

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Scott Ferry: Three Poems

Scott Ferry · Wednesday, May 1st, 2019

Mr. Rogers kills fruit flies

This is not the set with the trolley.
This is not Brockett's Bakery
or Trow's Workshop or Negri's Music.

These flies malingering in my kitchen
squatting on my mangoes and my pears.
I should have thrown out those bananas

when they leathered, but I always believed
that everything has a use, even if overripe.
And all beings should have a right to live

in their essence, unobtrusively.
But these fruit flies are unclean:
they rust the wheels, they push kids

in line and extort quarters, they falsify
their usefulness for consuming decay.
I cannot discuss them away with delicacy,

especially as I speak into the glass lens.
I spin a paper into a funnel:
wide as sky at the top, narrow as necessity

near the bottom. I pour pinot noir
into the jar, set the thin trumpet in to fit
tight at the rim. Once the creatures

venture to the sweet smell
they will be captured, scrambling
on the glass looking out at more

ripe pears I have set in the bowl.
I think I hear them arguing. They are still alive.
It's such a good feeling. I say this every day

from the other side. I am late for the studio.
 At least the earl grey warms me.
 I leave as small regrets swim
 and ferment.

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Sunset through the wires

I have taken pictures of the sanguine
 descent of the sun behind Mt Jupiter and Mt Constance
 from my back deck in blue-collar Renton. Not only
 do the Olympics shrink and the novels of blood-cloud
 thin to excerpts, but seven electrical wires bisect the frame.
 When I am standing there at 9:30 with my wife,
 the dew falling out the air with faint winds,
 bare soles on the cooling wood, we can
 imagine it without impediments, without
 the five trucks on the lawn across the street,
 without the tin glow of Benson Center.
 We can imagine away many things.
 We live in continual imagining,
 either that horrors do not exist
 because they do not cut us,
 or that we are so lucky to actually
 own a home we spend 5/7ths of our lives
 working to afford. But more conveniently,
 we can be content with the canvas before us
 by editing it on the way from the optic chiasma
 to the visual cortex to the cerebrum to the reward
 and satiety centers. We choose, ignore, wash, reflect
 any number of actual details. We have different
 methods of dealing with discontent. I vow
 to fix and clean and dispose and finish.
 My wife plans whole new houses in France,
 designs campervans with solar powered escape buttons.
 But there are still black scars, children starving,
 corporations and memes selling our peace
 back to ourselves with interest, the peace
 we were born with and have always had,
 in and through our light. And if my wife
 stands close enough I can feel her and can
 frame it all: bile, arsenic, lies, compassion,
 forgiveness, grace. And I can still breathe
 in her neck and shudder and hold
 and breathe again.

*

Keyring

The green carabiner that has hooked my keys
to my beltloop for 10 years finally stops

springing closed, so it keeps clanking to the ground
in the gym, in the hospital hallway.

This metal oval has allowed entry into vehicles
and passages, through nursing school, my wedding

and almost separation, the birth of my child,
through a move to California and back.

I am reluctant to erase it: the dim green tableau
of worn rings and unhinged joints, a fist

of poor dialogue and dark laughtracks, now useless.
I finally switch it for a shiny tangerine one,

supple and disconnected to reruns. It frightens me
to know what the orange era will bring.

I'll try to keep the soundtrack silent,
the doors clear as mourning.

(Visit him on ferrypoetry.com)

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