

They looked at Frost's beautiful clauses,
with their bold cores, and the yellow pauses
of the woodwords infused their hearts
like a yellow dawn, or the language of laws,
or a host of golden daffodils along a blue bay.

Poodle saw the words' worth.

The yellow of the yellow
was a kind of truth, a yellowest yellow,
a yellow reality of the world to care for.

They had never thought about a color
this way before. They had never
realized how important
a real color could be.

Each pure color, Poodle realized,
is a kind of truth.





“But enough,” Poodle thought.
They had to make their choice.

Robert watched them politely.

“Which road do we take?” asked What?.

“Leftgrbr,” said Burgull. “Go leftgrk.”

Burgull could be smart, you know.

He was grrrrrky but smart.

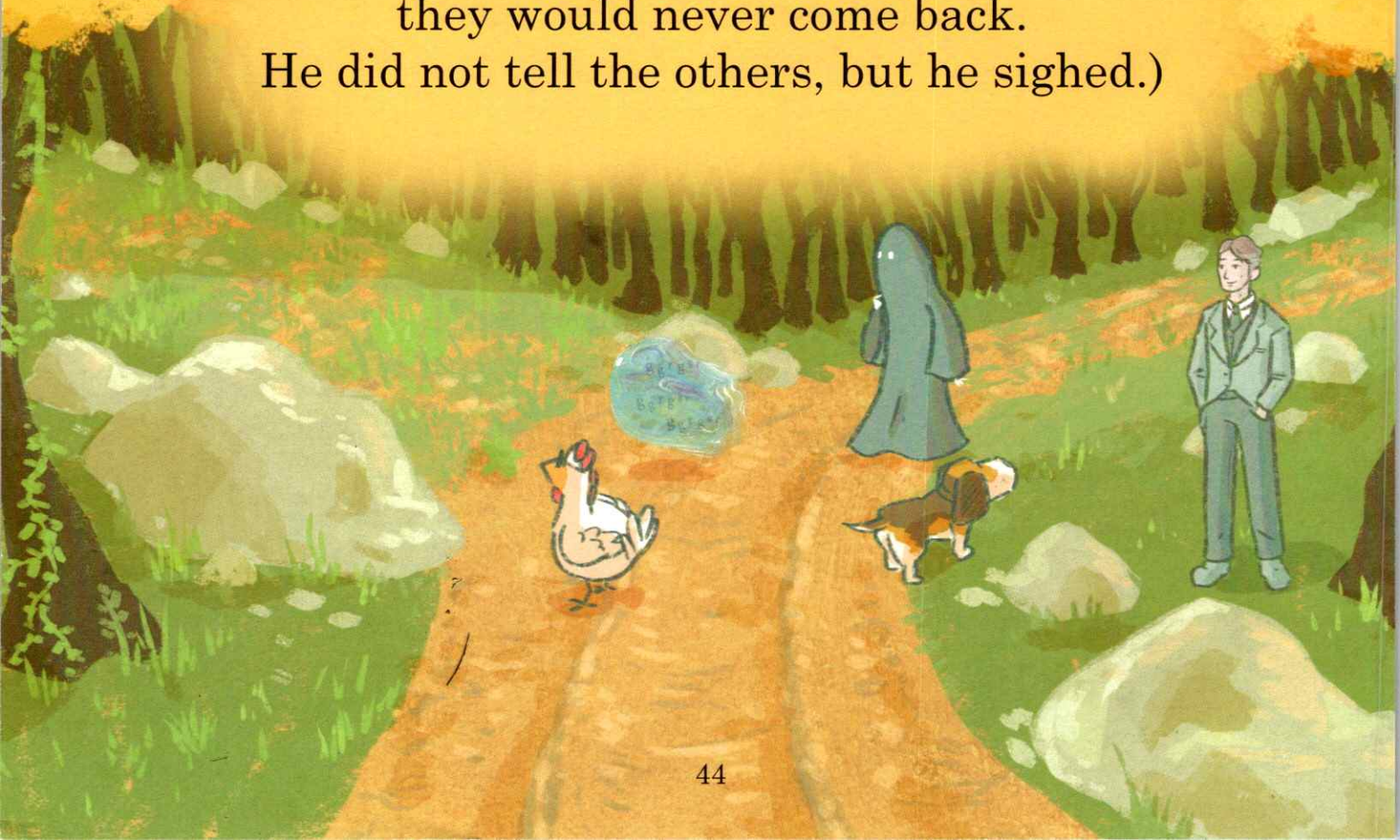
And you had to respect
those *g*’s and *k*’s.

“Right,” Poodle said.

“We’ll keep the right road for another day.”

(Deep down, he knew that
they would never come back.

He did not tell the others, but he sighed.)



Left they turned,
and softly they moved into
the road less traveled by,
into the cool shade
of the yellow leaves.

Poodle thought about Frost's words—
that taking the road less traveled by
would make all the difference.
He hoped so.

“Goodbye, Robert,” he thought.
He could feel Robert smiling
with good will.

