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Sun in Eponymous Glasses: Two Poems

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Planes

it's normal to feel like you're falling
all the time.

An indifferent sun holds all this up.

A threadbare sky, rucked that day,
folded, ululating, further, closer.

A dandelion goes to seed, silently
proving a sphere's superior to a circle.

When the last fact cannot be sustained
this will no longer be a planet.

Lips purse on a word, hold it in, hoping to make one more eclipse.

The upper lid rests on the lower lid to predict the lips.

Some are devoted to precision, others draw memorably poor service.

The sky steps away from science. Its inventions are unattributed: toplessness among them.

Pitches leave it unswayed. Another round for a cloud that blocked the moon.

Wind shear, modesty retains a skyward gaze.

Incident reports

Take a spruce from tideland, choose it for its strength
and flexibility. A sound board. Susurrus. Leaves on trails.

The sky didn't invent pianos. Doesn't direct light
towards a tree to be harvested.

The sky takes no part in felling trees. Dismantling a
coincidence, a deciphered movement. Decisive winds.

Fifteen car pile-up, unlike shirts, none atop another,
just a couple of feet too close. Fifteen car
accordions. Some days misnomers make no friends.

ANGELA HIBBS is the author of *Control Suppress Delete*, *Sin Eater*, *Wanton*, and *Passport*. She teaches French and lives in Ontario, Canada, Treaty 20, the traditional territory of the Mississauga First Nations.