

## **Magister Doctor**

How do you get to 61 years of age  
as an untoward cruise liner;

A young Turk now blinging  
in gold and bifocals;

A citation specialist  
with no jail time;

Father to sons feted  
by Shell Oil gift cards;

The head of a discipline  
shaped by shared explorations  
and quiet insights?

What does the left half of logic  
say to the right half of spin,  
in the reverse *slanche* of retirement?

> Paul Turner, 2007