1997

So Now Tricolour Is Our Wrap and Russian Winter

Arpine Konyalian Grenier

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
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	onight 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.