



“Where are we, really?” asked What?,
barking “What-what-what!”

“We’re inside the mind of Robert Frost,”
Poodle whispered. “His words are his mind.
He made all of these rhymes,
the rhythm, the words.
He made these subjects and predicates.
Frost made this yellow world.”

“I wrote this act,” said the author from somewhere.
“Not him. I’m the author of this scene.”

“Stop it, please,” said Poodle.
“Robert Frost wrote this yellow wood world.
He wrote his words. Not you. Please stop.”

The author poofed away to the murky background,
where he belonged. He had enough to do, he knew,
just getting his punctuation right.
Commas, you know.



Suddenly, a gravelly voice came from somewhere.

“You have to choose,” it said.

“The choice will make all the difference.”

“Who are you?” Poodle asked. “Where are you?”

“I’m Robert Frost,” said the voice.

“I’m over here, past the right margin.

I wrote the poem.

I’m acquainted with the night.”

Robert Frost stepped out
from the margin and smiled.

“How can you be here with us?” Poodle asked.

“I live in my poem,” Robert said.

“I’m glad for some company.

You’re good neighbors.”





“But what does this mmeanm for clauses?”
hummed Dickinson. “Are leaves clauses?”

“No,” said Robert, “but in my poem
the clauses make a yellow world.
Look at the subjects and verbs.
All of my words are part of their clause,
but each clause has a core:

Two **roads diverged** in a yellow wood.

Because **it was** grassy...

Oh, **I kept** the first for another day!

I took the one less traveled by....”