



On the Blue Mountain,
the wind whispered *wh*,
and a brisk wisp
whipped off the page
and whisked the author's nose.

The wind thinks
it is so funny.

"Write me out of here," Poodle said.
"Write me there, in that forest.
See? Over there? That wood?
No, *waayyy* over there, if you could,
on the left horizon of the page,
in that valley, where the fog fluffs up
over the blue river. Right. *There.*"

Poodle pointed to a light white puff
above a long blue river that
slid silently enough, slowly down a bluff,
there, in the purple west.

"Write me over there," he repeated.
"Please."



Done, thought the author,
and he began to write the forest
for Poodle to land in.

The forest would need words:
branches, and trunks, and shadows, and skunks,
and eyes in the shadows that rose—who knows—
and blue river rolling slow,
and a squirrel somewhere
in mid-jump.

The author used forest words.

As words rose and connected,
the forest began to appear, like a ghost
in a window. A wood of words. An outpost.

The author was engrossed
in the wood-words.

There were green things, and shadows,
and critterly sounds.



An illustration of an owl perched on a tree branch in the upper left, with its eyes glowing yellow.

The author wrote more,
and the forest grew deep
and wild; it wasn't like us.
Something moved a branch.

What? I don't know.

Hoooo, cried something.
There are always somethings in a forest.
You can hear them.

Some things in the forest go *hoooo*.

Some go *eeeeep eep!*

Some go *urp* or *rivvet*.

Some go *sssssssss*.

Rowp, maybe?

One goes *screeeee!*

Little birdies go *sweet sweet sweet*.

