

LEAK

KATE HARGREAVES

BookThug · 2014

FIRST EDITION

copyright © 2014 Kate Hargreaves
cover image: “Musculi Colli” by Nadine Leduc

ALL RIGHT RESERVED

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

The production of this book was made possible through the generous assistance of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council.



Canada Council
for the Arts

Conseil des Arts
du Canada



ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL
CONSEIL DES ARTS DE L'ONTARIO
an Ontario government agency
un organisme du gouvernement de l'Ontario



CLEARLY PRINT YOUR NAME ABOVE IN UPPER CASE

Instructions to claim your eBook edition:

1. Download the BITLIT app for Android or iOS
2. Write your name in **UPPER CASE** above
3. Use the BITLIT app to submit a photo
4. Download your eBook to any device

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA
CATALOGUING IN PUBLICATION

Hargreaves, Kate, author
Leak / Kate Hargreaves.

Poems.

Issued in print and electronic formats.

ISBN 978-1-77166-056-3 (PBK.).—ISBN 978-1-77166-068-6 (HTML)

I. Title.

PS8615.A727L42 2014 C811'6 C2014-904788-6
C2014-904789-4

PRINTED IN CANADA

RIBFEST

Her ribs snap. Her ribs tickle. Her ribs protrude approximately the same distance as her breasts when her push-up bra is in the wash. Her underwire sticks her in the ribs. Her ribs bruise and swell. Her ribs taste better sans barbecue sauce or Tabasco. Her top right rib broke in a Slip'n Slide accident when she was nine and healed on its own leaving a large deposit of bone jutting out of her chest that makes wearing a bikini top in public lopsided. Her collarbones. Her sternum. Her rack. Her ribbed for her pleasure. Her vote for your favourite rib recipe from our forty-two vendors this weekend only at. Her stick to your ribs. Her ribs stick. Her ribs clatter against one another inside her chest. Her ribs pierce her lungs every time she quickens to a jog. Her spare tire. Her spare ribs. Her spare hips. Her spare vertebrae. Her ribs spent all day Sunday in bed while she cleaned out the crawlspace. Her ribs cage. Her ribs leak marinade all over the wool. Her ribs collapse under the boning. Her. Rib. I. She prefers ribs with a little less meat on the bone. Her ribs don't see eye to eye. Her eyes rib and slit. Her ribs took off in the middle of the night. Her ribs might come back if they smell the bowl of milk she left out on the porch. Her knit one purl two rib one.

PEEL

She peels.

She peels a potato.

She peels an apple and eats only the skin.

She peels the 50-percent-off sticker from the underside of her
black patent leather pump.

She peels burnt skin off the backs of her calves.

She flakes. She sheds. She gardens. She tools.

She shacks up with her ex.

She peels the sheets off her bed.

She peels the polish off her nails. In sheets.

He peels the tights from her thighs.

She appeals her parking ticket.

She peels a grape.

She scrapes. She rinds.

She grates a lemon for zest.

She grates on my nerves.

She peels down the wrong side of the road.

She peels away the skin at the sides of her thumbs.

She peels off her wet dress.

She strips the colour from her hair.

She trips and skins her palms on the sidewalk.

Sheet rips.

She stains.

Sheet use.

She chews.

She chews her bottom lip.

She peels her eyes.

She keeps them peeled.

LARYNGITIS

Em's a hummer. Lost her voice at the wrestling match talking lingerie over the announcer. A strapless bra. A sentence thaw? Skipped Tuesday night karaoke to seal the cracks in her throat. Couldn't fingerspell fast enough. Hopped a cab to track down her chords at the Friday night ska show. Waited four hours in the ER scratching her hummingbird necklace two syllables emmmm emm at the triage counter. Ear / nose / throat. Musta slipped up and out your sinus cavity. Remember when you used to laugh pop out your nose? Same general concept. Replacement parts aren't available any closer than Woodstock but FedEx has overnight service if you're willing to pay. Emmmmm...mmm mmm in the negative. Em patches up her throat with pieces of an old softball. Mmmms and emms along to Doo Doo Doo on the radio. Cuts and pastes. Sews. Swallows. Croaks down the hallway. Ems and ahs. Hums if you kiss her. Em's a hummer.

BLACK FRIDAY

Propofol feels like Drano smells like silicone tubing tastes like rice crackers sounds like post-nasal drip looks like a moustache feels like nylon stitches smells like dust tastes like Tylenol 3 sounds like a tissue box looks like a drip of snot hovering at the end of your nose feels like cotton wool smells like a Q-tip tastes like ice chips sounds like a humidifier looks like wool socks feels like a clogged drain smells like a remote control tastes like a blood clot sounds like a thick blanket looks like McDonald's soft serve feels like a period smells like an advent calendar tastes like a notebook sounds like an i.v. feels like a popsicle stick smells like a car seat tastes like gauze sounds like water boiling looks like an itch feels like a re-run smells like a gag reflex tastes like a tissue sounds like flowers looks like a sink plug feels like a trunk tastes like mild manners sounds like a lucky penny looks like a whistle feels like cauliflower smells like the carpet tastes like napkins sounds like a cart with a wonky wheel looks like a Christmas ball feels like Black Friday.