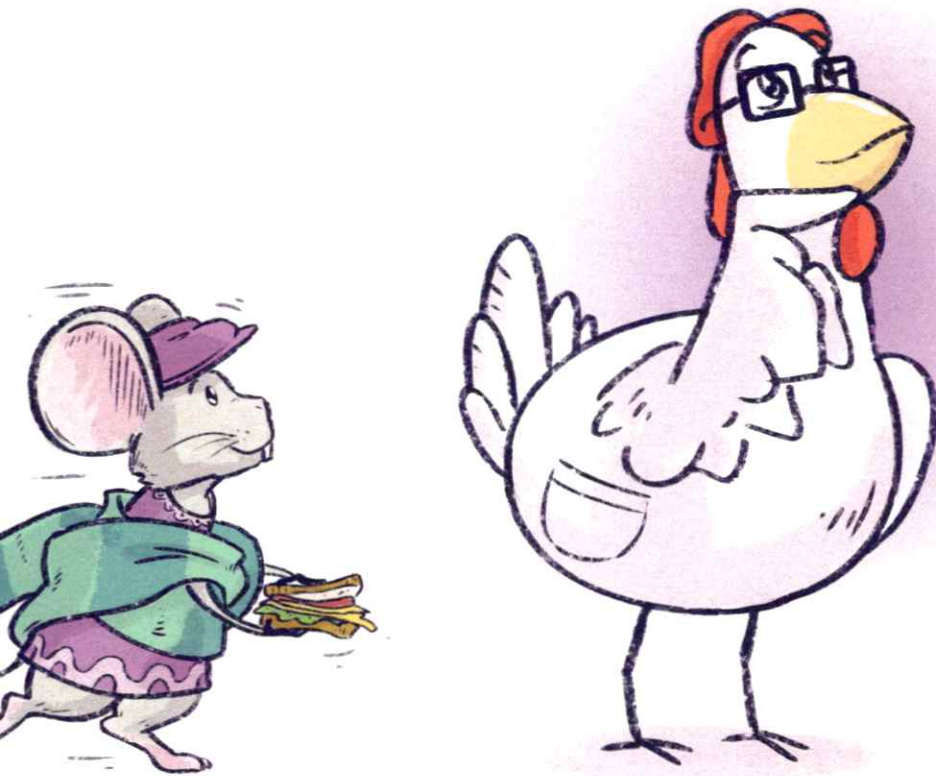




Wide-eyed, Poodle stared at the clauses.
He did not understand every detail,
but he saw that the language
was made of clauses
drawn together in many ways.

The entire poem was clauses.
They were the bosses.
Every sentence, he could see,
had one or more clauses.
Every.

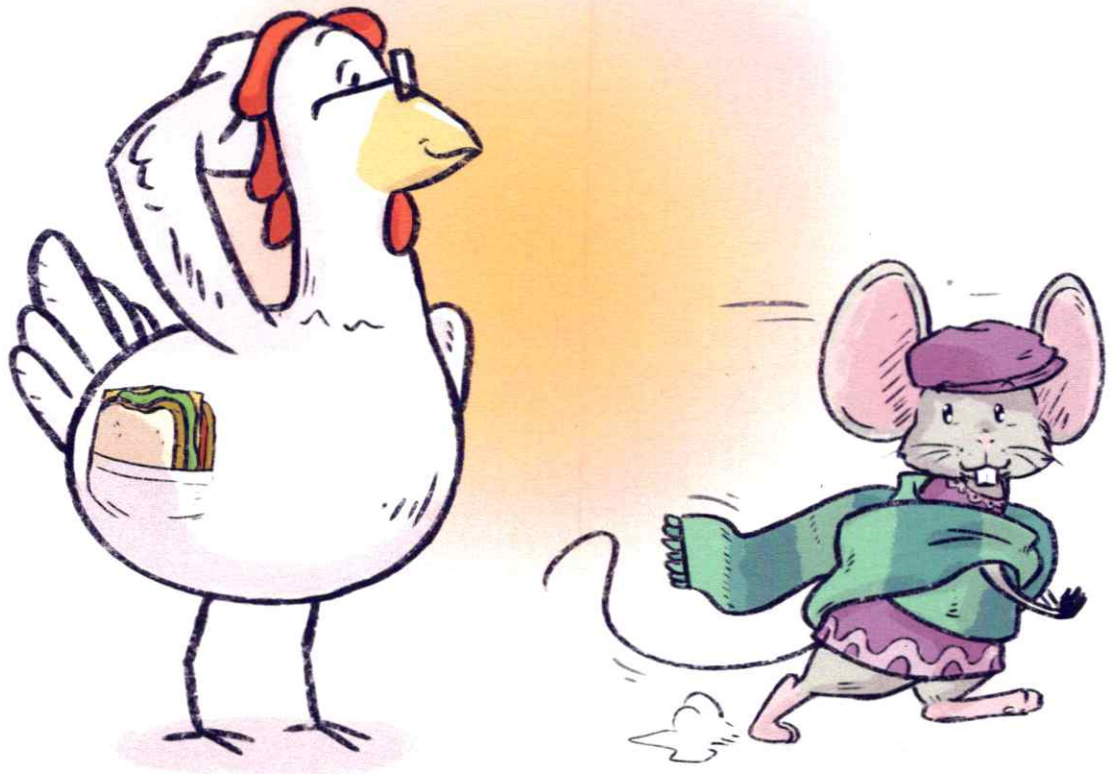
He was beginning to understand.



As Maybe prepared to leave,
Bizzie crept across the stage,
and she slipped a snack into Poodle's
sandwich pocket.

A present.

He watched her
as she hurried away,
and that chickeny smile
crossed his face....





“Wake up, Poodle!” Maybe cried.
“Pay attention!
You have to reach the next portal!”

He still had that silly grin on his face.

“Cut the lights!” Maybe cried. “ACTION!”

And off she stormed, Bizzie dashing behind.

Joe clicked the cranky lights,
and the wooden stage dissolved once more
into a grassy road, less traveled by,
and the yellow wood enfolded them all.

They could smell the forest.

