

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!