



“You don’t have a birthday,”
said What?. “You’re a chicken.”

“What??? I certainly do!” Poodle fumed.
It made him gloomy.

What? wanted to ask **about** Poodle’s **birthday**,
but the eastern sky began to glow,
and Polaris looked over there,
and moody silhouettes **of dunes**
loomed blue, and purple rays
streamed **from** Dawn’s long **fingers**,
and soon the sun would sear the serenity,
and the dunes would broil.

The dune shrank down
and toned down his song.
“Ommmmm,” he concluded.

They needed shelter, and fast.
The sun was coming.



From her northern perch
Polaris saw the sun soar
and saw the pals far below,
but she did not have time to watch.
She, too, had to fade—right now.
The sun would blast everything:
blast the stars, blast her.

It was every thing for itself.

Even now the purple turned orange,
and in moments it would be yellow,
and then white, and then too bright to stand.
All of the dunes would
begin their sizzzzzzzzzzzzzzly sizzle.