

BACK TO YEGHEGIS

By Michael E. Stone

Red poppies,
fields of red poppies,
and yellow flowers along the road.

Last time I travelled this road was autumn,
after summer and harvest. Now it's spring.

The sky - then bright, now grey,
mountains outlined black cutouts
against the eastern light.
Rich ore colours, yellow red and black
paint the road's naked cuts.

Bright yellow spring flowers
replace autumn's yellow stubble,
purple bushes scattered on the mountains.

Ararat's snowy skirt
modestly clouds its peak.

Multi-layered colored
mountains line the horizon.
Ara's mount, misty in the distance.

A cloud hangs between two mountains
suspended.

Spring rivers stained white with clay,
dirt carried down, snow runoff,
noisy, foaming,

A handful of horses.
four or five,
scattered broadcast on the steep meadow opposite,
flocks of sheep, ewes with lambs,
cranes perched on their great nests,
sitting upright on lamp-poles.

To cross the plain to Yerevan.