

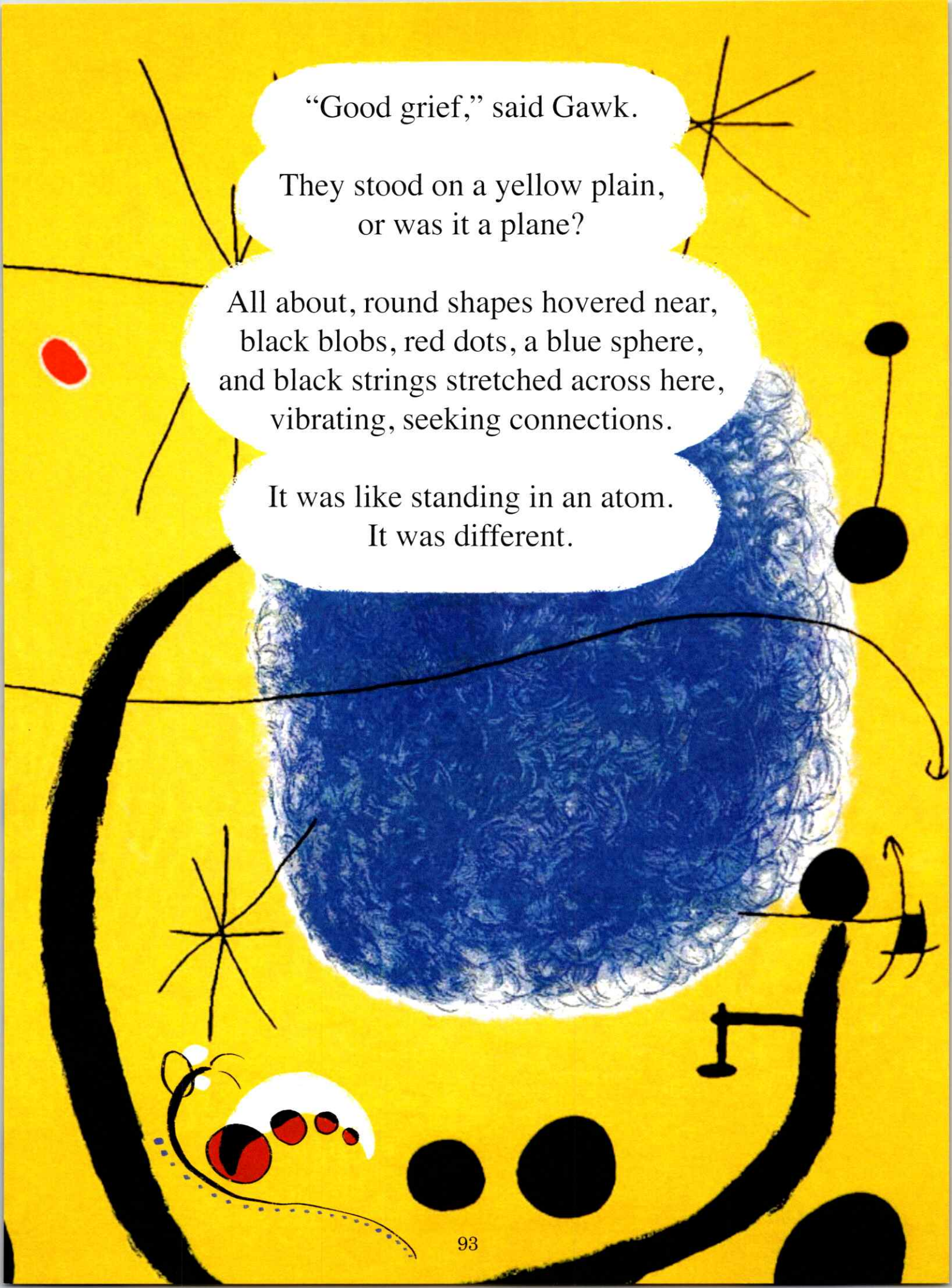


They had landed in a painted wild-world
of abstract forms, not like the sky,
not like a landscape, not like a sandwich,
not like anything they knew,
a kids' world, a playground of pure shapes,
of the inner fun of the world,
of circles and dots and lines,
of the secret geometry of reality,
of the design inside reality.

It was the world
as crayons would imagine it.
Crayons are so clever.

The colors were pure, like the Van Gogh,
and the scene was complex, like the Brueghel,
but this painting was different.



The background is a vibrant yellow. A large, textured blue shape, resembling a cloud or a nebula, is the central focus. Black lines of various thicknesses and lengths are scattered across the page, some forming star-like patterns and others connecting different elements. There are several black circles of different sizes, some with smaller circles inside them. A red circle is visible on the left side. A thick black curved line sweeps across the bottom. In the bottom left, there's a small cluster of red and black circles. In the bottom right, there's a small black structure that looks like a scale or a balance. The overall style is abstract and expressive, reminiscent of mid-20th-century modernism.

“Good grief,” said Gawk.

They stood on a yellow plain,
or was it a plane?

All about, round shapes hovered near,
black blobs, red dots, a blue sphere,
and black strings stretched across here,
vibrating, seeking connections.

It was like standing in an atom.
It was different.



“I know what this is,” said Poodle.

“This is a Miró.”

“What?” asked the three monsters in unison.

They had been practicing.

“Miró,” Poodle said. “Joan Miró.”

He looked at his friends.

“We’re in the mind of Miró.

Miró painted pure colors and forms—

his ideas of the pure secrets
that the truth is made of.

He painted ideas, not objects.”

It was stunning.

