

Aragats Ararat/Walnuts

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Masis from Aragats is scarce seen, hidden by high day's haze.
Below, between, shining flashes off tin roofs,
Ararat's rich plain tween the two mountains.

There is much on Aragats.

We pass long empty villages,
turns marked white on the black tarred road.
Above the trees, Amber's black bastion bulging outward towers, broken, broken open.
 Beyond, a church's path beaconing beflagged bushes burning with faith and yellow
 rosehips.
Deep green gorges, and the bluish plain glimpsing through haze below.

On to the top! High mountain pastures with nomad herders;
electric pylons' horizontal scars cut green hills,
valleys' folds gouged by snow-melt's rock dregs,
dotted with flocks.

At the round blue cold crater lake below the peak
thin air, heart beats;
a bus turned coffee house shouting Coca Cola red discord;
a heap of rubbish on a hairpin bend.
Height's cool; birds of prey hanging still in the air.

And then down, down to the plain again.

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