

Light



A Quarterly of Light Verse

Nos. 74-75
Autumn-Winter 2011-2012
Free Internet Sample



LIGHT

Light Quarterly
PO Box 6017
Evanston, IL 60204-6017

Special Double Issue

Edmund Conti, Ed Shacklee, Dan Champion,
Philip Appleman, Timothy Murphy, Alexander
Shihwarg, Richard Wakefield, Joyce La Mers,
Mae Scanlan, J. D. Smith, Melissa Balmain,
Claudia Gary, Tony Inchley, Max Gutmann

Featured Poet: Fred Yannantuono

Email: info@foundationforlightverse.org
Web: www.lightquarterly.org

© 2011 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED LIGHT - A QUARTERLY OF LIGHT VERSE

EVERYWHERE I GO I MAKE A MESS

Everywhere I go I make a mess.
Dirty dishes. Spam cans. Is it planned?
I think the fact I'm constantly distressed
Causes me to spew things. But I digress
I guess. Or maybe I'm not dying to impress
A soul on this. O the reprimand
That rises from my soul. Unless
I love a mess. Sheesh! I'll never understand.

— FRED YANNANTUONO



Navel-gazing reinvented

THIS XMAS

Buy your girl a gun, and show
she's just as good as any boy
and knows as much as grown-ups know.
There couldn't be a better toy

for putting paid to playground strife.
It answers every question asked
and turns into a way of life
for robbers who employ it, masked.

Nothing makes the *pow* it makes—
not chocolate-covered hand grenades
or handsaws baked inside of cakes.
It doesn't glint as bright as blades,

but you'll not find a stocking stuffer
to make your little angel tougher.
So give a gift that keeps on giving,
and separates the dead and living.

—ED SHACKLEE



FAITH

Two dozen shells to harvest just three birds?
It was the vilest shooting of my life,
unspeakable in Anglo-Saxon words.
Better, had I just thrown my Boy Scout knife.
The Father taketh and the Spirit Giveth,
but me? I know that my Retriever liveth.

—TIMOTHY MURPHY



CRIMINAL'S LAMENT

Crime drop amid poor economy leaves police with pleasant riddle
—news headline

Nobody left to steal from;
My clients all are broke!
I got no source of income.
My dreams are up in smoke.

My fence applied for welfare.
My dealers won't skip school.
Can't even sell a Ponzi!
I'm feeling like a fool.

What happens now in Vegas
Is quickly leaving town.
It's time to launch the lifeboats—
This ship is going down!

—JOYCE LA MERS

THE THREE STOOGES STRIKE OUT

Why Stooges three—not two or four—I ask
(Research might say, but what a loathsome task)-Three
Musketeers? Macaques? Macaws? Galettes?
Too many rival duos and quartets?
No matter. What I'd really like to know
Is why guys find them funny, but dolls-no.
Admittedly, Stoooge comedy is crude,
But female humorists are no less rude.
I grant the Stooges' slapstick goes too far;
Yet similar excess raised Lucy's star.
Girls love a clown, a cutup, a "poore foole" But
treat a Stoooge like something minuscule.
Baseball must lend the trope for their sad chase:
Their innings short, they never reach first base.
With Larry, Moe, and Curly up at bat,
The plate itself cracks up, but flirt falls flat:
When asked "Say, what's your number?" girls refuse,
Thrown off, I guess, by major woo-woo-woos.

—DAN CAMPION

