



Arpine Konyalian Grenier

Three from *if it weren't for*

If it weren't for O (i must excuse myself and die)

The larger the circle the greater probability symmetries will color to flavor up down charmed or strange top and bottom

> counterparts trapped in air in the marble

if it were the inheritance of a spin

fired at different times or rates Higgs and Higgs of potential sparticles

> reaching for wood multiplied by self shadow of space-light

how can I write you then to be is looking for love

wood to super-marble to super-wood lepton easy clock and counter expressed dimensions making way for comfort all the way

form creates if it is to be

anchored in what is before and after to stand under what happened when need calls ash to light living the life of a star sets of pathos panos remember

white light crushing penetration the Sunrise Motel and fusion

hydrogen to helium eyes.

If it weren't for Love

Books will always rest on shelves to comfort the living motherhood will embrace them because it can love the prescribed formula for imprisonment a last tango timed hourly boson to fermion it is up to me

wood for content related to stupidity

saved in hyperspace to resume but the root of why our end fusing re form to shine we the cause the act

gravity burning vision to helium accepting including

as long as I can we say

the hillside flakes the farthest stretches of skin off south of north gestures interrupted the wind has mastered direction miracle of tongues and ears the city's thirst spelling pecking skimming

preparing to power not the will me unprotected and questioning will light now a dayful of advances excuses

helium is life too

is me as me loves power who is to say

wave function bordered tele-motto with no center stalks in groupings of three to one and four my questioning unlike the reductive word treated lightly as such liminal and luminous as if liquid and solid boo destined to live boo halo.

Sunshades

To sketch a togetherness for dreams I speak from the window heavy beats numbered

punctuations turn the obvious repeat matter hence bumps bunk stars I wait by

life

where is life?

here's a knife a crucifix tiff tiff

mother was a wife a coniferous bland echo perhaps

did she ever ask if -

a sky blanks out for difference

still there's room for one could that be the i?

one dance is all that's left assuming there's music

maybe then I can look at the stars eye at zero light

though I abstracts from the moth looking for stars hangs light

pre/ post exuberance about fragments of journey

do I say she was kin?

softly through motley phrases she talked to the gods

I often heard I need you will you love me?

stacking up black and blue strings blimp bunk and blues preamble

a gloomy stranger angled in the street in the back of the street

light

- why are we here?

- where else can we do this?

- mother said you need the church/ not the building but

- you also need the building

- to chase the money-changers out?

- exchanging money is different from exchanging words

an invoice is stamped mandatory.