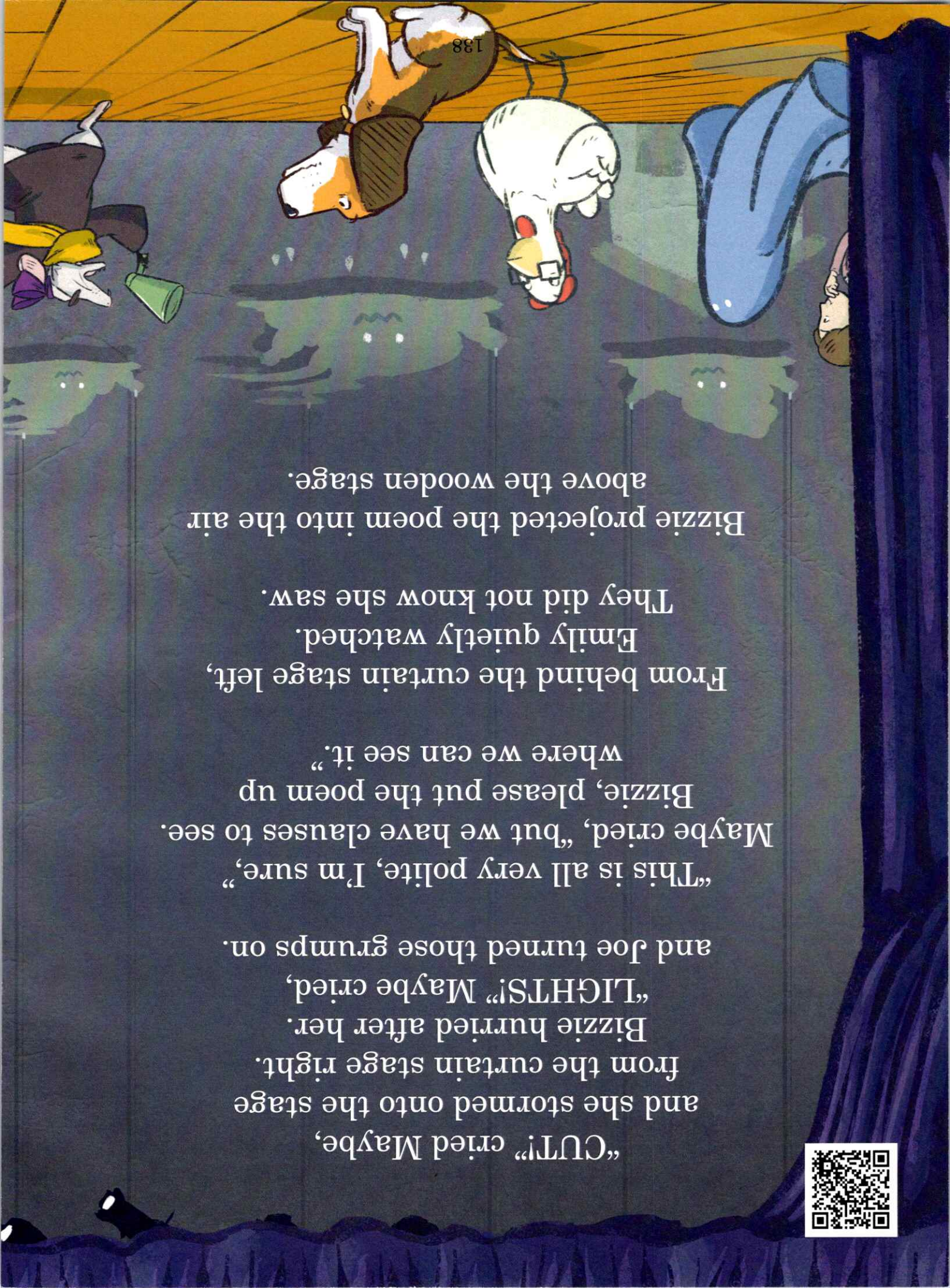


“CUT!” cried Maybe,
and she stormed onto the stage
from the curtain stage right.
Bizzie hurried after her.
“LIGHTS!” Maybe cried,
and Joe turned those grumps on.
“This is all very polite, I’m sure,”
Maybe cried, “but we have clauses to see.
Bizzie, please put the poem up
where we can see it.”

From behind the curtain stage left,
Emily quietly watched.
They did not know she saw.

Bizzie projected the poem into the air
above the wooden stage.



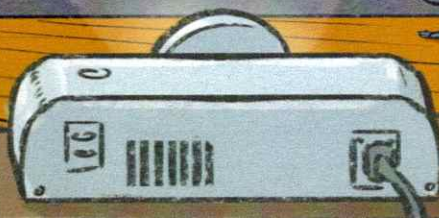
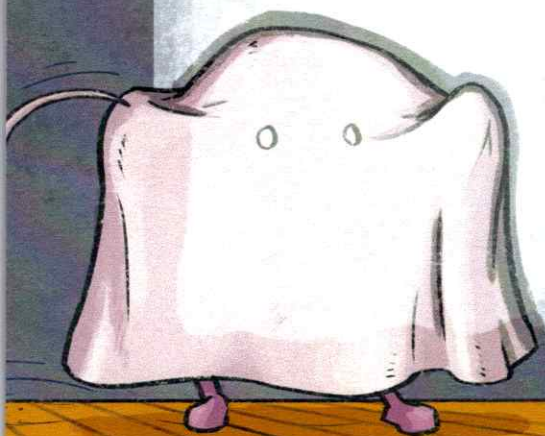
An awful **Tempest** **mashed** the air

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





There were eight clauses in the poem,
but the fourth clause
had five predicates in it!

Yep. Those creatures, including Frederick,
chuckled, whistled, shook, gnashed, and swung,
all in one sentence! Those verbs
would make any tempest awful.

“Bizzie,” said Poodle,
“would you show us the poetry, please?”

She smiled at Poodle, and he got
that chickeny smile that he could not help.

She put up the poetry. It hummed.

There were three stanzas,
with four lines, then five, then four.
The first and third stanzas were ballads—
alternating iambic tetrameter with iambic trimeter,
but the middle stanza had five lines!

