

# OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS (A POEM)

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by Viken L. Attarian, Montreal, February 12, 2011



*dedicated to the memories of all who fell  
for their fellow humans*

My name is Martin Luther King,  
I have been to the mountain top  
And I have seen the promised land.  
Whereto I march and fall  
For all men to be free.

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My name is Tenzin Gyatso,  
I am from the land of Djomolungma,  
Where I walked across the mountain tops.  
They call me Ocean of Wisdom  
I am but a man who has inside  
All those who came, marched and fell before me.  
My name is Salvador Allende,  
My place is in the top of the Andes,  
Where I marched and fell  
To build a just place.  
So that miners would no longer  
Be buried alive.

My name is Hrant Dink

~~My ancestors came down from the top of~~

The Holy Mountain

To repopulate this earth.

They fell in millions for human redemption

I too with them, to be resurrected

In the cry of "*Hepimiz Hrant Dink*".

I have no name but I am *Massri*,

I am black and white.

We have no mountains,

So we built our own,

Five millennia ago to stare down the ages,

My place is a continent where man became man.

My place is a place where civilization began.

It is here that rises the mountain of spirit

For the world to see,

It is here that men, women and children

Declare that they'll always be free.

It all started here

In a place called **Tahreer**.

