POEM SEARCHING FOR JUSTICE AND OUR HOME

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December 2, 2012

For Varant and Brandi and their newborn

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But once a poem is penned, it commences its journey into the world.
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I am always humbled by how others react to my poems.
In Yerevan, Los Angeles, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Kingston,
individuals come up to me
and reveal how they are touched by the poems.
I am profoundly moved.
Their responses, in turn, become inspiration for new poems.

From the four corners of the Diaspora,
we journey on the long, perilous path
in the quest to rediscover Armenia.
Our painful collective memories
are our constant companions.
Past, present and future generations are intertwined.
We hear and feel the chilling whispers of our ancestors' restless souls.

But one day,
we will gaze together upon the snow-capped peaks of Mt. Ararat.
We will finally be in our beloved Hayastan.
The tears will be of both joy and sadness.
The joy of being home at last;
the sadness of realizing so many did not arrive.

take care,

Alan Whitehorn