

Marjorie Hanft – Two Poems

Poem Derived from an Article Called *A Hungry Cat* (Journal of Geological Education, 1994.)

Old places rocks food men doing what they like to do
in the company of a cat men who like to climb who spit
on coccoliths scrutinize the dust of the universe
in Perugia or anywhere indifferent to the fact that the cats of Italy
are Egyptian imports quick though to notice when a greeting
announces the wrong time of day or when a chicken dish can't be
replicated yet can be shared with a stray who then finds
it easy to sleep paws crossed & tucked underneath.

More Light

I've been thinking about the day in August
when my mother died which just happens to be
Goethe's birthday. Poetry was not what he was
proud of but the science of color an iron oxide
named for him. My mother liked to paint
and there's her painting of a yellow building
beside a palm tree blue sky white puff
clouds on a wall in my home. Did free
thinker Goethe really ask for more light
when he died? Who knows? He said *blue*
deepens mildly into red & on his color
wheel it's yellow that's face to face with blue.

Marjorie Hanft taught in the psychology department at Eastern Illinois University for 27 years until her retirement in 2015. An avid hiker on trails near her home in Central Illinois, she has two grown daughters who live nearby and a partner who is a geologist who researches volcanoes. She also cares for her 100-year-old dad. Her poems have appeared in *Calyx*, *Cauldron Anthology (Issue 13)*, *First Literary Review-East*, *Obsidian*, *Persimmon Tree*, and the two-volume anthology, *When We Turned Within: Reflections on Covid 19* (edited by Rabbi Menachem Creditor and Sarah Tuttle-Singer) as well as in other journals and anthologies.