

Two Poems

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pangasinan chora

with Ina & Miggy, Vilmarey Chan Vengua, Monica Sandra Ronda, the TVMO Channel, Fred Moten, John Melillo, and Kyle Dacuyan

in a plain ponytail and no make-up we roll r's deep as the ground

/taga/ /inerrrrrrrrr/

earthbound on its axis de-turning or de-tuning

undertone undersound arrive out of neither

from the cut

/wherrrrrrrrre/

we hear ground rolling absent of meaning

backchannels say there is neither I nor you

/kamusta/ /kala/ /EY/ –/mga/ /EY/ /nang dulo/ –

/EY/ /DMs OK Cute Baby into the buffering

counterpoints

the front-of-house monologue

at behest of a disembodied /mm-hm/

yours and mine turn into a multichannel we the way Fred says we

/aru/, /antoy/ /ngaran/ /mo/?

–/ano/ /yung/ /ang/ /ARU/?

–if you're meeting someone you don't know, /yung/ /ARU/

–/akala/ /ko/ /ARROW/!

–/hindi/ /siya/ /malambot/ /na/ /O/

repeat what we like us saying also what we don't like us saying

by mimesis record and roll us all disorderly into chora

/aru/, /antoy/ /ngaran/ /mo/?

what's archived by a language is not its working

as it sort of lays down an empty track a substratum

—for us, second-person singular is /anto/

but in a sentence: /antoyyyyyy/

upon which focusing smearing finding

in an improvisatory ear brings us back to what is written

overheard registered somewhere

channel wordways branch headlong

double-consciousnesses of lineage and fracture

say /sige/ /SIREN!/ in which /SIREN/ makes IT sweeterrrrr

From Occult Docupoesis #1

A vial of vetiver oil sits

A writer gave it to me at a poetry conference

Put it on the soles of your feet to ground you

Vetiver gets better with age and doesn't get rancid

It is excellent for those who've lost touch with something

The label is very faded

A rooming house is often the last stop

A color-coded map arms the zone and the covenant

It glimpses a zoot-suited brown man and a white woman in bomb-ass flapper

Streetwear just before they duck into a cab

It broaches casual conversations

It fills with small black dots, static but moving as in a dream

Some board airplanes to build skyscrapers

Some sit on a stoop to dream of CCTV installed into our eyes

Sees an afterlife of the street

Here, seeing is the barricade and the eviction:

A permaculture of notebooks, telegrams, and laws eating algorithm's vomit

Already expired at the time of the accounting

A pulpy mass of sentence-pieces and bits of scenery littering the page

