



WILD APPLES

## Feather

On the grass outside  
the door this morning

a short, black feather.  
Four inches. Long barbs.

Perhaps the under  
wing of a crow. This

feather will yet fly.  
I will tie this gift

into trout flies, some  
wet: Greenwell's Glory,

and some dry: Blue Dun.

# Flyfishing

POEMS GARY METRAS / PHOTOGRAPHS NEAL MENSCHEL

