

Goshavank

Michael Stone

An upper storey reaching wooden ramp
like a pictured ziggurat building (was it done so?).
This time's renovation, abandoned for a moment.

Within, tenebrous tremendum of sculpture of space;
a polygon drum playing God's tune with torque and tower.

Mexitar's students' voices sounding in still memory
but dead, and learning is dead.

An outside wall,
a delicate decorative wall,
with false and arched deepset windows.

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Ararat / Walnuts