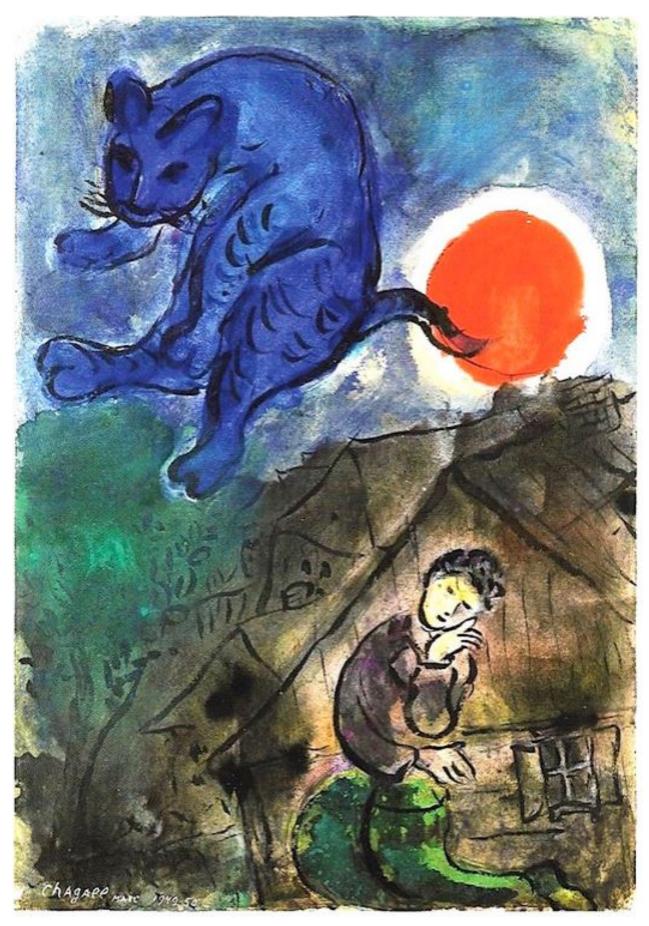
## My Cat

by <u>Nancy Byrne Iannucci</u> (November 2023)



Le poète, Marc Chagall, 1949-50

## My Cat

The moon is out my cat calls me to bed, even though he's hiding under it. I try to put pen to paper, but I'm distracted. distracted by this holy junk of a world. My cat was anxious, but the storm's over now, his ginger warmth climbs up like the morning sun to face this place all over again, with a curl of his tail, a purr, and a lick, he's quick to forget the junk of this world. Oh, to be my cat: I could forget I miss you, forget the Left and the Right, Russia and Ukraine, the elections. the strikes, the changing climate, the broke and the woke. I could be a fraud of confidence and certainty in this holy junk of a world.

## My Other Cat

My other cat is Emily Dickinson.
she should have been named Lavinia,
after the Poet's sister, who was a true cat person.
I don't think the Poet liked cats. she had a dog,
a Newfoundland, Carlo, named after St. John's dog,

a character in *Jane Eyre*. I think this explains Emily's otherworldliness,

her unease, and relentless meowing. Her needs are as tiring as the Poet's hands,

clawing inside of her dainty gray cage like a parasite. If I could change her name, it'll set them both free, and so will the poems inside of me.

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Nancy Byrne Iannucci is a poet from Long Island, New York who currently lives in Troy, NY with her two cats: Nash and Emily Dickinson. Her work has been featured in San Pedro River Review, 34 Orchard, Defenestration, Hobo Camp Review, Bending Genres, The Mantle, Typehouse Literary Magazine, and Glass: a Poetry Journal. She is also the author of three chapbooks, Temptation of Wood (Nixes Mate Review, 2018), Goblin Fruit (Impspired, 2021), and Primitive Prayer (Plan B Press, fall 2022). Visit her at <a href="https://www.nancybyrneiannucci.com">www.nancybyrneiannucci.com</a> and Instagram: @nancybyrneiannucci.

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