Citadel

I am an architect building citadel:
drift seed tea, sea whistle scone,

sand fleas trussing the single turret.
Up there: another cloister, a lady
in white sips champagne.

Sunday is not a day for undressing.

As I gather slippers and pail,
the ground shivers:

the wave always comes,
a giant stepping on the earth's crust,
shaking us to dry bone.

#MMPPisLIT
www.meowmeowpowpowlit.com