

Edward Ferri, Jr.

Frank Sinatra Saves A Man's Life

There's an old legendary Las Vegas story about Frank Sinatra actually saving a man's life. Mr. Sinatra never liked being credited with this life saving act of Las Vegas heroism.

As the story goes,
in the dark shadows of an
underground parking garage
during the wee hours of morning
after a Rat Pack Casino show in which
Frank Sinatra was the lead headliner,
there are these three mobster like thugs
beating up on a high roller type wise guy
who had complained about the show being
overpriced as well as lousy.

These thugs methodically took their turns with two
thugs holding the man up with his arms behind his
back as the third thug beat his torso and face like
one of those heavy punching bags while
wearing polished cast brass knuckles.

This goes on for excruciating minutes
as each thug gets his turn punching the
man like a club boxer trying to impress
his observing boxing manager until the
man is beaten so severely that he drops
to ground in an unconscious heap
only an inch away from death.

Just at the fulcrum of this life or death moment,
as the thugs commence kicking this poor unconscious
heap, Frank Sinatra said "OK, that's enough",
saving the man's life.

Edward Ferri, Jr. grew up on a "non profit" farm in the rain shadow of the Santa Cruz Mountains when "Bailing wire, gumption, and spit" were the "apps" of the day. He is a strong believer in the spirit of Boo Radley and he still savors lessons learned during the 'missing miles' lived solo on the roads of North America with a motorcycle named "Little Curry". His motorcycle once needed repair in Binghamton, NY. It took a week for repairs but two years to leave. He is a graduate of San Jose State University and has been

published in *Lucidity Poetry Journal*, *Eskimo Pie*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Still Crazy Literary Magazine*, *Agave Literary Magazine*, *Hobo Camp Review*, *Haiku Universe*, *Shot Glass Journal* and *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. His first book of poetry titled *Glassy Air* was published in May, 2018.