

Ode to Age – Dedicated to the 40” Telescope of Mt. Lemmon

(Mr. Nathan Robbins: 2005)

Throughout the ages from Galileo to McCarthy, astronomers have used telescopes that had both good and bad effects upon them. In maintaining that tradition, I shall present a poem in honor of an ancient scope, I call it 'Ode to Age.'

Scopus Fortus is your photometric non-functionality,
An economic conundrum continuing through time,
Your visual photometry and imaging senses,
contribute to your uselessness and unnatural contentness,

I find myself entranced by your non-vocal oscillations,
A singular desired trait in scope considerations,
That obviates your basic antiquated side gyrations,
For a constant reset of your drives to find your next rotation.

The weights are quite essential for your right ascension talents,
You would be more unstable if you lacked their counter-balance,
And when not being utilized to maintain declination,
They often serve to demonstrate the age of your creation.

Oh Forty the simple miscalculations you display,
Connotes an undeveloped system of relays,
And though you are not sentient Scope, and may not understand,
I nonetheless maintain you are my bitter, ancient friend.

--Nathan Robins

Adopted from: "[Ode to Spot](#)"

Data's poem to his feline friend, Spot, as first originally performed in "Schisms" (*Star Trek: The Next Generation*).