

Gary Metras – Two Poems

An Ending

The chest rises and falls in its slow rhythm.
There are no machines pumping life

into that worn body.
Broken hips, dementia, stroke.

Tomorrow a small party for her 92nd year.
She will be there, and not be there.

It is for the family.
Daughters, son, sons-in-law,

granddaughters, great-granddaughter,
who knows her all these six years as Baba,

who will hug her and kiss her cheek.
Baba will half smile.

It will be the last page
of the photo album.

Lost Dog

An old man tacks a large paper to
the telephone pole. His eyes
are wet. The sign says
Seen Sheo?
A large male Akita/Rotty mix.
One of a kind.
Cash reward for safe return.
Who would say he feels the loss
less than the family of the bullied teen
who hung herself with the scarf
given by the younger sister at Christmas?
That was a year ago.
The state has passed new laws.
The schools have workshops
for teachers, for students.
What reward is there for that?
What safe return?
Is that April rain in their eyes?