

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