





Act Eight: The Blue Wall

Night fell **on** the **desert**. Plop.

Poodle, and What?,
and Burgull, and Gawk,
and Dickinson, and Sidney
stood **in** the cave **entrance**
as night came down **on** the **desert**,
and the cold air crawled out,
and Polaris twinkled,
and the stars sparked circles **around** her,
and the dune crooned **beneath** the **sand**
in a long *hmmmmmmmmmm*
its lonely song **of** the **desert**.

Time to move.



“Now,” said Poodle,
and they resumed their trek
across the vast space,
north toward Polaris,
over the long blue dunes,
setting forth, moving north
toward the end of space.

If a desert is anything, it is space.
They didn’t know what they’d face.
Somewhere ahead, in some dark place,
there’d be an end. That’s all they knew.

As they walked, the dune moved with them,
shifting forward, the sand rising above him
like a child under a blanket.
Mmmm, he crooned in his old song.

