



Not all groups are big corps;
not all planets have small cores;
not all meanings
are always called *true*.

Not all pigs are large boars;
some are brown and some black,
and they're different from bores
who keep talking—a fact.

Poodle reflected
that words are connected
in ways that set some nouns apart.

There are trees—let us start—
but the heart of the art
is that adjectives set trees apart.
There are oak trees and pines,
and clothes trees with signs,
and little trees breaking the soil.
To all little trees we are loyal.

Poodle loved adjectives.



Nouns are things' names,
pronouns take their place,
but **adjectives change nouns** in ways.

Adjectives, Poodle recalled,
modify nouns
or pronouns. That's all.

Poodle thought about this,
and it was pure bliss
to see what the adjectives do,
like "**Blue flowers** grow,"
or "**He** is so **low**,"
or "Give me **more dough**, too."

Poodle knew
that adjectives are strong,
and he was not wrong.

