

Keen

Kimberly Alidio

If I were to give you something to use

A pebble
A hotline
A coupon
Little adding machines

Suspended in the dark void
Neatly lineating
The eye's panoramic take

Out to the oriental horizon
Like the fetal fields in the movie "The Matrix"
Grown from GMOs
Fueling in baby smell

The repairman called me a rock star: I'm OK for 8000
An "extra thou" to blow in Mexico
"And do what?"
And do what
Tack on extra a month
Abstract mad money

A *tanda* is a kye
A computer plus some button-downs
A half-number, a full
Better than money in the bank to corner
The liquor-convenience store market on the Compton/
Koreatown border

Eventually it'll be your number
Tanda means old
"Tight"

Some summer
Wheeling through needy circuits
Ingenious in common use
Random burger joints
Raybans
"But you won't turn me"
The natural use of any city will
Persist in the cracks of economic
Formalization

Some say the market is
Some say the market is
How did you become so keen?

~~~~~

Kimberly Alidio teaches history and works in the literary and performance arts. Her work will appear or has appeared in several journals and publications, including *Fact-Simile*, *Everyday Genius*, *Horse Less Review*, *ESQUE*, *Bone Bouquet*, *Lantern Review*, and *Make/shift*. Her website is [kimberlyalidio.tumblr.com](http://kimberlyalidio.tumblr.com).

© Copyright *Spiral Orb* 2010-2012. ISSN 2156-0692. Copyright for individual poems is held by respective poets.