

As the good day wore on
and the air got cool and intelligent,
the friends reviewed the shrewd
thoughts they had found.

They saw that, unlike birds,
there are only eight kinds of words,
but the noun and verb
are the two main kinds—
the core of their minds—
and the other six just help.

They saw how
all of the words click
and whirl to make a sentence,
like a beautiful brass brain machine.

The more they looked at words,
the more they liked them.
Words are irresistible.



The world began to glow
somewhere over there, in the distance,
across a vast blue plain,
and they saw that over there
was a world of words
all before them.

More than anything, ever,
they wanted to go there,
to that far horizon,
to the line where the
low dark blue meets the high light blue,
and a star floats above
like a white spot.