

# 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.

---

This entry was posted on Wednesday, March 25th, 2015 at 8:08 am and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.