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- Grade: 12th
- School: Petoskey High School

Falling Deeply Into America - Խորապես ընկնելով Ամերիկա

Your words in my mouth flattened my tongue and stained like coins that rusted onto my gums in
Their metallic twang

And then when finally I could choke them back their sliced fragments echoed the dicing of dimes
That I heard ch-chang every time we'd cross a road in Midtown,

Your purple-flowered pinned purse clutched beneath the Goodwill flannel and
Even tighter your right hand clutching mine

Saying what I couldn't and probably wouldn't say

Whispering back

Putting the honks and the screams and the city scum to sedated slumber

Whispering back from the receding yew you

Embroidered on Papik's work socks

The same whispering back Noah heard from high on Ararat

As voch'kharner welcomed him, grazing,

The same whispering you heard your own tatik

Soothe over you

Like a halo you were crowned

Gleaming still in those lonely nights huddled in hiding basements damp

The same whispering I stuttered into

Ch-Chang-ing coins that clatter still

While your right hand clutches mine still

Խորապես ընկնելով Ամերիկա

I know I never paid much attention to you while you were around,

But at eight years old

When school resumed in early January

And Kate Jacob and Charlie all rambled

On of new shoes and dolls and stuffed bears
I only could mentioned how you always prayed with your hands facing down
As if somehow the cracks in your hands aligned with mine
And said what our mouths couldn't
In our gnarled embrace all down that road in Midtown
And I just knew you knew of a time
Vacant of God
A plane vacant of God
Where the winded sand whipped before settling on the bodies
That heaped into
The slabs where shadows once stood
That heaped into
Bodies of little ant hills rolling on the plane
Vacant of God
And I just knew you knew of a time
Where you'd sit by a window silly
And think if you held your hands up just high enough
Those cracks could ride onto the corner of the
Sky with you and expand
Like the silhouette of a t'rrch'un on the horizon,
With wings wide enough to withstand you and Tatik, Papik, Mayrik, Hayrik, Anahid, and Arax
And feathers to fix all your fears with their float
And soft songs to steady you from the sights
Of lonely nights huddled in hiding basements damp.
If I had turned to you on Midtown
If I had braced through the metallic twang of words that
Flattened my tongue and stained like coins that rusted onto my gums
Or if my own cracks in my own hands
In our gnarled embrace

Could repeat the same

Whispering back

The same whispering back Noah heard from high on Ararat

As voch'kharner welcomed him, grazing,

I would whisper back to you

Like the secluded halo you were crowned

And ask you

If one graveyard is better than the other.

Խորապես ընկնել ով Ամերիկա

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