

*The Essential CAFÉ EDMOVIA, Cup of Joe poetry for Cup of Joe folks. A book of over 60 published poems plus another 100+ selected poems of informal poetry that is accessible, approachable, easy to read and enjoy.*

**CAFÉ EDMOVIA**  
By Edward Ferri, Jr.

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The Essential

# CAFÉ EDMOVIA

Cup of Joe Poetry for Cup of Joe Folks  
(Maybe an espresso shot too)



Published and Selected Poems  
by

**Edward Ferri, Jr.**

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These poems are generally memoir-inspired, narrative poems. Although possibly realistic, reflective, profound, preachy and perhaps humorous, they are not diary entries or historical records. Names, incidents, random places, cafés, diners, tumbleweeds, tapping tappets and unforgettable characters wearing plaid shirts offering warmth, a steamy hot “Cup of Joe” and directions are products of the author’s imagination and are used fictitiously. Although “Little Curry” is an actual authentic name of a long-legged motorcycle from the 1970s, any other similarity to actual events, locations, dullards, wing-nuts, or highly respectable folks, living or expired, is coincidental and the direct result of poetic license.

All photos in **CAFÉ EDMOVIA** were taken and/or are owned by the author. Most photographs were taken with 64 ASA 35mm positive/slide film using a rugged and reliable *manual* Mamiya/Sekor 1000DTL SLR camera purchased by Hazi Bro Pete for the author in 1971 at the Castle AFB PX near Merced, California.



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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	1
HAIKU POEMS .....	3
MICRO POEMS .....	9
TITLED POEMS.....	11
'69 Norton Commando Fastback.....	40
8 <sup>th</sup> Grade Space Race Moment, 1962 .....	87
Altamont Pass .....	106
ANITA'S Breakfast Diner .....	165
Arson, Stoning, Gunshot, Poison .....	14
Autumn Dusk in the Adirondacks .....	60
Bad Bad Broccoli.....	84
Bad Day in Middle Management (1991).....	108
Barnyard Nation In Early April.....	55
Biker Lumbago.....	30
Bitter Apple Cherry Blossoms .....	140
Boomers Passing the Baton .....	130
Bubble Gum and Gristle, 1957 .....	25
Buckets.....	102
Bumble Bee .....	134
Bungee Cord... The Red One .....	66
California Buckeye Dust Up at Llagas Creek.....	58
Carta Blanca .....	31
Cherokee Rose .....	71
Chimers.....	20
Chow Chow .....	88
Contentious Management Meeting .....	21
Country Moon.....	124
COVID, a Different Perspective .....	44
Cracked Crackers .....	29
Crazy Sunday.....	169
Dear Miss Mary Jane.....	128
Desert Dreams .....	38
Desperate Woman.....	18
Detour .....	14
Dog Days of Summer .....	61
Don't You Just Hate It .....	96
Duct Tape .....	28

Early Morning in the Desert, 1977 .....	100
Ellipsis.....	22
Email To An Old Childhood Friend .....	91
Epiphany On Highway 50 .....	148
Eye Lashes.....	24
Faux Flash in Sacramento .....	27
First Empty Vessel, 1967 .....	86
First Grubstake .....	126
First Rain .....	67
First Ride Tease.....	32
Food Groups .....	34
Fort Point .....	144
Frank Sinatra Saves Man’s Life .....	72
Frying Green Tomatoes .....	65
Game Changer, Oh My (1976).....	50
Glassy Air .....	47
Guardrail.....	90
Hollister 1st Memories.....	142
How I Stopped Worrying... ..	98
Howling Wind .....	39
Indian Rain .....	42
It Started At The End Of The Driveway .....	69
Lady’s Desire .....	120
Lame Listener .....	33
Leverage .....	110
Life of a Sand Candle .....	80
Little Orleans.....	174
Lost Sock Accounting.....	19
Merrill’s Obit .....	68
Mood Swing Saturday Night.....	78
Motorcycling Across The Desert .....	116
Motorcycling.....	12
Mourning Dove.....	75
Mystery To Me Still.....	79
Nevada City, 1968 .....	74
Never Ate No ‘Possum, Never Ate No Skunk.....	114
New Neighbor.....	136
Night Escape .....	16
Not Quite The Same .....	49
Nudders.....	15
Obsidian .....	18
Of The Same Generation .....	20

Old Rocker Do Over .....	73
Old Rocker.....	63
One Nighthawk Missing .....	156
Paul's Law .....	17
Perfect Pitch.....	62
Pickles and Perspectives .....	77
Playing Ditch 'em... A Hide-Go-Seek Game .....	118
Poetic Conundrum.....	12
Puddle of Poo .....	22
San Francisco Sunrise .....	132
San Joaquin Valley .....	16
Sand Dabs.....	26
Sand Dollar .....	59
Sandwich.....	83
Schizophrenic Denial .....	13
Searching The Village Beat.....	150
Senior Revelations .....	153
Show of Hands.....	122
Sixth Sense.....	57
Skaneateles.....	19
Ski Jumping At Night.....	76
Smart Phone Grumble .....	21
Socks and Stars .....	112
Star Struck.....	37
Still Life At The National Gallery.....	35
Stone Fossil Found.....	53
Stone Fruit Season.....	13
Strawberries Frozen .....	43
Streaming Cake.....	104
The Art of Pain .....	94
The Atlanta Giddy Whoosh (1973) .....	64
The Day We Saw JFK .....	45
The Essentials of Leaf Blowing .....	138
The Last Fishing Hole.....	36
The Last Note Before The Last Winter .....	70
The Night I Understood the Universe... ..	159
The Old Place .....	89
The Swing.....	81
Things .....	15
Time.....	11
Torpedo.....	11
Tractor Front Loader Adage.....	23

Trail Cam .....	46
Trona .....	48
Uncle Carl's Weather Report .....	12
Upstate Honkers.....	41
Upstate Sophomore Summer.....	92
Uvas Dam Turnout Conversation, 1969.....	13
Vegan Awakening.....	17
Veterans Day #30.....	93
Virga .....	52
Voices .....	85
Vuja De .....	11
What If.....	146
While Grocery Shopping .....	54
Whobody.....	56
Wi-Fi.....	82
Xenia, Ohio.....	162
You Couldn't Throw Me in the River .....	51
ABOUT THE AUTHOR.....	183
PHOTO INDEX.....	189



## Cracked Crackers

Late night snack  
Fresh box of crackers  
Extra sharp cheddar cheese  
Great expectations

As crackers blossom forth  
From round paper wrap  
Immediately I see  
Every cracker is cracked

Every last one  
Cracked in the middle  
I silently groan  
I begin to quibble

Where does one register  
A complaint, late at night  
About the cracked crackers  
That have come into your life?

*Published in **Agave Magazine**, Vol.2 Issue 4, Spring 2015*

*Honorable Mention **Lucidity Poetry Journal**  
International Poetry 2nd Competition 12/15/2010*

**Author Note:** This would be my *Opening Poem* in a more traditionally organized book of poetry. See “Opening and Closing Poems” in the **Introduction** on page 1 for poetic details.





## Carta Blanca

It is New Year's Eve  
The bird bath is empty  
And so is  
another year

All the birds are gone  
Like old words to a song  
I am sucking on  
a Carta Blanca beer

Big swirly swigs start stars to spin  
They align to lost Mexican moments  
The Baja surf still pounds  
with lovers, liars and poets

I drank Carta Blanca with all three  
They are all gone now but still with me  
Under spinning stars again we swim  
And toast to another New Year's Eve

*Published in Eskimo Pie , January 2013*

*Published in Illuminations Galerie D'art et Poésie, France. March 2022*





## First Rain

It just started to rain here. Short, loud and sweet. Thunderous thick dark clouds sweeping off the Pacific through the thirsty serene redwoods of Mt. Madonna. Rumbling down the tree lined dry rocky gullet of Uvas Creek. White smooth bark of gnarly rooted ancient sycamore trees quickly turning gray as the first fall wetness creeps around their massive girth.

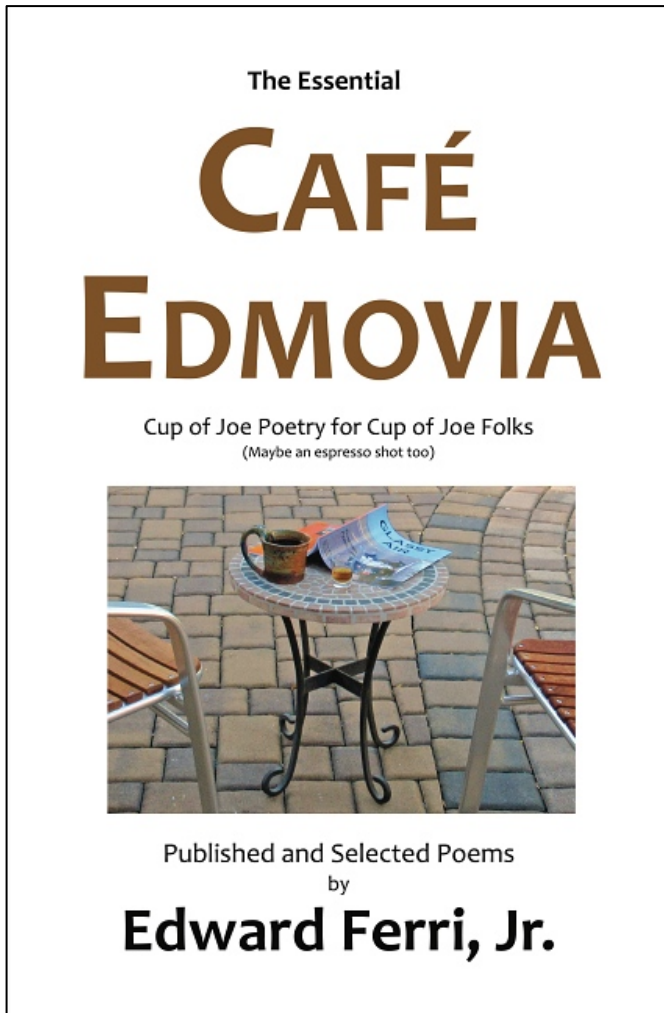
As long as I can remember, the first rain has been special to me in this arid epicenter of my existence. The parched and cracked hard clay concrete soil begging for life giving moisture to heal its open wounds from the merciless long hot harsh California summer.

I always take pause and savor this annual fulcrum of the seasons as pure pristine rain drops dissolve the gritty grime of September and begin to cleanse the dusty summer blues away with that unique once only a year cool fresh moist smell. The smell of reflection and nature's promise of tender green grass sprouts soon to arrive.

That earthy thick fragrance of the first fall rain always reminds me of my parents. It makes me remember how hard they worked and what they did for me during the toughest of times and how I wish they could be here today to share this special moment of the season with me. And to see what has become of me and to know how much I really miss them.

Published in **Eskimo Pie**, January 2014

Published in **Illuminations Galerie D'art et Poésie**, France. March 2022



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