

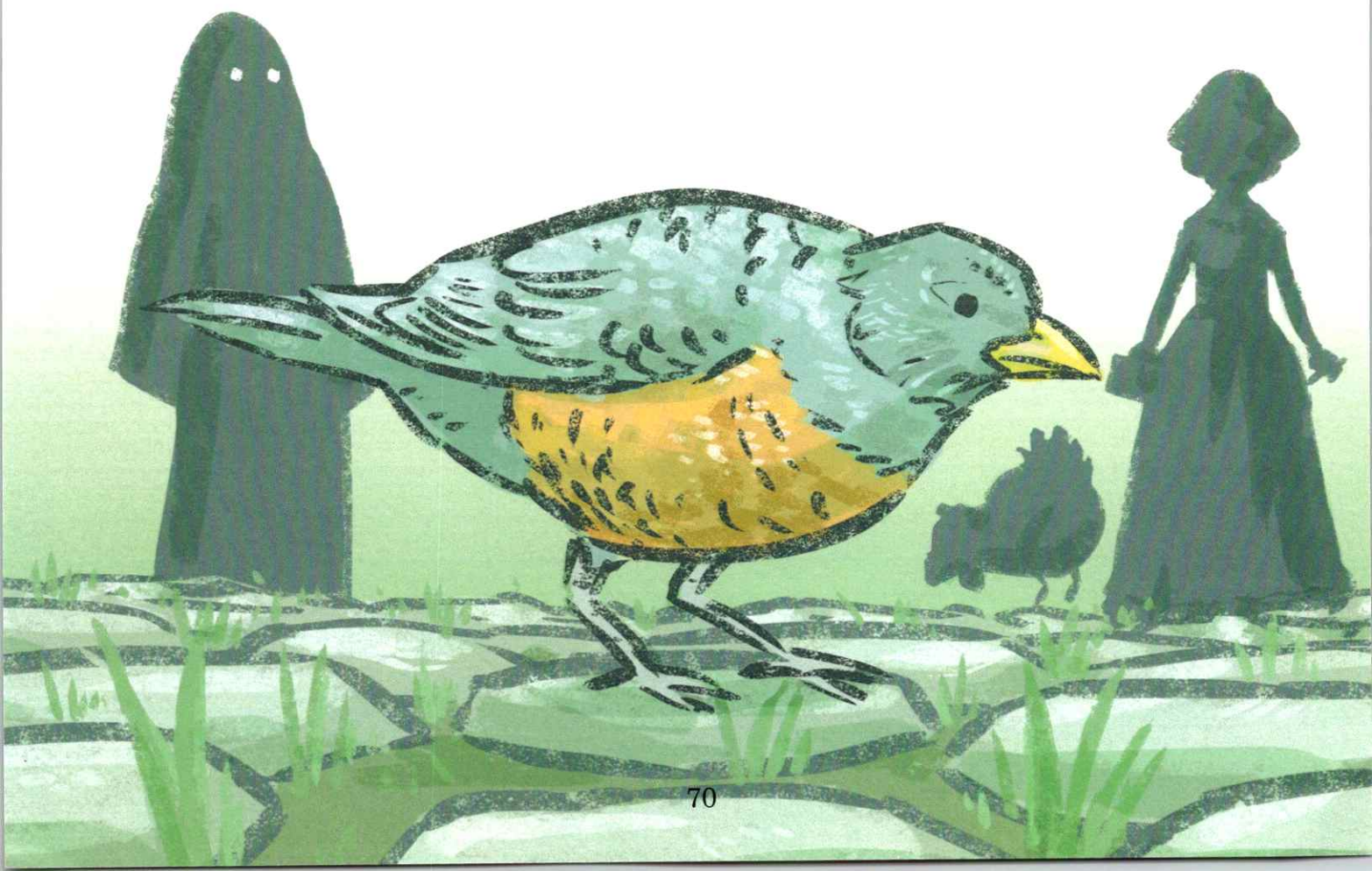


True.

The bird did not know
that Emily was there.

He was still hopping about as if in danger,
his rapid eyes glancing left and right
like frightened beads.

“Frightened beads,” thought Poodle.
“That’s good.”



Dickinson whirred uncomfortably,
and he looked purpler than usual.

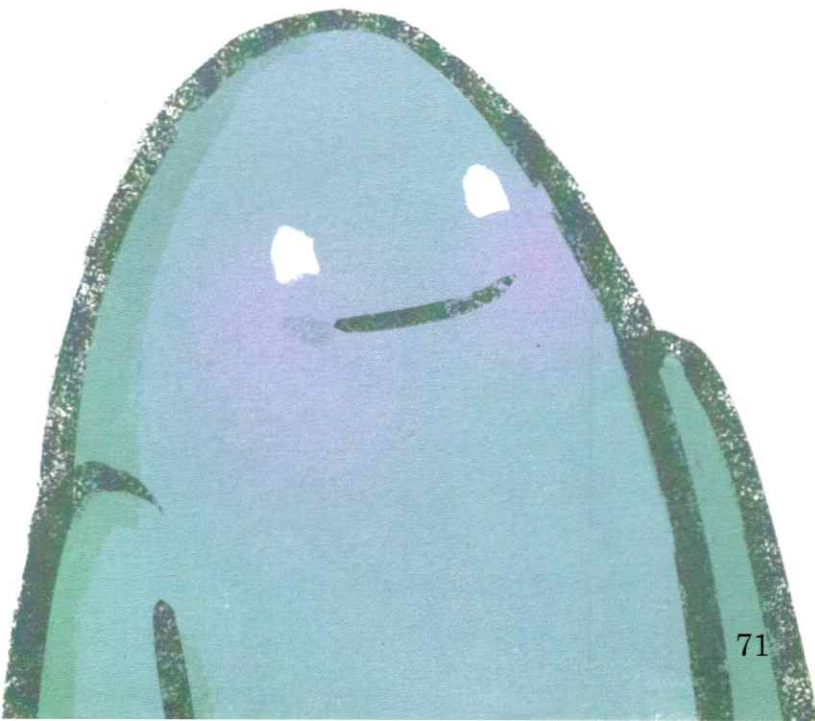
“What, Dickinson?” asked Poodle.
“What’s the matter?”

“Emily same name as me,” Dickinson said.

Suddenly the author spoke from somewhere.
“I did that, Dickinson,” he said.
“I named you after Emily.”

“Go away, please,” said Poodle.
“You can’t speak in the book.”

The author poofed away,
leaving a little pile of letters on the floor,
and Dickinson puffed up
puffier than usual. He looked proud.





Poodle turned back to Emily.
“Emily?” he said. “You’re the poet.
You can’t be in your own poem.”

“Oh yes I can,” said Emily.
“I’m a part of my poems.
I write their words myself, me,
and I imagined this garden path,
this word-bird, this worm.
I am my poem.”

“You,” she said, “are in my poem too now.
You came in through my portal.”

Poodle had never thought of poems this way.
He turned his head as he thought.

