

HARP & ALTAR

Issue: TWELVE,
 SPRING 2023
 12 | 11 {
 | Manifesto
 ARCHIVE: }
 1-10

ABOUT •
 CONTRIBUTORS
 SUBMISSIONS •
 FEED

Winter Room

Kimberly Alidio

An apple on a paper towel
 on a dispenser of disinfecting wipes
 on the carpet before us is just so
 our eyes merge on one pastoral line

Z looked seriously and Z
 looked at her serious looking
 just so the leyline stretched
 a scrim

A cold cone of mites
 swirls before a shadow play
 of night walks
 across unruined city blocks
 with people we miss

Folds of scratchy bed covers
 shelter villages carved into hillside

I pack in my bag for tomorrow
 a trinket box inlaid
 with pearl flake

A dull husk emptied
 of mung beans

once arranged
into a little henge
in the shag under
grandmother's bed

Ancient homely stone
gathered into a box
stolen bead by bead
by mice or a ghost hand

R came in late
the morning I dreamt
of a twilit house
where I stood
knee deep in runoff

A radioactive stream
others just left there
vibing and ultrapink

