

Arpine Grenier

I challenge the sequence

below the light
dibble
what about
love
upward curving
prayer rug
redress a will to order
thing to thing
human in-between
invent/repeat/discard

how my light is spent
addled violently that's how
deathless might have been
a hole in its blossoming
to this day confused
as when bidden east
we stopped
aduring

you understood
a profound project is attempting
at meaning you said
the sequel to a newer will to power
strings of now and then
quotidian matter
violators in-between
the manifold cropping
the political
layered while suspended
under the possibility
symbol from replica

extend the present
warble you said
but not just verbally
not just the event either
about face is the gift
alignment creates
in the spacing
then there is light
crossing
by dint of *aurum*
with drawn isms
through

turn still
as when you did in spring

the ground still does
without the idea for a maze
things occupy time
occupies things
precursor or rebel
the end is possibility
correspondingly

lapsed monotony settling
a mostly violated propriety
six inches away from the heart
faster and faster
the pacemaker
light is such read
wall shadow
but ah it's the son of
shadow spinning
spinning

Fast back & basic

so —
fast makes sense when it fits but then it really makes no sense
meaning a house where separation anxiety breeds attachment
I pulling the door latch and you wrapped under a pillow
a one way sentence 6 centuries bright
one great sunflower leaning
the sun whispering

type animal

that's where the apartheid come in
one @ how many = public
how many will majority?

as I describe I let go of the centuries
trying to make you like me
wanting to be like you —
devoted fracture tinted for appeal —
still one plus one equals private
off a creator's seedless affair
the nutty multiple

yours

braising bruising as braiding
a studded faraway source figure
never thinned never blinded
a river's few things
animal perhaps

whereby

light

truth
light letters away for a next live and love
Ahriman singed then charred
my name across

I stare at and stare the measure of distance and time
war a septum love years away by the door
we being light came through

how dark we have become

the glory of a star announcer

star
shaken star

6 limbs fast into the body seemingly stalked and younger
etching stories about breaking endlessly the waves
marine layer around the fragrance of body
the sun the river watching

think house and different doors now
think and accessorize by proxy
accessorized light matters
the windows rearranged
the slats stating

light the chrism the holy we eat but alive having despised the perishable who creates cannot beget creator bringing forth animal in the open like god man begets in private cast in the open the veil gotten rid of the veil so strengthens the hidden effort strategy the veil torn no more hidden through and through and strong but free to everyone - do you dare spare the flesh — you who have spirit all around who seek after death as the dead seek after life as they do not long for soul — the spirit animates the soul so you dwell in light good and evil as one and same animal — the animal — fire — to the west the north the south —

a column of glory
righteous

patient
free

splendoured
column
glory

of the Gospel of John lacking nothing

I the multiple of my disclosures and I what I am not complete in light with texture and tone but without location as landscape we all come from the one we return to apartheid

the cool you set up to make happy clutches the ineffectual

stuffed and boiled band of sly
animals think

save me a luna luna

the exit dialog has no option
2 aeons in 3 directions
apartheid by mother

body of light-thought ruled by forgetting
how what the afterthought of before

applied

apply the default display a group exit share lock the invalid 6 command compression and circular reference to link the centuries the apartheid shall swim within a keypad an ascii featured numeric protocol filed for parallel port activity cells running the Ahriman program sinking the basic back button to compensate for the curves the tapered columns the meet of no cement but love —

scraped and spared
task still

the option for heart for hands for face on line this page
plots off gods' indices running nowhere
much blood and no tears created

bipeds/quadrupeds/fliers/
swimmers/crawlers

Arpine Konyalian Grenier is a graduate of the American University of Beirut and the MFA Program at Bard College, NY. Her work has appeared in *How2*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Sulfur*, *The Iowa Review*, *Phoebe* and *Situation*, among others.