

## **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

**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.