

Nos. 66-67
Autumn-Winter 2009-2010
Free online sample issue

Light

A Quarterly of Light Verse



Special Double Issue Richard Moore Tribute

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Featured Poet: John Ridland

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The Quarterly of Light Verse
PO Box 7500
Chicago, Illinois 60680-7500

RATES IN 2010:

\$24	1 YEAR (4 ISSUES)
\$36	2 YEARS (8 ISSUES)
\$40	1 YEAR INTERNATIONAL (4 ISSUES)
\$ 7	SINGLE COPY OR BACK ISSUE / \$15 INTERNATIONAL
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INSTITUTIONAL PRICING

\$30 4 ISSUES

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Excerpts from the Autumn-Winter 2010 Double Issue
in printable Adobe Acrobat format.

ANCIENT LEGAL CODES

Transgression? They'd formally ban it
('twas old Hammurabi began it)
by proscribing the vice
in a code carved in gneiss—
making laws that the thralls took for granite.

—RICHARD WAKEFIELD



HOUSEWIFE'S EPITAPH

To all who at my grave would linger:
Down here I need not lift a finger!

—RUTH LEE

OM, MY PAPA

You slid, at Woodstock, through the mud
To champion love and peace,
Then hit the '80s with a thud,
A mortgage, and a lease.

Om, my papa, you raised me clean—
Say, thanks for Choate and Yale—
But scandal's wrecked my Wall Street Scene.
Can you teach me to fail?

—DAN CAMPION



ECONOMICS 101

When the economy is sagging,
Will executives be grocery bagging?
Oh, no, they just grab their loot
And open their golden parachute.

—JOHN MORGAN

SEASONAL AFFECTIVE DISORDER

Winter brought “cabin fever” or “the dumps,”
I used to claim, as snow came down in clumps;
But now, explaining why I’m feeling bad,
I’m up to date: “I’ve got a case of SAD.”

—THOMAS CARPER



DE-VERSIFICATION

My billets-doux in polished Verse—
The brighter they, I looked the worse;
Hence disassemble, Meter, Rhyme:
I’ll count on Prose to beat your time.

—DAN CAMPION