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« OCT 2019 Issue



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Poetry

stitch

OCT 2019

By *Kimberly Alidio*

stitch I saw seams
 sparrows
 fontanel
 peonies
 a mother wants to know neither of ours
 speak from granite
 optimist I have to get
 poisoned by rock you can't
 come with me I don't want to
 suffocate

*

 windows
 cave
 aural temper I did
 say I didn't know
 how to read
 do you agree under
 water clamor eyes feel
 vowel

*

I did sad things can I take your name
pillowcase lightly choke
lunge to the cat silhueta left by death
survived by you mean
bedevil every desire rabbits
time makes miso comatose calm
I'm particular only you know
loud in dialogue or we alone
a democracy

*

sharp tree geometry
my love has certainties
washcloth
tiny soap cube
does hair
bare skin donned winter
long stretched singular value

*

lifetimes thru the motions natural kill storm
off chemical I'm in your world somehow on probation sharp
tone closeness recorded almost infinite I also dislike literary devices! &
only use them in impossible conversations as in confession and allegory
convey understory weather points interior wordspace at the end of the
day the field talks about what it wants enter with gentle ease question
sieve soul's biggest story

do not dialogue now
with her the world

*

I am Duncan
Dunparra
coffee and kasha
Birds
 stirred for
 gay morning
minion's minion
 mathemata
 Buckle and
present yesterday
excavate pain
 tracks and exclaim

*

a pierced deer
plummet I must
 scorched-earthing
 forest not just lit
"The only thing I will work myself
to death for"
 toss into heaps
 offenders

*

go to Prune and John's
a nun on a horse

journey latched to your
winter honeycrisps

*

Pre-visit uncertainty was nice. Familiarity and dailiness long distance is not. She's present. Too. I'd give my dog up for her. Would I regret it. Would my new love. A calm convener and diplomat in extremis. Big moves. I've been working on addiction. I'm not sure who's listened. I'm hooked on alterity coming into me. Attempt from love's sickness and fly away. I interrupted her in my urgency. Since I am my own fever and pain. How I'll bear tender's beast. I'd give my dog away to live in the Village with her and regret.

Contributor

Kimberly Alidio

Kimberly Alidio was born on July 9, 1971 in Baltimore, Maryland. She is the author of the books *After projects the resound* (Black Radish Books, 2016) and *why letter ellipses*(selva oscura press, forthcoming), and the chapbooks *solitude being alien*(dancing girl press, 2013) and *a cell of falls*(Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs, forthcoming). She holds a PhD in History from the University of Michigan and studies poetry at the University of Arizona.