

Respect

He had a warm heart of children, he loved animals as well, because he could relate to them with so much clarity.

He understood what life was, and in the short time he was here I had the love of the pleasure of helping him as much as I could.

I will surely miss the laughs

we had, Our friendship was Pure and Simple.

The warmth and happiness of Our "Journey of Thought"

together will be everlasting.

But now the Journey might be over for Ric, but for each Breath I take, the Thought if him will last forever.

Tom Edwards

One Mistake

Let's all read revelations so
we can see how the end of days
will come. The history channel show
is more likely to be accurate. It
speaks not of a Fuehrer or anti-Christ.
But something we most likely brought
upon ourself. No destroyer to blame,
or regal lion who sits on the
throne of death, counting souls
as he laughs at god. But someone is
just waiting for a mistake -
this will let him reign.

Ferris Jones

My Reno

Dawn breaks, she sits feet tucked under her burgundy robe.
The wide dark lash-trimmed eyes survey me, windows to her soul,
Now Natalie, then Audrey, now humor, then pain of remembrance.
Her fingers caress a steaming mug of Arabian brew, luscious lips
test the morning ritual.
Lips, full and sensual, memories of night's tender kisses, eyes drop
as softly as New Englanders.
Newly-shorn hair frames an ageless face, tested by life, tested by
love, tested by God.
She is my awakening. She is my healing. She is my day, my life,
my Reno.

Richard Loveall

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Migration

*In a balloon full of powder,
what junction
breaks you
into a sky of laughing geese .*

*You take a swarm in your arm-fulls
& become your sequence.*

I enter.

*We turn ourselves away
(back to back) as expanse*

resolves

its doors. We euthanize

Our fingers—kite string

through the throat.

A medley of monarch

*butterflies act as scaffolding
for our pores.*

Jesse Peterson

Conversation in a Car

*Conversation in a car at night,
Finds cadence with soft music on the radio.
As fishermen in the distance
Cast their bait into the rising tide,
Our sins are spoken to the dashboard,
Our memories to the sunroof.
Tears fall upon the floor mats
Within the fortress of steel and glass.
Absolution is a kiss.
Love is the gift bestowed.*

Chris Nolan

To Ferris Jones

Globalism if Anti-Christian.
Fight the Devil is your mission.
And be grave because you'll see
Kingdom of the Saint and Free.
Free from sin, from veneration
Of polluted generation
Of the fiends in human shape
That descended from the ape.

4th of April, 2008

Sergey Streltsov

Forehead

Strayed in a mirror -
Found in glass

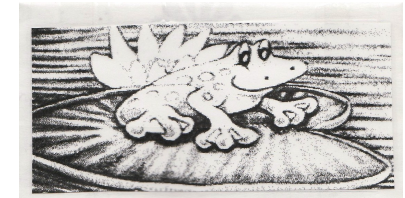
Milos Petrovic

The Inquisition



FREE

Poetry written by Nevada Poets



Published by Ferris E. Jones
May Edition 2008

Please send all poems and comments to:

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Fernley, NV. 89408
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Perfect Mother

At 6:15 she comes to me to get me out of bed
Rise and shine It's time for school my little sleepy head
She lays my clothing out for me with tender love and care
A pair of pants, a pretty blouse, a ribbon for my hair
She makes for me a simple meal of orange juice and toast
And smothers it with marmalade
Cause that's what I like most
And times when I'm too sick for school
Or to go out and play
She makes me tea and reads me books
Until I feel ok
Each night before I go to bed
She helps me with my prayers
I'm thankful for another day and for someone who cares
And just before I fall asleep
I hear the door unlock
And mothers tired footsteps
As she tries to softly walk
The person that I told you of
Is not my mom you see
Mom works the double shift a lot
So I take care of me..

Gwyneth Marhanka

Lakeview Slab

His hands are craggy from honest toil,
worked hard by outside elements,
and the effort of his vocation.
He coils the single climbing rope,
hand over fist
to wrap around his shoulder,
in a sailor's motion.
The granite wall rises vertical behind him
right from the land,
in solemnity and grace,
flecked by stone within stone,
as if stained glass itself,
had ceased to flow;
or faith been made solid.

Ross D. Cooper

****NEW BOOK****

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

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Saying Good-Bye

For I have seen the day that
had not set me free, but the
day that had set my soul free.
For I had seen our son be born,
and he will never known to breath,
nor I to hear his first cry.
I was at a loss of not knowing
how to say hello and here it is
I have to say good-bye.
For my loving son, Jorge
7-24-03

Laura Ann

Osprey

rays
of the sun, coming
through spaces between double-
stacked containers
traveling by train,
are, predominantly,
a white bird's wings
-moving me...
the cold fish;
really can be a drag.
this heavy rhythm
rolls with a weight of waves;
they regularly crash
against cliff rock-
& land on my back.

Davis Devin

The Box

There is a box in my lap, heavy and gray,
cold as any jail cell.
It bites into the flesh on my legs,
but I savor it.
There is a box in my lap, all my rules lie there,
as constricting as any tightly laced corset.
There is a box in my lap, holding all of my order, the
'way it should be's,' my lists, responsibilities-given
or self-imposed.
I itch to set it on the floor, this box in my lap,
open the lid, throw the contents to the wind.
And SCREAM!!!
There is a box in my lap.....

Cynthia Jones

Presidential Elections

Orchestrated Farces
to give the Illusion of choice
(for the Brain-washed masses)
for our next Fuehrer
(Oops, I meant president).

Bart Mullin

Lonely Ones

Ordinary Weeds
adopt new mannerisms
wear group regalia
pretend to be tall as day lilies.
Clingy hangers-on
they pop up uninvited
mingle unobtrusively
hoping to be included
in the day's bouquet of events.

Jane Logan

Being Average

Being the average face on the sidelines,
Would I be chosen today?
By the skilled and confident others,
In the games they wanted to play.
Can I stay in their safety margin?
Not falter when the challenge seems dim,
Like a warrior for battle be welcomed
If I strive with the others to win.
I will stretch long my personal potential,
Knowing the outcome may not be the same,
But the others will nod their approval,
Because average is a part of the game.
In the end I will always be there,
Without need for the front page of glory,
I will thrive on just being selected,
To be part of this every day story.

Robert Lee Larson



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