~ 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!