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Two Poems by Kimberly Alidio

“Thumb over the halo-halo layers ghostly over the seated pink mini” and “I will tell an old story of my name”

By Kimberly Alidio



Devyn Manibo

POETRY | POETRY TUESDAY

SEPTEMBER 26, 2023

Thumb over the halo-halo layers ghostly over the seated pink mini

sequencing midshot & close-up
 dealing in roots & stems of derivative morphology
 much loving repeating has to be in a being
 kalis to kaliskis long tail scrape to fish scale
 remix the root sulat to will write susulat
 separate meat from bone swings himay into himaymay
 one sun loops araw to araw-araw on the daily
 backward baligtad goes into continual babalibaligtad tumbling
 ulol just recursively mad
 one is ang magandang puno two ang mga magagandang
 pagka- superduper to the nth degree kagagandang tree
 most beautiful none more so anywhere
 gotta inflect the very dang-n-ah in magandang maganda
 so that one can listen to all the repeating in every one
 staggered flames nagluto stutter molecules nagluluto
 magluluto times time will cook together object & focus
 lutuin niluto niluluto lulutuin
 fiber strings of sound clips into yielding

I will tell an old story of my name

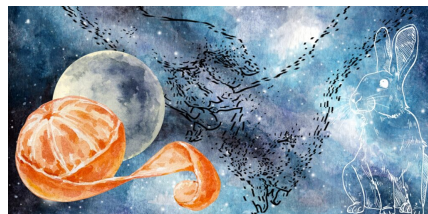
If you hang around a set of questions meant to fill an unknown void, certain stories get old. If it weren't for people who associate agential speech with political agency & other people who chime in about the

contrivances of human declarations of freedom
people like me wouldn't know to be ashamed of
lack & abjection, wouldn't differentiate from old
stories told around the unknown void, wouldn't want
a way out from talk about great-grandparents who had
names, home towns, personality traits. Knowing opens
an unknown void around which others without a
personal history gather to tell old stories of being
politicized & historicized

From Teeter by Kimberly Alidio (Nightboat Books, 2023). Reprinted with permission of Nightboat Books.

Kimberly Alidio is the author of *why letter ellipses; : once teeth bones coral ; ; a cell of falls; and after projects the resound*. With her partner, the poet Stacy Szymaszek, she lives on unceded Munsee and Muhheaconneok/Mohican lands, otherwise known as New York's Upper Hudson Valley.

Tags: Poetry Tuesday



*I was the first Lady
Doctor*

We are not rich, neither are
we poor.

*Looking for the Woman
in the Moon*

The story gets its sweetness
from the detail of
catastrophe

from CHAH

When baba worked for the
Oil Co. they allotted him / a
farm house

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