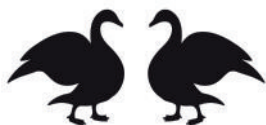


JÉANPAUL FERRO

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER



I look for you in the dark,
beyond the Massachusetts woods
where the wolves hide at the edge
of the field,

all night long as the rockets
rain down just a little bit harder;

I go through all the alleys as the
buildings come down and everything
turns to ash,

But I am just a little bit broken,
broke in all the right places—
a million little jewels that split apart

all across the ground.

JÉANPAUL FERRO

SUN IN AN EMPTY ROOM



We lick each other's paws until we both fall asleep,
all the sparks inside us dead quiet like in a dark cave,
the New England winter all around us for the next
twenty years,

until one day we both arrive home coming around
the mountainside,

only to find everything in town rearranged

with only the sun in the empty rooms of the house
that we once spent an entire lifetime building together.

JÉANPAUL FERRO

THE DREAM HOUSE



Her soul was the color of God,
a thunderhead of apple red, and in wavelengths,
vestigial hips and thighs/the drunkenness
that comes thereafter;

the palpable lure of Everest, the way you
conquer it when it is easily conquering you,
translucent as night, a shrouded thing to wrap
and unwrap;

midnight in a blind dress, the sticky and
beautiful idea on the tips of tongues,
India and Pakistan, fingers in her bible,
a last visage of 1960's hope;

two contradictory quarks, but it all makes sense,
an autobiography of tomorrow written in today,

two empty hotels along the Hudson River,
two bridges drenched in sky—flailing, clawing,

a mirror of the sun for a thousand years.