

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Hannah Schultz: Two Poems

Hannah Schultz · Thursday, December 2nd, 2021

### Crossing the Mediterranean

I don't know why I left  
with a stranger that night—  
    smoking a hash cigarette  
in the middle of the street,  
tripping on loose bricks.  
    Everything felt off, like  
the end of an acid trip  
when your furniture looks  
    like it's been moved two inches  
to the left. Maybe it was  
the Mediterranean  
    Sea, the sun's refusal to set  
over it. Or the gnarled  
little dog I found near  
    the highway in Morocco.  
I couldn't take him home  
with me so I sat there  
    cradling him, tears falling  
like a sunset, my dress  
turning black. And when the night  
    was woolen, thick with hash  
and lack of sleep I think I  
just wanted to let someone  
    hold me for a while.

\*

### Pleasure

Nick says that we're inherently selfish  
but he buys the homeless man dinner. I wonder  
if we do these things just to feel pleasure.

I do it to forget the time I hit a rabbit with my car  
and kept driving, saw it split to pieces in the rear  
view mirror. The time I left a date and went straight

to another. I watch people in traffic stop to help  
others, the boy who sells roses on the freeway  
exit sells out of flowers, a sign tied to a fence tells

me I'm loved but the homeless man grabs  
my hand and puts it to his heart—says it's not beating  
because of the chip in his arm.

*Photo credit: Taylor Vinton*

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