The London Eye watches.
A fishing mongoose springs as a tuna passes archways from hell,
Forgivable frailties forgetting.
Transforming my well-appointed dream not long off,
Discordant I sing.

Echoes: shoes upon ambulance floor, sickness above the ceiling.
A confidante feels vibrations, ignores durations.
As in evening footfalls, undead humanity
Commences to float westward, televised to the world.
With no compassion I speculate regarding these events,
Undermining my significance, muttering:
Dependence is a whimsical hatred,
Turbulence enlarges others’ pain,
Conscience may fail like a bludgeon.
A wind’s streaming launches a cat across my landscape,
Falling, falling down, falling, falling.
I see worshipers embracing weathered stones,
Recounting ideas I suddenly retrace:
Collective courage is everlasting, its core
Blameless, bloodless, guiltless, ceaseless, limitless, boundless.

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).

Medicine

Sit up, my Rose, it’s nearly four,
Time for medicine once more.

It won’t do any good to whine
And say it smells like turpentine.

Of course it doesn’t taste as good
As chocolate cake or cookies would,

But neither does it taste as bad
As medicine you might have had.

So please—don’t shake your head and frown.
Just grab your nose and gulp it down!