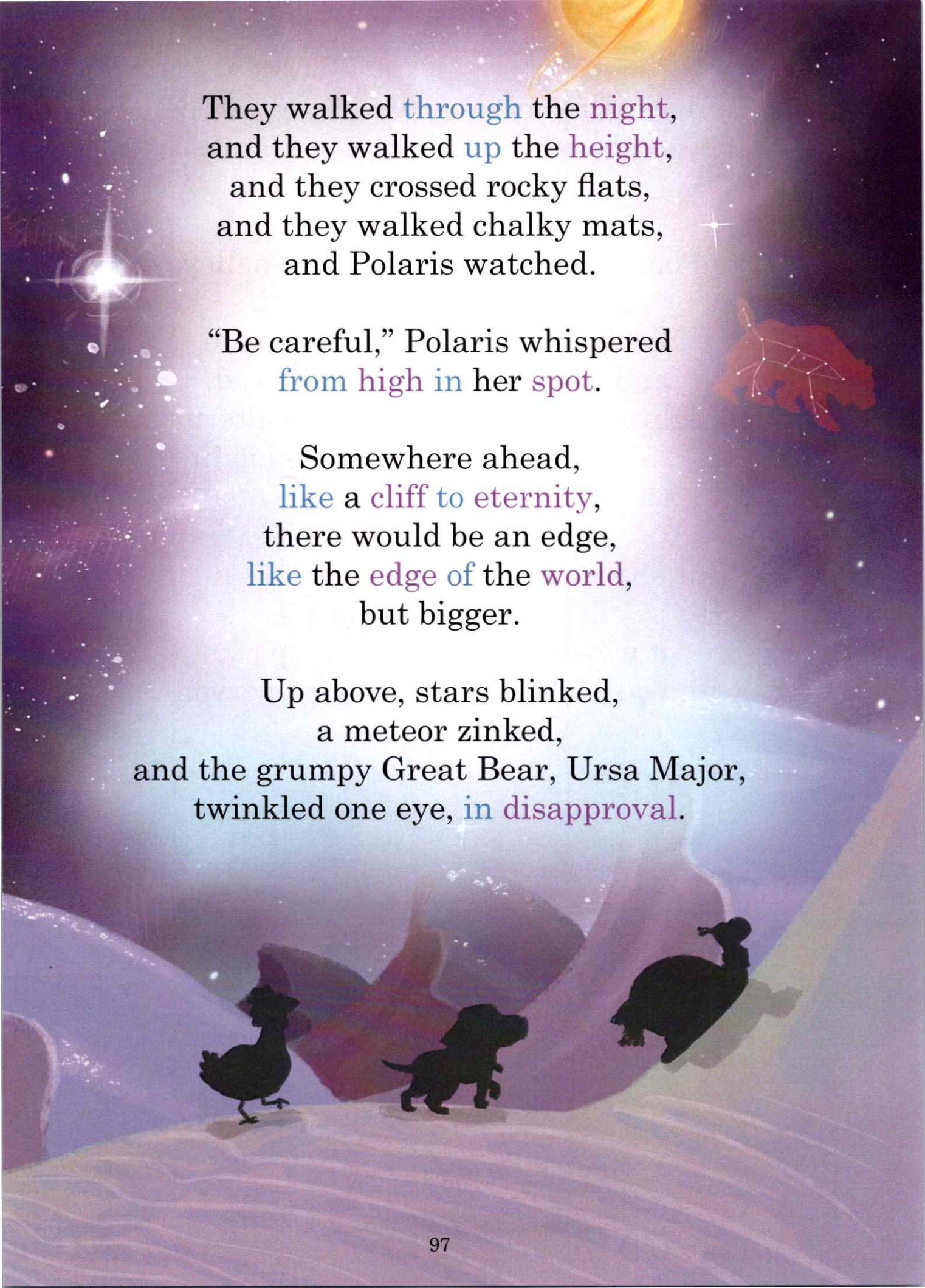




They walked through the night,  
and they walked up the height,  
and they crossed rocky flats,  
and they walked chalky mats,  
and Polaris watched.

“Be careful,” Polaris whispered  
from high in her spot.

Somewhere ahead,  
like a cliff to eternity,  
there would be an edge,  
like the edge of the world,  
but bigger.

Up above, stars blinked,  
a meteor zinked,  
and the grumpy Great Bear, Ursa Major,  
twinkled one eye, in disapproval.





Above, the universe was clear, serene.  
There were no clouds **above** the sand **scene**.

**Back home,**  
Poodle's favorite cloud was Shelley,  
and she was a nice cloud.  
She brought showers and shade,  
and thunder when she swayed,  
and lightning when there was no alternative.  
**After** a **rain** she would rise again  
**as** a **mist into** the blue **dome of air**.

But she was not here, not **in** this **night**.  
**Above** the blue **dunes**  
it was space-black, **with sparks**  
and **with Polaris** organizing everyone  
**around her**.

