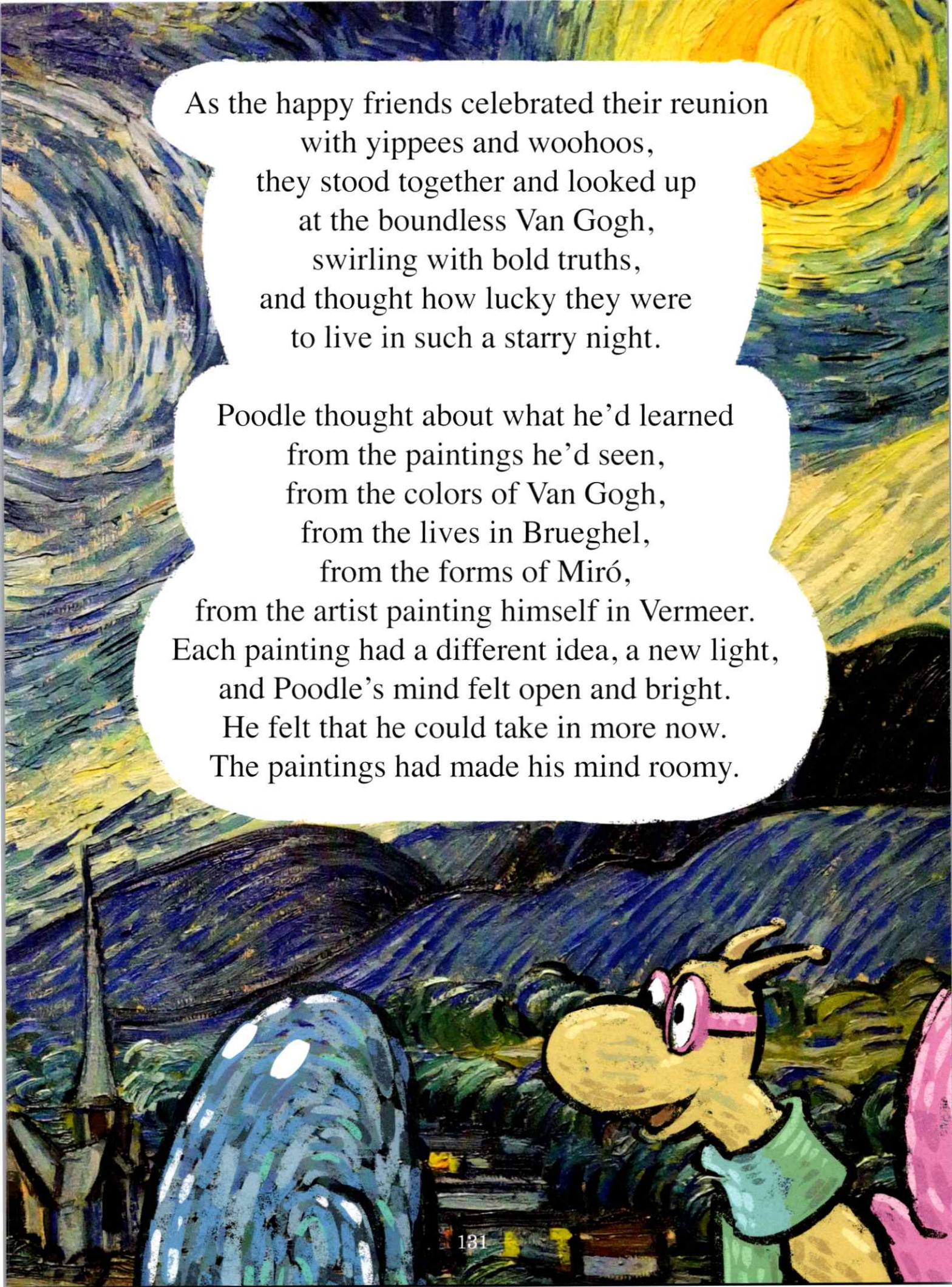




As the happy friends celebrated their reunion
with yippees and wooohos,
they stood together and looked up
at the boundless Van Gogh,
swirling with bold truths,
and thought how lucky they were
to live in such a starry night.

Poodle thought about what he'd learned
from the paintings he'd seen,
from the colors of Van Gogh,
from the lives in Brueghel,
from the forms of Miró,
from the artist painting himself in Vermeer.
Each painting had a different idea, a new light,
and Poodle's mind felt open and bright.
He felt that he could take in more now.
The paintings had made his mind roomy.



Poodle thought, though, that he would say
one more thing to Burgull about commas....

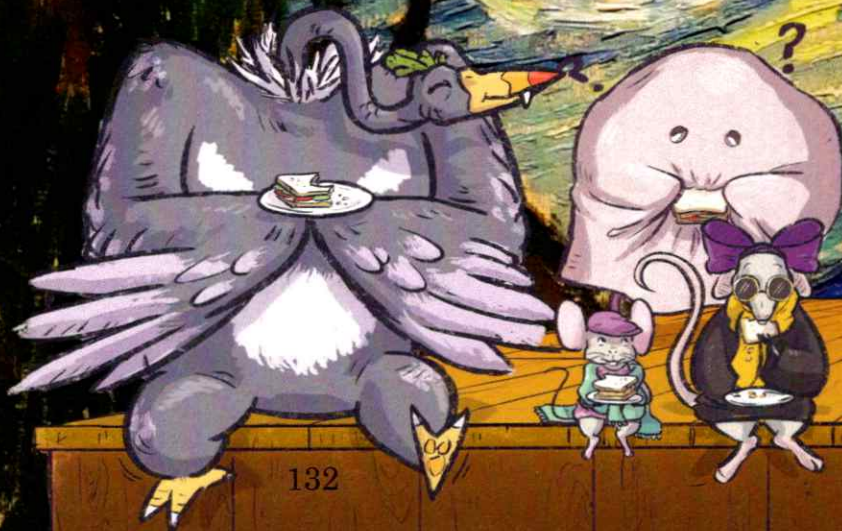
“CUT!” cried Maybe, storming onto the stage,
with Bizzie hurrying behind,
glancing at Poodle as she passed.

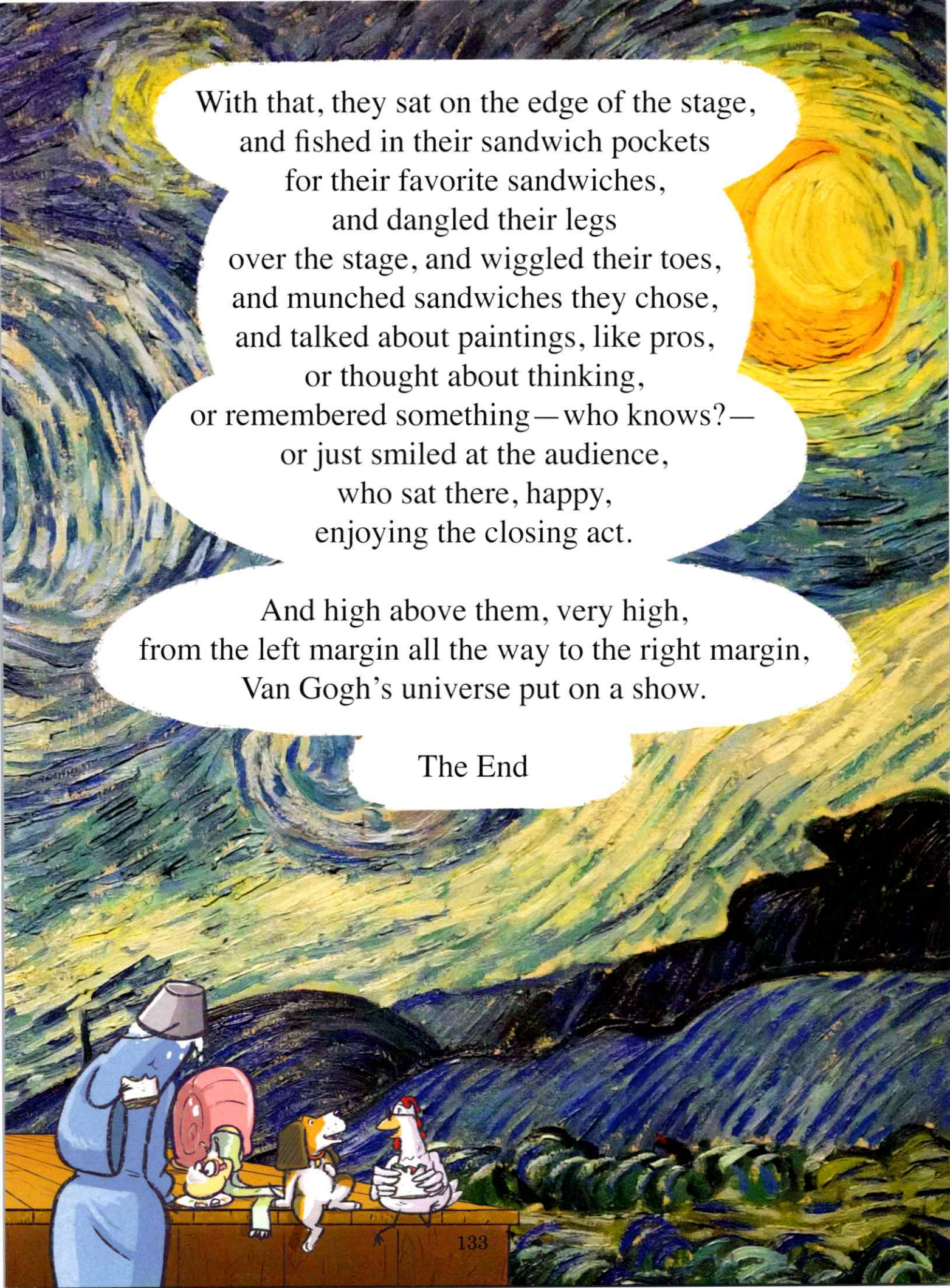
“CUT! LIGHTS! I know what you’re doing, Poodle!
No you don’t! No more commas! Enough is enough!
Leave sweet Burgull alone, and call it a day.
Snack time, everyone!”

She stormed off.
You know how she storms.

Bizzie looked at Poodle.
“We can talk about my name,”
she whispered, “in the next book.”
And she wisped away.

Joe turned the grumpy lights on.





With that, they sat on the edge of the stage,
and fished in their sandwich pockets
for their favorite sandwiches,
and dangled their legs
over the stage, and wiggled their toes,
and munched sandwiches they chose,
and talked about paintings, like pros,
or thought about thinking,
or remembered something — who knows? —
or just smiled at the audience,
who sat there, happy,
enjoying the closing act.

And high above them, very high,
from the left margin all the way to the right margin,
Van Gogh's universe put on a show.

The End