





# Special Double Issue

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Featured Poet: Fred Yannantuono

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# EXCERPTS FROM THE LIGHT QUARTERLY AUTUMN-WINTER 2011-2012 ISSUE IN PRINTABLE ADOBE ACROBAT FORMAT.

## 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.

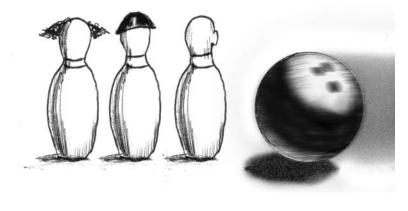
My fence applied for welfare. My dealers won't skip school. Can't even sell a Ponzi! I'm feeling like a fool.

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, Stooge 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 Stooge 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-woos.

—DAN CAMPION



Light Quarterly - John Mella, Editor

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