

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Scott Ferry: Two Poems

Scott Ferry · Monday, January 24th, 2022

### Boy

I have no idea how to name a baby  
with a penis. All names seem false.  
Maybe it is because I have never felt  
completely like a man, but more of a blend

of sea and sandalwood. Certainly not  
pipe tobacco and sage-burned sweat through  
cologne. Plus, all the tides ruin the  
leather.

Yet I have to father a boy,  
teach masculinity; something like  
a willingness to sacrifice without words  
or a courage to protect. But, honestly,

many women do those things better.  
So what is uniquely male besides  
tempering the testosterone with  
learned restraint and grace? Or

teaching that strength is a function  
of vulnerability? In the end I just  
want him not to harm. And to listen  
to the wash of brine around his

deepening voice.

(Originally published in *Beautiful Cadaver Project*)

\*

### My patient does not want to live

My job today is to sit with him for 12 hours  
so he doesn't try to open the blood or close the air.

He has not wanted to eat, but this morning  
he allows French toast and sugar free syrup  
to nourish him. He even drinks his milk.

When the young doctors arrive he barely answers them.  
The mid-20s man asks *How does your body feel today?*  
And my patient answers: *It lets me know it is still here.*  
He throws a few more answers onto the ground  
and the doctors shrug at me and slink out perplexed.

My patient is in his 60s, has bilateral  
AKAs (above knee amputations),  
doesn't feel like defecating more than  
once a week. I ask him what he wants  
to watch, he chooses a paranormal investigation

show. *Are you still here? How many of  
you are still here?* the young researcher  
asks into the dark, night vision film  
rolling blank blue and yellow.  
A thunderous moan comes out of the corner

and they all spin around, monitors flickering.  
I ask my patient, *Have you had any experiences  
with ghosts?* He nods, *Oh, yes.*

I inquire, *Did you grow up in a haunted  
house or something?*

*Nope.* And then he just looks at me  
and when I look back he pretends  
he is staring at something behind me,  
the whiteboard with his food intake, his urine  
output displayed in dry-erase. I want to hear

his stories, I want to release his ghosts  
which spin opaque behind the glass,  
which inhabit his body  
still.

(Originally published in [Thimble](#))

This entry was posted on Monday, January 24th, 2022 at 7:24 am and is filed under [Poetry](#), [Literature](#)  
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a  
response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.

