

Jeanpaul Ferro

Election day (Between midnight and dawn)

The frozen forest floor,
you and I midnight to dawn,
wave-particles in the duality of light and matter:



Electron in hydrogen atom,
two central figures,
two sides, and I'm not on either one:

$$|B\rangle = b_1|A_1\rangle + b_2|A_2\rangle$$

COB today

Falling

a

s

in **ANTIDOTE**

we give ourselves: *everything/nothing*

birth → pain → dying → birth → pain →

eyes blinking in half expectation,

you—

an almost fallen object everyday

Berlin: music

Paris: light

NYC: Shakespeare on a bad night

All of us

our blood pulp on the inside,

the backward arc of every day,
quantum in the colors: red, blue, green,
mother, father, sister,

what is time?

—a day where so-and-so died:

every day is the same;

in La Boca near the cantinas

tango and bossa nova 'til midnight

A last brush of air as it coldly

rushes by;

shhhh! this is the last

second in which we are

... alive/together,
but we don't know it.

The Romantics Were Prompted

You said: Only rebels don't have tattoos now;

My reply was to say: You know, I only want to go to Greece,
and then I want to visit the world's top twenty beaches,

I could see the cheeseburgers in your eyes even though
you were going on your eighth year as a vegan,

when we went out for dinner that night in Cote d'Azur
you asked for a small bite of my hamburger,

in between the columns were all the unnecessary details
of every man's life,

you asked me not to tell anyone; but you already knew that
it was only you and I.

Space oddity at Ground Zero

We slip out into the seven worlds
to listen to flamingo guitar the day
before the war begins,

wait for the sound of the gulls that come out at dawn,
a white brood hovering and bending over every
ship going out of port,

your beautiful brown eyes are caught
all night like this in a sort of hypnotic trance,
going up to Brooklyn in a blink of an eye,
you, dancing all around our apartment
when you think no one else is looking,

taking your bra and shirt off and waving them
around over your head like a cowgirl,
this demure smile on your face that no one gets
to see but me,

and outside the door bays are opening and the red lights
are being turned on and the abhorrent sounds of a million
years of silence are brought about over the airwaves
and into the ground,

where everyone lies asleep in space sounds.

S&M

She followed the scent of him through the parade
grounds along the darkened Bois de Vincennes,

her deep blue eyes asleep while dreaming, the Daumesnil
coming alive in a million bronze hands forming/rising,

she heard him whispering to her from a dark corner in a
blackened room on this one particular day right after the war:

toute la nuit désirent ardemment! toute la nuit désirent
ardemment! je vous aimerai toujours,

the subpixels blurring him from her, the many years
of distortion in these burrows where these things go to hide,

she returned home into a box where she laid out the yellow flowers
and feed the cats and the dog like it was the whole day,

later, she returned to the red glow of the 3rd bedroom, the one
that always reminded her of Moscow right after the purge,

she tried to tie the rope around her wrists, the final cuts on the bed
bleeding out like a wet rose in snow all along the bed sheets,

frappez-moi à plusieurs reprises faites-moi me connaître suis vivant!
she whispered in every minute that she lie there—

dying/bleeding/relieved from every day: the ideas/the bombs/
all of modern life that we have protected into our homes for us
every moment that we are alive/and then dead.

Jéanpaul Ferro is a 4-time Pushcart Prize nominee. His short fiction and poetry has appeared in Cortland Review, Arts & Understanding Magazine, Portland Monthly, Identity Theory, Hawaii Review, Southern Cross Review, Review Americana, and others. His poetry has been featured on WBAR radio in New York City and his short fiction has appeared in The Plaza's Masterpiece Series. He currently lives in Providence, Rhode Island. E-mail: jeanpaulferro@netzero.net