

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.

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.