

Edward Ferri, Jr. – Two Poems

Merrill's Obit

Merrill was born 3 days before me,
our first bond. We were close next door
buddies until my family moved away to the
country when I was 7. That was the beginning
of Merrill's fun summer country visits that ceased
in late grade school. In high school, when I got my
driver's license, I drove to his house for a surprise
and I was surprised to find that he had moved.

Later, I learned his father had died suddenly
from a heart attack and his mother married
again to a family friend who moved them
to Oregon. And that was that.

Through the decades I have on and off tried
to find Merrill. I thought it would be fun to
catch up on our lives and to reminisce about
those great childhood country summer fun
memories we shared. With the advent of the
internet, I unfortunately only found his obituary.

It was a very brief kin-less obituary with limited
information, his age of 67, date of death and a notice
that there was to be a "celebration-of-life" to be held
at a river park near where he lived in Oregon.

There was no mention of the bluegill and crawdads that he
had caught as a kid in California from a crystal clear creek,
the rolling grassy oak covered hills that he had explored or
the bright shooting stars that he had counted while sleeping
outside on a wood shed under brilliant starry summer skies
before there was Sputnik, Boeing 707's and the thick drift
of city smog. None of that was mentioned. None of that.

Bungee Cord... the Red One

Never have I forgotten
my first encounter
with bungee cords

So straight forward
like a rope
but elastic
no knots required
just a large perilous hook
on each end to take note

Great for holding things down
like books on my motorcycle
for a country ride to
high school in town

I especially remember
one frosty frigid morning
my fingers and mind so numb
while securing my school books
to my '65 Ducati to run... when

that red bungee cord
that slim trim long red one
the one I loved the most
suddenly without warning
nearly ripped off my nose

Funny how an old biker
will never forget the score
from his very first encounter
with the unleashed fury of his
first red headed bungee cord

Edward Ferri, Jr. grew up on a "non profit" farm on the dry lightening side of the Santa Cruz Mountains in California when "Bailing wire, gumption, and spit" were the "apps" of the day. He now lives in those same mountains where he maintains an active Boo Radley tree for two above average grandchildren who have figured out there is no "Boo Radley" but say nothing so they can expand their collections of oddities they find in the cavity of a wise old oak tree. He is the acting Sergeant of email Notifications & Attendance Records for the 25-year-old Garlicky Group of Poets in Gilroy, California and a tribal member on roll of the Citizen Potawatomi Nation. His poetry has been published in many publications and he is the author of **GLASSY AIR**, *Poems Kindled in the Long Shadow of a Lone Motorcycle*. ISBN 9781632638212.