

An awful Tempest mashed the air

An awful Tempest mashed the air —
The clouds were gaunt, and few —
A Black — as of a Spectre's Cloak
Hid Heaven and Earth from view.

The creatures chuckled on the Roofs —
And whistled in the air —
And shook their fists —
And gnashed their teeth —
And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit — the Birds arose —
The Monster's faded eyes
Turned slowly to his native coast —
And peace — was Paradise!

— Emily Dickinson



“Wait!” cried Poodle.
“This poem is by Emily Dickinson!
We’ve returned to her garden!”

“Doesn’t sound like Emily to me,” said Dickinson.

“What?” asked What?.

“Boom,” said Boom. From the other side.

Poodle read the words on the portal again.

“There is an awful tempest?” he said.

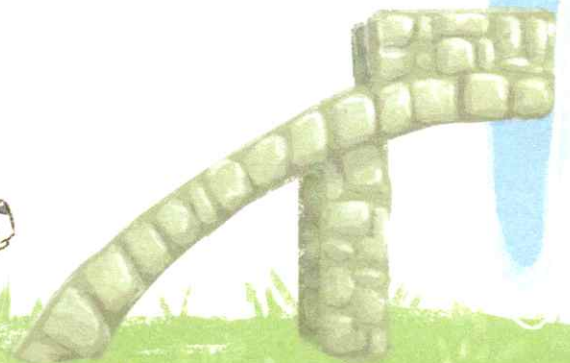
“And it sends out creatures with frenzied hair?”

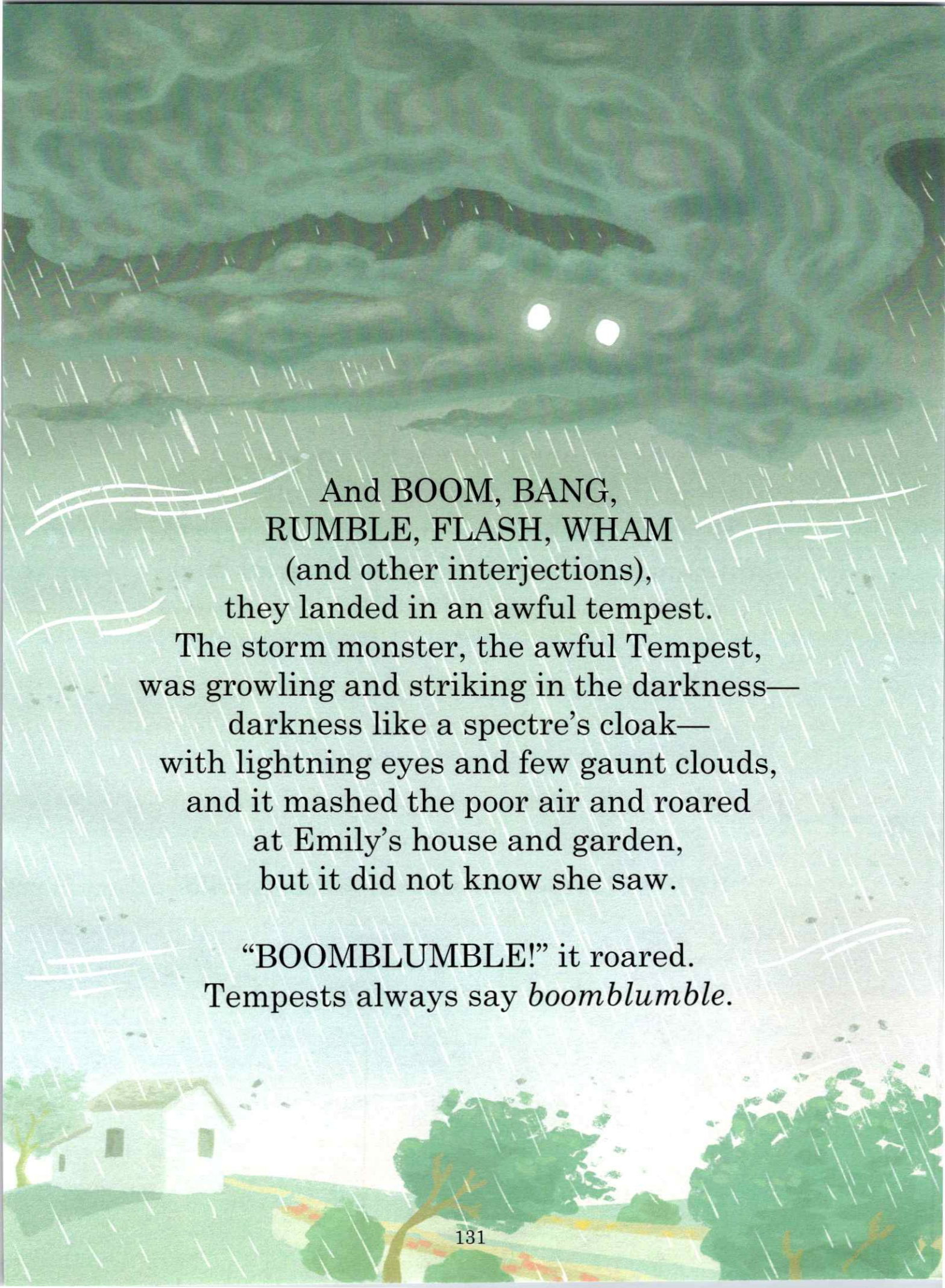
“Not again,” said Burgull.

“We have to go in,” said Poodle. “You know we do.”

“I hate it when you do this, grbrk,” said Burgull.

But there was no choice.
This was still the road less traveled by,
and it was the path they had chosen.
In they leaped.





And BOOM, BANG,
RUMBLE, FLASH, WHAM
(and other interjections),
they landed in an awful tempest.

The storm monster, the awful Tempest,
was growling and striking in the darkness—
darkness like a spectre's cloak—
with lightning eyes and few gaunt clouds,
and it mashed the poor air and roared
at Emily's house and garden,
but it did not know she saw.

“BOOMBLUMBLE!” it roared.
Tempests always say *boomblumble*.