

Each friend had an assignment.

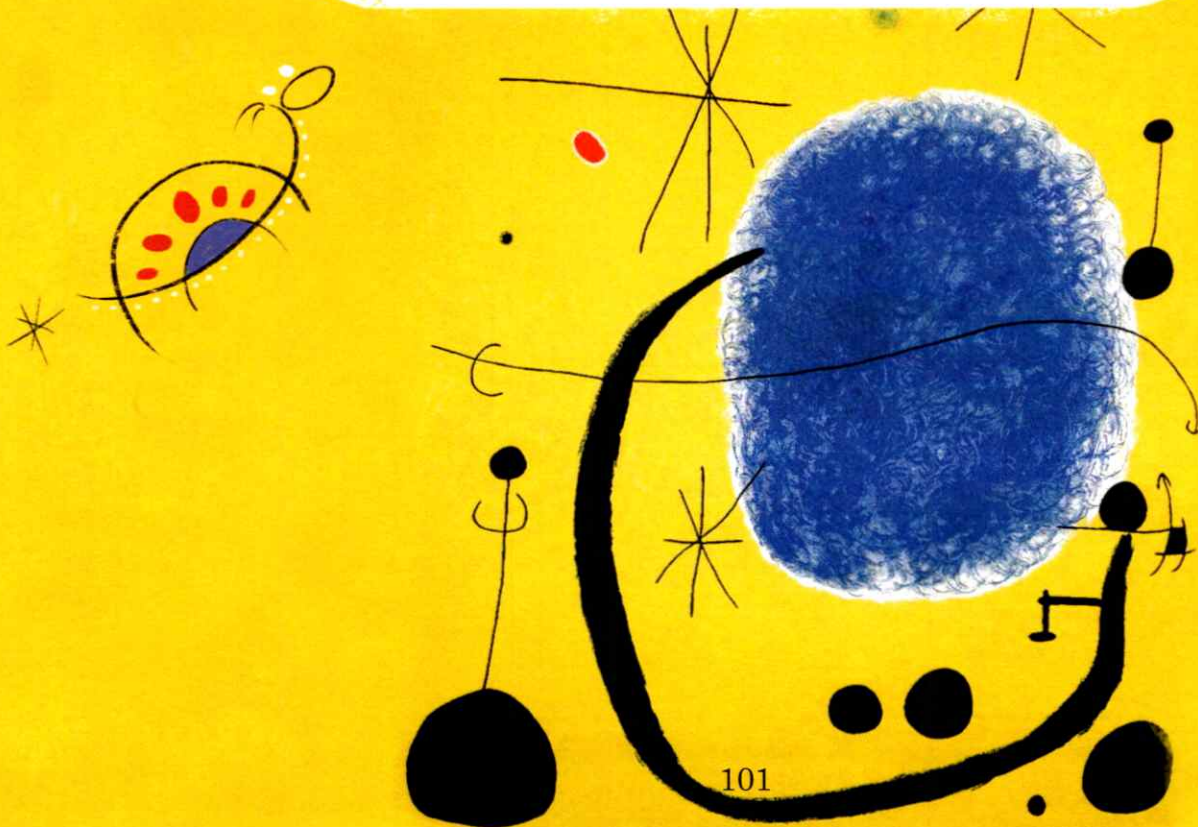
Poodle checked the blobs.

Dickinson searched the high things
that reminded him of Blue Mountain.

Gawk soared over the yellow plain, or plane,
scanning for What?. He had the sharpest eye.
I mean, he's a hawk.

Burgull checked the stringy lines
that reminded him of consonants.
The consonants were his favorite.

Sidney zoomed and zipped, left and right,
zoom puffs floating behind her.





Finally, they met
on a great blue globe floating in space,
and they gazed over the yellow place,
the plain, or plane—you decide.

What?? No trace.

The blue globe rolled, slow,
and they kept stepping sideways
to keep from slipping off.

From that blue vantage,
they saw the whole yellow page,
the whole imagined world,
from the left margin to the right margin.

They had looked everywhere.
No What?.



They were worried.
They had hurried.
They should have found What? by now.
They'd searched a Van Gogh,
and a Brueghel, and a Miró.
What? didn't show.
They'd have to jump again,
to a new painting.

"All right," sighed the author.
"I'll write one more painting."
The author was writing about himself
writing about himself.

"Let's get out of here," said Sidney,
and she jumped off the globe,
bounced on the yellow plain (or plane),
zoomed to the margin,
and leaped off the page,
and everyone chased her into the void.