

~ MIND

As I mentioned at the very beginning of this column, the next issue will reach my 1,000-page mark. This poem, by Louis (from his recent book, *No Poems Beyond This Point*), provide a perfect curtain going down on this Kickshaws.

This page—  
Since no one else  
Seems to be using it  
Mind if I  
Place a short verse  
On it?

## A POEM

MARTIN GARDNER  
Norman, Oklahoma

This is an excerpt from Gardner's 1969 book *Never Make Fun Of A Turtle, My Son* (Simon and Schuster, illustrated by John Alcorn).

### Soap

Just look at those hands!  
Did you actually think  
That the dirt would come off, my daughter,  
By wiggling your fingers  
Around in the sink  
And slapping the top of the water?

Just look at your face!  
Did you really suppose  
Those smudges would all disappear  
With a dab at your chin  
And the tip of your nose  
And a rub on the back of one ear?

You tell me your face  
And your fingers are *clean*?  
Do you think your old Dad is a dope?  
Let's try it again  
With a different routine.  
This time we'll make use of the soap!