

### *A Whisker in a Million*

When you were rescued I sat by your side  
Brushing your silky black and white hide  
I LOOVVEDD you so much I gave in  
When home you were scared,  
Staying behind the laundry bin  
A year went by  
With you I would never sigh  
Then you got out and roamed all night  
My heart dropped and I was in a state of fright  
At the door I heard something "meeeooow"  
I knew that was my Sylvester's "meeeooow, meeeooow"  
Another year and I knew  
That you had the alley cat blood in you  
Some days were scary  
Others were barley  
It went too far  
The alley cat in you got hit be the giant car  
I went to school you went to the vet  
Came to my mom "Where is he Where is he"  
His life had ended causing an overcast of sadness  
Two months later he was at the door, black as coal  
Mister Max, a black cat, I knew had Sylvester's soul.

*Dean Zulueta, 12*

### *The Storm*

My life is changing  
Sad but true  
Out of control  
Not sure what to do  
Devastation swarms in  
Like an angry hurricane  
Where can I seek shelter  
From the roar of the storm?  
Everyone has left me  
To fend for myself  
Even though I was there  
When they needed help  
Have I lived my life wrong?  
Do I deserve all this pain?  
What have I done?  
What should I have changed?  
I suddenly realize  
I've no time to ponder  
I cannot stand still  
I must avoid the danger  
....after what seems  
An eternity  
The storm has backed down  
All becomes calm  
Should I be worried?  
Has danger passed by?  
Or am I simply  
Caught in the eye?

*Jeni Thorpe*

*Michael Lee Johnson*

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### *Bone Orchard*

*Come for me, for me death  
where it I reside.  
Henceforth my soul abduct  
for love she has lied.  
You preside over  
the happiness of pine.  
Come for me, for me death.  
Shed no tear—nor glasses hide  
lets bury these bones without a sign.  
To weep and shake  
with this sad lovers sin.  
Come for me, for me death  
where love has never been.*

*Ferris Jones*

### *Pre-History Mother*

She cooks on wood fire  
In hut of stone and mud  
Works with flint and wood.  
Looks after the tribe's young.  
Students dug her up today  
3000 years young  
She looked so peaceful,  
But couldn't tell us her name.

*Matt Roberts*

### *Days Pass*

Days pass,  
Cold is winter,  
At night birds hide in trees.  
Doves at bird feeder don't count days  
No cares.

*Michael Lee Johnson*

### *The Road West*

Morning  
Dove Creek Colorado  
Sunny  
Yet ancient and deserted  
But a sunny road  
A broad road West  
Noon  
Death Canyon Utah  
Stark mid-day  
Lonely land/lonely road  
A hot road West  
Afternoon  
Old Ely graveyard  
Sad memories/faces dim  
Getting late  
A darkening trail  
A trail West  
Dusk  
Ancient Austin Cemetery  
Monuments/Emigrant Ancestors  
Ireland/England  
They made the West  
Darkness falling/Sight fading  
Can't read the names  
It's trails end/In the West

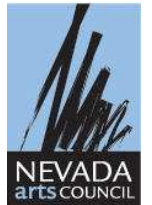
*William C. Davis*

# The Inquisition



## FREE

Poetry written by Nevada Poets



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## We do Forget

At day's end could we peaceful sleep  
had not we cleansed and buried deep  
each thoughtless word from that day's slate  
on notebooks we, with gall, create?  
Do friends whom our approval seek,  
deserve from us for query meek,  
our mean retort, creating debt  
of hasty words we must regret?  
Do we ignore our past misdeeds  
when pious mob new target needs  
so all can phariseize with stone  
their sin, yet kind, forgive their own?  
What guilty wretch could we convict  
if deeds, so wrong, ourselves depict  
we feel the guilt but never let  
the blame survive, we do forget.  
Could we, when praised for worthy acts,  
abashed recall demeaning facts,  
or righteous glow, ourselves entranced?  
At last when at the Judgment throne  
when asked what sins we must atone,  
since Life demands all payments met,  
it's kindest gift, we can forget.  
If death would let us fresh begin,  
to heal past hurts, erase each sin,  
would one of us refuse that break,  
the past undo, accounts remake?  
For when we're laid to endless sleep  
dreaming lie while buried deep,  
if past misdeeds still cause regret  
it's sweet to find, we do forget.

Gerald Bosacker

### \*\*NEW BOOK\*\*

**The Inquisition (Voice of Nevada Poets) is NOW**  
available at [www.LuLu.com](http://www.LuLu.com)

The new book, edited by Ferris E. Jones, is a collection  
of poetry from 25 Northern Nevada Poets.

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## The Body

Her naked hills huddle  
Her slow rivers wind  
Her multi-colored clouds brush by  
Her deserts carved with old dreams  
where lonely men watched Orion spar  
Braved icy mornings the strange  
movements of day  
I come from a hollow  
of that strangeness  
The sky  
descends  
over the interstate  
raging mad ripping  
through valleys mountains  
deserts beyond  
Through the ages  
Through the spaces  
of the sleeping bodies  
between you and I.

Scott William Elliott

## Human F-lies

They have always existed,  
attracted to pyramids of slime,  
Bloodsuckers, in ter-rains of war,  
sadly, a new breed materializes  
cultivated by warped education,  
intellectual nomads, independent of wisdom,  
contaminated by their own cleverness,  
in media n politics,  
puffs of devilment,  
formulating alien financial instruments,  
derivatives of disruption,  
buzzing around stock n commodity markets,  
feeding on housing, energy and food entrails,  
in the hell pits of human greed,  
infesting moral ethics n honor,  
defecating hardship n poverty,  
excrement of human f-lies  
pooping on the innocent.

Michael Levy

## The Trek

He heard people talk of a world different than his own  
A place where dreams burst forth and came to be known  
His heart held those dreams and they wanted to be free  
The same hopes and dreams that lie within you and me  
He set out one sunny day, his heart filled with anxious resolve  
Not knowing where he was going, his spirit filled from above  
Tired and hungry, with little water left, he looked to the sky  
And he thought of the prayer he had said and he asked why  
One month then two the trail grew harder, his spirit seem to wane  
The sky grew dark and foreboding, he could smell the scent of rain  
The rain fell and brought respite from the heat and the thirst  
The desert grew abundant, it seemed that God sent forth a cloudburst  
To help the young man, build up his spirit to make his dream come true  
That same kind of help God always offers to me and to you  
Time passed from three to four months, he sat and thought of his plight  
He thought of the reasons to quit, surrender and give up the fight  
Tears in his eyes, his heart filled with pride, his mind seemed to wander  
In no time at all he lay back, sleep and exhaustion put him under  
He dreamt of a place where men were set free, the streets paved with gold  
Where he had the chance if willing, to have all that God had foretold

Daniel Orozco

## Antimatter

Standing on the edge of life and death.  
Do we drink antimatter to bleed through the day?  
Do we smoke antimatter to forget the pain?  
We live in tight spaces, strangers on the couch.  
We have no reason, but plenty of time.  
Influencer of feeling still stuck in the past.  
Included misfortune to walk hand in hand.  
Our friends have all grown up, lost in creation.  
Blessed be the bums for they get the last laugh.  
Living in spaces not on the map.  
"Sorry we have no time for you," says the stranger.  
Spinning our tales, brilliant failure.  
Still all in all we do not have a clue.  
We drink antimatter on the brink of extinction.  
Could have been man under the bridge.  
Listen to voices long since retired.  
Forever dreamer with no mind to act.  
Alone and forgotten we die.  
Still angry and lonely we fly towards the heavens.  
Trying to exit. Stuck in the ether.  
Horrorified by our wasted life.  
Antimatter we are the same.

PAN

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## The Buried Mirror

Chill northern clouds obscure and turn to dreams  
The golden drops of Sol's unceasing streams  
Who in his journey south climbs to the Zenith,  
The very height at which is born his death  
Unfolding as he rolls down to the west  
To wait for his rebirth in purple mist.  
Winds stir the haze and fabricate illusion  
With colors stolen from the twilight's gestation  
To blur the field of vision into night  
While stars look on and shed compassionate light.  
Beneath the dust of darkness lay a mirror  
Smoother than moonlight purer than a tear;  
Its polished silence from the vast abyss  
Reflects the gateway into immortal nothingness.

Santiago del Dardano Turann

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