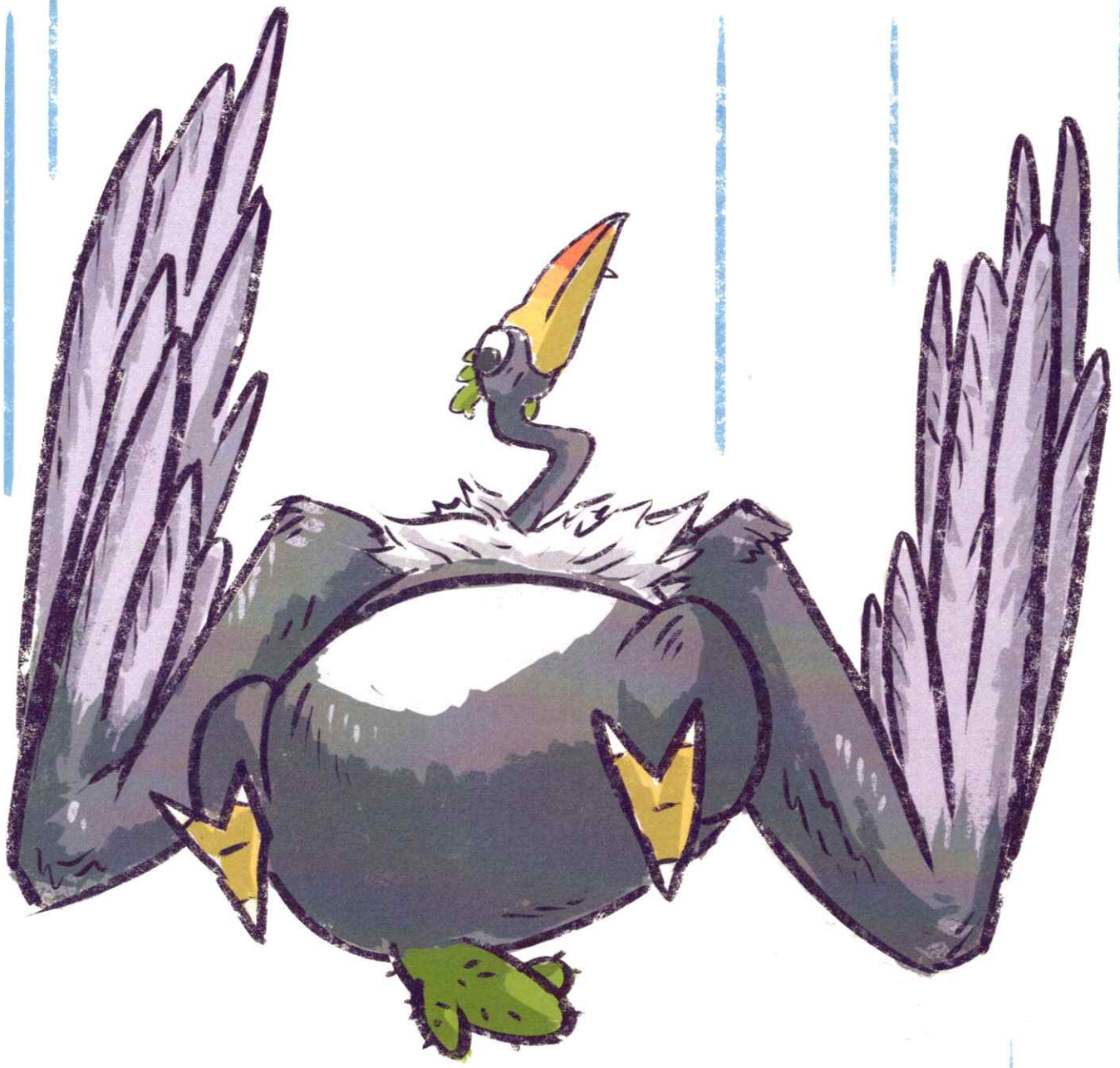
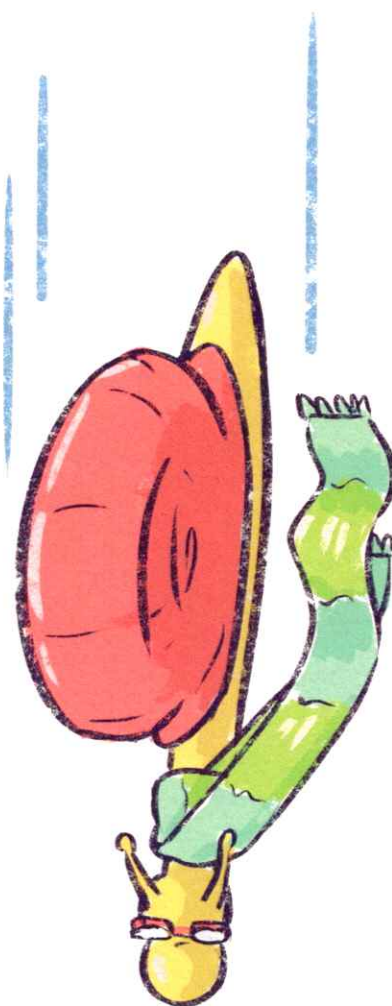






Act Four: Brueghel

Far below the falling What?,
the friends flew too,
their whiz marks blue, rambunctious, new,
past pages and chapters, past nouns and bunches,
past rhymes and crunches and short conjunctions,
past verbs and punctuations.





As the friends fell from the Van Gogh,
commas flew like bees.
You couldn't avoid them.
Some commas squeezed
between subjects and verbs.
Buzz buzz. It was terrible.
It was a comma swarm.

One comma broke a compound noun
and had to be escorted off the page.
We can't have that.

As the friends dropped,
their blue whiz marks chased them,
puffing to keep up.

Whiz marks try to imitate shadows,
which stick like glue,
but that's a tall order.

