

[FROM] TEETER

KIMBERLEY ALIDIO

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

/taga/ /inerrrrrrrr/ 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, front-of-house monologue
at behest of a disembodied /mm-hm/, yours + mine turn into
a multichannel we the way Fred says we, /aro/, /antoy/ /ngaran/ /mo/?

repeat what we like us saying also what we don't like us saying
by mimesis record + 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
upon which focusing smearing finding in an improvisatory ear
brings us back to what is written, overheard register channels
wordways branch headlong double-consciousnesses

of lineage + fracture say /sige/ /sirin/! in which /sirin/ makes IT sweeterrrrr
a track laid down through mimetic + harmonic soundings includes
another track of listening

echoic sweeps
gleam singsong
company boss sold the house

sentimental staff left atrium bare of mother's plants
extended family around a long gray (rattan) box
greet the components of baby sister

put arm in socket head on torso
a xmas green electrical plug out the back
of head never to close

assembly tender + ceremonial
open eyes what's happening
you are taking form

tremble before waking
wondrous careful
careful

- 6:36 A paved rural road
- 5:30 A woman in white shift dress, crowded bridge
- 4:40 Early morning, the red-breasted princess
- 3:15 A street in front of church in Caboloan, tan saray anacbanua
- 1:16 City at night in Biektaew, a woman's voice, man struggles to write on keyboard
- 0:20 Fever, full moon sky, a woman's voice

[] /yangatmoy/ /dilay/ /Pangasinan/
/ed/ /sikayo/ ran/

[] /biklat/

[] as if I am the only one waging war

[] /naandiy/ /asin/ /na/ /ilalamda/
/laut/ /laray/ /walad/
/kalangweran/

[]
who swallowed the Pangasinan tongue

[]

against the generation of pythons

[] as if I am the only one waging war

[]

lost the salt of imagination + returned home

[]

[]

[]

[]

A one-sided phone conversation recorded as video

Ongoing intonations of sympathetic complaint. Sardonic humor marks the bind of naming a violation of some sort, probably work related, now named *microaggression*. Afternoon shadows against a wall. Sun noise constantly moves through the filters of tree branch & window blind. Of disassociating from subordinate placement, which I say is normal to the person on the phone. Intimacy is having no memory of who I was talking to

Where a person on the other end of a crisis survival phone call lacks

a voice & name hints of shared institutional affiliation. Into that break comes another phone call, *What you do & what you will continue to do will exceed the structural violence of academia. The point of what you do is absolutely bound up with the person who rigorously & beautifully confounds the disciplinary foundations of the imperial university & who is a key contributor to ending that violence*, transmitted to the edge of a former bed, by the angled narrow beam of sun & suspended dust, above a noise floor

You can make a shape, cut then paste it into a file

isolate a certain formant or upper partial, turn speech into total tonalism. In a moment of pure listening, I once spoke over simultaneous outbursts in chorus with a cacophony of girls

Another video posted on my social media

account is a slow approach to an ancient live oak several years ago. The male cicada wails out of the ground of periodic dog days. Layering the phone call with intermittent whine maps a transitive noisescape from an old living room out into the greenbelt. The complaint floor gives out a laugh's short attack. Intermittent bitter release high out into the same-old