

We're delighted to celebrate our friend most illustrious,
A scientist brilliant and uncommon industrious.
From quarks to the cosmos, he doesn't dissemble,
He's a storehouse of knowledge, with effort assembled.

He pointed out early the need to be leery
Of the prevailing cosmological theory.
Our universe should have been full to affliction
With magnets diverging against Gauss's prescription.

An expert on particles, fields and forces,
He juggled axions, symmetries, masses (and courses).
But somewhere along the proverbial way,
Quantum computers became his dossier.

For corruption from bit flips all the way to bosonic,
He's invented new gadgets that are just the right tonic.

For Alice and Bob filtering long-estranged Eve,
He proved that entanglement provided the sieve.

And in systems exotic confined to the plane,
He found qubits tangled in quasiparticle skeins.

How fortunate we are this spacetime to share,
And to all wish John Preskill *bon anniversaire*.

