



Suddenly, Dickinson looked uncomfortable.
(Not the poet, the Blue Mountain monster.)

Ill at ease. His whirr was off.

His humm was glum.

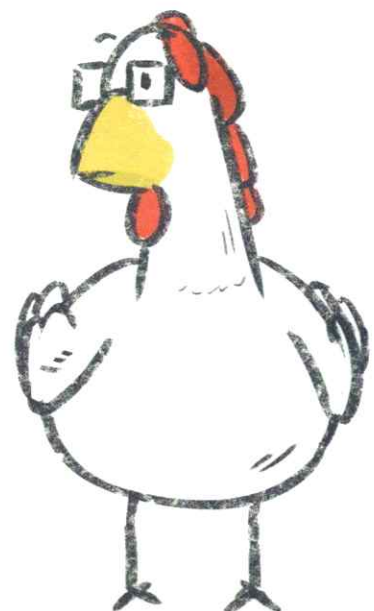
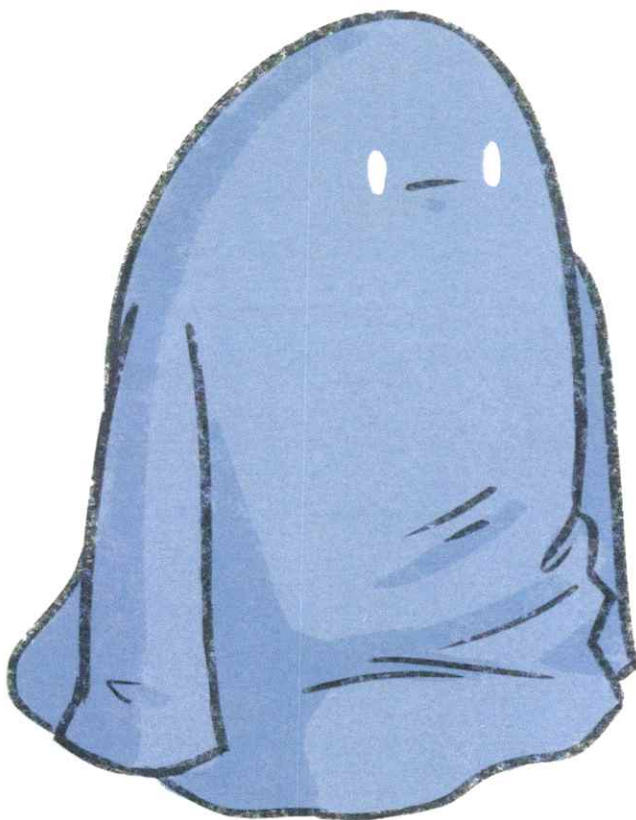
His cloudy was frowny.

“What is it, Dickinson?” asked Poodle.

“What’s wrong?”

“No clauses,” Dickinson whirred.

“Emily poemmmmm no clauses.”



Emily began a soft dissent,
but Poodle saved the moment.

“Look, Dickinson,” he said,
“here are some clauses:

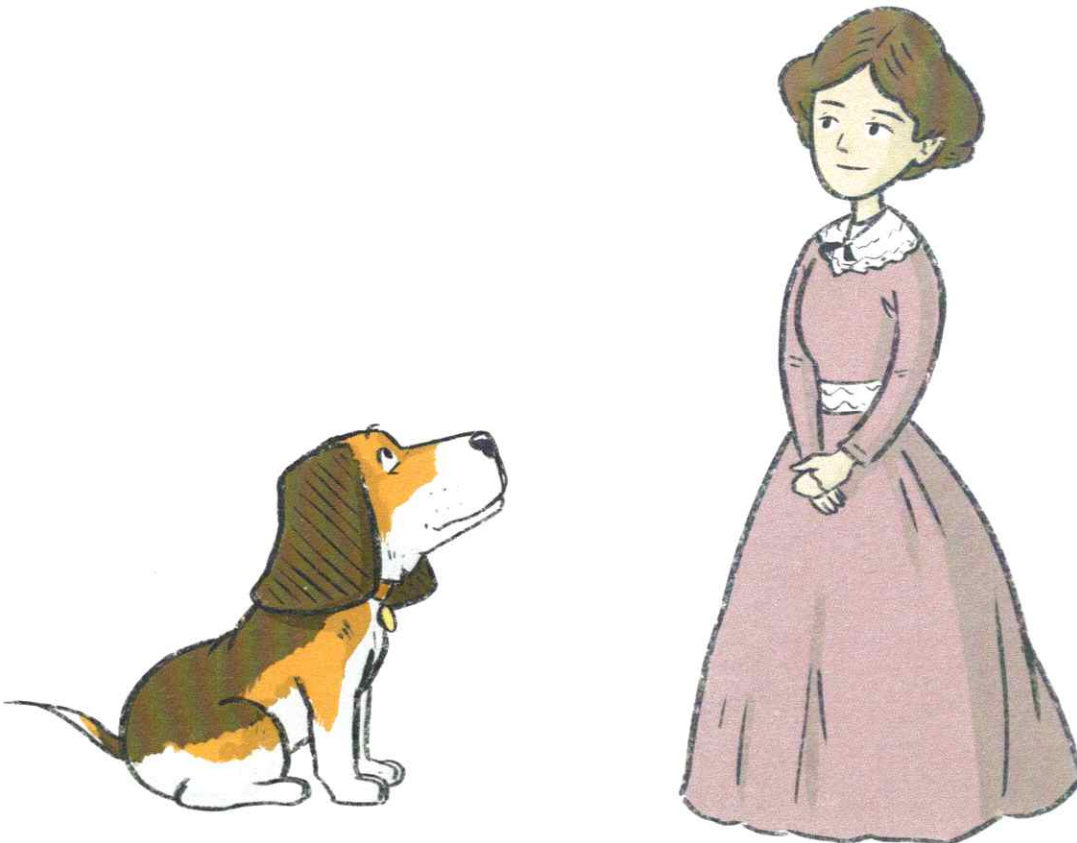
A bird came down the walk.

He bit an angle worm in halves....

He glanced with rapid eyes....

I offered him a crumb....

See? Every clause has its own subject/predicate.
And see how phrases are inside clauses?”





“Right,” said Emily, who knew her clauses.
(Poets know clauses. It’s what they do.)
“Have fun,” she said, “in my garden.”

And so they had a pretty day.
Burgull peeked into each flower,
like a giant hummingbird.
He liked the blue ones and pink ones.
Dickinson whirled all the leaves,
which blurred and wiggled
and wagged and laughed.
What? helped the beetle be himself.
Poodle invited the word-bird back,
and they tweeted about flying rowboats.
The bird was not afraid of Poodle;
they were both birds.

