

Leeuwenhoek

"My true love's hair
Is like a pile of logs;
Her tears
Are inlets of the Zeider Zee;
A scraping from her skin
Looms up as fair
As the entire boot of Italy.
The Berlin Zoo
Resides within a bit
Of my fair lady's spittle;
How I adore
The animalcules
Gleaned from her virtuous mouth,
Thrashing within their cages, furiously:
Rare, savage beasts
Spiraled
Most curiously."

Galileo

"The sun is,
Theoretically, and speaking
Strictly off the cuff
As it were,
Between you and me
And the lamp post,
(Pass the mutton please)
The sun is,
And I trust you well enough
To know not a word
Will get back,
(And the stuffed fish, please)
The sun is,
On paper, that is,
Merely on paper,
No offense, an exercise
Of the mind,
Mum's the word,
Under your hat, friend,
Unofficially,
The center of the universe.
(And the roast goose, please)."

-- Myron Levoy

Rockaway, New Jersey