

1: UNHOLY HOLIDAYS

THE MARVELOUS CHRISTMAS BAT

Over the mountains all covered in snow,
Over the prairie so pat,
From Newark to Nome, from apartment to home
It's the Marvelous Christmas Bat.

All the way down from a far-away land
(No one knows quite where it's at)
Foiling aerial crisis with sonar devices
The Marvelous Christmas Bat.

"Why not a Santa?" the vacuous cry,
"He's jolly and beardy and fat!
He brings us nice things." But he hasn't got wings
Like the Marvelous Christmas Bat.

Can Santa Claus tumble like autumn's last leaf,
Go spiraling this way and that,
Do a roll-out then swing upside down on a string
Like the Marvelous Christmas Bat?

He comes through the dark of a still Christmas dawn
Gliding stealthily over the cat
Sleeping under the tree—oh, so silent is he
The Marvelous Christmas Bat.

Oh why does he come? Not a farthing he brings
And is loathe to remain for a chat.
When he leaves it's unclear as to why he was here
The Marvelous Christmas Bat.

What is a season of joy but a dream,
What is a dream but a gnat
On the skin of a night that is sped by the flight
Of the Marvelous Christmas Bat.

Playing havoc with logic when coming to play
Is not a half bad game at that.
His gift is the shy, plain, and wonderful "why?"
Of the Marvelous Christmas Bat.

HUGH MOORE

THOUGHTS OF A GOLDFISH

Whom to thank
for my lovely tank?

Where the grass waves free
round my coral tree.
It suits me,

fat and slow
Galileo.

Sometimes I hear laughter
as I'm struggling after
pakes on the brim.
Is it him?

Who made the pebbles?

And the green glen where I sleep?
Lately when

I start to doze a sort of NET
waves near.
NOT YET!

I love my coral tree.
It needs me.

What water should I wear
out there?

PRISCILLA E. PRATT

NEW YORK DEBUT

Too late to yearn back to, Great Kong,
the simple days of raining your vast fists
down on a supine tyrannosaurus rex
to be among, but not part of the throng.
Your billing is for "Beauty and the Beast,"
monster unnerved by the camera's pash,
too jejune to lust for gluts of cash
and bright celebrity: thus, soon, deceased.

Drifting past a thousand glowing panes
like a thousand Lilliputian telescreens
blinking their ever-quickenings stories
of each bright window's separate scenes,
you, eighth wonder of the world, now hurry
on your quarter hour's stint of glory.

DANIEL CORRIE

THE LAMB

He gambols to the shearer's shear
And soon his woolies disappear
And thus he gets his just deserts—
For gamblers always lose their shirts.

BOB MCKENTY

THE PERENNIAL QUESTION

Or, The Philosophé

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
Just as the Poet said it would—
A pleasant and delightful ride—
When a Chicken crossed to the other side.

Without a thought of Life's brief candle,
Of stately themes of Bach and Handel,
Of Keats lamenting on his urn,
Or galaxies and how they burn,
It crossed the road.

It did not pause to cogitate
On some forgotten luncheon date,
Or ponder Zeno just to see
If it could get from A to B—
It crossed the road.

No chicken would, in learned discourse,
Embrace Descartes before the horse;
The Chicken, with less subtle art,
Would put the horse before Descartes
And cross the road.

Whatever Newton demonstrated,
The Chicken's speed is underrated:
A bird in motion, far from shallow,
Just moves its rump: its Mind will follow
Across the road.

But as I pause and think again,
The bird confounds with lightning Zen,
Surpassing Basho and his toad
As it zips back
Across the road.

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