

1: ENCHANTED SUMMERS

JOYS OF SUMMER

Who's more joyful than a child
Let out of school in June?
Than James, who will be running wild
Very soon?

Than Greta, who's been dreaming of
No math rules to remember?
Than Biff, who won't be told "Don't shove"
Till September?

Than Sue, who knows for three whole months
No principal can reach her
To scold or lecture even once?
Who? Their teacher.

—ELIZABETH JESTER

TOO

The park's too small. The mound's too low.
The batters are too strong,
The balls too "juiced" (just watch them go!),
And ballgames last too long.

Too many teams. Too many players
With mediocre skills.
Too many multimillionaires;
Too many popping pills.

The tickets cost too much (I'll say!)
As beer and hotdogs do.
You're going to the game today?
Wait up. I'm coming too.

—BOB MCKENTY

THE BAD HUMOR MAN

Ring-a-ling ding-ding,
Ring-a-ling ding-ding,
Pushing his little white hearse:
With frozen pops
And dixie cups
He makes the children cry
For "Ice-Cream, Ice-Cream"
Under a melting sky.

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

2: DOMESTIC DOINGS

ON THE CARPET

Nature abhors a vacuum,
and so do I.
Why can't my husband
push the thing
for once, before I die?

—MARY PEIRANO

CATASTROPHE

When Pussy fell into the john,
The children were quite woebegone;
"It's sad to see a pet in pain,"
Said Father, as he pulled the chain.

—RON RUBIN

MY SNOOZE ALARM

Alarm: "Wake up! Forget the blues!
Unravel from those curlicues.
Arise, and listen to the news!"

"Alarm clock, you do not amuse.
The morning's grim, and so's the news.
Sleep holds a charm I can't refuse."

—PEGGY GWYNN

BEDTIME STORY

One reads, the other tries to sleep.
The light's on long enough to keep
the reader dozing off, and make
the one who's drowsy wide awake.

—BRUCE BENNETT

HETEROGRAPHY

A masked man, emitting a hiccough,
Said "Hands up 'cause this is a sticcough.
Now give me your money,
Don't start acting foney,
This is no game of 52 Piccough."
Two brothers the state did indict
For making an illegal flict.
But Wilbur and Orville
Were not very sorville,
Because they knew they were Wriect.
Two highly attractive young women
Decided that they would go swomen.
Each one wore a suit
That was stylish and cuit
And the color of bright yellow lomen.
I bought some expensive champagne,
When it suddenly started to ragne.
Though I was in debt,
I didn't get webt,
For the ragne stayed magnely in the plagne.
A soprano who sang in the choir
Tried to set the cathedral on foir,
She sang a cantata,
And as it grew hata,
Her voice and the flames both grew hoir .
A young farmer at work with his plough
Took a break to wipe sweat off his brough,
When he saw a strange sight:
An ox flying a kight,
And he asked of her, "Hough nough broughn cough?"

JIM BERNHARD

DYES OF THE TWEAK

moon day
rises plump and bright
a heavy amulet on the
neck of the sky

twos day
doubles as an early
pit stop for racers
crashing toward the end

wins day
encourages triumphant
sentiments for those seeking
mid-journey comforts

thirst day
drinks from the generous
stream of wonder
flowing through you

fur day
warms the blood
of those left out
in the damp cold

stutter day
repeats initial sounds
sounding like unsound
soundings sent round the sound

sin day
lives at the end
and the beginning
tempting open and closed hearts

—MARIO MILOSEVIC

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