

# There Are No Lakes in Riyadh

by Carlton Clayton

Patriot missiles rise out of the Arabian night like  
an apparition and streak the sky like shooting  
stars.

*Boom-Boom-Boom!*

Chandeliers sway, dishes rattle, a glass shatters  
on the floor.

We cluster in the streets, our eyes aloft. *If it had  
been gas ...*

Morning rises and foils the darkness.

Day begins.

Collateral damage. News just in:

*Five missiles got through but missed their  
targets; they fell into the lake.*

Darkness recovers.

*Boom-Boom-Boom!*

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