



Suddenly, FLASH!,
and suddenly, POP!,
and suddenly Sidney came streaking
down from up top.

“Wait for me!” she cried
as she streaked down beside,
and screeched like a rhyme,
and tried to slide
into place like a race
against time,
and on they dropped,
now three, swapped
places and made funny faces
in their long, long fall through places,
dropping feet first
into chasms of words, of doors, flying past
nouns and pronouns and adjectives
and verbs and adverbs, at last—
ghostly words, worlds, like phantasms—
so many; they had not known
there could be so many.



The words flew up
as they fell down.

There were words **on** the left
and words **under** the wind
and words **for** their friends
and words **with** no ends.

There were words **at** the side
and words **in** their glide
and words that they spied
in the wide space beside.

They saw words **around** them,
beside them, **below** them.

There were words
above them
and words like snow then.

