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None of My Fellow CPR Instructors Have Ever Done CPR

*(With the Final Word of Each Line
from a poem by Nancy L. Meyer)*

Ron Riecki

“When you lie awake at three am,
which I know you do”

— Nancy L. Meyer
from *Tiny Florets, Bees Hover*

They lie. It’s something we all do,
tell stories deep into the months
of summer, what my boss calls *sugar*
weeks, when there isn’t a day left

blank on the calendar, more work than flowers
in Virginia, and I go to the bathroom
exhausted, wiping the sweat from my ears

after demonstrating CPR with thick wet
hands from the humidity, the students having to stop
for fear of heat stroke, air conditioner broken, the wild
wind unable to enter with the windows soldered shut. *This is*
yours,



says a student, handing a mask to a fellow nanny, and then
they arch
their backs to do compressions. I've only done CPR once,
in the dark,
in Detroit, next to a swimming pool, an infant, the oxygen
tank
refusing to work. After that, for six years, I'd get teary any
time I'd kiss.

Reference

Meyer, Nancy L. (2017). *Rainbow Logic: Arm in arm with Remy Charlip*. URL: <https://sandhillreview.org/nancy-l-meyer-2017-poet>

Ron Riecki's books in
2019 include
Posttraumatic (Hoot
'n' Waddle) and
Undocumented (MSU
Press).