

Chuck Madansky – Two Poems

The Golden Rule

I was driving with my grandson.
He was hitting me with his juice box.
I told him about the golden rule
and he stopped.

Later, as I said goodbye,
I kissed the back of his head.
He was already eating an apple
and didn't look up.

As I was walked to the car,
he came to the door,
called me back and said,
“Pa, remember the golden rule?”

and kissed the back of my head.

A Question of Winter

In a toe-numb
bone-ache Winter,
the hellebore
opens its snow-
white blossom,
as if to say
you, too, could
do this, only see
how one thing stands
behind the next,
pulling the circle
of time, how for
and against
are broken
in seamless.

You and I
are frozen
before the flower.
Ice heaves
on the pond.
A great horned owl

flutes a question
into the silence:
Whose side
are you on?

We rise
from the ground,
mittens knitted
together.
Which side
of Spring
is Winter on?
I could never
leave you.

Chuck Madansky is the grandfather of six unique beings and lives by a pond in Brewster, MA where he recovers his tenderness by long looking. His poetry has been published in *The Cape Cod Poetry Review* and *Pure Slush* as well as several anthologies. His work has also been featured as part of *Poetry Sunday*, a production of the local NPR station, WCAI. A psychotherapist in semi-retirement, Chuck received the 2010 Cornerstone Award of the Barnstable County Human Rights Commission for his efforts to raise awareness of, and bring an end to, US torture. He lives with his wife, the poet and playwright Wilderness Sarchild, and their beloved dog Ruby.