

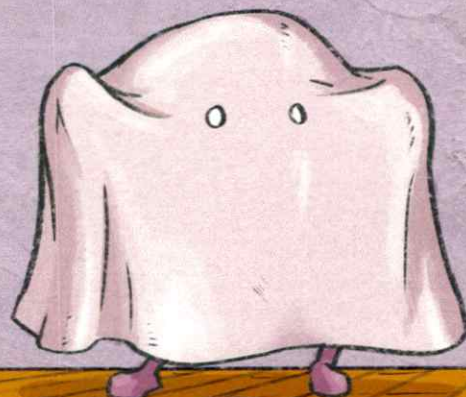


The wild middle stanza
was not a ballad form.
Those five lines formed
an awful iambic storm—
five lines with an action verb in each one!

The **crea** / tures **chu** / ckled **on** / the **Roofs** —
And **whis** / tled **in** / the **air** —
And **shook** / their **fists** —
And **gnashed** / their **teeth** —
And **swung** / their **fren** / zied **hair**.

One subject with five verbs!
Poodle'd never seen a clause as stormy as that.

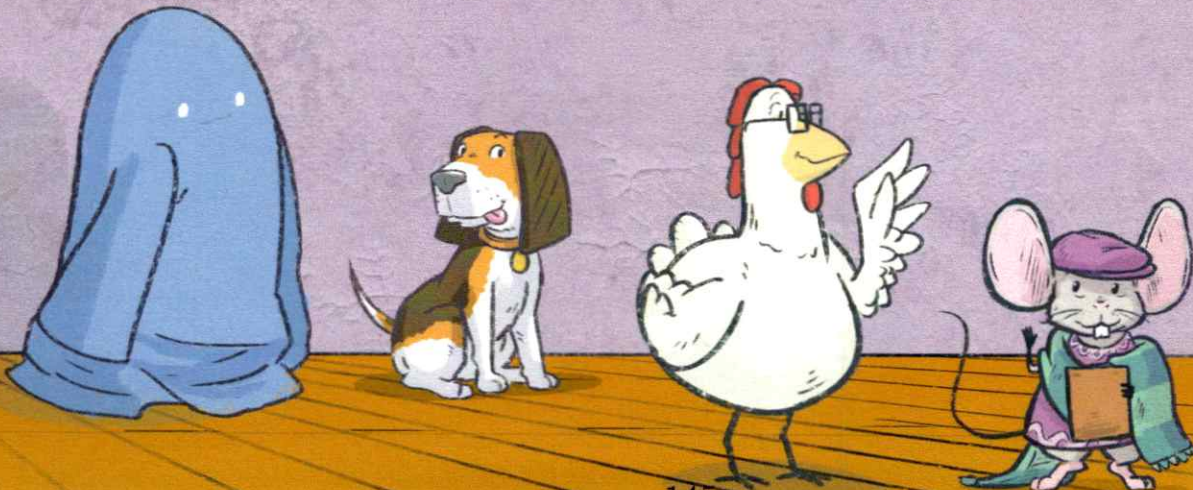
Emily watched unseen,
enjoying Poodle's thoughts.
(She could read his thoughts on this page.)



Poodle looked over at Bizzie.
She smiled at him, and he got that smile
that he always got when she did that.
He liked that smart mouse.
Cute ears, too.

He was about to say something
to Bizzie, such as, "I know you're busy,"
but before he could, Maybe said,
"Right, everyone. Now
we have to form our fourth principle,
The Fourth Principle of Clauses!"

"Oh," Poodle thought. "Right."





“Who will state the principle?”
Maybe asked.

“Grubrkr, I will,” said Burgull,
gathering his consonants into clarity.
Burgull blurkged a grk breath and said,

“The Fourth Principlegrk
The form of the clause showsgk
our minds seeingk the worldrg.”

Dickinson whispered a long *whewwwwwww*.

At first Poodle thought that Burgull
had gotten it wrong, but then he thought,
“The form is right. The clause is the form of thought.
We always think something about something.
It is beautifully simple, like a daisy.”

“Let’s look at all of the principles together,”
said Maybe, and Bizzie put them up.

