

## THE HOLY WATER FONT

Four nuns all stood. Each shed a tear  
and cried, "We must confess  
our awful sins, O Father dear  
Forgive us and God bless!"

The first nun cried, "I've been so bad!  
Forgive me when I say  
I chanced to see a naked lad  
and didn't look away!"

The Father spoke, "This was unwise,  
yet still you can be shriven.  
Go to the font and bathe your eyes  
and all will be forgiven."

The next nun cried, "This naked lad,  
his manhood was so grand,  
I must confess, I simply had  
to touch it with my hand!"

"Heaven forbid!" the Father swore.  
"That's quite a sin, my daughter.  
Yet take thy hand, and as before,  
wash it with holy water."

The fourth nun then turned to the third  
and asked, "Mind if I cut?  
I'll gargle, but from what we've heard,  
you're going to wash your butt."

—KEVIN ANDREW MURPHY

## SUCCESS IN THE CHURCH

"How high up can a bright, hard-working boy  
Go in your church?" inquired Moe Finkelstein.  
"If he's real gold," said Pat, "and not alloy  
He'll be a priest, and on the altar shine."

"Only a priest?" Moe countered, unimpressed.  
"Of course," Pat mused, "Maybe a monsignor."  
"That's all?" scoffed Moe. Said Pat, "The very best  
Become a bishop." Moe frowned. "Aw, you mean your

"Church can't do better by him?" "Well," said Pat,  
"He might prove worthy of more preferment  
And one day wear a cardinal's red hat."  
"Not half enough," said Moe. "Not what I meant."

"All right," cried Pat, "say he's elected Pope!"  
"Just Pope? Just Pope's as high as he could go?  
For such piss-poor success, a boy should hope?  
A lot of people make a lot more dough."

Pat had no more promotions on his shelf,  
But one last card remained. In rage, he played it:  
"You think he should be Jesus Christ himself?"  
Moe shrugged. "So why not? One of our boys made it."

—X. J. KENNEDY

## ANGUS AND MORAG

They were playmates together, as teenagers, lovers,  
yes Angus and Morag were matched from the start  
in that rare combination where first love discovers  
a lifetime of joy: hand in hand, heart to heart.  
So they entered their sixties in relative bliss  
but despite constant trying, were barren no child;  
in their near-perfect lives this one thing was amiss  
then old Morag got pregnant. The village went wild.  
Some never believed it until she had swelled  
and some would still doubt till her labor was through  
so Angus, proud father, said as he upheld  
his new daughter, "Just wait till they hear about you."

Then Morag, the practical one of the twosome,  
said "Angus, it's not in our nature to boast,  
but just once in a lifetime...tomorrow you'll do some  
newspaper announcing the Highlander's Post!"  
The following night he came in looking guilty,  
"So has the announcement been published today?"  
He shambled across to the bed, slow and wilty,  
"So out with it, Angus! Which cow went astray?"  
"It was awful expensive a hellish high cost  
over three thousand pounds was the price I'd to pay!"  
"Over three thousand pounds! Why, Angus, that's most  
of the money we've saved what on earth did you say?"

"They flummoxed me, Morag. My brains went a-scatter;  
I shouldn't have told them I'd carefully thought  
it all out and I gave them the usual patter  
and that was all fine... but... but then..." "But then what?"

"Why Morag they moved on to personal questions!"  
"Those newspaper people all gossip and ears!"  
"I said when they asked me 'How many insertions?'"  
"Och, five times a week for forty-five years."

— JOHN BEATON

## ENTOMOLOGIST

Nell shines among the brightest academics  
within the world of entomology.  
All bugs enthral her, and the bumblebee  
inspired her noted "Insectile Polemics."

The other day I called around to tell her  
I'd spotted her VW in town,  
going too fast (it nearly ran me down)  
and driven by a shifty-looking feller.

"Oh God, he's got my insects!" Helen cried.  
She had my sympathy it takes such care  
to build collections and I wondered where  
they'd been: the boot, or on a seat inside?

"No, neither place: I keep the inside clean.  
They're squashed against the headlamps and the screen."

—DAVID ANTHONY

## THE PET SHOP

A girl entered a pet shop, saying, "I don't have much money,  
But I think this is enough, sir, so I'd like to buy a bunny."  
"You want a widdle bunny?" asked the man who ran the shop.  
"We have bunnies by the basketful, bunnies, hippety-hop!  
Come pick your Peter Cottontail! He's huddled in this hutch.  
Do you want an English spotted, or a cuddly-wuddly Dutch?  
Or a fluffy Flemish giant, or a fuzzy Jersey wooly?  
Or a jaunty jack jackrabbit? An angora wooly-bully?  
Or a floppy-woppy French lop, or some handsome Belgian hares?"  
The little girl responded, "I don't think my python cares."

—KEVIN ANDREW MURPHY

## HOME LATE

Finnegan, out drinking with two mates,  
becomes a little bit the worse for wear,  
so they link him home to where herself awaits  
and she is boiling mad and fit to tear.

"Are youse the Missus Finnegan?" they begin.  
"Ye spalpeen blackguards know full well 'tis me!"  
"Would ye mind then tellin' which is Finnegan  
so's the other two can go home to our tea?"

—JIM HAYES

## THE SNATCH

The bar has closed; the hour is getting late,  
and Patrick has his car keys in his hand;  
he staggers round the road in parlous state,  
a danger to himself and all Ireland.  
Two cops approach and ask "Where is your car?"  
"Right here," says Pat, "just where the key end stops."  
"Begorr," they say. "You won't get very far  
there's no car there." "Tis stolen! Call the cops!"  
cries Pat, who flails about and props a wall.  
Then one cop cautions Patrick that he's lewd;  
his zip is open wide, displaying all  
poor Pat looks down and sees his fly unglued.  
"Dear God," he cries. "Don't tell me this is true  
the bastards went and took me girl friend too!"

—JIM HAYES

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