THE MURDER OF HRANT DINK

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Category: Opinions

By Keith Garebian

It is a story, Hrant,
repeated for generations,
a long story that keeps
happening over and over,
growing in the telling until you reach
the edge of the world,
tracked down while the sun cries out
against you, and darkness swallows the day,
and suddenly there's silence, while you keep running
within yourself in the grim trespass of pain.

Your killers turn you into a sacrifice—
something special which becomes sacred,
incandescent against deniers
who devour their nation.

Your body in the street, after threats and trials
cannot break you—
bleeds fear of what else might happen.
And the mourners cry out your name
with love and despair, having come
to see your body,
the story itself and not simply its name—
and they call out your name over and over again,
wanting to identify with you:

They are all Hrant Dink.
I am, too.

This poem is from Keith Garebian's collection *Children of Ararat* (Frontenac House).

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