

Edward Ferri, Jr. – Two Poems

Ski Jumping At Night

I was hopelessly disoriented
just after leaving mortal earth.
It was foolish and reckless to
attempt such a spontaneous act
of defiance to the laws of gravity.

Sharp diamond stars cut black
obsidian as I spun backward
out of control leaving long white
plasma scratches in the icy sky
forever imprinted in my mind's eye.

I can still hear the laughter
from the astounded earthlings
down below me as I arced over
their jaw dropped faces, a deep
Ho Ho portending kind of laughter.

Just as I achieved the apogee of my
heavenly trajectory, I felt so warm
and euphoric, like on some drug, but
as gravity gradually grabbed me back,
I could sense an imminent hard crash.

A deep cratering crash, the kind
that I wished for in a strange way,
creating a weeping wound that
I could never disguise, nor hide,
nor ever want to really recover.

But for a few weightless wispy
and breathtaking heartbeats,
although a bit awkward, on a
bitterly cold upstate starry night
you and I were lovers.

Autumn Dusk In The Adirondacks

The beaver was a sign.
A glistening black ghost,
it appeared from the deepening
shadows at the marsh's edge silently
slipping into the water and serenely gliding
down the center of the narrow glassy inlet,
its smooth widening wake acting like a big
zipper unzipping the mirrored cloudy sky
connecting the opposing shorelines.

We both watched in stony silence,
frozen as if the beaver was passing
between us, its gentle wake lapping
both shores in equal sadness. Our
silent observance of this unexpected
resigning moment was followed
by a hollow windless stillness.

The darkening forest of yellow birch
and sugar maple orange held its breath
ever so briefly just before it exhaled the
last warmth of our final summer day and
stoically surrendered to the inevitable
equinox of autumn.

The vibrant colors of our summer fade.
First the fires of red, then the maple oranges
and finally the yellows of birch, all being
swallowed by the dark of dusk. The forest
becomes breathless and devoid of light and
the autumn leaves have never stopped falling.

Edward Ferri, Jr. grew up on a "non profit" farm on the dry side of the Santa Cruz mountains of California where "Bailing wire, gumption, and spit" were the "apps" of the day. He is a graduate of San Jose State University and has been published in *Eskimo Pie*, *Lucidity Poetry Journal*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Still Crazy* and *Agave Literary Magazine* and is forthcoming in *Main Street Rag*. He first realized the beauty of Denali in the rear view mirror of a gutted gutless Volvo 544. He was leaving to meet Carol and has never returned.