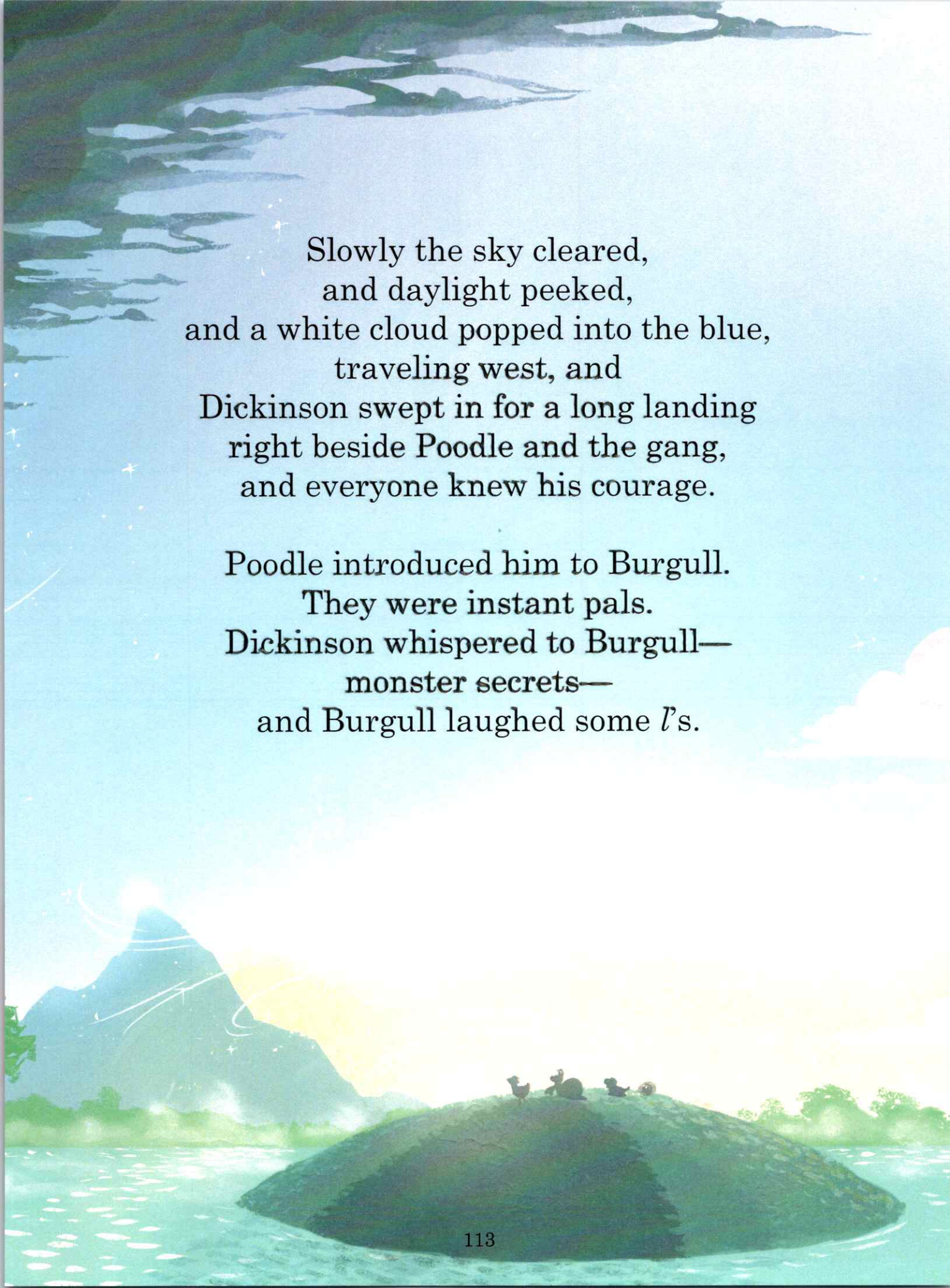




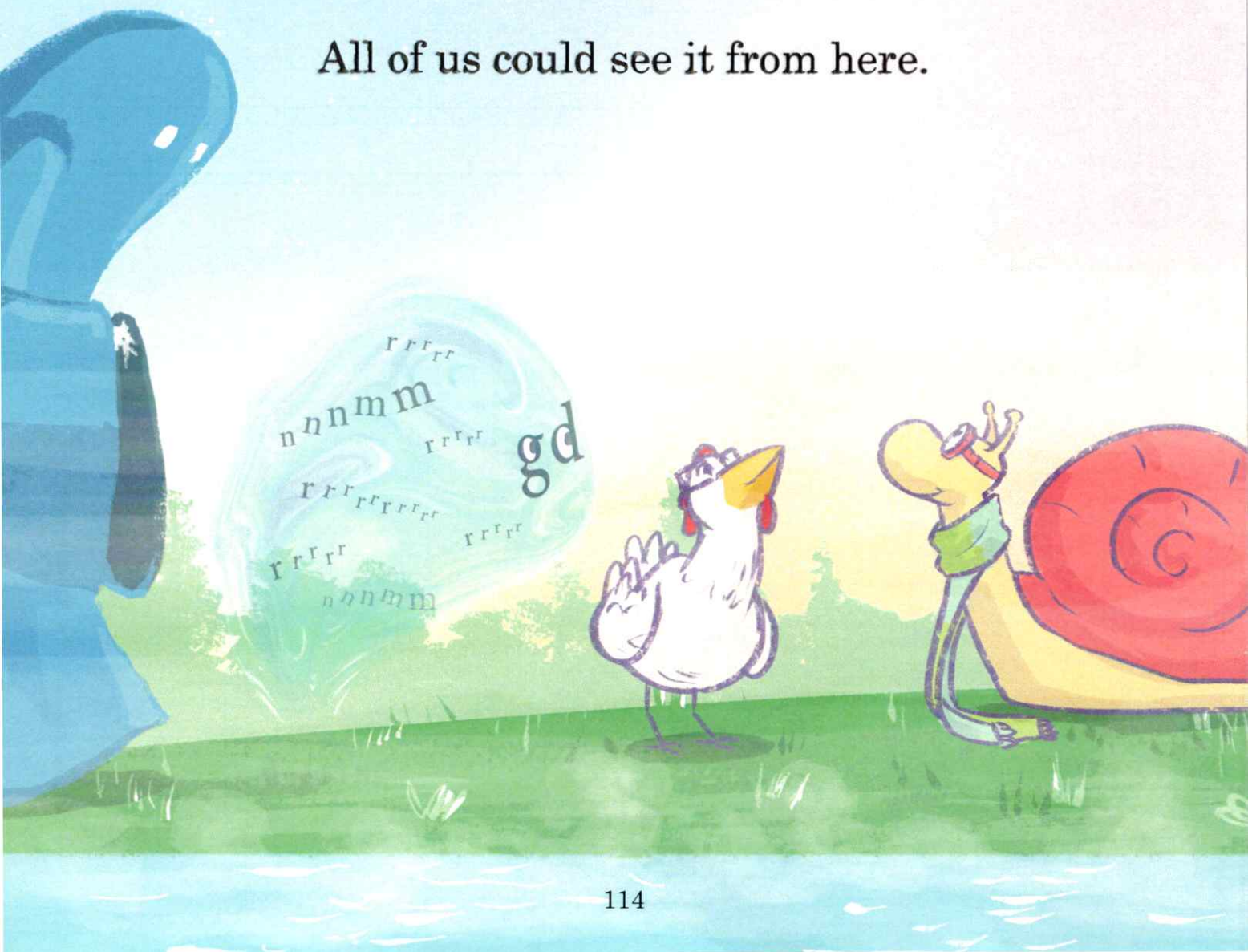
Slowly the sky cleared,
and daylight peeked,
and a white cloud popped into the blue,
traveling west, and
Dickinson swept in for a long landing
right beside Poodle and the gang,
and everyone knew his courage.

Poodle introduced him to Burgull.
They were instant pals.
Dickinson whispered to Burgull—
monster secrets—
and Burgull laughed some *l*'s.



The storm was gone,
but the forest was still wet.
Worsh was running swiftly,
but everyone was all right.
Trees were standing back up,
and the grass was shaking itself off,
and somethings were peeking out.
The blue sky was filling the heavens,
and at the end of a long day,
the sun was approaching the western slopes,
where some purples had plans.

All of us could see it from here.



“CUT!” cried Maybe,
scuttling out from behind the
curtain stage right.
“CUT! Great job, everyone!
Time for lunch!”

And the lights came on,
snap crackle pop, and
Susie stopped waving the Worsh fabric,
and Joe turned the wind off,
and everyone sat on the edge
of the stage and dangled their legs
over and got their sandwiches
from their pockets.

But somehow their minds were still
far away, on a wet hilltop
in a distant forest,
and they were thinking of poetry.

