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The Tabloids Smoking

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Arpine Konyalian Grenier

THE TABLOIDS SMOKING

we'll smoke the tabloids down! I'll tell you
how it was this dust heat how the biblical
numbered our joints even and out the cover design
to cash in what we lost below the horizontal I even
don't remember what it was
the priorities

earth filled my mouth my ears my spine things
while I breathed I have to have (to) tell on this
the stain the rectangular stain

if I could (to the) tip daily

I could not throw a remnant to capture the calculated moment
when I was not a rebel the cars followed one another
and the birds did not know the difference

the guardian spirit of water let me when all was smoke
free in the center one eye smeared cloud after cloud
to protect the daring point

I try not to remember his face
the stain the rectangular stain

a shaft at the angles in composure dribbles beats to the end
of a love god knows how many times whispered about
and then trans to the cross and wilting
then the channels panting dust
the name we give ourselves
vined to a mirror

for mead for wine no matter but for the happening

a conundrum for the east/west biting of our shadow
all the catechism gestured into a signature
finger-painted over the sky
for some past lover

one can touch and touch the purple lingering on such skin
the flower is violet (can be) in a vase
cornered by line by color by
what you were told
by mother

the other day mother wished her soiled napkins
press-folded for curtain that twists
the other way

is there a commodity for the larynx descending
the child getting ready for all the sounds of its life??

this wretch is a life still
documented on blue and rationed ether
a sequestered joint among the many such
polished (lest it be taken) for shape

you will have no more no less than promised he'll say
his dark blue so solvent a burden of choice
he = she =

whereas one dies surrounded by family having lived for that
the one who lived the crime dying alone—crime increased
picking up where the river had stopped—what crime
when we glued our love to the tick machine
did mine go up and yours down when we
passed each other on the escalator
the tabloids smoking

for mead for wine against the clavened kicked
the steam off bather stories the staving
a flame beating for the next trundle.