

AN ELEGY

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The following was written, with many tears, for the mothballed SSC (Superconducting Super Collider), in sorrow that the most powerful generation in all history would not bequeath a greater knowledge of the universe to posterity:

I do, in my **dime-**
Mint aura, rue big research
And development.

In an in-haiku, I affirm: "I do
(In my dime-mint aura) rue big R&D."
In an inn, I coo, "I aver my due:
In my **diamond ore--a ruby guarantee!**"

I aver my due:
In **my diamond ore--a**
Ruby guarantee. . . .

Thine elegy? O, not by command of our weal
Strike we dumb Progress's sea.
Thy knell edgy? Oh!--not buy? Come, man, devour! We'll
Strike--oui!--**dump** rogue SSC.

Edgy?--oh! Not buy?
Come, man, devour! We'll strike--oui!--
Dump rogue SSC.