

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, prive 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.