

Arpine Konyalian Grenier

Gul of the Supernal Garden

No self will vengefully hybridize itself and yet
reason screams at result for codified erg
agreement depends on argument/ theory
nowhere irreversible but within artifice

regrouping will save me as I resist difference not absent nor present or same
an iterated soul machine rubbed off krypton for xenon green for just that
quod erat morality of succession near blue matter
issued off course baring itself at light at critical

a demonstradum

whereby expanding contracting balanced the blue/ white fit
to declare testament and conclusions to shape
the approaching receding exacting 90%

for *otia*
the haptic laugh

yet were it not for tragedy we would have been nomenclature
for example

Dear Ayse-Gul.. i do not know my grandmother's name but an older aunt remembered
they called her Gul Doudou so my father named his first daughter Sir-Vart which is
almost a translation.. my my.. i think grandmother's name was Gul-Vart.. that was
Hrant Dink's mother's name Kavala tells me.. it is a small and round world indeed

codignly yellow

there is no resistance when color takes off indifferent to light so
and only so because what is mind shackles time as collateral
as if to remind the bodiless have entered us and the plot is
engage think as always bottoms up re mind

states matter to states as they greet parallel brains
faith based or hope out there serial prudence
fortitude principles so as to curate reason

I belong to and am under the rule of the supernal
a willingness and acanthus fields (let us play
games) sub urban thought provides

When i hear your name i remember a grandmother i never knew.. today a distant
relative called offering condolences for mother's death.. i did not know my mother had
died as i had stopped seeing her nine years ago.. she was not a messed up survivor of
the G? but the messed up offspring of one.. that makes me the messed up offspring of a
messed up offspring of a messed up survivor.. time and on the silence the pain the
denial the embarrassment.. more pain more denial.

For example.. a passage from the review by Robert Gottlieb of Joseph Horowitz's *Artists in Exile: How Refugees from 20th Century War & Revolution Transformed the American Performing Arts* (*New York Review of Books*, 5/15/2008) reads: *But the person Horowitz most admires of the transplanted European figures is Rouben Mamoulian, who in 1923, at the age of twenty-six - neither a refugee nor in exile - arrived here via Paris, Moscow and London ... Mamoulian, you see, "eschewed nostalgic regard for old World sentiment and locales. With no anchored 'past', he enthusiastically lived in the present."*.. here's a total glossing over of Mamoulian's Armenian circumstances.. it is not intentional.. it just happens over and over even by Armenians themselves.. for example.. it has been noted that tennis player Agassi for years (like Arshile Gorky) would not refer to himself as Armenian.. perhaps he still does not.. I should send this material to Kavala at *Anadolu Kultur* and David Barsamian of *Alternative Radio*.. Dink would have liked their stance within journalism proper.. a rose is a rose is Gul is Vart

the original 10% else where mountain and sky cannot meet
/hisab

not knowing Diarbekir was Dicranagert was then

Ah to belong to a master clause repeating itself
mediated/ aligned all the way to parts and numbers
for a dwelling Armenian in nature in pain

Je n'ai rien fait, neh neh

as God grew until he was grown
a commoner's come and go story remember?
my past and yours in time
waving at community

down the murmur you must
where kneelings and perimeters calculate
light to electron to matter

history is guess work in order
complexities in stages tradition points to

back & forth versions to the count of a *tasbih*

Supernal G?

It is time we sit at the same table in same size chairs and look at each other and say: we are still here and no matter we will continue to be because and in spite of what happened.. i wish Akhtamar Ak-Serai Van Dicranagert etc. etc. were part of our homeland but they are not.. they are in Turkey next door.. yes yes.. we Armenians have not been lucky enough to have had a super-power nation on our side during the G?.. let us therefore see what can be salvaged from the past for a lucky future.. the present can be nothing or opportunity.. the (Chinese) character for Danger/ Opportunity is what Dink had embraced.. we can do the same Gul-Vartly.. wisely.. while a United Ottoman State did not/could not materialize during G? perhaps we can look forward to a Turkish Democratic Republic (TDR).. perhaps Turkey needs an FDR type leader for that.. i do not know as i am a poet turned scientist.. then again JFK said: *When power leads man to his arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations, when power narrows the areas of man's concerns, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of experience.* When

power corrupts, poetry cleanses. I would like to embrace a phenomenology that connects President Abdullah Gul of Turkey to the theories and data of history.

It's a small round world we die and bare into
blue/ white light to particle an otherwise

public minds held over a restful lower lip
bouncing matter (what blunder the after image)

an after dark incline someone pays the price for

we all pay

thinned air

a mere chase after Gul

atrium to ventricle to lung clean
atrium to ventricle to body dirty
across and under a common chin
above no species original

In the mid eighties i wrote an article for the *Armenian Observer* stating the need for Armenians to stop being cry babies.. i called them "a web in space of triangles reaching out against themselves".. i had had enough of the G? thing.. guess what.. G? would not let go of me.. i continue to mourn and celebrate G? .. it does not heal me.

It is the holidays
being has returned
a chorus has dared
I am doing
I am doing well
behind and ahead of my self
here and now charity
subject to predicate
mediated capital

Here in Tucson from decades of Pasadena living i encounter Turk brothers and sisters I never did before.. lots of them.. i want to embrace and collaborate with them.. that will heal me.. what transforms us will always be the expression of feeling rather than the intellectualization of it.. Celia Lisset Alvarez says: *with a decidedly urban and postmodern sensibility Konyalian Grenier engages with language on its most primal, semiotic level ... bringing together the languages of science, gender, and politics to question the ways in which we relate to one another..* i do not feel any of that.. i feel dead and scared inside.. i have always felt dead and scared.. i want to heal.. don't you??

If it weren't for V(art)

do not kid yourself with options of collapse
why and how are heavier in despair

my soul a rose wormholes away
climbing on a last perfect day

I told you I feel dangerous you told me rice crop stories
mass related living in a next theory versus observation era

how do I weave you anymore?
where are you missing matter?

let this telling ride your fear inside mine
never blame the lettuce shooting for the moon

parallel & supernal

looking at the white corporate animate to animate or
animate to inanimate

blade the bush for example
nothing but love remains

Enhancing sensibilities to preserve and maintain the dignity of life will liberate us from tubular enterprise.. of course it's going to be messy.. there is room for the miraculous however.. there is.. Piattelli-Palmarini in *The Evolution of the Language Virus* says: *without a messy moon which emerged from asteroid crashes against Earth, there wouldn't have been tides, and hence, presumably, terrestrial life on the planet. The thought is both humbling and essential to the understanding of complex dynamic systems: take a messy pebble from a smooth current and the pretty eddies go away. Elegant form often responds to ugly challenges, which is when the system starts cooking - as they say, "at the edge of chaos".*