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# Written During a Lecture on the Scientific Method

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## WRITTEN DURING A LECTURE ON THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

by Andrew Bashford

Even the man on the corner, with the trenchcoat  
and cane, pronouncing “Wo, wo, [and] wo”  
unto shoppers, commuters, and boys skipping  
mass, paused when the funnies, like manna,  
distilled from the sky.

Some news-office window was open  
somewhere, and a plague in four colors,  
a newspaper swarm, fluttered to earth,  
bearing terrible puns from on high.

From walking to gawking, the Sunday crowds turned  
with their fingers towards heaven.

Then the man filled his lungs and rattled  
his Bible to bellow a torrent  
of brimstone, but a vision restrained  
him—a boy and a tiger, a beagle,  
a tabby, the scrape of the toaster,  
the hiss of the eggs, the bass  
of his dad reading jokes at the table.

So the man stowed his prophets,  
their sackcloth and ashes. He snatched  
up a paper and pushed through the blizzard  
to a bench in the square where he stood  
and delivered, his voice like his father's, a sermon  
from Comics C:4.