

# **New Poetry from Ron Riecki: “my”**



WET ASPHALT / *image by Amalie Flynn*

my

brain was left back in the war, the burial  
of civilian-normality, how my amygdala  
kicks out the ladders in my head, falling  
decades, erasing exes, fought for my nation  
and now, hibernation, isolation, chairs  
stacked in front of my bedroom door when  
I don't sleep at night, the end of the world  
in my head, the tingling headaches in my  
head, my head in my head, the dead that  
lullaby me every night, stormed around  
my bed, the hole in my head, how I smell  
corpse and I'm medical now, delved into  
Detroit, elated when the night is slow,  
the moon is shrunk, smoking out in  
the parking lot, a doe tiptoeing across  
the wet asphalt, a northern red oak's  
branches waltzing behind it, and how  
oak is so often used for caskets, how  
beautiful they look only when empty.