

Light



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LIGHT

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COUNT FERDINAND VON ZEPPELIN

Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin
Invented the zeppelin.
(I know this verse is limp.
I should have written about a blimp).
—LOUIS PHILLIPS



MERGERS

My father told my mother, "You're my spouse
But I'm a partner of Price Waterhouse."
My mother told my father, "Dear, it shows.
It seems they slipped the ring right through your nose."
—BRUCE BERGER

IN THE GLADIATORS' CEMETERY

With due respect for Thomas Gray
And elegy at large,
Among these shattered lumps of clay
I kick a broken targe,

Then stumble on a tibia
And fall hands-first to face
Some high cheekbones from Libya
Caved in by sword or mace;

A sadly disassembled corps
I find you, athletes,
As, clumsily, I mark a score
Of sundry ribs and cleats.

O you who were "about to die"
(A stirring phrase mashed flat),
I'd fain salute you where you lie—
But where, exactly's, that?

DAN CAMPION





WEEKENDERS

The Friday-night guy is the new guy.
In baseball terms, he's the relief.
The just-in-case guy, the gleam in your eye
In case Saturday-night guy gives grief.

The Saturday guy is your regular,
The one you've been seeing a while.
Right now you are fine, it's all roses and wine
But he still doesn't know he's on trial.

The Sunday-night guy's lost position.
He's been bumped back from Saturday night.
Though you don't like to trumpet, "Hey, like it or lump it!"
He senses the end . . . and he's right.

Oh, Saturday night is fulfilling,
And Sunday is last-generation;
But I find it essential to have some potential,
So Friday is anticipation.

—SUSAN W. PETERS

NATURAL SELECTION

Young women like fast cars and pick-up trucks,
so enterprising males with lots of bucks
display their pseudo-phallic wheels as means
they might commend the real thing in their jeans:
Porsche, Silverado, Ram, 350Z
are mere extensions of virility.

If one succeeds or not, of course, depends
on how his tool is fitted for her ends.

If she has use for nothing but the day
itself, the chances are the bull will play.
But if it's procreation on her mind,
she may be waiting for a different kind
of animal. This should give hope to you

and me that she will want a Subaru
or minivan someday, since bare desire
alone cannot maintain domestic fire.

So, men whose brains are bigger than your balls,
wait patiently—your calves will fill the stalls.

—DUANE K. CAYLOR

