

## FEATURED POET: JOYCE LA MERS

### BODIES OF WATER

The human body, head to toe,  
Is mostly made of H<sub>2</sub>O.  
It fills the interstitial space  
That holds each molecule in place,  
And if we grow a trifle stout  
We ripple as we move about.

The highest wisdom we can know  
Is simply going with the flow,  
For time and tide refuse to wait  
Succumbing, we evaporate  
And rising to a higher plane  
Condense, and fall as acid rain.

### WILLING SPIRIT

Push your work, my grandma said,  
Don't let your work push you!  
But though I know it's sage advice  
It's what I do not do.  
I'd gladly heed those reasoned words  
Passed on with so much love,  
Yet muscle fails me every time  
When push comes down to shove.

### TIMELY CONCLUSION

People who hurry  
Are people who worry  
About being late.  
What happens? They wait  
For the chronically tardy  
Whose nerves are more hardy.

### THE MICROWAVE

It squanders not our fossil fuels  
But cooks by jangling molecules.  
It thus provides a useful service,  
Though dinner comes out pretty nervous.

### OPEN MINDED

So I may wisely exercise  
My sacred right to vote,  
I'll study slates, tune in debates,  
And ponder every quote.  
Then, when the oratory's ended,  
I'll vote the way I first intended.

## 1: THE FOURTH SEASON

### MISSISSIPPI SLEIGH RIDE

When Santa's loading up his sleigh at Christmas  
For his long ride from the Pole down to the Isthmus  
He stows his gifts in separate, equal sacks  
With one bag just for whites and one for blacks.  
There are separate bags for city girls and city boys,  
While country kids get only country-destined toys,  
But they don't get the nicest presents from the mall,  
'Cause Santa loves suburban children most of all.

—TOM DISCH

## 2: THE ANIMALS

### CAT CATERING

As we're seated, each night, eating dinner  
Our cat, that miserable sinner,  
Comes into the house  
With a freshly killed mouse.  
It's a wonder I'm not getting thinner!

—HENRY CLAY LINDGREN

### CREATION

God saw that it was good  
And longed to share with me  
Who've never understood  
What's good about the flea,  
The termite, roach, or rat,  
The pigeon on the sill,  
The yellow jacket, bat,  
Or mole beneath his hill,  
The slug, the killer bee,  
The gnat, the newt, the gnu  
Nor has it dawned on me  
Just what God sees in you.

—BOB MCKENTY

## 5: POLITICAL PROCESSES

### PREPARATIONS

If you hear it coming over  
And you recognize its whistle,  
It's too late to zap the object  
With an anti-missile missile.  
You must search out and destroy it  
In its flight across the ocean,  
Intercept it at inception,  
Counteract its earthward motion.

Though we agitate our allies  
And make hostile nations bristle  
We must shield our country's targets  
With the anti-missile missile  
Let unfriendlies know they're biting  
Only bony parts and gristle:  
Knock their teeth back to the stone age  
With our anti-missile missile.

Let's be forewarned. Let's be forearmed.  
Let's be hedged in deep with thistle.  
If rogue nations come a'calling,  
Deploy anti-missile missile.  
O my countrymen take warning.  
Speak as softly as dickcissel  
Sings in wheatfields, but be handy  
With your anti-missile missile.

—VICTOR HOWES

## 8: THE CULTURAL CLIMATE

### HUMAN RESOURCES

We know exactly how you feel  
To find your jobs will disappear.  
Our sympathy is very real.

Our heartache we cannot conceal  
When whispered words we overhear.  
We know exactly how you feel.

To all your thoughts on this ordeal  
Our well-trained team will lend an ear.  
Our sympathy is very real.

We'll help you find a way to deal  
With pain and anger, hurt and fear.  
We know exactly how you feel.

Our earnest tone will now reveal  
We hold your feelings oh, so dear.  
Our sympathy is very real.

Your pink slips you may now unseal.  
Good-bye. Please exit from the rear.  
We know exactly how you feel.  
Our sympathy is very real.

—DAN SKWIRE

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