



Then Bizzie projected the poetic elements,
and they examined them quietly.

A Bird came down the Walk

A Bird came **d**own the Walk —
He **d**id **n**ot **k**now I saw —
He **b**it an Angle Worm in halves
And ate the **f**ellow, raw,

And then, he **d**runk a **D**ew
From a **c**onvenient **G**rass —
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass —

He glanced with rapid eyes,
That hurried all abroad —
They looked **l**ike **f**righ**t**ened **B**eads, I thought,
He stirred **h**is Velvet **H**ead. —

Like one in danger, **C**autious,
I offered him a **C**rumb,
And he un**r**olled his **f**eathers,
And **r**owed him **s**of**t**er **H**ome —

Than **O**ars divide the **O**cean,
Too **s**ilver for a **s**eam,
Or **B**utterflies, off **B**anks of Noon,
Leap, **p**lash**l**ess as they swim.

— Emily Dickinson

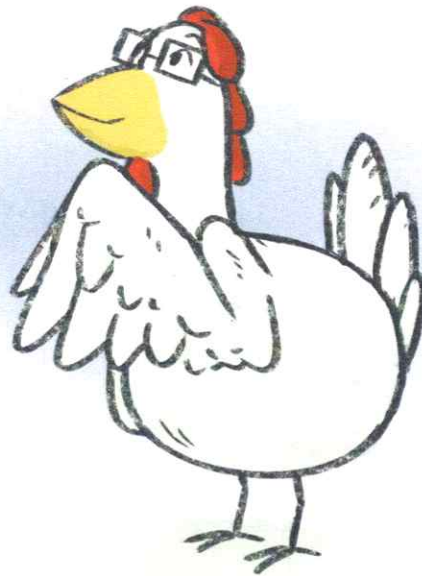
Poodle loved Emily's word-garden.

He looked at it for a long time and sounded it out
in his mind, hearing the **rhymes** and **alliterations**
and **assonance** and **consonance**—
all of the things they had discovered
in *Poodle Knows Poetry*.

He saw that the poem was made
of iambic feet, using both
iambic tetrameter and iambic trimeter.

It was almost a ballad stanza,
except that line one was iambic trimeter
instead of iambic tetrameter—
3 3 4 3 instead of 4 3 4 3.

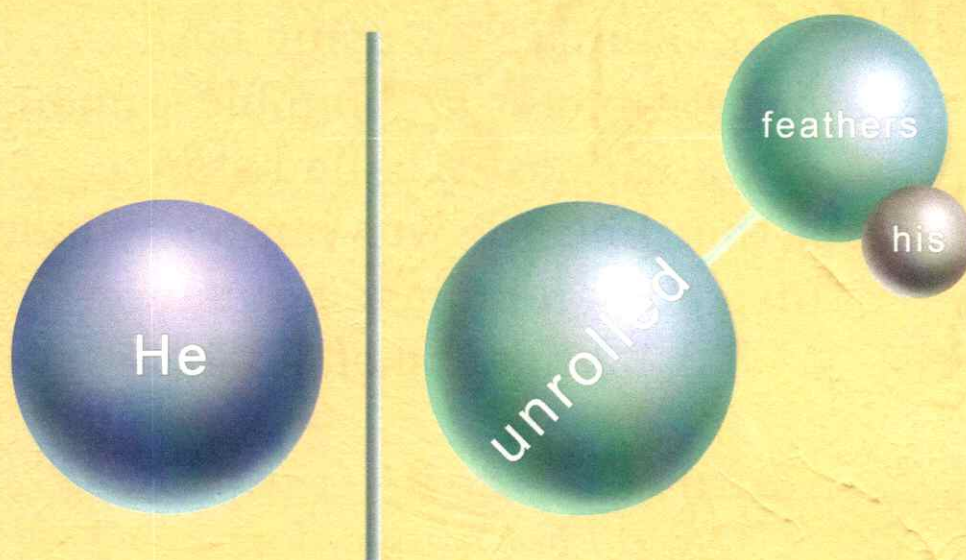
A **Bird** / came **down** / the **Walk** —
He **did** / not **know** / I **saw** —
He **bit** / an **An** / gle **Worm** / in **halves**
And **ate** / the **fe** / llow, **raw**,





“Emily is so creative,” Poodle thought.
And what was she doing with those dashes?

Some of Emily’s lines were so
beautiful to see. Poodle imagined them,
and in his thoughts the clauses looked like this:



Poodle loved the direct objects,
with all of the verb’s action affecting them.

