Extemporaneous Effusion at the Testbeam Dinner

At the non-end of the testbeam, on a lark,
Or to celebrate Steve's leaving, organized by Mark
Oreglia, who took responsibility
For encouraging this escape from the civility
Of counting muons, pedestals, or showering
Electrons in the wonderful and towering-
Ly triggered and successful testbeam
(Called by most a nightmare, by a few a dream)
Detector - a run which has exceeded all our
Fondest expectations - though many a weary hour
Of early morning shift made it appear
That run six-hundred seven would last a year
Or until David Wagner wakes (or at the worst
At five A.M., whichever happens first)
Or Hal Evans stumbles in, as if he had
Been partying since Tuesday - or, how sad
To see Marcello there, considering that he
Is married, doesn't have to live in St. Genis,
And wears ties even when he doesn't have
An interview for a well-paying job to brave
So he can make the payments on his non-
Italian, dare I say conservative, and un-
exciting car, though he's suggested Mike
Should spend his salary from CERN on something like
A Masserati, Alfa Spider, or possibly
(If Mike takes out a loan) a big Ferrari -
Or then agoain, you could come upon Joe Kroll
Who'll greet you with something cynical or droll
Or maybe both - or Philip, trying to stay awake
Because he knows his future is at stake
Since he's supposed to be relieved by his advisor,
The way-too-early waking James E. Pilcher,
Who with a few well-chosen questions will discover
How unfamiliar his student is with all the other

David - David Strom - has done - no doubt another
Miracle that made the testbeam work - for Egmond,
Kellogg, and others with a virtually endless fund
Of clever, tricky ideas contributed
Enough, when all is done and said
For all of us to leave the poor detector
Alone, unbiased, unillumed (or
Unilluminated, I've forgotten,
Red wine and grappa have begotten
A block between me and my English,
Though what else could a graduate student wish
Than to eat and drink, excused from work, for free -
At this point Mark attempts to tell me
Something about systolic? contumacious?
Probably some word unknown by the rest of us -
But this poem's gone on for much too long,
And the drunken waiter's bursting into song.