

REMEMBERING “ELLERY STREET”

When I first knew David Ferry he was in a dry spell as a poet, after his wonderful first book *On the Way to the Island*. No one, not even David himself, could have anticipated the great translation that was to come.

In 1970 the poet Barry Spac invited David and me to help form a group of poets who work. David, Barry and I were joined by Joyce Peseroff. Of those five, only Barry and David had published books.

At one of our first meetings David presented a new poem with a melodic nature that I keep learning from decades later, a compact lyric of just 148 words, title and all: “Ellery Street.” As I remember, we all sort of gasped.



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