

Greetings, all;

As we all know, April 1st is laser poetry day. Unsung (and un-projected) poets such as Lou Meeya, R.G. Bea Arthur, F.B. Fore, Betty Whitebalance, Ivan Wetter, and Brewster DiChreaux have toiled in the meta-verse for decades, cranking out metered tributes to our favorite wavelengths.

Here is my modest contribution, five limericks and a haiku:

There once was a fella named Dryer  
Who took lasers a good distance higher  
Made 'em sing and tell stories  
In coherent glory  
He's our laserist mega MacGyver

Our lasers all move, rarely static  
Mighty pointy, but monochromatic  
We mix colors with care  
Fill the screen, dye the air  
Our abstracts are all acrobatic

Them photons are made for projection  
Living color all up for inspection  
There ain't nothing sweeter  
Than nanos of meter  
And beams bouncing bright in reflection

My E-Stop has rarely been used  
My viewers are never abused  
By beams that are silly  
And shot willy-nilly  
All eyeballs are safely amused

My galvos are tuned up and twisting  
My hazer is fired up and misting  
My lasers are hot  
And aligned to a dot  
Let 'er rip, I've got software assisting

Laser Haiku:  
Photons float afield  
A movement of line and form  
Light writ large: Lasers!

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