

THE EUROPEAN CITY SONG

Every heiress goes to Paris
Fancy Frenchy Fashion Eden!
I declare the air in Stockholm
Is the sweetest scent in Sweden.
Take a picture in Pamplona
Of the running of the bulls.
And in Glasgow, thank the Scottish
For the whimsically oddish
Highland kilts in tartan wools.

Get together in the Nether-
Lands beside the Amster Dam!
If you'd like to bike to Zurich,
Stop for lunch Swiss cheese and ham.
Oh, the Finns are fine in Helsinki.
And you will have some fun
Scandinavigating Norway
Visit Oslo, door by doorway,
And don't miss the midnight sun.

Then be open to a Copen-
hagen Danish walkabout.
Meet your relatives in Brussels,
Kiss their little Brussels sprout.
European cities offer
You the perfect picture show
That will tantalize and tickle,
But it puts you in a pickle
Just deciding where to go!

J. PATRICK LEWIS

HOW TARZAN BECAME AN AUTODIDACT
AND IMPROVED EACH SHINING HOUR

To cut his teeth: The Monkey's Paw.
The Jungle Books, his grist.
Lianas parted where he conned
Gorillas in the Mist.

A branch library offered him
Decline and Fall by Gibbon.
He gobbled books: Out on a Limb,
With Leaves of Grass to live on.

How did he find time to explore
Darwin and social science?
He aped speed-readers, omnivore,
And skipped between the lions.

VICTOR HOWES

LOCKED PROBLEM

In the desk drawer
I found but these:
Keys without locks
And locks without keys.

What is it makes
The heart to freeze
About keys without locks
And locks without keys?

Never a night
Without a morn,
Seldom a rose
Without a thorn,

Never a peach
Without a stone,
Seldom a lecture
Without a yawn,

But plenty of rocks
Without any trees,
And lots of locks
Without any keys,

And many a foxhole
Without a fox,
And scads of keys
Without any locks.

Now go ask the prince
And go ask the page,
Go ask the fool
And go ask the sage,

Go ask the wicked,
Go ask the good,
The scholar, the preacher,
The witch in the wood,

The Man in the Moon
And the wind in the trees:
What is the reason
And purpose of these
Keys without locks
And locks without keys?

ESTHER CAMERON

THE SUBJECT OF A LIMERICK

There once was a gerund named Angling
Whose bed action needed untangling.
Far worse than the predicate
Surrounding his etiquette
Was the sight of his participle dangling.

JILL WILLIAMS

from Light: A Quarterly of Light Verse (Editor: John Mella) — Winter 2000 issue

NEW YORK COUNTING RHYME

Each face you see
has a brain behind it
That's hard to bear
in mind on a street
as busy as this

Each mouth has once
received a kiss
if only Mom's
Each gut was given
its sufficiency

Each hand has felt
the otherness of
a larger hand
it learned to love

Each set of toes
within its shoe
did service as
an abacus
and taught a tot
to count to five

This is a church
and this its steeple
and here's at least
ten million people

TOM DISCH

BROADWAY JOE

A guest will arrive
more dead than alive,
but our correspondent just has to know,
“How much snow?”

He interviews incoming guests,
then circulates among the rest:
“Did you hear? Forty-eight inches of snow!
Drifts higher than Tiffany's window!

“New York is paralyzed!”
And then, days later, as if by the gods devised:
“Do you believe in New York
it's sixty degrees? People are swimming to work!”

It can be a perfectly palmy afternoon,
but with guests leaving, Joe commiserates. “I'll soon
be shoveling snow myself,”
he says sadly, grinning like an elf.

At the beach,
where he swims in water only up to the reach
of his neck, I see Joe wears the tropics about the way
he sports his hair-do, a toupee.

RICHARD DEY

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