

ararat

A QUARTERLY VOL. XLIII SPRING 2002 No. 170 \$24.00 A YEAR \$7.00 AN ISSUE



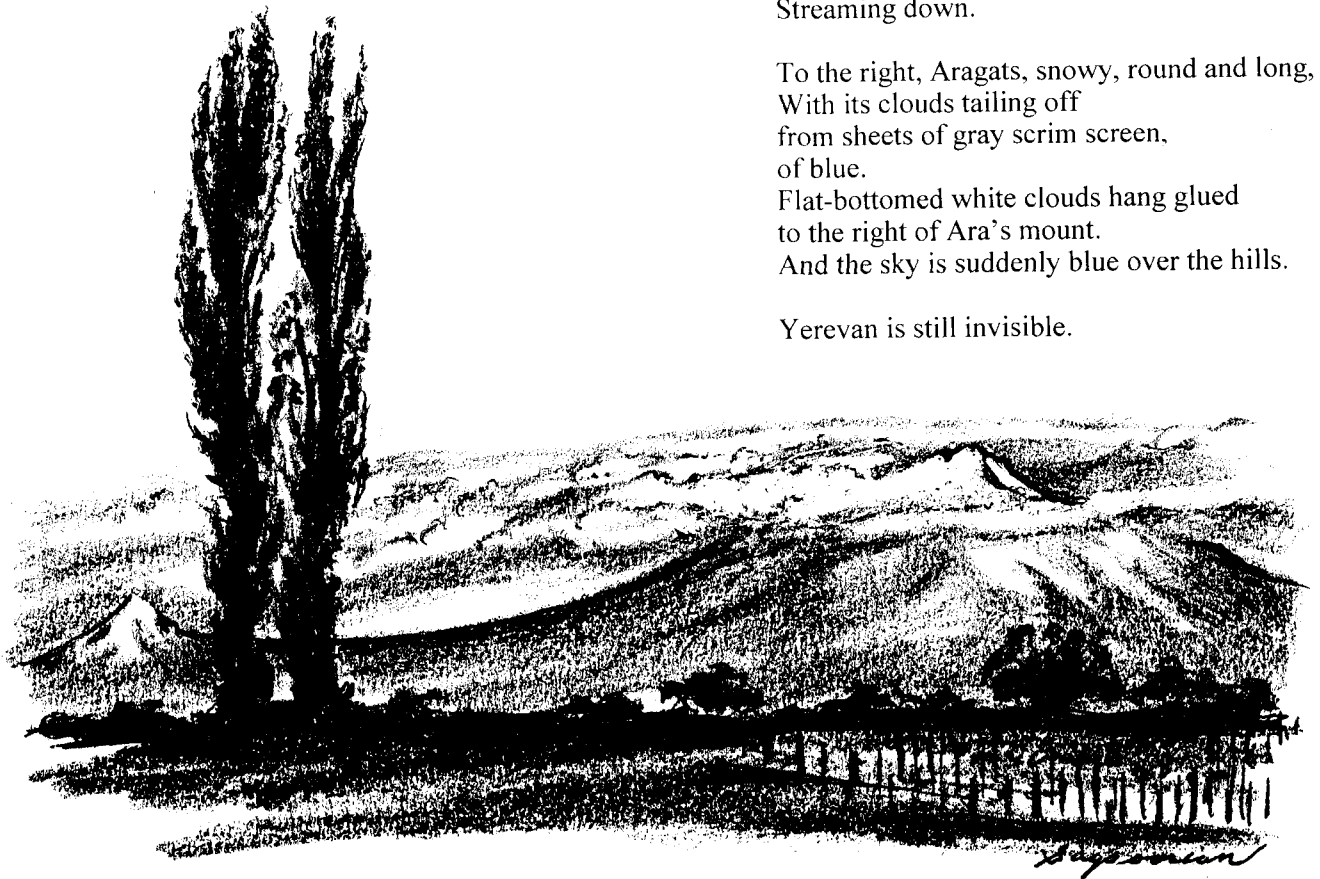
ST. TOROS

by Michael E. Stone

Barely lit, blue-white tiles,
Brown wooden cases,
glass doors to brown book spines,
Marble relief khatchkars,
Hethum's building, royal largesse.

Did he imagine it as now?
With covered manuscripts,
Concentrating knowledge,
Beauty made for royal courts.

People layered on people here,
Generations' rich silt's strata,
In books and walls and rooms,
An incense trace mixed
With old leather's smell.



ON THE ROAD FROM EGHEGIS

by Michael E. Stone

Driving back on a spring evening
past Ararat, through the plain,
where flat fields reach Massis's
foothills blue with flowers.

Cardboard silhouette cows
lead cowherders cross bridges,
And red yellow apple pyramids
vie with leis of small red fruit
at stalls.

On the left Ararat is
cloaked in black gray clouds,
A snowy shoulder peeking out
Of its tenebrous dress.

Ahead, a darkened horizon,
As nightfall comes,
Dark gray clouds enshrouding,
with trailing skirts of rain,
And peepholes of golden light
Streaming down.

To the right, Aragats, snowy, round and long,
With its clouds tailing off
from sheets of gray scrim screen,
of blue.
Flat-bottomed white clouds hang glued
to the right of Ara's mount.
And the sky is suddenly blue over the hills.

Yerevan is still invisible.

JERUSALEM DAY

by Michael E. Stone

The gray morning mist
Mutes the mountains,
Hides the hills.

* * *

DAY

Within the walls,
the dome encastled
like a cradled baby,
by crenellations.

History's weight squeezes
the last bitter oil from olive pits
of the beloved city.

Seen daily it keeps still
sharpness and haze
Beauty's hearts break.

Envy and zeal the same word
He is a zealous God (or jealous?)
For what? (Of what?)

Does He belong in a city at all?
Or in the desert's live quiet
where man and God talk
face to face.

* * *

The evening rain on the window
shatters into a thousand jewels
backlit by the outside lamp.

