KIMBERLY ALIDIO

Home / Ab

Kimberly Al

Lucy Bieder

Maxine Cher

Meg Co

Citizen

Anne Gor

Sara Renee Mars

Angela Stu

Audra Wolov

/ Arch

Let's say this smell in my palm is your scalp's archive And someone is lying about how we have been to each other How a life is a living built

Suddenly you're old, waiting and trying I've been looking past the crown of your baby hairs for a good while now Here is time. I think of a boat: deliverance betraying every word for a building

Walking through these landscapes muted and mishearing perpetually pre-words I go by smell

You would think I would gather some bright haloes behind baby hairs deserving much mercy

I'm too dumb for the category All bodies are pressed grease drying down to bone I become your crackle pop

The disorder of preserving is absolutely not the fracture

Just run-of-the-mill jus soli treason unsponsored beyond relative reach without grounds trained in passive attention

Brought close to bear the difference Safe from the ones who call me to discord Held tight

I want to be common.

"The whole thing is this"

I want you to shut up until you have something in your arms

I'll close my eyes



Kimberly Alidio is a poet, historian, high school teacher, tenure-track drop-out, and author of Solitude Being Alien (Dancing Girl Press). Originally from Baltimore, she lives in Austin. Her poetry has appeared in Bone Bouquet, Fact-Simile, Horse Less Review, Esque, Make/shift, Spiral Orb, and Everyday Genius. She is a Kundiman fellow, alumna of VONA/Voice of Our Nation, a Center for Art and Thought Artist-in-Residence, and a recipient of the Naropa's Zora Neale Hurston Scholarship and the Philippine Artists and Writers Association Manuel G. Flores Prize. She holds a Ph.D from the University of Michigan. Her website is kimberlyalidio.tumblr.com.

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