

Ruth Chad – Two Poems

This Simple Plum, “Prunus Domestica”

In my hands
the goddess of plums
its peel taut

pulled tight as a drum
purple of dusk’s dome
black as burnt wood
onyx sheen

Peeling back the cover
on crimson flesh
summer’s shameless striptease

loosening fibers
binding pulp to skin
sweet sap running
down my chin

This simple plum has come
from summer dust
from humble hands

I hold its succulence
offering of the sun and rain

as if the air were not thinning
as if the rivers were not flooding

as if we could be here
forever with the plum tree
delivering fruit to the barrel

By the Fence with the Grey Horse

That day of light
that day I saw her mane
wild as a cattail

I stopped at the chain link fence
each metal diamond
casting shadows patterns

over the horse's coat
grey and glimmering
she came to me

lifted her swan-like neck
to nuzzle my chest—

out of my pocket
I pulled a fragrant apple—
she cracked it

with large yellow teeth
murmured to the field
green as ripe lime—

my skin shivered
delight coursing
down her coat

rippling in sunlight—
she sidled up close to me
searched my sticky hands

I wanted to hold her
move into the pasture
with her

while a slight breeze
stroked
the shimmering grasses.

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