

“Dunes don’t sing,” thought Poodle,
but the dune heard his thought.
(Dunes hear thoughts.)

“Ooooooh, I siiiiiiiiing,”
came a low moan **from** below.
“I sing **of** the sand and the stars and the sky,
and I know why you’re here, too,
oooooooooooooooooooo.
You’re searching **for** prepositions.
You’re a searcher.”

“Roooooroooooroo-grff,” crooned What?,
pointing his nose **at** Polaris
and joining **in** the song.
“Rarooooooooo! What-what!”
What? liked that hummy dune.



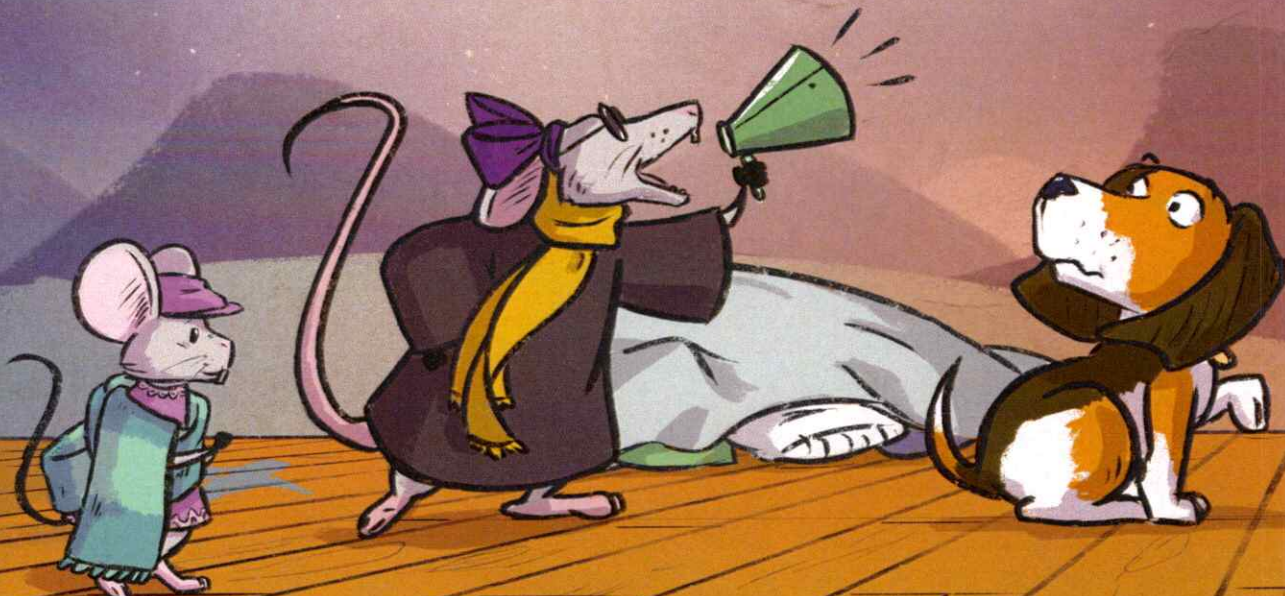


“CUT!” cried Maybe, the play’s director,
as she stormed **onto** the stage
from the curtain stage right,
with her stage assistant, Bizzie,
rushing behind.
Maybe always *storms*.

“CUT! LIGHTS!”

And the desert became a wooden stage.

“Poodle, you and What? must
face north, **toward** Polaris.
Bizzie, dim the moon; it’s too bright.
Let’s do it again, **with** feeling!
ACTION!”



And off she stormed stage right,
and Joe restarted the wind machine,
Bizzie dimmed the moon,
Susie lowered the lights,
and everything got blue again,
and someone **in** the audience coughed,
and a child high above wiggled her nose.

