

Armenia's Sorrow
by Bieke Stengos

To Ani
pain lies buried
deep within the sinew
of bones and flesh

She still yearns
for the towers of strength
planted firmly
in waving grasses
until a cruel wind in April
scaled the mountains
like a mournful song
that sent the swirl of dancing skirts
to fly like the dervishes
who could not save women
bent over their dead children
young men
no longer hearing
the whisper of wind
in the almond trees

How can I turn back time, she wonders
and how can I keep abandoned churches
from bleeding into the weeping earth