

Gary Metras

Mapping The Heart

He let her long, delicate fingers go
when she told him she didn't love him anymore.
They were fourteen. He said nothing, watched
her walk home through tightening dark.
In the Greek myths, no one walked away from love.
Women died, starving horribly, dagger in the throat,
bound and dragged, wailing into slavery.
Men drank sea water, swallowed rocks, bled in battle.
He walked the streets and alleys,
brick and cement, sidewalk and litter,
each block purging their secret kisses,
each turned corner a healing scar on the heart.

Gary Metras is editor and letterpress printer of Adastra Press in Easthampton, Massachusetts. His poems have been in recent issues of *Pacific Coast Journal*, *Poetry East*, and *Poetry Salzburg Review*.