
Who has yet to collapse into a
Cradle
Of logic, who has yet
To squeeze her chest into the bony corset Laid out
for her.
The imaginative jester straddles his
Wiry fuse, cinder churning in his cheeks. Pinned to the bed by the collar, he will soon plummet to the yawning chasm of iron floorboard below. But for now, he ferments in mid-morning silence.

And so the world pivots, deflected, and leaves the girl to be still in the wilderness of her dreams.