

Ruth Chad – Two Poems

After “Beech Trees in Fall”

oil on canvas, by Christian Rohlf; (in 1937 the Nazis condemned his work as degenerate).

Lush leaves, blade-chiseled
in crimson and ochre, alive
in the space between beeches,
swirling flames swallowing silver bark,
brushing the cobalt sky—

taupe trunks knotted,
tethered to the dark earth
of forest floor;

I know their story,
what the blue light
behind them reveals—

gnarled trees growing in the midst of horror.

For My Father

Light comes slowly
in the morning now,
the closed hard sheath
of ashen sky—

it was a frigid dawn like this
the day my father died,
a small, cold body
wrapped in white sheets—

I shivered before him
like a sparrow in snow.

Ruth Chad is a psychologist who lives and works in the Boston area. Her poems have appeared in the *Aurorean*, *Bagels with the Bards Anthology*, *Connection — Psychoanalytic Couple and Family Institute of New England*, *Constellations*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Montreal Poems* and several others. Her chapbook, *The Sound of Angels* was published by Cervena Barva Press in 2017.