

LULLABY FOR A COLICKY BABY

For crying out loud,
It's only spilt milk.
The way your sharp cries rend
The air's thin silk,
The way your blue skies cloud
And take away our sun,
You'd think the world about to end
Instead of just begun.

—A. E. STALLINGS

AT HIS MOTHER'S BREAST

The little twerp
nursed
but had to burp
first.

—RICHARD MOORE

PROXY

A kettle whistling reassuring sound
From an apartment elsewhere in the block
Tea, surely what else likely to be found
On languid evenings when dark shadows flock?

Faintly perceived the clattering crockery,
Noise of a teapot lifted from its shelf
At such quiet times the very thought of tea
Is as alluring as the cup itself.

—CHRISTOPHER BREWER

DRIVER'S SOLILOQUY

At last I've got the perfect spot,
just past the corner deli.
It's long enough to fit a yacht
and isn't wet or smelly.
It's free of potholes, broken glass,
mud, hydrants, road kill, rubble,
and shade trees where a bird with gas
could give a windshield trouble.
This spot is legal every day
and yet, first thing tomorrow,
I have to drive my car away.
Parking is such sweet sorrow.

—**MELISSA BALMAIN**

HOT STUFF

She's an aristocrat, my girl.
She is the daughter of an earl.
I think that's great,
though sometimes she can be quite surly,
like, even when she gets up late,
she gets up early.

RICHARD MOORE

POETICAL CORRECTNESS*

Since "poet" suits us all as fair
As one-size-fits-all underwear,
And "poetess" still has the faults
Of corsets, hoops, and smelling salts,

I call myself now, just for kicks,
By the title "poetrix,"
Confessing freely to the crime
Alike of gender and of rhyme.

It is New Latin, as you guess,
For our modest "poetess"
(But with the kinky twist of pleasure
In "dominatrix" for good measure).

—**A. E. STALLINGS**

BOOMFOOLERY

If there's an Achilles heel to Texas
it's the fantasy of great power status
known as oleal af atus.
It is firmly based on a flabbergast
of football, oil certificates, and miles of grass.

California on the other foot
lives by making fantasies of grapes,
on building scripts and romance out of riot and fire,
taking days off on the other hand, perfecting
caverns and towers sculpted in the sand,
raising the paradigm of evil free from any sign of root.

Its filmy aspiration is, to manufacture acres of guns
that only pretend to shoot,
to substitute for what is honestly hanged what's
well-hung
not knowing where on earth one is to go
or what on earth there is to do, but primp.
The empire of lipstick gives this ho its gung.

But New York, with the assurance of ancient and
papery bonds,
constructs vast caverns in its canyons of froth,
waters various leaves of greenish papery fronds
and raises inflated promises the size and shape
of blimps,
whatever can be bought, the subornation of perjury
is here, and all you good guys
better learn to take your lumps.

Time runs fast says Mr. Marvell, but these places
run even faster than he can set the rules.
Scramble on board, take a seat in a crowded row.
Well may you live on bells and suits, for where you fly
the fuel is fear of being dumped in the afterglow!
Still! Overhead, here we go Boom for the day!
All Aboard! For another morning's blatheration of fools!

—ANDREW GLAZE

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