

Ruth Chad – Three Poems

A History of Despair

The disembodied voice of the wind
rising to a howl

When the impulse came
it drove you despair calling *No Exit*

Suicide was an option

Words lifted from memory
leaves from another season missing
another country molded
from the generations manifold

The impulse hammered out from the horror
you knew it appeared hard
a specter in the night harrowing
moonlight bone cold and white
home an empty drum

It was an option

Unconscious of its origin
it could be the end of unbearable exile
sadness bare borne
tormenting

When it's once been an option
on some level
it could always be an option

For My Husband

I have come full with desire
to touch to hold
to find the fire between us

I think we are made
of ancient dust ash of bone
fossils embedded in stone

The years unfold our bodies

into air unravel the threads
that connect us to the earth

that you are brilliant as Sirius
that you are cool water
to my wilting wildflower

I don't know if you hear me
with the wind outside
and the wild red leaves brushing
against each other's skin

I am blind in your darkness
I feel the lines of our years
I say what I know

When you are lost
I move into the depths to touch you

Wind Chimes

I hang the chimes we bought in Maine
near the sea
where we went to escape

a compass on a chain
a gold disk to catch the wind and rain
a painted indigo bell

I do not understand this music
amorphous and celestial

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* and several others. Her chapbook, *The Sound of Angels*, was published by Cervena Barva Press in 2017. Ruth was nominated for a Pushcart prize in 2021.