A fading king's bequest
(on eve of metamorphosis to
Guest Worker)

To Peter's care I entrust the bearers
of royal mutations,
My treasures from Tangier and other
pirate quests, with
blood rich for thinness in the A's or
B or C's,
holders of the transport secrets with
which they endless tease,
O gentle and reluctant physician,
master Apo-trician, save well all
these who lack,
For who knows, I may someday
want them back.

To Gerd, much an heir of the global
view, messy lab and busy
stew of searchings,
I bequeath a share of precious
plasmas for his tea,
Tangier, normal, or type III,
whatever it may be.
Stay put, the n.m.r., the t.c.o
hybrid mouse, particles refined,
All you wish in complicated gear,
But please Gerd, no more than four
Proceedings in every year!

To Howard, safari-mate on
late night dates to dissection rooms,
early mornings in O.R.'s, clinic
dates on countless noons,
I will our freezers full of tissues,
the bulging files stuffed tight with issues,
diseases unexposed, papers uncomposed,
pickled cells and frozen genes,
along with chain to hold him to the throne,
Where is Howard, O stifled moan,
Page please, try again fro Dr. Sloan.

To Bryan, I leave the machine I
never understood,
The mysterious gurglings in the hood,
miles of obscure apo's,
fodder for the spinning cup,
The little closet, privy cold room,
J. B. C. page charges spelling doom,
The Finnegan, so up and down,
multiple sequences in a crown.
Bryan, speak louder in the din,
Have you finished Apo-Gln?
To Bob, risen from us to director, a
special gift from his protector,
five roman numbers and a beta-quant,
Millions of the diet books, and
John Brensike,
some badly scarred first-drafts
and the pen that wounded them,
many memories too numerous to
count of years of rounding,
Achilles knobs and baths of
plasma; some-day it will demand a book,
Meanwhile, Bob, promise: not
another interview with Look.

To Richey, I leave a desk if he will stay,
provided he's there on
clinic day,
The line of patients to appease,
To hand out resins, feel the palms,
Work to ease the lipidemic qualms,
A special gift will soothe you
for these deeds,
A twenty meter column full of beads.

To all of you, Joy/Jan at the central desks
central desks, Nancy keeping track,
Betty, Barbara, Margaret, Leslie, and Luther
making believe that chemistry is
routine, Roger and those hot
machines, Bob and his affair
with Spinco, Lloyd a-bleeding rats,
Eve and Linda clipping on the C's,
Alice in the soap-suds, Briston
and his flasks, Rose, Fairwell,
and Edman, Barbara and her
assays, Anne and Margo and their gels,. . . Elanne
keep Conrad away from the acid,
and Mel at his short sabbatical
tasks.... Steve and John,
both nearly sonicated, Harold
indispensable... Except for
Virginia, at my right hand...
have I left anyone unmentioned?

Yes, a host come and gone
gone, reaching way back in the
past--

What can I say but
thank you, it's been fun, my dears...
not very original, but all I can dare do,
for the very next sounds will be tears.