



“I didn’t know time was blue,”
said Dickinson. “I’m blue, too.”
His blue wind wound *over everyone*,
brushed their fur, and feathers, and consonants.

“Time is blue,” said Poodle,
“but only animals can see it.
We’ve crossed the dunny desert,
we’ve found prepositions *of space*,
and we’ve reached the edge *of time*.
Look at all *of* these beautiful *prepositions*
of time! They’re everywhere, *like time*.
Look! Here’s *before the end*, and *after the trek*,
and *during the dawn*, and *at noon*,
and *in the evening*, and *on our journey*.
They’re beautiful!”

“What-what-what,” added What?.

“I never knew there were
so many prepositions!”

“Grrbrrk,” Burgull reflected.

Sidney was standing still,
struck **by** the **serenity of** the **scene**.

“We’ve seen so many prepositions,” she said,

“**of space, of time, of direction**
and **similarity and more**.

We’re surrounded **by prepositions**
all **of** the **time!**”

“Right,” said Poodle. “They’re everywhere.”





“Can we jump now?” asked Gawk.

“Can we jump **through time**?
Can we jump **to the future**? Caw?”

“Let’s find out,” said Poodle.

“I think the past is back there.”

He pointed **to the left**.

“And that’s the future.”

He pointed **to the right**.

“Grrrbrkkgrb,” said Burgull.

“Burgull like future, grrbrk.”