

Untitled

Falling from 3,000 feet,
Plunging head first towards a crowd,
Towards people you know and people you don't,
Never slowing, out of control, powerless,
A haze of memories before your eyes,
Family, lovers, memories, fate,
All thrown away in one fail swoop,
A single touch of a hand, hug, embrace rushes at you like
the first opening of a door in the winter,
You clasp onto the things you know,
Then.
You hit.
Your mom wakes you up,
It was just a dream?
Or was it life foreshadowing your future,
Next year, a girl jumps from a building.

Cheyenne Armstrong

Poetry

Poetry is words coming together in harmony,
and reaching the final goal, that makes the poetry whole.
Most poetry touches the soul.
Many faces glow.
Poetry is an expression from inside.
It reveals the heart.
Poetry is the words we make into songs.
And writing for Jesus,
I'm strong.

Lorraine Jackson

Have Come To It Late

It slides, bumps, oozes, schmooses
Jerks, works, conveys, purveys,
Carries love, eases pain, tells of
Loss and gain.
The words caress, press upon consciousness,
Blissful, mindful, careful, fretful, playful, rhythmic,
Staccato, pizzicato, rumba, samba, cha-cha-cha.
Twists, shouts, ponies along, lopes, trots,
Gallops, glides, waltzes, skips, leaps, bounds,
Jumps, repels, revels, carries all sounds.
Musty, dusty, busty, pure, tarnished, burnished.
Furnished by humanity-poetry: music of the soul.
I have come to it late. Thank God not too late

Richard Loveall

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Fernley, NV. 89408
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Eternal Journey

As the crimson flame of life
Breaks slowly
Above the horizon,
The white frosted meadows,
With trees and hedgerows
Of sculptured ice,
Speaks loudly
Of your presence.
Once more
Upon this journey,
As another day begins,
Without effort
Or intrusion,
Through the peace
And tranquility
Of your silent voice,
The moment becomes eternal,
And the journey begins again.

Chris Roe

Untitled

Personal Failure
Your destiny, your fate, life
In the hands of God?

Cheyenne Armstrong

Common Sense

Some very old and wise
dead man once said that
an unexamined life was
not worth living. But an
unplanned life was not
worth examining. If it's
unplanned it can't be lived
well. To plan out your life
is to be thoughtful with
ends to be pursued. But if you
choose the wrong plan, that
does not lead to a good life.
Let's all aim for the same end.
That's just common sense.

Ferris Jones

**** Local News and Events ****

NEW BOOK

The Inquisition (Voice of Nevada Poets) is NOW
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The new book, edited by Ferris E. Jones, is a collection
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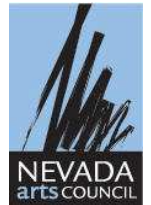
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The Inquisition



FREE

Poetry written by Nevada Poets



Published by Ferris E. Jones
Oct.-Dec. Edition 2008
Please send all poems and comments to:

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Fernley, NV. 89408
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Why Mama

Mama, why did you go away?
I wanted to be with you
I wanted to make the hurt go away.
He told me you were dead
Then one day you were there.
You said you looked for me seven years
You said you wanted to take me home with you.
So, why did you go away?

I never had a home
Then one day you were there.
You said let's go back to Texas
That is your home, you know.
I remember the red dress
I looked for holes burned through
There were none to find.
You were so pretty to me
Why, Mama did you go away?

J.D. Littlewolf

Hammerhead Face

Ur full'a confusion lik'a transition
Lip skin or face skin? Indecision.

I'm a mystery like the pulp fiction briefcase.
Ur goin' nowhere like a Winchester staircase
U can call me hammerhead. I got hammers all over my face.
I can ascend the same staircase building ways
Ahead of me that weren't there in the first place.
Concepts of success distorted like kafkaen sizes & shapes
Realize you can contort it to fit ur taste
& put the hammer back to ur face.

Trever Crow

I Love

I went looking for you today
Swung wide my closet door
And feasted my eyes on the clutter of boxes inside
Allowed my eyes to trail over the labels
Searching for the right one
Romance, no...success, no...confidence, no...
And then, you caught my eye
On the very top shelf
An open box labeled Love
I anxiously took it down and glanced inside to find...
Nothing
I shook my head, confused
Blinked back my surprise
And then it was as if my eyes adjusted
To some higher realm of things
And I saw a sort of magical dust that must have been you
Overflowing
In fact, covering, everything
Even making the very air shimmer
And I smiled, understanding
That you cannot be contained in a box
And if I am to search you out
I need only open my eyes

Kim Norton

One and the Same

Laws of nature did not
create day to day responses.
Only society of man can
declare our daily duty. Man will
at time put the societies for
which they live above the laws
themselves. The United State's laws
did not come from the king of Zion.
So there is no real sympathy for
humanities or God's mercy. We are
all different and mercy and
compassion as well as evil and
pain can only exist when all the
people in the society are alike.

Ferris Jones

A Dying Breed

The man was in the time of life
that was between middle and old
Age, tall, gray, but still walking
straight and life time confidence.
Wearing earphones he crossed
the road he'd crossed a thousand times.
All the cares in the world and
not one of them was his.
The music danced with a Cuban beat
that had perhaps distracted him.
Car driven at no fast limit
knocked him over, not too hard
but with speed of the fall added
he cracked his head open.
The blood came forth, the woman sprang
out of the car in blind fear.
He raised his blooded hand,
and tapped her forearm whilst dying.
Sympathetically, he smiled.
"It's OK my dear, totally my fault."

Matt Roberts

Princess

How do I hand her over the keys to her life along with the pieces of my heart?

How do I send her into a world, which I have grown to hate and distrust, a world in which she longs to venture into without me there to protect her?

How am I supposed to know she will remember the lessons in which I have tried to teach her over a very short life?

How will she understand, what hurts the most is, I no longer have her hand to hold on to keeping her from danger. All I have now to hold is faith I have passed down the knowledge that she will need to prevent her from becoming a status, a victim of life.

Bobbie Leland

The Bus Wait

As I wait wait wait at this bus stop in Leeds
the people and daylight change and fade, I sit.
A tall, slim afro hippy beauty walks by
never knowing I was in love for 2 moments.
The over stressed copper push push pushes
the drunken hero puts on his look-at-me swagger.
Two girls next to me talk in teenage language.
Their little conversation about nothing
has dragged on so long, it's turning my brain numb.
Where is this bus bus bus to my road in Armley?
Cold bites at every exposed part of me.
Man enough to look like it doesn't matter.
And I wait wait wait for my, "seats 60."
A light in the December darkness holds
the sacred numbers that I desire!
Only my reflection knows what I'm thinking -
and it's thinking of my bright future!
It's thinking—a night by the radiator.

Matt Roberts

World of Mine

Oh world of mine
oh crying soul
does this generation
yet not know
the harm that's been done
to a crying world
Which holds the life
of this lonely girl?
Oh generation of mine
what have we done
what world are we leaving
for the generation to come?
Have we not seen
desperation and sorrow?
Why are we keeping what
has only be let to borrow?
Oh world of mine
oh crying generation
what will become
of all this desperation?
Yet no one listens
for I am one
and soon what's expected
will surely come.

Alexandra Diaz

A Stab at Love

I feel you calling, a barely heard whisper.
I close my eyes, and return once again to the primal otherworld.
I am scared as I sink deeper.
I hear the rhythmic beating, heavily in my head.
I feel red flowing all the way into my fingertips.
I try to remember and make myself aware of the warnings.
Traveling alone at night, on this desolated path. Saved for us, the
unfortunate ones, trying in earnest to unite..
I have no chart to follow. Only anticipation and benevolent sentiments,
leading the way. Knowing that at the end of this seemingly never-ending
passage, you'll be there waiting...for me.
My thoughts I can't convey. The words that I should be spilling out to you.
I can't say..
I feel a fullness enveloping every part of my being. I have no room within
me, not even for air.
Blending together..
A truly harmonious balance, fusing the link...a perfect pair.

Jennifer Louvre

Untitled

Beauty
Dead language
Judged upon structure
Structure doesn't represent everyone
Smart, kind, loyal
Failed structure
Forgotten

Cheyenne Armstrong