THE WALLS OF DIYARBAKIR

Posted on February 23, 2016 by Keghart



Category: Opinions

> *"The Walls of Diyarbakır" is from Keghart.com contributor Keith Garebian's "Armenian Elegies". It was shortlisted for the 2015 GritLit Poetry Award. Garebian is seeking for a publisher for "Armenian Elegies".--Editor.*

Old walls, volcanic rock.
A shape of containment,
relics and small lives
cloistered in silence.
Rock by black rock, they lived in this place
which closed them in. Old walls infested
with snakes, scorpions, and elegies
of spider webs.

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Always hard
not to have a safe place,
to feel cut off
because your spire, Sourp Giragos,
stands taller than a minaret.

A foreign people, these ancestors
for one who is not *hemiserim*.
But they have something to tell me

even when their stories are evasive
because they can't name all
that was destroyed of their race.

Stonework of penetrable dreams
at any view.
Stone, metal, and spirit
locked in spirals
diminishing together.
On this side of silence
there are no smiles.

Yet we must dream above
the fallen bell-tower,
the eight-sided clock
with bell cast in Istanbul.
Dream of poems in these walls
where one sad person talked to another,
songs surging out of souls
singing to the moon
after slow sunsets.

hemiserim A person of this place