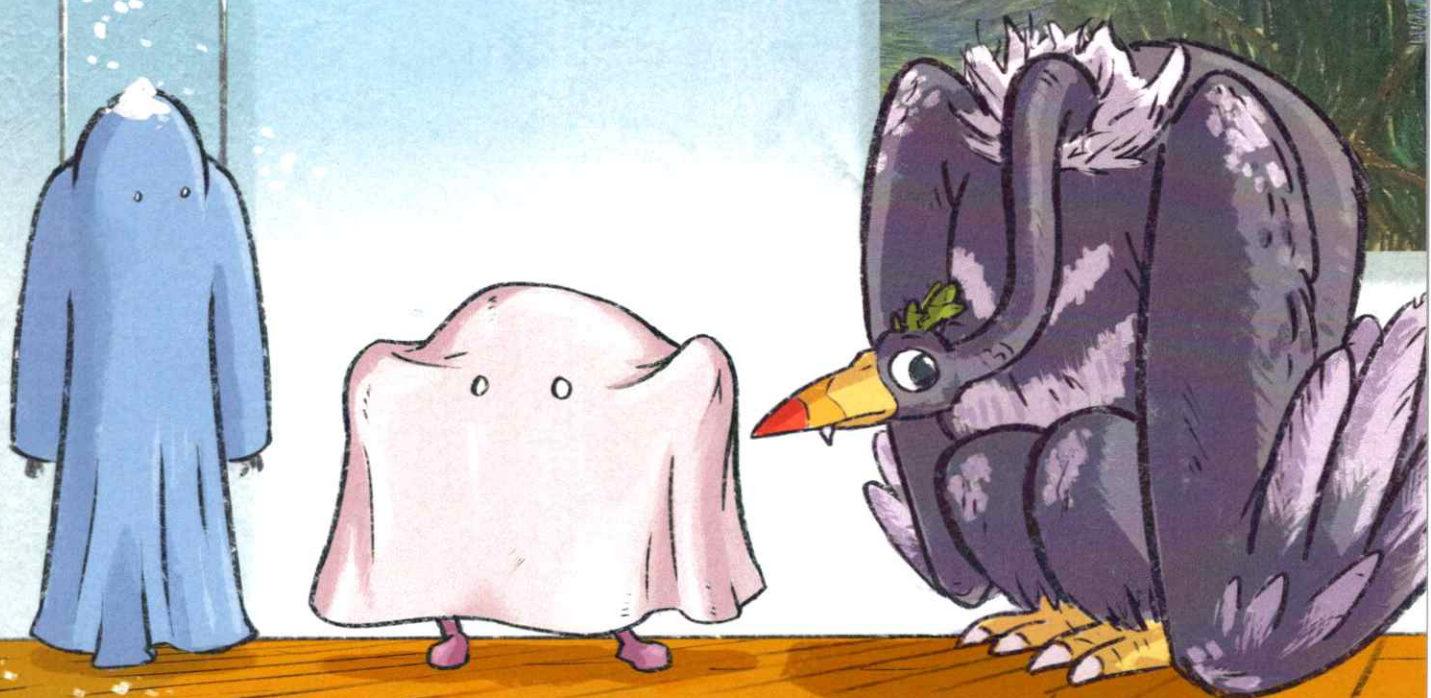




“CUT!” yelled Maybe
as she stormed onto the stage. “LIGHTS!”
Bizzie scurried behind, laughing about something,
Joe cut the lights, which complained as usual,
the canvas at the back stopped waving,
and everyone gathered.

“More reaction!” Maybe cried. “Get the notion?
You’re in a painting in motion, a commotion,
like Van Gogh’s mind, like an ocean,
and a torrent of creative emotion
is flowing over the scene,
so I need more reaction!
Don’t just stand there!”



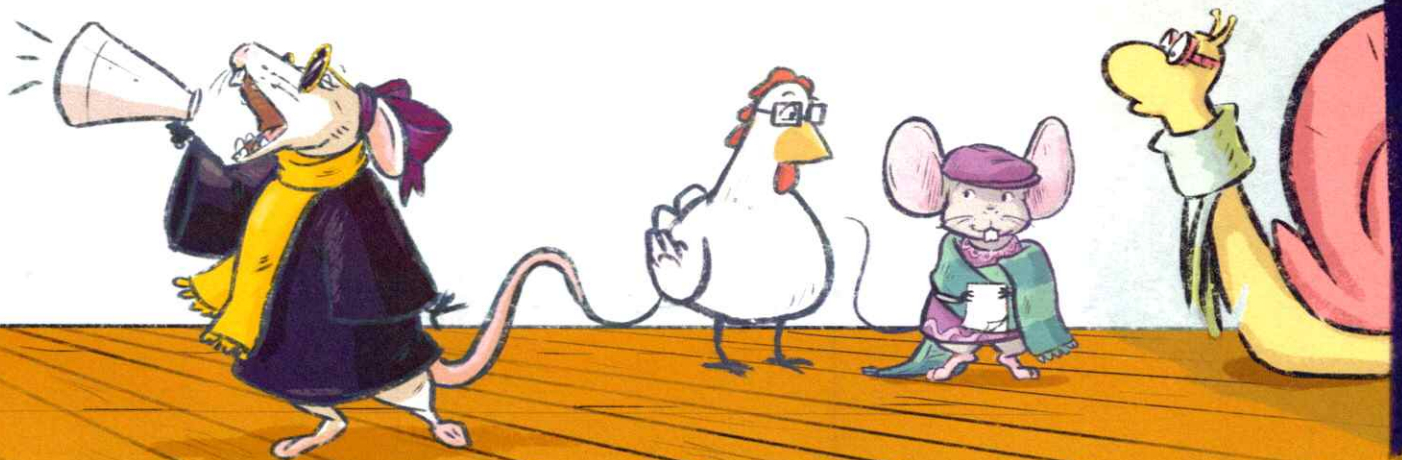
Poodle edged toward Bizzie.
She was making him dizzy.
“What’s your name?” he whispered.

“I’m Bizzie,” she said, and she smiled at him.

“I know you’re busy,” he said,
“but what’s your name?”

Before Bizzie could reply,
Maybe yelled, “ACTION! REACTION!”
and stormed off stage. Bizzie grabbed the script
and hurried after Maybe,
and their blue whiz marks dashed after them.

Joe cut the lights,
the stage became the world,
and the Van Gogh sky unfurled.





The friends stood once more, staring,
gazing up at the starry night
with its blue-colored cosmos.

Somehow, Van Gogh's strokes
of pure color seemed more real than real, vivid,
as though each brush stroke were alive,
and Van Gogh's streams of creative meaning
flowed into their hearts.

The audience gasped.

Children, high above the book,
put their thoughts down and looked.

The author forgot what he was about to write.
Something about the night...
as though Van Gogh were displaying
the hidden colors of the truth.

Even Sidney stopped to gaze.

