

They walked under the squirrel
on her branch like a mural.
She watched the tops of their heads.
(Burgull doesn't have a head, exactly.)

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They passed a beetle being himself;
he barely knew they were there.
Beetles have their own plans.
The rumble rumbled ahead.

They crossed a plain,
where the rain stayed, mainly.
The rumble came from the distance,
but closer now. Rumblier.

Burgull got edgy. ×

Dickinson knew rumbles.
He'd lived on the mountain peaks,
but this rumble made him nervous.



They came at last, weary and bleary,
to a straight road that led to a dell.
The rumble began to swell.

Dell? A dell is a clearing in the forest,
a grassy place surrounded by trees.

There, hovering in the air,
was a humming blue portal
with a numbing rumble pounding
on the other side.

Something was over there.

They had found the source of the rumble,
and it did not sound good.

They gathered close to the portal,
and listened, and looked up at it.
It said:

