

Nos. 60-61
Spring-Summer 2008
Free online sample issue

Light

A Quarterly of Light Verse



Special Tom Disch Issue
Dan Champion, Timothy Murphy, Philip
Appleman, William J. Middleton,
Melissa Balmain, Henry Harlan, Bruce
Berger, Gail White, J. Patrick Lewis
Featured Poet: David Yezzi

LIGHT

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

RATES IN 2009:

\$24	1 YEAR (4 ISSUES)
\$36	2 YEARS (8 ISSUES)
\$40	1 YEAR INTERNATIONAL (4 ISSUES)
\$ 7	SINGLE COPY OR BACK ISSUE / \$15 INTERNATIONAL
\$ 2	FIRST CLASS POSTAGE FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION COPY EXPEDITED

INSTITUTIONAL PRICING

\$30 4 ISSUES

THIS IS THE AMOUNT PAYABLE TO LIGHT QUARTERLY. ANY ADDITIONAL COMMISSION IS TO BE CHARGED TO THE INSTITUTION.

Email: lightquarterly@sbcglobal.net
Web: www.lightquarterly.com

LIGHT

Excerpts from the Spring-Summer 2008 Double Issue
in printable Adobe Acrobat format.

CONJUGAL COMPLIMENTS

An alligator, sick about her skin,
whined to her husband, "I've begun to sag!"
"My dear," he reassured her with a grin.
"I'm sure you'll look quite smashing as a bag."

When age encroaches and you rue the day,
who but a spouse can make you feel okay?
—BRUCE BENNETT



IN PRAISE OF BACHELORHOOD

Of kisses and captivity, of flings
and flight I know one thing:

It's only once the fly has settled
that the Venus flytrap springs.

— AMIT MAJMUDAR



from: MARTIAL, 7.85

Latin:

Facile est epigrammata belle

Scribere, sed librum scribere difficile est.

Ten couplets are the work of one short night:
Books are another thing; they're hard to write.

—ERIC MARTIN

A SIXTH GRADER SEES THE FUTURE

In a billion years, A.D.,
Our sun will shine for none to see.
The sea will miss each passing ship;
The sky will hover over zip.
Those blazing stars will start to cool,
And I won't have to go to school.

In a billion years from now
Or maybe more but anyhow,
The earth may shrivel up and die,
The universe? Pi in the sky.
The future, spinning, may have spun.
And I might have my homework done.

—J. PATRICK LEWIS

MEDIEVAL SOLDIERS' SONG

(from Goethe's Faust)

Citadels patrolled with lances,
Venuses with teasing glances.
Victory comes soon or later:
Pain, though great, the payoff's greater.

Though away from stiff campaigning,
Holidays are no less draining.
Tarts and towns yield soon or later:
Pain, though great, the payoff's greater.

—ERIC MARTIN

THE JELL-O CONCERTO

The limits of the instrument
Have proved its greatest strength;
Each note, however torn or bent,
Resounds along its length;

There, molded, cubed, or in a dish,
The Jell-O takes it in
And keeps it, like a bowl a fish,
Controlling, thus, the din

Of avant-garde composers' art
I hope this form holds sway
While noise makes up the greater part
Of scores these artists play.

—DAN CAMPION

