

Ferris E Jones

The Drink Catcher

We mewl for our friends,
Those who we loved in the early days.
Karma has sent his messenger
To collect the debt owed
By us all. We anointed ourselves
Rock stars, at least in lifestyle.
The ugly mistress of drugs and drink
Danced like the young girls
Blistered with cocaine
That littered the floors as trash,
On those Saturday mornings.
Too saddled by the peculiar times,
We are simply sent a text, that
Another star has been swallowed.

Parents Are Gold

Lush the memories of nights tucked in
With days free and without sin.
Candid tears sit as your parents leave
With uncertainty you grieve.
They always came home with a small kiss
And once again, you exist.
Remember those tears, the love you hold
They will pass, then they'll be gold.

The Death Song

Complacencies with a sweet coffin
Brings with it a procession of cords.
How you play your song
Will determine your rewards.

Foolish risks in the cemetery playground
Brings a suffocation of daily toils.
The swanlike movement of enchantment
And life, it often foils.

About the Poet

Ferris E Jones writes poetry and screenplays from his residence in Puyallup, Washington. His work has been published in *Se La Vie Writers Journal*, *Write on Magazine*, *Outlaw Poetry*, *Degenerate Literature 17* and other literary periodicals. He is the recipient of two Grants from the Nevada Arts Council and published several collections of poetry, including *To Burning Man*, *Oh the Path that Followed* and *As the Toad Sleeps*. You can learn more about Ferris E. Jones by visiting www.inquisitionpoetry.com where each month he features the work of other poets.