



Little Hill

ALLI WARREN

CITY LIGHTS BOOKS

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City Lights Books | San Francisco

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Cover image: "Pastoral," 35mm film by Joel Gregory

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Cover design: Linda Ronan

Typography and book design: Linda Ronan

Names: Warren, Alli, author.

Title: Little Hill / Alli Warren.

Description: San Francisco : City Lights Books, [2020]

Identifiers: LCCN 2019056680 | ISBN 9780872868052
(trade paperback)

Subjects: LCGFT: Poetry.

Classification: LCC PS3623.A86438 L58 2020 |

DDC 811/.6--dc23

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2019056680>

City Lights Books are published at the City Lights Bookstore,

261 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94133

www.citylights.com

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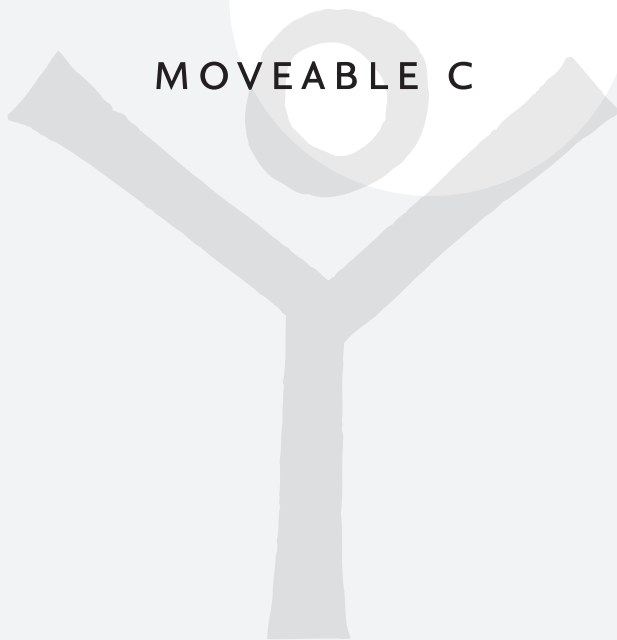
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MOVEABLE C



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It is in entering the street that I enter exchange

The loaded trees, the blooming thistle

The season of steal away in the middle of the muddle

Quartz in pocket, hibernating rust

My boss reads *Insights from Google That Will Transform How You
Live and Lead*, my boss says all hands on deck

I don't want to apply verbal balm to accelerate the cogs, I
don't want to put that mush in my mouth

Let the seas rise on the beachfront properties of the
California coast and the glass in the reverse white flight
lofts explode

You can't eat what you can't grow

Don't say milky white like that

What kind of fungus is this?

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Slow burning night at home with my self-disgust &
honey wine

Hovering above the heaving

There is no autonomous habit

The nub is smaller than the love in it

The equinox is not the solstice, I'm just trying to coax
you to the damp upper limit

With my snout pressed against the tailpipe diagnosing
time

With words as my coinage

Does "I will always love you" necessarily imply imminent
abandonment?

To change things by changing their names?

To produce numbers and so produce norms?

I hear them singing "my love must be a kind of blind
love"

If you're treading in the chop everything's a potential
floatation device

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Drug store talisman, pop-up dust bowl

Ghosts cheer from the dugout, spirits root in the shadows

I feel compelled to remain upright so I may be of some
use rather than a reeking pit of pooled up resources

As soon as I start to speak, the crippling caving

Unintentional day of silence

Poached milkweed, lavender cupping

They say the way out is deeper in, but sometimes I wanna
run

When the dead are laid in common earth, if there be light
what the light might mean

What it designates versus what it legislates

“Embedded in things and not just in sex”

I study the past to denaturalize the present

Pink stucco shell, gooey rot center

Are mares really impregnated by wind?

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There is a clock ticking deep inside the bedrock

The Door to Hell has been burning continuously since the
origin story

The threat is steely, latent, and inextricably linked to
everyday violence vigorously and unequally enforced

At the crosswalk an assortment of self-satisfied men hoard
clammy wads

A gloved hand extends from a tinted BMW to offer a
brown banana

The disorder is individualized

A cloud-based living package of commercialized affects
and capital functions

Radiating out across the land like so many orange
jumpsuits

You call it a god, I call it a menace

I've never been able to see the man who is his assumptive
face

The obstinate gait, the cocksure street

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As if I get a warm feeling when he says good ol' boys
state

He thinks we share a world, and my horror to the extent
that we do

Where the cotton's fallow it's erector set suburbs and
prisons

Bloated early boarders demand their champagne

I want to say the glass does not shatter it unfurls

Not here or there but in the mist

Our hero the velvet river, our hero the friend fetching
another round

There is a possible future in a tender measure

An expanded geography of pleasure

The way out is across, in ardor

Let it burn bright in expansive night

I hear them singing "I hold out my hand and my heart
will be in it"

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Singing “the yam is the power that be”

The sun it sinks upon the valley, the sun it sinks upon the
hill

The dead, electively present, conduit for all

The both/and meadow—beautiful and bleeding

Lover of the gray, don't rest in forgetting

Demand a future equal to polemic

Call this immolation love

The bones remember, gather around the legible bones

What will bring forth the toppling?

What kind of face do you want on your face?

The blue breeze at Connie's Cantina or the having-wept-
into-your-omelette at Rudy's Can't Fail

Everyday I go to work

I mount my little saddle and pump the brakes

Riding through the gated residential, smiling at the stench

Have you received your perk yet?—flogged unconscious

The present is a tradition

Horror was not made in a day, that's history

What of its slippages?

What do bankers see when they leap from rooftops?

Blinding light of material day thrown across raked earth

“Every phase of capitalism produces its own ideal body”

J. Edgar Fuckface says “justice is merely incidental to law
and order”

Papas don't let your kids grow up to be strong silent types

The classroom, the workhouse, the patriarchal household

I prefer the whale's heft, buoyant in dark sea

To make of my breathing a fealty

“The difference between what we want and what we
want to want”

When will I stop being called young lady? I note it now
as a form of privilege & detriment

Anticipatory shipping, delivery by drone

Everything organized to deliver force on a routine basis

It's not that policy became any less racist, they just coded
the rhetoric and called it colorblind

They execute the writs to keep the blood, cum, and milk
out

“Orders are phrased as questions and compliance
interpreted as consent”

Who is permitted unhindered breath?

All I see is white lack, flowing through coffers

I want to make a leap that can't be turned from in the
rush of night I run from

I hear them singing “Oh no love! you're not alone”

Let's conspire in the sweat bath, let's do it beak to beak

Leave our pillows out to gather up the air among the
glade

My responsibility is to others first and from this I come to
myself

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Can power entrenched unequally be withdrawn by sheer
force of individual will?

No song alone can compel the maw to retreat

It's congealed in my romper and in my phone

The festival is full of missionaries, traders, and
government agents

There are so many men in this place all fragrance ceases

Happy New Year, Total Loss

Billie bends a quarter note and everybody sighs

I hear them singing "life is too short to have sorrow"

Angela Davis wrote her autobiography at 28

I take my legs out to the edge of day and watch the
commute make its slow way up the hill

One's dress, demeanor, movement through public space,
tone of voice, companions

It's more expensive to go to work than to stay on the rolls

It's cheaper to be on probation than to pay for a monitor

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I emerge ambulatory into the night with distended snout
and jowls

If in his eyes I think I see contempt, is that paranoia or
intuition?

The disorder? Global

Self-diagnosis? Nearsighted

The way into some better measure might be under water

An animal is accurate unto itself

My body clock rings in line with office time

I'm nostalgic for what I've not seen in the world

The rebellion was not spontaneous, or the consciousness
of its actors was not

If we underestimate it, we will not be any closer to
dismantling it

The function vs. the particular one who embodies this
function

“As long as men have rights in women which women do
not have in themselves”

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With the ruby red wedge for breakfast and the frosted
flake pét-nat for lunch

I lay into the fragrant air and kiss your little windows lid
by lid

The wind rustles through elephant ear, kangaroo paw

I'm a fan of the amorous, I like the shapes of unwavering
love all lined up in its costumes

The scrubs and berries and bitter sidewalk weeds of
making do

I hope we can be buoyant together in the break, I hope
we can be forked

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