

## **Ed Ferri** – Two Poems

### **Dog Days of Summer** aka August

Summer time  
ridin' a bicycle,  
snappin' a wet towel,  
making the girls shriek,  
hiss, scatter and scowl.  
Key basic summer skills  
you can never forget how.

Skills taught by the  
big brother of another,  
learned back in the dog days  
of those old lazy summers  
when school was out and  
you were just another  
roving, menacing bad boy  
cruising around the big  
sycamore swimming hole  
chewin' double cuds  
of Double Bubble  
blowing big bubbles  
trying to impress the girls,  
with an eye on your favorite,  
hoping for some afternoon  
summer fun and trouble.

Oh, that lovely summer trouble.  
If I only knew then what  
I know now... about that  
hot sweet summer trouble.  
I know, everyone says that.  
But, that's why God  
invented September... isn't it?

### **Smart Phone Grumble**

I find it odd  
and ironic  
during these times  
of high tech gadgetry

that the people who I  
have lost contact with,  
the ones who don't seem  
to respond to emails anymore  
or have become cryptologists,

are the ones who have  
bought a "Smart" phone  
so they can better keep up  
and communicate with the world  
rather than the people  
they are  
having dinner with.

**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 *Lucidity Poetry Journal*, *Eskimo Pie*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Still Crazy Literary Magazine*, *Agave Literary Magazine*, *Pencil Marks*, *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.