

Emily Ferrara

Snow Angels

We knew how to pass time in a blizzard.
If we'd copped the day before, we might still have
Enough blow to do a line, enough hash to smoke a bowl,
expand time in the blowsy night, storm or no storm.
Then someone said, *if you want to be fed, be bread.*
We praised the buzz and the flickering lights,
proofed the yeast with honey. And when it foamed,
added oil and cups of snowy flour. We hunkered down
like parked cars shrouded at the curb. Mesmerized,
we cranked the heat and let it rise, fell on our backs,
arced our arms and legs. We were the figures
in Da Vinci's sketchbook, perfect specimens
of blizzardry, our ideal bodies eight heads high,
yet somehow none the wiser.

A World with No Chickens

Would render meaningless "Everything
You Ever Wanted to Know About Chickens,
but Were Afraid to Ask." When I last tried
to craft a chicken poem, I was hooked
on coops and tarps, enamored of Easter Eggers'
blue-green shells, charmed by chicken shit
and mealworm moderation. I chased down
chicken facts: how left alone they lay so few,
how eggless in their yearly molt, how tender
are their feather shafts, how vivid bright
their REM-full dreams. And then it struck me:
in a chickenless world there'd be no tasty pot pie,
no finger lickin' sunny side, no drunken dance
and thus, no Frug, no soup for soul,
no street to cross, no cowardice, no falling sky.

Emily Ferrara is the author of *The Alchemy of Grief*, a poetry collection awarded the Bordighera Poetry Prize and published in bilingual edition (English and Italian) in 2007. She is an assistant professor of family medicine at University of Massachusetts Medical School, where she teaches creative writing for medical students. Ferrara has received recognition for her poetry from the Society of Teachers of Family Medicine, the Worcester County Poetry Association, and the Massachusetts Center for the Book. Her poetry has been published or is forthcoming in: *MiPOesias*, *Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review*, *Poesy*, *Worcester Review*, *Lumina*, and on a stone pillar in Cabot Woods (Edmands Park) in Newton, MA.