

Edward Ferri, Jr.

Show of Hands

How about a show of hands
for those motorcyclists who bought or
were gifted, or both, the 1974 best seller book
Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance

and then never finished reading
it as you disappointedly realized
this book is really a rather long
self-indulgent philosophy book
strung together with some lame
father/son motorcycle trip story
that could never climb a snow
covered mountain pass...or cross
a gritty desolate desperate desert
named the suspension of disbelief.

OK... **REAL** motorcyclists... aka old
rocker types still stuck in the rut of
the granular asphalt reality of what
it took to live life on the open road
with a motorcycle you slept with.

I now have to raise my hand... twice
as I have recently tried reading Zen...
again after 46 years of relatively high
quality Phaedrus free vanishing points.

I found that after 46 years, my reaction
was exactly the same as it was the first
time I read that book making me realize
I haven't changed a whole lot during the
last 46 years. Still just the same basic guy,
get gas the night before, check the oil,
hit the road early when the air is glass.

I find this little mini-epiphany to be
somewhat reassuring as my grandchildren
look at old photographs of me and then ask,
"Who is that, Grandpa, sitting on that
motorcycle?" and I point with my not so
steady index finger to the trim young man,
hands gripping wide high handlebar grips

with thick dark crew cut hair, his head tilted slightly, smiling straight into this moment and I tell them "That's me... that's still me".

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