

Romantic Yerevan

Michael E. Stone

A little park off the Prospekt,
half of it is a cafe now
-- not unpleasant --
and the rest neglected.

Mexican yuccas in tubs and
cane garden furniture
bound together with raffia,
with round glass-topped tables,
striving for a patio feeling,
and failing.

We sit there dining on
the toughest guinea fowl ever hatched
and a cool wind blows through,
from one end to the other,
carrying the aroma
of traffic on the Prospekt and
the gas pump at the back.

May 2009