

Edward Ferri, Jr. – Two Poems

Obsidian

In the brittle black night of winter
A stark mantle of flinty obsidian
Fills the meadows between the stars
Meadows where we once danced
Before there was Venus
Before there was Mars
I dream our wonderful dance
Hand in tingling hand
Frolicking from star to pulsing star
During the season of velvet
Before the night became so cold
Before the night became so hard

Night Escape

Sleeping up on the wood shed
Fled the landslide inside the house
Train whistle calling in the distance
I wish I were there pulling that handle
Heading due north or heading down south
The night sky is so massive and cold
Holding twinkling stars in their place
A lucky one gets away now and then
Streaks bright plasma rushing for the train
Then disappears forever... without a trace

Edward Ferri, Jr. grew up on a "non profit" farm in the remote hills of California where "Bailing wire, gumption, and spit" were the "apps" of the day. He is a graduate of San Jose State with great distinction and works as an engineer to supplement his poetry writing income. He has received two poetry contest Honorable Mentions from *Lucidity Journal* and has been published on the poetry, art and music website *Eskimopie.net*. He is striving to emerge.