

*Arpine Konyalian Grenier*

SO NOW TRICOLOUR IS OUR WRAP  
AND RUSSIAN WINTER

they've decided to cultivate this land  
the railing and half rot hauled to memory  
for lack of museum space as if\_

stare back the naked bow dimlit on old ephronia's head  
the crickets plunking her sores while the children nap  
(if I could nap too . .

tomorrow I'll hide rasmig's pillow so he can't  
tonight I'll try reading like thomas  
pottering stirrups)

four by fours and built-in relatives I wish  
could swallow my wish for old  
women's wisdom\_ instead

a door wish  
different size paper  
matching knobs  
chemicals  
and one chicken for ten  
chopped in air  
the colour of bird  
wings crossed over  
the beak trembling

the smell of blood running from namelessness  
this close to the fire and startled seats  
numb and tender and jesus to the ear

and I'm wishing through the food position.