

## **Edward Ferri, Jr.**

### **Nevada City, 1968**

Thundered through Nevada City  
once one hot dirty dusty day. Was  
lookin' for the damn dam they were  
building, maybe get a job there while  
Uncle Sam was dropping his napalm,  
my generation getting not a word to say.

Had my draft card in my wallet like  
a good boy but still I could not vote  
during that simmering shiftless summer  
of gray vanishing points with angry  
wheels running hard from M16's and  
Huey horizons filled with vitriolic smoke.

Without a bucket for my brains, I was  
riding the heavy metal thunder still lost  
in the lingering wind of Dylan while  
swigging a lawless flask of Daniel's Jack.  
Seemed like a nice place to maybe come back,  
this gritty little city named Nevada City, where

lumberjacks built cabins with a felling axe  
and here and there still lived an old grizzly  
gold miner in a cold prospector's shack.  
Looked like a nice place to make a fresh  
start. But the road doesn't work like that.  
Just after Dobbins and more shots of Jack,

the road got slick and narrow. We ALL cried  
as The Great Society slowly bled out and died  
and that God damned war splintered our nation.  
After that, life turned tank slapping twisty as  
the road became my lost lover and I just never  
could find my way... back to Nevada City.

## Still Life At The National Gallery

He lengthened and intensified his gaze of a crazed oil on canvas still life picturing two fresh picked sunflowers in a tall brass vase snuggled against a wicker woven cornucopia overflowing with ripe round peaches. The aged heavy wooden frame filled with the timeless golden glow of a soft summer morning sunrise bathing the scene stirring silent secret memories from an ancient open bedroom window.

Alone amongst faceless strangers now joining and following his falcon like focus, he begins to sense the lingering sweetness of sweet ripe peaches as if their fragile fragrance was wisping from his very own lips. He then notices droplets of morning dew forming and gliding down the long smooth gentle curve of the vase like timeless tears and remembers how he once wished he could have stopped the morning sun from rising.

**Edward Ferri, Jr.** grew up on a "non profit" farm in the remote rolling hills 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*. He first realized the beauty of Denali in the rear view mirror of a gutted Volvo 544. He was leaving to meet Carol and never returned.