

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Gary Metras: Two Poems

Gary Metras · Wednesday, March 25th, 2015

Gary Metras is a native of western Massachusetts where he still lives. He is a retired educator, having taught middle school, high school, and college. His poems have appeared in such periodicals as *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *Hawai'i Pacific Review*, *Poetry*, *Poetry East*. He is the editor and letterpress printer of Adastral Press, which specializes in handcrafted chapbooks of poetry. He is also a fly fishing enthusiast. His new book, *Captive in the Here*, is due from Cervena Barva Press in 2014.

Interruptus

Seven trout caught
and released on
November seven.
Coincidence, not magic
in a world no longer
magical, except, perhaps,
for that pair of brookies
I watched spawn—
hooked so mindlessly
by the flow of instinct
that I waded within inches
of their gravelly bed
before their urges
screamed the flight song,
and they scattered,
alarmed, confused,
as disappointed as
I am on those days
the door closes
between us
and we forget to kiss.

The Roof Nail

Three weeks after the new roof, we thought
 we'd plucked all the loose nails from the gutters,
 behind the rhododendrons and hollies where
 the juncos and sparrows will shelter from
 winter's icy breath, and from the lawn edges
 where these nails hold their secret, pent-up anger
 for the lawn mower's blade, I see the car's rear tire
 is low, squat down, and find a roofing nail buried
 deep in the thread, its galvanized head dulled from days
 kissing the bitter asphalt, punishment and revenge
 in a single act. Of course, there's more to the story.
 We were on the way to the State Fair that we'd not
 been to since the children were young—who can
 enjoy cotton candy and the whirly-gig in their sixties?
 But we had tickets for Bowser's Oldies Revue
 with Gary U.S. Bonds and Lou Christy, who held
 our youth hostage for so long it had almost been
 forgotten in life's progression. The forecast: rain
 with lightning, but we didn't care. We wanted our
 teenage selves born again, even if only for an hour.
 We had stopped at the mall on the way to use BabyGap
 coupons for our granddaughter, who seems to outgrow
 everything in a month. The store's aluminum lights
 hung from the ceiling like loose roofing nails.
 But this omen revealed only in hindsight. Why
 so much of life is this way: after-the-fact truths,
 like the cat's litter box too full of liquid never seen
 as cancer until too late, or the lifeless eyes of the school
 bus driver recognized in the mug-shot only after
 his arrest for molesting a third-grader. But back to
 this day, in the parking lot, where I first saw the deflated
 tire: We drove, limping, a few hundred yards to the other
 end of the mall where Sears Automotive was waiting
 just for this. By now you realize this is not my story, alone,
 but yours, also, and it is your turn to add some words.

It's okay if there are defensive workers to encounter,
 or wet stadium seats and no towels, and even a muddy
 ground that shoes tap the beat with splashes. It's
 perfectly alright, too, if the rest of the evening
 has no hitches, though that would probably be
 unbelievable, given the narrative's twists. So let's
 just say that after the show your throat was sore and
 you were shocked to see in the men's room mirror that
 you had suddenly, mysteriously, gone bald and gray.

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