

Tapping the Energy

*"I'm Never alone
"I'm alone all the time," says The voice out of nowhere.
I'm sitting reading by myself in the woods.
I'm not sure if The voice is recurring radio waves or there is
Actually a being talking to me.
I look up into a clear blue sky.
I look around.
There is no one around.
"The answer is simple
The question not so attainable, "The voice says
"What?" I question a little antagonistically
"Have I found Eden
Or Am I lost?
Have I succeeded or failed?
Is this the end or the beginning?
Am I dreaming or being dreamt? "The voice says pondering.
"What?" I question again, "this is nonsensical you're the one
Asking these Zen questions that can't be answered."
"I can answer them, "says The voice.
"The answer to each one of those questions is both."
"Think about it, "says the The voice.
"Okay, "I say.
"Wait!" I interrupt, "Don't leave yet!"
"Okay, "The voice says calmly.
"What is the secret to happiness? "I ask The voice.
For a second I think The voice is going to say being wet and
Warm, but that is not The voice's response.
"Sadness, "The voice says plainly.
And then The voice is gone.
And I am sad.
And happy.*

Joseph DeMarco

God's Messenger

I Can Feel Teri Smiling
I can't see up to heaven
And I can't even see to Cleveland
But I can see my sister
Sitting at the gate
Smiling down on us
Making love in the day
Where everywhere else outside
There is war, as always
And deaths as before
And I feel her shy laughter
At the wooden door
Oh Teri, the sweetest of us all
I just stand here awaiting
For and upon your call

David Schwartz

When the darkness of passing night
turned golden with the fresh new
dawn,
I watched a single robin light
softly on my dew soaked lawn.
His voice trilled out across the way,
sweet music to my listening ear.
Bright promise of a perfect day
resounding in his song of cheer.
I feared this day when I arose,
surrender loomed as my intent.
Because of prayer to end my woes,
I thought that robin, Heaven sent?
Did my God send that bird to bring
his comfort with transcendent word?
When that robin dropped there to
sing.
Was it God's answer that I heard?

Gerald Bosacker

KEEP POETRY ALIVE

"Donations thankfully accepted"
Please send to:

PO Box 257
Fernley, NV 89408

Unexplainable

*My hands are sweating with anger
The blood boils through my body
They drip with insanity onto the floor
Creating puddles with memories of blasphemy
And now my face sweats
Or could it be the tears i have cried for so long?
Could it be that my mind feels the pain of a broken heart?
Could it be that my heart wears only a mask
To cover the scars of a once shattered love?
A glass rose lays shattered at my feet
It slipped through my sweaty fingers
As i pick it up, the glass cuts away at my hand
Bringing back memories of that day
That like the broken glass, your life cut away at my soul,
as i tried to pick up the pieces.
The pieces, like those of the rose, of a shattered romance.*

Alexandria Diaz

Choices

*It's as easy to make bad choices
as it is to make good ones
The cat that pees on the rug
and won't sit in your lap
The too hard chair
with the jutting head rest
The shoes that not only pinch
but squeak
That red dress hanging in the closet
with the tags still on
Thank God for thrift store and
animal shelters
And then
Let's talk about
relationships....*

Sharon C. Yarborough

"America Strikes Back"

"Fear" from border to border, has
spread across our land, from a
terrorist devastation, yet united
we still stand.
The epitome of all evil, has reared
its ugly head, leaving thousands of
our innocent, grieving, wounded, but
mostly dead.
I say an eye for an eye, certainly a
tooth for a tooth, can be our only
remedy, to gain the "Holy Truth".
Detect them where they burrow, seek
them out if they hide, and with our
patient tenacity, we'll find them
far and wide.
To eradicate these sins of madness,
with nary a stone unturned, leaving a
hardened lesson, from "Freedom
That's
Been Earned"..

Greg Francis Cawdrety

The Inquisition

FREE

Poetry written by Nevada Poets



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

The Inquisition
PO Box 257
Fernley, NV. 89408
www.theinquisitionpoetry.com

Copyright 2008
By Ferris E. Jones
All rights reserved

The Inquisition
PO Box 257
Fernley, NV. 89408
www.theinquisitionpoetry.com

Do Cowboys Cry

*Do cowboys cry? I heard someone say.
Why I ain't ever heard of such a thing.
Until just the other day.
But they may be just pulling my string.
Cowboys are tough as latigo leather.
They're rough on the outside like hard ground.
They can ride and rope in all kinds of weather.
There's not a tender one to be found.
They can sleep in the saddle to catch a nap.
Eat beans out of a can with a knife.
And fight their way out of a trap.
Or even live after a rattlesnake bite.
They can find cattle in a blizzard
Or pull a prize bull from the mud.
They can survive on cactus and lizards
With strong coffee in a mug.
They shoot it out with cattle thieves
To save the herd for the brand
The one's he catches are left hanging in the trees
He is not afraid to make his stand.
He is for law and order, good over bad
He will defend those who are weak
And be strong even when he is sad
It's the freedom that he seeks
Through all this strength and perseverance
The chivalry and honor
The toughness and endurance
I still begin to ponder
Do cowboys cry?
When times get really low
Or when they say good-bye
When a pard has to go.
It was just the other day
A cowboy died
He had to go away
This old cowboy cried*

Frank Freeland

Each Day is a Mission

*Each day is a mission
The source to protect
In garden sunshine
I feel you are mine
And can I forgive her
Fair mirror of Jupiter
Her angles and curves
Are sweet as sweet can be
Like mercury I'll never know
White hot steel on steel
Some of them have escaped to the trees
On her knees her purpose to please
This tussle for love
Is never, never enough*

Lindsay Hutcheson

Bi-Polar

*Bi-Polar
what a mess
All messed up
You confess
Stress under duress
So few fess
You're depressed
Doctor says
Take a rest
Learn to dress
Or wear a vest
You know the rest
So I guess
No less
Live in zest
Not in Jest
Oh
What a mess!*

Gretchen J. Wood

Gardening

*A long dead tin can,
Robbed of its sheltering luster,
bereft of identity and content
rises from the topsoil grave,
shaking off its new armor of muck
while impaled upon my spading fork.
It drips mystery of origin and content
now halfway converted to rust.
What did it shelter and hide before?
It now unfolds a slimy conclave of worms.
This cluster of marauding Annelida,
voraciously seeking new worlds
to proselytize into productive loam,
converting all subterranean Earth.
Blind worms that fought off oxidation,
now digest the reddening rust.
They sing. Spring is here,
so stop digging and lets go fishing.*

Gerald Bosacker

Destiny Came Early

*this poem grew out from the middle like a baby
engine slowing-cooling down-heart racing*

*long trip, growing skin-ready for a nap
mother's newborn on her lap
his epiglottis hasn't lowered but he's ready to rap
so he swallowed a mic & forced down a bone flap*

*his evolution was too quick for others so it choked the planet
his was the only voice-too real-so radio wouldn't allow it*

Trever Crow

** POETRY EVENT **

*

THE WAKE UP

**Fernley's Gathering of Poets and Writers
(All Poets and Writers are welcome to read)**

Wednesday July 16th, 7:00 P.M.

At

Starbucks in Fernley

**Join local Writers and Poets Trever Crow, Chris
Nolan, and Ferris Jones**

Sand

*They move on through the sand
It's in their eyes, hair, and mouths
They move on through the sand
It's in their equipment, beds, and clothes
They move on through the sand
It's in their food, vehicles, and dreams
This is not the beach
This is not a camping trip
This is their job, this is war
This is fighting for freedom in a foreign land
As they move through the sand*

Kelli Irish

NEW BOOK

**The Inquisition (Voice of Nevada Poets) is NOW
available at www.LuLu.com**

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

Collections of poetry by Ferris Jones can be found at
www.lulu.com as well as
www.Amazon.com, and barnesandnoble.com.
Please visit our site
www.cafepress.com/ferrisjones for many poetry and Lyon
County related products such as T-shirts, mugs, and hats.

NEW BOOK

By C. Edgar Nolan

“POWERFUL MOJO stories and poetry” is an entertaining book of
life on earth and spiritual wanderings. From the simplicity of a child's
mind to the complexity of emotional experiences—love pain, joy and
mendacity are explored in writings that will open the windows of your
imagination.

Available at:

<http://stores.lulu.com/store.php?fAcctID=1965566>

**The Inquisition
PO Box 257
Fernley, NV 89408
www.theinquisitionpoetry.com**