

High on the mountain,
the air was clearer, and
the crowds of hills marched forever,
and a hidden mountain range
peeked up behind that mountain
range over there,
and the shrouds of fog were far below,
like cloudtops in valleys
with the sky upside-down,
and from their final slope
they could see for miles
and miles.

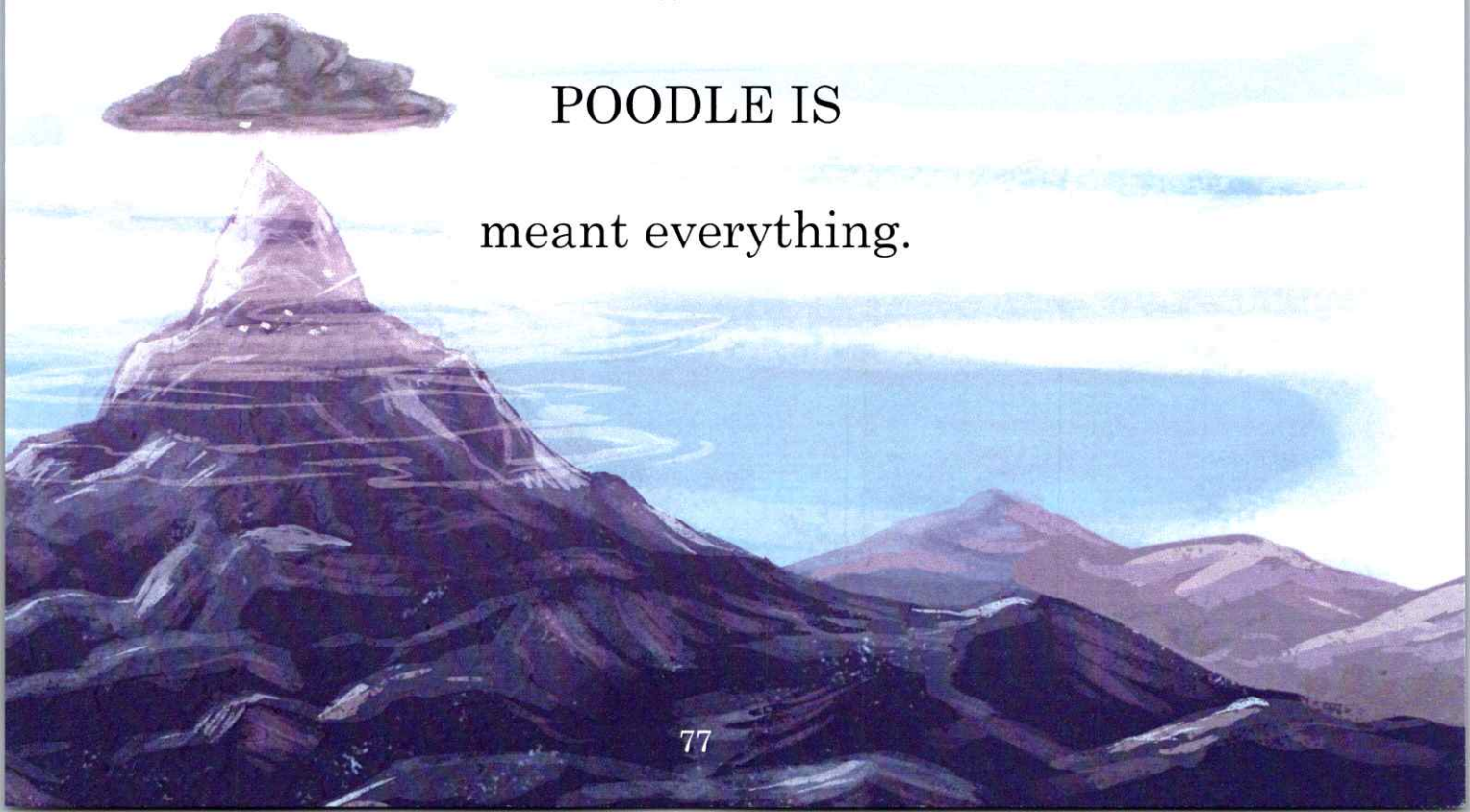
And somehow, the difference between

POODLE ATE

and

POODLE IS

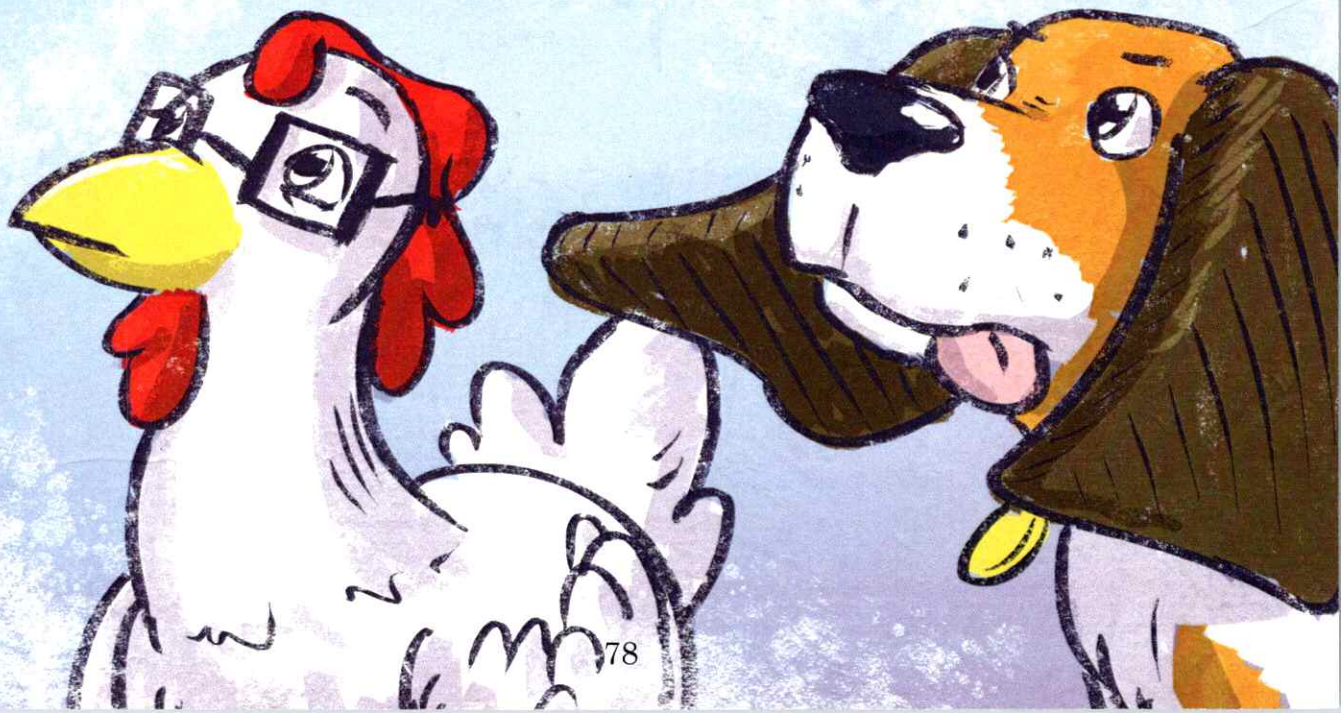
meant everything.





They stood together,
wrapped in cold weather,
wondering whether all thoughts
are made of words.

Just above,
Dickinson doubled his roar
and flung snow and ice,
and checking it twice,
he blasted the summit
like a madwind.
“GOOO AWAY,” Dickinson
seemed to say, and
yet it sounded more like
a stormy, “AROINT THEE!”
which was odd.
Did he know Gramlet?



“He is scary,” Poodle thought.

“I have to admit that.”

“What-what-what-what,” What? thought.

“*Zipzap swish*, I can fly too,”

Sidney thought.

“And you don’t scare me, BlueMan,
with your blue robes and
your dawning glowing eyes and
your *wooooowoooo*.”

She had guts.

