

Edward Ferri, Jr. – Five Poems



Feature Poet

Streaming Cake

So now, two shallow brained billionaires
launch themselves into shallow space.
Both sky high on media one-upsmanship
creating their own self made space race.
One rides a phallic looking stomp rocket,
the other rides a fancy rocket airplane,
a copy of Chuck Yeager's 1947 Bell X-1.
Just the current day's garish soup du jour
for these purring fat cat zillionaire's fun.

Both return safely to their gilded world
with ¼ pounder cheeseburger grins,
pop pricey magnums of champagne,
spray it on themselves and then into
the dry desert wind. They cheer as they
give themselves hardy slaps on their very
own pompous backs, honoring their carbon
fiber heroism with puffy speeches, a trophy
and a solid gold faux "astronaut wings" pin
while wearing an "aw shucks" sheepish grin.

Yet quite astoundingly,
unlike us commoners in the
real world of rent and brass tacks
for which it is a punishable crime,
these billionaire astro-buggers pay no tax.

But as a consolation though, for us
tax paying potato peasants you know,
these astro-billionaires do offer up for us
the generous privilege to ride along like
on an express lane space bound city bus
as they telecast their rocket ride wangle
“live” from every which mini-cam angle.

There is a term for their “in real time”
generous video telecast token extended to us.
It is called **Streaming Cake**. So as we commoners,
including me and you, peel our potatoes and struggle
to pay our timely taxes due, let us all eat **Streaming Cake**.

California Buckeye Dust Up at Llagas Creek

(1957... maybe '58)

With all the country school picnic rules explained
ad nauseam about the rattlesnakes, the poison oak,
the creek, the ticks, the mosquitoes, on and on, our
only teacher Mrs. Derby and three hovering mothers
had totally overlooked and said absolutely nothing
about the noble indigenous California Buckeye tree.

Didn't have *any* rules for the “*boys will be boys*” boys
having a spontaneous flash Buckeye running skirmish... or
a romping, dodging and ducking dust up fueled with nature's
God given hanging hand ammo of the old Buckeye tree.

Not *one* mention... about NO throwin' them big hangin',
just beggin' to be pitched Buckeye seeds as fast as we could
yank 'em and hurl 'em at each other, one after another, hard
as we could with Daddy's applied lesson of Kentucky windage
and lead. It didn't matter... rival, buddy or brother you'd better
scatter. A good shot leaving that old hillbilly “*I got you*” Buckeye
tattoo of black and blue. The loser's score card to be tallied up
visibly during recess in a day or two with ample teasing and
heroic battle stories at our country one room **Llagas School**.

*“Wow! Look at that bruise!
All black and blue...
Man, did I ever get you!”*

Note: For those unfamiliar with a Buckeye seed. Think of an apple crossed with a golf ball. Throw 'em
like a baseball ... “*Ow! Them suckers hurt!*” Sorry Mrs. Derby, RIP.

Don't You Just Hate It

Don't you just hate it
when after doing your duty
and you've dutifully counted out
your efficient minded 4 squares
of hard to reach toilet paper, well
maybe 6 squares on a heavy duty day,
then you give your metered length
a quick yank to tear it off at the
exact spot that you want.

But then suddenly instead, the entire roll
spins like a Double A Fuel Dragster doing
a pre-race burn out and unspools at least
half, if not all, of the remaining roll in a
white piled serpentine mess on the floor
just below the dispenser before you can
stop the dang thing from spinning.

Or even worse, when the roll completely
leaps off its spindle and gets full traction
when it hits the floor and disappears
under a stall wall leaving a white tissue
trail to the far reaches of the restroom.

I really, really hate it when I do things
like that... mindlessly forgetting to hold
the roll from spinning out of control
before making that hasty yank.

You'd think that at my now "eligible senior"
COVID booster shot age that I would not forget
these simple little "learned the hard way"
lessons from my long fading past.
Just losing my edge I guess.
Kind of like when I met my needy
under medicated bi-polar political
conspiracy hypochondriac neighbor at the
mailbox yesterday and I mindlessly forgot
to never ask, "How are you doing today?"

Searching The Village Beat

Greenwich Village, NYC, December 1977. My 29th birthday. A million miles from home. A frigid, crisp, clear, motorcycle stowed away kind of winter day. New wool scarf, hands stuffed deep in my pockets freewheelin' the vertical red brick canyons of the old Village. Searchin' the long leafless shadows for the art, the vibe, the folk jazz, the jive, the joints, the poetry, that legendary street beat that has attracted so many a great poet to stay another day.

Walking in the footsteps of the icons, the list so long, so diverse, so deep. Poe, Millay, Ginsberg, Kerouac, the Dylans and Delmore's Sweet Jane baby Lou, the Velvet Underground Mr. Reed, just to name a few who have walked and lived the beat on these ancient bohemian streets. Maybe some gritty Greenwich Village greatness will rub off on my fledgling solo searching soul. Hey, it's my birthday in the "Village"... you just never know.

I had my stone cold "No Look Eye" face mask on intensely scanning the busy block up ahead for the hazards and perils that I had learned to spot and missteps not to repeat, the basic 70's survival rules of these gritty NYC streets. Keep your eyes and your guard up. Always look like you know where you are going. Don't stop moving. Don't hang long on a corner, unless you're lookin' to find a bum, a pusher, a hooker or more. Ignore the beguiling beckoning calls of the three card Monte and never talk friendly to a stranger, unless you're gazing in awe at a Van Gogh at the MoMA. If you're up for some brusque verbal abuse, ask a COP for information. "*What? Do I look like a tourist kiosk?*" You will remember the back of his broad dark blue shoulder and scruffy sideburns as he turns away. Walk down the center of the street if things really get hazy. Victims rarely get mugged while walking in the center of the street.

After learning these NYC basics of the day, all I had to do was scan my path ahead for the barkers, the buskers, the beggars, the bums, the hustlers, the muggers, the mimes, the pushers, the addicts, the hookers, the pimps, the gay boys, the weirdoes, the tranny's with "*that stare*" and let's not forget the raving village poets ranting loudly to anyone, to everyone, to no one, with no place to stay over at Washington Square. Don't just stand around "lookin' around" over there.

So with all this crowded street scanning going on, I quicken my gait to catch the next traffic light without stopping at the corner. I slide to the side and narrow my shoulders to fill a gap left open by the wave of oncoming pedestrians. As I step from the cold cracked curb, I step on what I later figured to be the biggest damned dog turd in all of the boroughs of New York City. So brown, so gushy, so stinky, so now mine.

Son of a BITCH! I scream to myself in disgust. Pheeew, what a stench. No one says a word, no one skips a beat. Nary a flinch, except from me. Happens every day for those who fail to look down in the curbed gutter before crossing the street, while focusing up the block scanning for the barkers, the buskers, the beggars, the bums, the hustlers, the muggers, the mimes, the pushers, the addicts, the hookers, the pimps, the gay boys, the weirdoes, the tranny's with "*that stare*" and the bench barking poets warning us in their slam ranting words of wit for us all to beware the steamy piles we may encounter in our life's poetic path. Especially for me, that stinky pile over on McDougal street, while searching the Village for the art, the vibe, the folk jazz, the jive, the joints, the poetry... that legendary iconic "Village Beat".

Through the decades it seems, many a Village poet has stepped in a steamy pile or two along their purple pen way. I can definitely and literally say that I stepped in my biggest steaming pile in Greenwich Village on my 29th birthday that cold crisp December day. It's those especially large steamy piles that resonate and leave the longest and most lingering of memories. Kind of a personalized "*Welcome to the 'Village Beat' there young waffle stomper poet. Stick **this** steaming pile in your Vibram sole country boy brain. Maybe write a wry and witty poem about this clingy stinking turd some dark purple pen day when you have something poetically sardonic to say.*"

*"Oh... and yes, **Happy Birthday** there sprout. Savor your personalized aromatic Greenwich Village dog turd. Your very own special gift of shit from that "Village beat" you've been seeking. Add that to your journal of "things not to forget". A toothpick might help. Now move along punk."*

Post Script: On August 1, 1978, New York City's Canine Waste Law referred to as the "pooper-scooper" law took effect requiring dog owners to pick up after their pets. Lot of good that law did me on my BD in December, 1977.

Poet references:

Edgar Allen Poe (1809 - 1849)
Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892 – 1950)
Allen Ginsberg (1926 – 1997)
Jack Kerouac (1922 – 1969)

Dylan Thomas (1914 – 1953)
Bob Dylan (1941 -)
Delmore Schwartz (1913 – 1966)
Lou Reed (1942 – 2013) Sigh

Lady's Desire

(While Watching The Pool Boy)

Inside the gilded gated house
of daily longing, pressed firmly
up against her thick and barren
solid oak butcher block island,
a forlorn kitchen Venus gazes
out into her designer landscaped
backyard with keen perked interest.

A shirtless strapping young man standing
tall at the edge of the custom stonework
swimming pool like some tanned marble
statue of David poles the late morning
chlorinated blue water creating smooth
shimmering reflections of his ripped
athletic summer bronzed body.

With large veined thick ready hands he grips
the long extended pole as he works it forward
and back with precise slow swirly strokes
catching leaves, debris and her furtive
fantasies with each strong steady stroke.

She watches his every move as
if her life is now in slow motion.
She remembers how youth used to
feel, her body firm, long and strong.
She remembers the things she used to
do with ease in a swift sans souci breeze.

Intensely watching his progress,
as he methodically poles the pool,
she checks the time. She begins to
feel her very own nervous throbbing
pulse as she silently wonders ...

Is he the one?
He clearly appears capable.
Does he have enough time
this morning to rescue me?

I am so, oh so, easy to please.
I am not very fickle.
Is he the one?
Is *he* the one?

Can *he* pry open
this old fancy jar
of Kosher Dill Pickles?

Edward Ferri, Jr., a free verse narrative poet in search of a fine wry finish, grew up on a "non profit" farm on the dry side of the Santa Cruz Mountains in California when "Bailing wire, gumption, and spit" were the "apps" of the day. He has long returned to those mountains and is the acting Sergeant of email Notifications & Attendance Records for the 27 year Garlicky Group of Poets in Gilroy, California. He is a tribal member of the Citizen Potawatomi Nation of Shawnee, Oklahoma. His poetry has appeared in multiple publications including *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Haiku Universe*, *Still Crazy*, *Agave*, *Hobo Camp Review*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *Main Street Rag* and *Constellations*. He is the author of **GLASSY AIR**, *Poems Kindled in the Long Shadow of a Lone Motorcycle*. ISBN 9781632638212