

CARNIVAL NIGHT

It's carnival night in the old fairground  
O hurry and listen with me  
To the soaring whoosh of the Ferris Wheel  
And the wheezing Calliope.

We'll watch the painted horses prance  
Faster and faster by,  
Up and down, around, around  
Merrily, merrily.

You will ride the bright blue steed  
And I will ride the red,  
And neither of us will fall behind  
Nor ever race ahead.

O it's time for cotton candy while  
We chomp and stand and stare  
To see the bearded lady dance  
A jig with the dancing bear.

And the man who swallows swords and he,  
The swallower of fire,  
Seem as mad and as marvelous to see  
As the man on the tight wire.

So it's in and out of the tents we pass  
All eyes for the sights to see  
On carnival night in the old fairground  
With its wheezing Calliope.

RICHARD NICKSON

DOWN TO EARTH

In autumn  
the merest  
breeze  
stirs  
the trees  
and pocks  
the air  
with sloughed off  
leaves.

I like  
the ease  
with which  
these  
float,  
then  
with a jolt  
touch  
bottom.

EDWARD LODI

LOSE WEIGHT FAST

Lose weight.  
Fast.

BOB MCKENTY

CHOLESTEROL MINE

There was only one cupcake left  
(It was frosted with chocolate goo),  
All of the children would want it  
What else was a mother to do?  
With no thought for my personal welfare  
I quickly took note of my plight,  
And selflessly threw myself on it  
And ate it so they wouldn't fight.

PAT D'AMICO

TABLE MANNERS

To wear a bib with your lobster  
Is a must set in granite,  
But get into your bath  
When you slurp a pomegranite.  
JUNE FRANKEL-KESSLER

DINNER AT MAROTTO'S

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and now:  
A little squeeze upon the garlic press,  
Some extra-virgin oil, a light caress  
Upon the pepper mill, and Holy Cow!  
The noodles wind around the proper fork,  
The entrÇe flames and sizzles on the grill  
Again they bring the yard-long pepper mill  
But not before they deftly pop our cork.

The Cherries Jubilee with dying flame  
Have blazed upon their chariot of fire,  
And now the waiter bows and leaves the check  
Like Roman Emperors we saw, we came  
He then returns the card and we retire.  
Ah, Veni, vidi, VISA. What the heck.

ALBERT STERBAK

STARTER RESARTUS

I want a Starter jacket  
with a matching baseball hat,  
and a cîordinated jersey  
from the Jock Shoppe's high-priced rack.

My entire brand-new outfit,  
it will have to be unique,  
and unlike most any other:  
absolutely fantastique.

I want a striking uniform  
that will set me right apart  
as I shlep around the Super Mart  
behind my shopping cart.

Any colors are acceptable  
(except for Marlin teal),  
but the overall effect...  
well, it must have sex appeal.

Hey, it can be in hometown white  
or even road-trip grey,  
but the really most important thing  
is what it has to say.

That's why the team-name logo  
displayed bold upon my back  
cannot be some shopworn thing.  
(We've had too much of that!)

So: No Bosox for this strutting dude,  
no Yankees, Giants, or Colts;  
no Flyers, Knicks, or Steelers,  
or any of those dolts.

How about some nifty foreign tongue  
to make folks turn and stare?  
Les Beaux Esprits, the coat could gloat,  
or perhaps ChargÇs d'Affaires.

Or the logo could be something  
based on literary shticks  
the Joyceans or Pynchonites  
or, let's say, the Moby Dicks.

In any case, the whole point is  
I must look like a mensch  
in my macho Starter outfit,  
not like one who rides life's bench.

G. J. SEARLES

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