

Gary Metras – Three Poems

At the Podium

for Barry Sternlieb

Barry's reading glasses
glow with reflected light.

No pupils or irises, just a
brightness radiating.

With that silver-gray beard
and hair flowing,

he looks like Zeus staring down
at us. We expect anger

and thunder. Suddenly,
poetry descends.

Knee Deep

Waking before dawn
to muffled sounds
from the back yard,
I open the blinds to
the dark silhouettes
of deer deep in snow
thirty feet close.

Five of them.

I watch them dig down
with forelegs, then plow
with snouts, all for a few
chews of once sweet grass.
Soon they step across the field
through the gray air
into the woods on the mountain
where the smell of old acorns
would sour the day
if they hadn't risked so much
for that taste of summer
on the tongue.

Orion Looks the Same

Orion looks the same standing at midnight
on Orchard Drive in Dixon, California
as it does back home in Massachusetts.

But February here has daffodils blooming
and blades of grass reaching for heaven,
instead of road salt stained curbstones

bordering ice-slick sidewalks twinkling
the dim light of stars. So tonight invites
the hearts of east and west coast friendships

to grow near bursting. This house fills
with sleep's rhythms, except the restless
soul standing in the hot deep blue air

just as night frogs begin their tentative
song of love that their cousins out east
won't hear as they sleep under snow

and where The Hunter can't find them.

Gary Metras is a retired educator, having taught high school and college. His poems have appeared in such periodicals as *America*, *The Common*, and *Poetry*. His newest of eight books of poems is *Vanishing Points* (Dos Madres Press, Oct. 2021). He is a fly fishing enthusiast who wades the streams of western Massachusetts as often as possible.