

GARY METRAS

ANOTHER WINTER

Old Tom, mountain
beyond the backyard, sleeps
like a titan. For you
this is just another winter.
The snow numbs. The wind chafes.
Dream is your retreat.
The valley you sprang from
has been measured, marked, cut
and built on
as if there's nothing else
for men to do.
When the snow comes
where will those boundaries be?
Your flank was hacked out like a tumor
so we could ski in our health.
An antenna is your crown, blinking
the night long journey we think
will last eternity;
The scrub pine bend under snow.
You hardly flinch in your waiting,
in the deep mystery of your stone.
The land would be barren without
your height, like a boy
with no father, or man without God,
a monotony beyond us all.
When the snow melts, sluicing down
your wind sculpted side,
a few more trees will be cut,
a foundation or two
dug to gape with the emptiness
hopes are built from.
And then new neighbors,
who'll look at you

in June deliciousness and wonder
what to do with time,
while you attend all the winters
to come.

“Another Winter” was published in Gary Metras’ book *Vanishing Points* and appears here with permission from the author.