


Light



A Quarterly of Light Verse



Summer 2010
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LIGHT

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LOST BUT NOT
FORGOTTEN

My short-term memory is shot.
My long-term memory is not.

Tomorrow I will not recall
my having written this at all,

But in a dozen years or two
I'll write it down as if it's new.

In fact (though I cannot be sure),
I might have written this before.

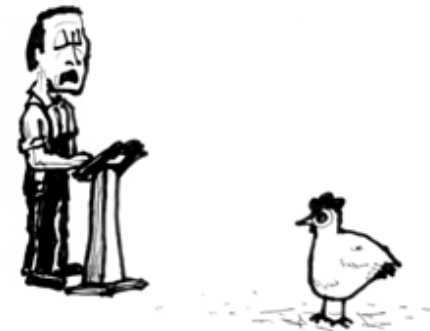
—BRUCE BENNETT



OUR GRAND POLITICAL FOOTBALL GAME

We were so fixed
on rebuttals,
amidst our muddles,
we never did quit
our safe little huddles.

—ED SADTLER



IRONY

This is the greatest irony of all:
At rush hour traffic slows to a crawl.

—JOHN MORGAN

WAYWARD PENCILS

They hang around with odd socks, gloves,
Umbrellas, hats, and ties,
And like a droll magician's doves
Endeavor to surprise.

They do turn up at blunted times
When you have naught to say,
Then when you need to jot new rhymes
Lie hidden far away.

While some go east and some go west,
Some sink while others float,
I'd hold each scribbler to this test:
Stay sharp and take a note.
—DAN CAMPION



SUMMER

Summer moves slow,
The dragonfly flies low,
Sudden showers, winds blow,
Fields, fertile, overflow.
—JOHN MORGAN



AUGUST POETRY

When old Walt Whitman glorified himself,
He tried to put fair metrics on the shelf;
He should have listened more to nature's song:
The locusts' perfect trochees all night long.
—CAROL F. PECK