

MAKING OF IT WHAT I WILL

What about a word like charity
That rhymes with translucent clarity
With words like irregularity?
(Try ignoring that word's hilarity.)
Its obvious triangularity
With Faith and Hope. The polarity
With greed. Its popularity
With the poor. The disparity
Of its aims. The secularity
Of Christians who with jocularity
Dismiss its familiarity.
Consider its rarity.
Where's its exemplarity?
We opt for barbarity
With such singularity
That one's glandularity
Turns a bilious perpendicularity.
(Such American vernacularity!)

And all these rhymes (and identities)
in this tome
Like charity begin (and belong) at home.

—EDMUND CONTI

THE EXORCIST

His tools were simple
two paring knives and a drill.
He said it might hurt a little
but I'd feel a lot better
with my skull ventilated.

He wore a ski mask and brown gloves,
which seemed a little irregular,
but his confidence convinced me.
He gave me two shots of whiskey
and went to work.

The operation was a success
and all of the evil spirits left,
but now two English sparrows
are building a nest inside
and the noise keeps me awake.

—BOB JOHNSTON

PASTILLE DAY

Swift Tour de France processions wind
Along chill mountain spurs;
Parisians sing, reel, bump and grind
Beneath their tricouleurs;

From Calais down to Cannes rings out
One shout of civic praise,
As even burghers racked with gout
Croak forth La Marseillaise;

From one old jailhouse come to grief
Some long-ago July,
The French compose a solemn brief
On how all good times fly:

Quattorze means fireworks, champagnes,
Parades, orations, floats,
But Quinze, just pills for sundry pains
And troches for sore throats.

—**DAN CAMPION**

TAKING STOCK OF THE ALPHABET?

Algemon bought
Coca-Cola didn't
everyone? Futures
got hedged
in July.
Karl liked
Merck, not
Occidental (parenthetically
questioning Raytheon).
Sid, the
underachiever, ventured
with Xerox.
Yield? Zero.

—**SONDRA ROSENBERG**

REALPOLITIK

I was angry with my friend.
I told him so. It did not end.

So I joined forces with my foe.
I do not trust him. but I know

He'll stand by me until we win.
Then I'll find ways to do him in.

—BRUCE BENNETT

WHEN YOU GO

the curtain falls
the candle sticks
the coat racks
the window panes
but no bed springs.

—CLIFFORD PAUL FETTERS

A NOTHER POEM ON SPELLING

May I suggest,
laconically,
That phonic is spelled
un-phonicly?

—ROCKIN' RED

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