

# **The Cables Set, The Light**



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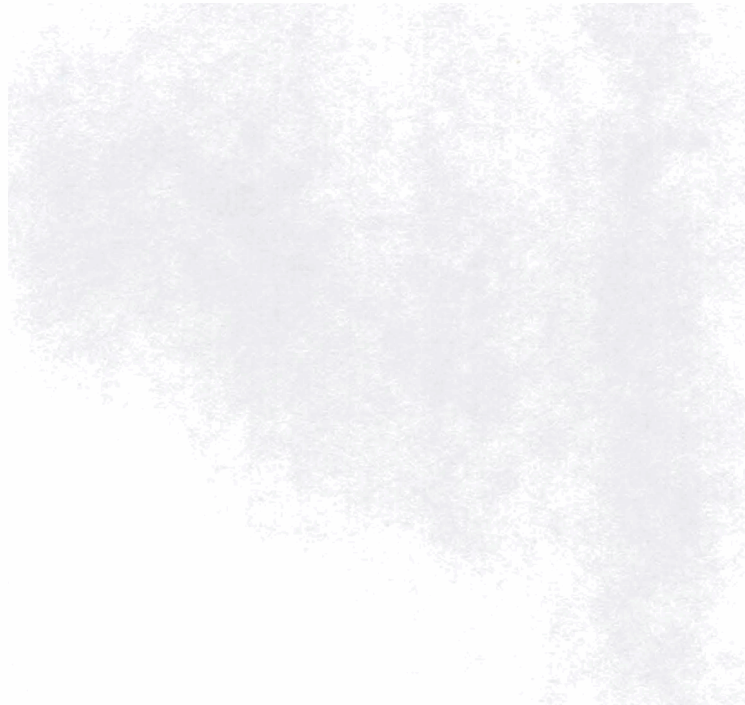
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## Introduction

In some ways, my work is always **seeking** the chaos sustaining the world of languages, attempting to maintain poetry at the threshold above which there is meaning and articulation, below which there is nothing but an emotional relief map, a cry of impaired and ungracious linguistic capacity.

I am an Armenian-American from Lebanon where religions, languages and nationalities coexisted in a unique mixture of oriental simultaneity and occidental individualism. In this text, my preoccupations are with the coexistence of matter and anti-matter, the private and the public, the ethnic vs. the global. I am driven by curiosity and the need for a state of being simultaneously yoked with one's self and realigned with the creator, pouring forth continuously as I attempt to draw in living (propaganda) issues related to gender, ancestry and technology - like postcards - indirect and mobile. My work leans towards poetry that is a voyage with no external goal, refusing the tyranny of arrival, heeding the plasticity and exuberance of intentionality. I celebrate this contingency without augmenting it, without being paralyzed by it either.

Here is a litany like the sound from an all news station, like piano bar music, like the lamentations of Naregatsi, the 10th Century Armenian monk. It is as if composed on one note, with the promise of one's own reply in the air. The language is at play with the spaces of the world, allowing the reader's own manipulations of space. Lists, dialogue and foreign words or phrases are reference points - glimpses of light, away from (dark) matter. Through muscled phrases and broken lines, I am attempting to create texture and rhythm, **seeking** a semblance to meaning. I am also attempting to **turn** against language (with language) in order to restore its incantatory quality within a voice that has the unique body and place of an absent body. In this way, I hope to furnish a derivative of the past whereby the new would occur, time and history **abolished**, because of what escapes or survives the disintegration of experience.



**there's no such thing as seamstress**



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there's no such thing as seamstress

fearing grain will not (to) cereal

plucked chicken landscape imposes

If you dressed better you'd be approached by quality people  
if you only dressed better

why does everyone leave a stain behind?

blue milestones need potting

to speak is sand gathering

everyone needs a stain for later

sister will soon stop from mother  
watching wedding pictures  
reading the captions

there's a bum behind every stain

there's a verb behind the killer palm

I too burn photos except for the eyes

to utter is to occur

she sniffs podiums  
her **lotioned** waist flattened  
flower is substitution

aunt xenon at the top of the hill  
irresponsible in the ear

how does one approach a turtle?

hangman follows hangman

there is a verb in front of every child's dream