

SIN EATER

POEMS BY ANGELA HIBBS

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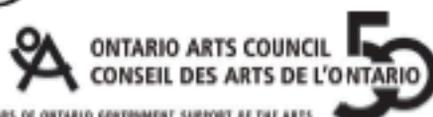
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10 ANNÉES DE SOUTIEN DU GOUVERNEMENT DE L'ONTARIO AUX ARTS



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BARIATRIC SURGERY *a poem in two courses*

I

Contemplate the operation; munch tripe
Finish your plate
This informational video provided
with industrial music in the background

Bariatric surgery with calming piano sonatas—
intestinal diasporas, tunnels tunnel, pouches pouched,
clamps clamped, created a cut,
a cutting for spy-cam penetration

Gloved hands displace the liver
reinforce the staple
divert digestive river

prevent breathing
make that, bleeding
jujunum—

juju gums
Line up the edges of the intestine
smooth and even

Two open windows, one pro ana, one chubby chasers
Bariatric surgery with calming curried potatoes—

Symptoms may not be associated with surgery.
The FDA may later forbid what she had done.
Should your internal organs break the law, take comfort,
they are invisible. Maybe she will consult her physician.
Maybe that was he, driving thru ahead of her.
The Doctor performs
a bariatric surgery on himself.
Bariatric surgery with soothing parsley frittatas—

2

HEALING

“Chew up your food good. Four ounces maximum. Can’t
eat Nachos from Taco Bell no more.”

Mega describes the donuts or the box they nest in.
Also, the value.

The writers or the dieters put the industry in “diet industry.”
Some writers are prophets:
they take dictation from those who require
no more than nine teaspoons of food a day.

Calorie counters consume corn by the kernel.

Maybe the only organ communicating
with her brain was her stomach. Maybe try a tapeworm.
There are those who consider the stomach
the “other brain.” Are the brain and the stomach one?
Bariatric surgery with calming piano sonatas—
Bariatric sundaes with salted peanut bananas—

NECTARINE

What resists is skin
what breaks the skin is teeth
the sandy texture, the seeds.

A choking hazard or grow
a sidewalk
tree.

Juice on hands
transferred to text
tiles, to turns
tiles.

FRANCIS BACON'S STUDIO

Though unclothed
this body resembles nothing more than a pile of laundry

HP sauce mixed in
powdered chicken soup
with a palette knife
tastes alarming
-ly like steak

Sometimes the sick must drink oil
and soy sauce, to keep from fading away to

When too long has passed without sleep
Sleeping pills

grogginess is better than what it prevents

Flashed a light in his eyes
to make himself produce

CAST IRON PAN

Expect klunk. Crystal clang. Echo of bang.
The cast iron pan rises. Shrinks. Swells.

Thud. Expect lead. Figure full metal. A full metal jacket.
Examine: full and metal and jacketed. Collision. Study
new leaves. Turn them over.
In the after, jackets and crystal.

Ground into the ground;
a fine woman is ground fine. Hear crystal
ring. Hear fistfall whistle.
Sound jabs eardrum; waves curve.
Collision.

Excite full metal impact. Heavy
hands make faces heavy. Pull
face from floor. Surrender
leaves hands unscathed. Sling jaw into place. Wrap
temples. Collect teeth from concrete.
Shards ground into the ground.
Scrub bloodstains from concrete. Stare
as blood exits. Gushes become seeps. Waste time.

Root canal expected to follow
impact. Shrug the thought. Be
full metal.

MILK

It's a movie about a movie. In it milk
stands in for thirst. A truck
hauls a car; the car: milk. Later,
the milk, older but unsoured.

The unspoiled spoils of the milkmaid's toil pool
in and out of glass or roll into the ditch
of the mouth, onto floor. Repeat. Don't cry
when it dives, from the top of the fridge. Don gloves.

No, don *blue* gloves, those that stretch to the elbow
joint. Location change: the barman offers *The milk
of Christ?* Likely heard wrong.

In a climactic scene, floodlights illuminate a milk-flood.
Then, the night sky is a jigsaw of blackbirds
who split to reveal a day sky. Today, more milk than blue.