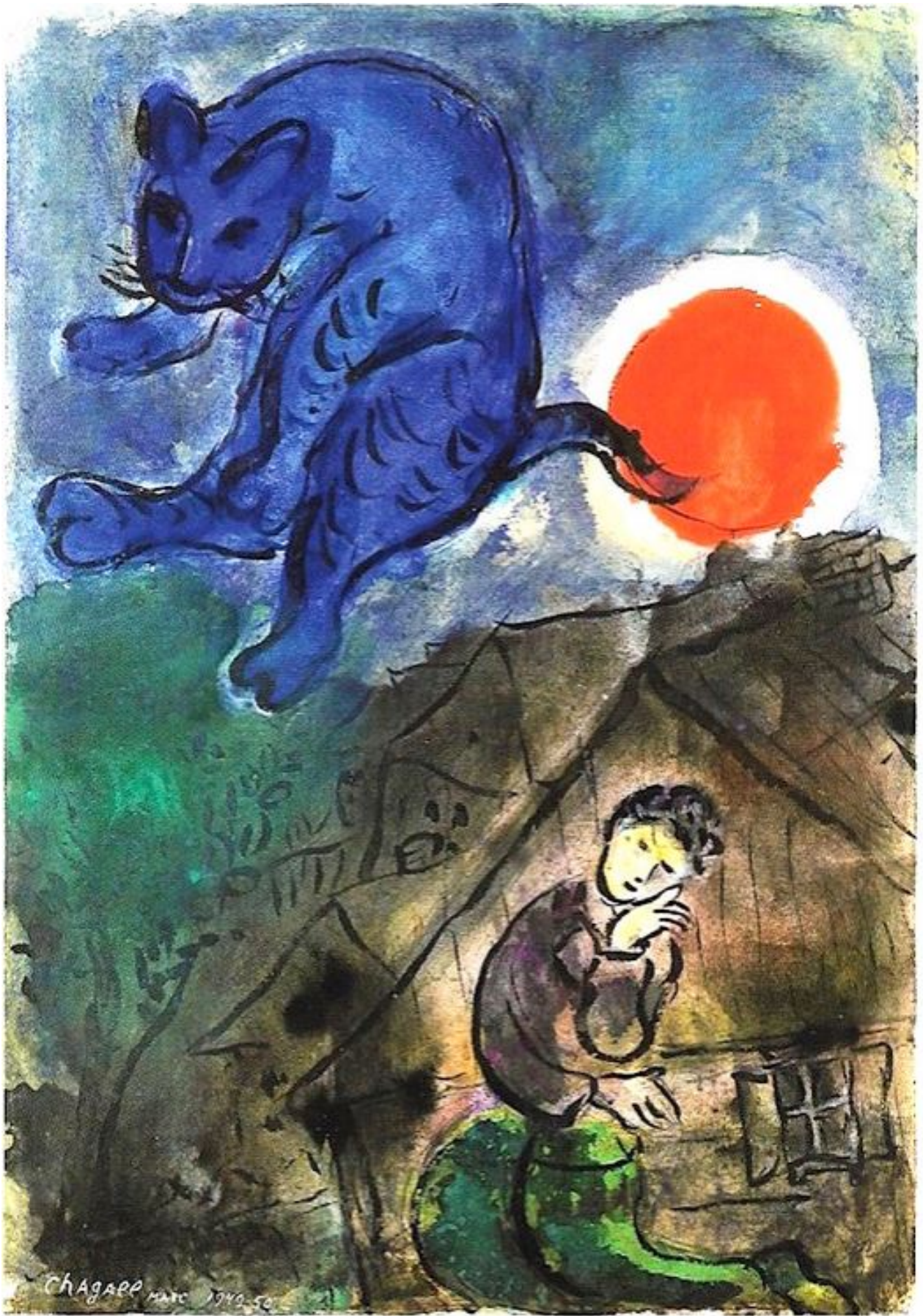


My Cat

by [Nancy Byrne Iannucci](#) (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 www.nancybyrneiannucci.com and Instagram: [@nancybyrneiannucci](https://www.instagram.com/nancybyrneiannucci).

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