

# REMEMBERING YEREVAN (POEM)

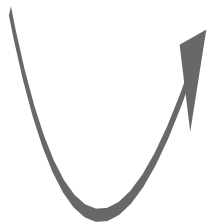
*Posted on December 6, 2010 by Keghart*



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Alan Whitehorn, Kingston, 6 December 2010



May was six months ago,  
but it seems like last week.

I miss Yerevan.

The walks on Abovian,  
past Artbridge Bookshop  
to Republic Square;  
then along North Avenue  
to the shimmering waters and stones of the Cascade.

Alan Whitehorn, Kingston, 6 December 2010



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past Artbridge Bookshop  
to Republic Square;  
then along North Avenue  
to the shimmering waters and stones of the Cascade.

Next, a gentle cooling walk amongst the trees,  
as I meander along the rim parkland,  
with its countless fountains  
and outdoor cafes,  
each filled with couples in earnest conversation.

I miss the espresso coffee

and intense discussions amongst the glorious roses at Cafe de Paris.

I still crave the crepes, sourj armenian and Jermuk

at the Moscow Cinema Jazzve Cafe.

It was a great place to meet a dear colleague.

On other occasions,

I treasured the precious quiet,

a time for reflection and writing

and contemplation of the intricacies of the Armenian alphabet.

I especially reminisce about the Ani Hotel,

my home away from home.

From morning to night and even beyond midnight,

the staff were amazingly kind and wise,

and soon became an extended family.

I felt like a distant uncle

giving advice and being helped in turn.

There is, of course,

one extraordinary restaurant,

Dolmama,

with its spices and flavours

that I still savour.

But it is the moving conversations that I remember best.

Above all,

I miss the special friends

from my adopted home.

In my mind,

I can still visualize the "singing" fountains of Republic Square.

It is another magically, warm night,

with dazzling lights and heartfelt or even soulful songs.

The gentle spray of water droplets,

gracefully descending from high above,

are silhouetted in the night sky.

Friends and families hug together

and enjoy the night.

Good night Hayastan,

Good night enkeruhi ev enker

Tsetesutyun.

Tsetesutyun.



