

Guns = Disease = Guns

for Bob Hicok

Enraging.

I get sick of the guns and I get sick of the guns.

Downrange.

I ask the man next to me to put out his cigarette and he says it's not a cigarette, that he's just fired his gun.

I tell him I can't take the smoke and he shoots and kills me. He feels so cool killing me.

Nonrandomness.

I saw a child in a Sunday school dress with a gun.

It's called the man of the family making sure he can shoot anyone he wants whenever he wants. Including his children. He has the right.

It's called freedom and if you listen to the national anthems of the U.S. or France or whenever, you'll hear the hardblood of song.

I imagine sunrays being choked.

I know a kid in high school who tried to shoot a plane with a gun. I swear to God. I still remember the horror.

I remember it rained and rained and rained and rained until we drowned in heat.

I get sick to my guts and I get sick to my guts.

Unraveling.

My brother told me that the word unraveling has NRA right inside it.

It's what this country is doing.

There is so much money to be made if you love blood
on your hands. It's precedential.

It's Hard Not to Piss People Off, What with the Internet and Rage Because Part of Breakfast

I remember the old days.

I'm talking about days with grey hair.

Where you can see their cavities.

I like cavities.

I've had a dozen.

I'm good at them.

I even brush my teeth

but my dentist said I brush like a giant holding a tree.

I am a giant.

I'm 6'7".

This is only the second poem you have read by someone who is 6'7".

Although Emily Dickinson was 6'9".

And Sylvia Plath was a seven-footer. She'd dunk and scream like a Viking going through withdrawal.

In Chicago, I bent over at a toll booth to pick up some coins because I didn't have enough

and the toll booth operator said, "If you don't put those coins back, I'm calling the police."

"But they're on the ground."

"They're on *my* ground."

The anger was enough to set a field on fire, where the deer and rabbits run for their lives.

My girlfriend at the time said, "Imagine her life. Imagine that job."

"I had that job before," I said, "For a week."

"Really?"

"I wonder how long I would have had to work there to start thinking I owned the ground."

I told my old boss that the raccoons were going into the biohazard bins and he said, "Serves them right." I still don't understand that response.

My Mother Had Two Jobs and My Father Had Two Jobs

so combined they had four jobs
and you can see it in their eyes,
as if jobs walk down your face
and force you to rip up newspapers
when you read Republican quotes.



Ron Riecki enjoys the concept of hybrid writing. He has Saami and Karelian ancestry, nomadic blood, and encourages movement, interweaving, border transcendence. Ron wrote *U.P.: a novel* (Great Michigan Read nominated) and edited *The Way North: Collected Upper Peninsula New Works* (2014 Michigan Notable Book), *Here: Women Writing on Michigan's Upper Peninsula* (2016 Independent Publisher Book Award), and *And Here: 100 Years of Upper Peninsula Writing, 1917-2017* (Michigan State University Press, 2017).

The Pangolin Review: Issue 8, January 8, 2019

