

High on the peak,
frozen and bleak,
the blue wind snarled like a madwind,
snapping its gusts
and flinging banners of snow
into the vast blue void, annoyed.

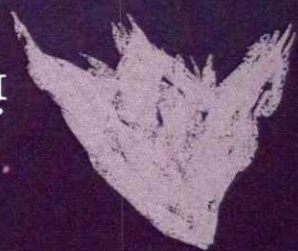
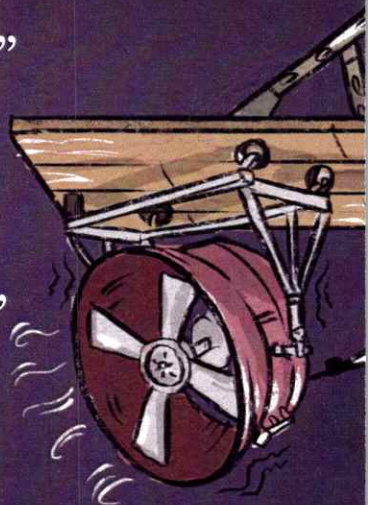
Gramlet squeaked.
“Don’t do it!” Gramlet cried.
“Don’t go up there. Take a peek!
Dickinson’s up there at the peak.
He shrieks.
He’ll get you. He’s bleak. Eek!”

“Get us? Dickinson?” Poodle asked.
“What do you mean, *Get us*?
Who is Dickinson?”

“CUT!” Suddenly Maybe stormed in
from the right edge of the page.
“Cut! Lights!

Gramlet, I need you to speak up.
Lou, turn that wind machine off.”

We didn’t even know Lou was there.



“Poodle, take another step
higher on that ladder.
What?, stand on the chair.
It’s a SLOPE, get it?
Look UP, all of you!
You’re supposed to be
climbing a mountain!”



The stage lights hurt their eyes,
and the wooden floor was bare,
and they stood on chairs
and ladders, and the hill ahead
was now a high white wall,
and they had not had lunch,
which is the worst of all.
You are supposed to get a sandwich
for lunch. There’s a law.
And soup, if you’ve been good.

From somewhere over the ceiling,
wiggling children were giggling.
The author stopped writing.

