

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 Adastra 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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