



The wooden stage became the desert
once more, and lights became stars,
and blue cloths became dunes,
and the low tones of the oboe
became the notes of the dune.
His long song filled the air.

Poodle and What? resumed
their search across the sand.

“I’m confused,” said What?.
“So prepositions show
relationships of space,
such as *under the stars*?”



“Not only space,” said Poodle.
“There are many other kinds
of relationships.

“There are relationships of direction,
such as *from a distant dune*.
There are relationships of similarity,
such as *like the bright moonlight*.
And there are relationships of time,
such as *before the dawn* and
on my birthday.

“See?”

