

Arpine Konyalian Grenier
Gatekeeper, we unthemed

life is good against my skin
good air prognoses
still I don't have a never mind
to do away from self and other
daybreak

how adhesive are you is the question
then came choice
the domesticity of choice befuddles
the grammar of choice
some sight some smell
the neighborhood equations for
to cut/ tell to cut
tell tell and absolutely
no one has heard any of it
here is a careworn thought

a golden eagle checks the gasping pit
gravel mines follow daybreak
don't look don't touch is the song
what's new will reinvent itself
bar tailed over the other
special interest

whiteness

Ibn Maymoun was at the door hoping I read less on zero
hoping through fields of stem cell abundance

addiction gene here obesity gene there
tolerance/ equality of hybridization/ free
here is Babel trade patents
the rice genome is the dog genome is water
genome fearlessly proclaimed lord
usher in scarcity
Maimonedes mobilized and incorporated
there is no consensus or dissent they say
within the urge to connect
un-themed

is the neutral such?
how do where and how enter theme?
how does how many enter zero?
I had a dad and father and daddy
is that too synoptic for you?
venue is immaterial above that level of intensity
because content blinds it
because matter within seeks location
on top some mountain
I need you there
the new sea levels notwithstanding
I am afraid of the free

at the door: the firmament/ devices

I am afraid of water and air and everything green or living
I must insist to ward off potentialities of the unexpected
what is free or living must be commoditized and digitized
a blind study of fission emission denotes
a world along a banister of questions
while that feels natural and lovely

I'm chancing not so lovely a breed
whose mantra past cannibalism still plays
my voice is my language and mine only
rise/ rise/ sea level/ you will die before I do

purging scientists/ the neutral: location

by construct to cut down the noise of the conditional
I wait for a train in clothes the level of my distress
unthemed and unaccounted for
mining the equal and the free will reformat memory
the why for what I have chosen in life
for the conveyer belt that screws me in tighter
for six billion loved ones soon to turn
one billion

I shall go to private corners to contemplate that

the bureaucrats posture

of course there's water at the North Pole
ethical overtones curled along memories
Ibn Maymoun leasing out numbers
purge the provocation

connect the regard:

sea ice unwilling to blind the sun
blue water swallowing the heat
permafrost stripping as if
the spectrum of color

hurricane hurricane please

no more a plea
why bloweth hurricane
the wrath of $e=mc^2$

national policy -- God's gift at the door/
capital

we buy on rumor sell on the news release
my vaccine is better than yours we declare
dying to kill while dying to live
to illuminate the uses of theme
equally pious in hum
in private corners daybreak
live between transmission lines

but only there
unavailable curiosity
humming as in illuminating kill

still Maimonedes and the mountain seeking ordinates
for the one time gift from nature dancing and singing
congratulations for the opportunity to work with you
causeways connect
let me hear the notes please
without each note there's no melody
the octave is melting

tax incentives/ carbon dioxide

"I'm worried about the economy" he says
illiterate in both

it is hard to make where so much take has gathered
confirmations affirm contamination rules
large neutral covenant akin to none
a maiming convenient to all

the language of science is the language of emotion
memory is green (after Maimonedes)
confirmation is contamination
the infirm spill to the wind
confirming
the EPA/ the G8

we believe in the plasticity of the brain
in arctic motives the impossible life
apple pie/ daybreak
as necessary

simultaneously the sky
provocates
economy is regulation

I am told wishing for a soldering will only get me
a soldering circle to triangle to circle
light bonnets in-between
contamination turns
confirmation
the rippled edge of a concept
too messy to pick up

I withdraw song-less
luck does not come about softening the edges
reconsider the sky and its shoulds

the edge of the concept
family/ friends and how one leads the other
across a thundering of need and greed
I withdraw to the corner
good air soaked they tell me
regulation hinges have slipped
transmission lines remain
a clean behind the ears outlook dodges
the demiurge I worry about

we were talking about the Gods then
choosing pronouns for a sum a ruling
choosing to connect to the business suit
the medically groomed visage and hair
a dream had crossed our path then
in those days dream states were endorsed
small talk was paramount and prolific
swimming was forbidden
a decision was read sideways

the muffled sound shorted circuits
then we fell

as in illuminated by debris
the embers chain thought
insufficient and non-provocative
a hit-man spells dogma as per heads of state
opting out of Kyoto protocols
the innermost functional of a rose
kind to my ears so much like love
coin the idea we've tried so hard to forget
the circle dance

swarms and true grit

I have heard you that way I have
seen your city lights certified clean
clear and shiny organic curb service
everyone wants to believe losing all
while believing a theory of economy
a radical slant for the new and improved
Phoenician efficient living

the low rise of a few rounds inflates
fortune cookies under a glass tabletop
maybe now we can speak for the firmament
angles no longer denoting numbers
windows no longer doors
the sun declares a bright zero
announcing the last note

there's a road one must follow
though filtered through light
air and water carry the timely pollutant
principle minus what we're grateful for
splitting recombiant light to redo
man's resounding
the Phoenician

economy dislodges economy
environmental cares connect
smog/ electrosmog the industrial
psychosmog infosmog against
unduly concepts negotiating disease
decommissioning is commissioning

resources at zero not resource wars
is kicking the fossil fuel habit
not addiction but

(addiction is terrorism
one is powerless over

all around the sump
porcelain) habit

time has given no instructions

but for the recurring Euphrates
breeding its underside

there is no vision in technology
will you make room for me?
a vine breeds secular space
reason light centaur
I do not know you still
will you always be ahead of me?

dance but do not sing
live but do not die
give but do not take

but you are gatekeeper
wearing pads to avoid circumstance
rapture around the bars around you
so is ink (in the design that cries “here here
a space next to me you can breathe from”)
if the reed and the swallow were permanent

one could leave all behind with a hiccup
then the North prospers through its own
cerebral inhibitions recede/ propel
the mood population/ affluence/
technology/ I'll step away you say
and void

sliding down a story you know
like the back of your neck
of counter and inter questions
you see because
today's entropy is data
wobbling
buzz cuts and bellies
boots
except for the weather all stays the same
the wooden horse cursive as always
sinew smacked down its secret
long before one could name the negotiated
fine skin breathes like porcelain
Euphrates wishes
some need a push some you forgive
others go to jail voiding to calculate/ mediate

the November Sun greens flat across
a faithless thinker wills asphalt
world to earth
I cry
peeling away twirly burly
hurly gray at interface value

tuck that in and off when larger in the middle

for the tough part of walking however the streets
high entropy states are stationary
what needs to be more than one
matters

nuclear matters

urge will not dismiss the lesions on the caribou
because there's emotional symmetry
to the scent of leaves I thought meaningless
the science behind the peritoneal flap
the quill I'll call or click for

let me be some sky then (if it were flat
white nothingness drilling minds
father of father whose shadow increases in time
here and there are plains that crawl into horizon
my fingers lead them
light pressed) about where one dumps
not light but the sewer for it
plus oil and values bellied in Baal
personal and portable landscape
disclosing addressing monitoring
hurry so we make it to the sewer
we will be clothed there
lightly of course

were the Phoenicians mercenary then?

it's time for bannered uniforms
paper light is the motto
a system that does not dull the mapping
a list of the intangible cuts across

steal the vocabulary from the glitter of the now
life begins when someone looks at you though
no one expects the world to break for anyone
daybreak connects as ground swells
to mark itself one space at a time

once space bred time and sewers
conversed and left behind
the unexamined life
a little bird's tear tells me
there's no standing in the step-wells
do I have room for more insight?
let me find first let me please
make room for a sniffing a road
impatients and hydrangea
asphalt legged creatures in them

how fast or slow time happens through
how flat the blue canopy tunnels
water soluble places
I do not belong to and perform
my father's house lacking threshold
the Phoenician
translation of the everyday
big (huge) eyes

through them
the new is here again
real quick the canopy tunnels
in the beginning and later
its coronation spells milk
fresher than escape/ get shot/ kill

the town is quiet
feel the map the petrified doors
the turn of the riverbed
how the flesh of fiction heats
it will save me

me in the diner aiming at myself
the premise of analgesic
a vital sign requirement
a mentioned parallel I did not ask for
as appropriation creates
balancing the need for obscurity
against the need for validity
commentaries amend
a version of choice that breeds
a multi-part message
in mime format