

Poetry Series

Anahit Arustamyan
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Anahit Arustamyan(21.05.1963)

I was born in Armenia, Yerevan city in 1963. After finishing high school I started my studies at Yerevan Engineering University. I graduated from the university in 1985. I was so much interested in creative writing that I focused all my attention on it. I have been creating poems since then. I am an author too. My prose poems have been published in some poetry anthologies

A Cello Can't Be Burned

A CELLO CAN'T BE BURNED

A cello can't be burned.

Its whisper may burst
like a cloud whose eyes pour rain.

Dance the cloud as life
may gain nothing to stay.

Dance the cello as love is a coming day.

Any age without love goes to its end.

Do dance to wake up again.

This cloud's rain is nothing
for sleeping shells.

A cello can't be burned.

A page ripped from life

Can be cello's nerve.

Drop your breath in the cello's chest.

Do dance love on life's slippery steps.

Life without love is a ripped page.

Though a cello is made of wood it can't be burned.

Anahit Arustamyan

A Nude Spine

A NUDE SPINE

I keep my window open for a rainbow's eyes. The rainbow is too high to notice my ride. There is always a sad rhyme on any autumn's tongue. Any miracle is invented to be a short line. Nothing has been invented to capture a puddle to wipe. No autumn is ever sudden as an old year has to slide. O, miracle, you are a fable invented to be bright! A nude foot may seek a shoe in a buried pile. A root is nude or nothing without its flower's smile. A rainbow whispers something but its voice gets lost in the sky. O, miracle! Will you capture me or are you a bit shy? O, rainbow! Will you be my smashed lamp's glass? I seem to have heard so many autumns' rhymes. Will a shirt be a bandage for a nude spine?

Anahit Arustamyan

A Poet And A Poem

A POET AND A POEM

How long would a poem flit across a poet's lips? Tongues! You are never tired of climbing up the hills. Hearts! Are you really flirting in a drip of ink? Times! Your carriages are never tired of running to blink. Would a poet find a blanket made of silk? Bitter beer wouldn't be as sweet as milk. Poet! Who knows what you drink. I might sleep not to rise in one morning's I be a poem recited by a rustling leaf? Who knows how poems stretch a poet's skin. What does a poem drink to climb up the hills? A poet is a poem but who knows this.

Anahit Arustamyan

Ah, Silver Sea!

AH, SILVER SEA!

Silver sea! You intoxicated me.

You intoxicated me like the wine as red as ruby.

I don't have Shakespeare's tongue to praise your beauty.

I haven't seen you even in my night dreams.

However my lover touches your foamy knees.

Ah, boundaries! You can't break my wealthy fantasy.

Ah, boundaries! You can laugh at my lonely misery.

Silver sea! My lover hears you and your gulls' symphony.

Ah, silver sea! I touch him in the notes of my heart's rhapsody.

Anahit Arustamyan

Airport

AIRPORT!

Airport! You never keep your door locked. Your iron birds know where to go. I am in my haste with something dropped. No, I don't have a ticket, that's why I am shocked. I am in a hurry but I don't know where to go. I wish I had wings to join a flock. Airport! I am a beggar for another hour in another clock. Airport! I am still waiting like a wrinkled log. Airport! Is there any fog?

Anahit Arustamyan

Album

ALBUM

Are my whispers heard in the autumn rain?
A crane flew but I thought it was a plane.
I ran after it to reach your place.
I grow older and my eyes get pale.
I failed to distinguish the crane from the plane.
I grow older being the Earth's guest.
I am in the album on your top shelf.
The rain washes your window's face.
We grow older being so far again.
I am still the prisoner of my wooden chair.
Could the autumn winds be wings or sails?
The cheery wine was sweet on our wedding day.

Anahit Arustamyan

Barefooted Waterfall

BAREFOOTED WATERFALL

Barefooted waterfall! You never get tired. The stones aren't nails to prick a giant. Barefooted waterfall! You are never silent. Have you danced your waltz with your lover? Your curly hair teases its color. Being down or up, you are a climber. Jump or even run faster and faster! You can't steal a minute from its time's fire. A minute and a butterfly is a mystic pilot. Something is hidden behind a cover. Something is hidden inside time's jumper. No stone has a tongue to give an answer. You run barefooted farther and farther.

Anahit Arustamyan

Below The Sky

BELOW THE SKY

This unopened envelope is the folder of the starry sky. Let me look at it with my open eyes! Below the sky there is a tulip which may smile. Below the sky there is a warm drip which may die. Nothing might be everything in any starry night. Everything might be nothing in any chewing gum. Let me look at the tulip with my sleepy eyes! Let me look at the warm drip before the winter's ice! Let me chew nothing with my morning's mouth! This unopened envelope has something to hide. There might be those eyes slid in a starless night.

Anahit Arustamyan

Birds Probably Know

BIRDS PROBABLY KNOW

Don't worry, my darling!

I will fly to you with a mild breeze.

The breeze will raise me with its transparent wings.

Don't worry, my darling!

Just try to believe!

A bird may guide me all over the seas.

Planes fly through the sky without me.

They probably know that I don't exist.

I can appear in your night dreams.

My eyes will shine through the moon beams.

Don't worry, my darling!

Just try to believe!

Birds probably know that I exist.

Anahit Arustamyan

Bonjour My Sister!

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND FRANCINE
BONJOUR MY SISTER!

Bonjour my sister! You are in my heart. Recall your Paris which is also mine! I haven't been there but I see its shine. You are in London in the silver light. Its castles can speak in Great Byron's tongue. I am somewhere, you can't catch my sight. The Earth is round to spin day and night. You fill your inkpot with your soul's smile. Your inkpot is full as you need to write. The lake which you love is both yours and mine. It hears your voice flying to its side. "I love you! Je t' aime! Blue-haired divine"!

Anahit Arustamyan

By Thousands Of Miles

BY THOUSANDS OF MILES

Some yellow light is drizzling from the lips of these vivid bulbs. The city seems to be a selfish castle in the arms of the night. I seem to be a shadow in this lavish sight. The blue light is dripping straight into my heart. Your eyes are hidden by thousands of miles. Do you keep the oceans inside your blue eyes? The blue light is jumping like a nimble child. The bulbs are speechless in their yellow smile. I am a shadow beneath the moon's eyes. The night is a fortress lit by these gleaming stars. A distant siren seems to be my guide. Isn't this siren a singing ocean's shine? I can read your scripts in the ocean's eyes though they are hidden by thousands of miles.

Anahit Arustamyan

Clown Girl!

CLOWN GIRL!

Hello, clown girl! What is sketched on your painted face?

There's some air in the balloon which is in your hand.

No, your destiny won't be a script but a wrinkle on your forehead.

King Lear cried but his crown didn't help.

The air patting the globe hasn't changed its shape.

Do laugh, clown girl, as a comedy may be a gone page!

Do cry, clown girl, as a tragedy can scratch its old stage!

O, this round stage! It still keeps your mystic dance.

Talk to the stage as quickly as you can!

Your time is limited as the air in the balloon in your hand.

Anahit Arustamyan

Daddy!

DADDY!

There are plenty of flowers in May.

Daddy! Which ones should I take to your grave?

There are some poppies in my hand.

Why are they painted red?

They have been scarlet since the bodies bled.

That war ended on the last century's chest.

Each century makes a fire on its own face.

Daddy! You were a student learning the history of your land.

You became a soldier as the war burned your writing desk.

Many years have passed but we memorize the ninth of May.

Another century has ridden its sledge.

A coming century will sweep my grave.

Isn't the poppy the soil's scarlet nerve?

Anahit Arustamyan

Dear Prince!

DEAR PRINCE!

'To be or not to be'!

This question is in my mind, dear Prince!

The earthly truth is sometimes on a lie's knee.

Hamlet! Shakespeare's ink gave you life in the Earth's reality.

Who can count all the teeth chewing honesty?

Those teeth were the nails in Jesus's body.

A lie's teeth can still chew the truth's tongue, dear Prince!

The thorns pricking you can still pierce.

That's why you asked yourself to be or not to be!

To be, of course to be with the nature's melody!

The stars are even older than their immortal mystery!

The sky's eyes are the guards of your nobility.

Hamlet! You were invented to be!

The earthly truth is this, dear Prince!

Anahit Arustamyan

Dedicated To My Poet Friend David

DEDICATED TO MY POET FRIEND DAVID

Look through the sky's blue silk! Your friends are reading your scripts. They are pearls and diamonds floating in your ink. You left the noisy Earth to rest in peace. Coming centuries will keep your words to make the pages sing. It was early to leave. Didn't you know that your wife and children would weep? The Earth's philosophy has always been in something deep? Many philosophers will dig its bottom until their peaceful sleep. You probably read this message from me. Do you give your voice to the sunlit streets? Your voice is heard in your wise ink. Poets come and go painting their dreams pink.

Anahit Arustamyan

Do Sing Your Song To Me!

DO SING YOUR SONG TO ME!

Do sing your song to me! My eyes are in your pockets but my eyelids are on the cliff's knee. Many sparkles spring inside the sockets to flee. I filled my bucket but the water failed to make even a cup of tea. Do sing your song to me! My eyes are in your pockets and they want to see. My stockings will probably touch a haunted sea. A bee leaves its honey. Who sings a song to a bee? I know, my darling, nobody would give me my childhood's key. All this fable is a ripped pocket in which I am a pea. This honey is also a fable for its spellbound bee.

Anahit Arustamyan

Do Tell Liverpool!

DO TELL LIVERPOOL!

My fantasies are reaching Albert Dock. I am a sailing boat. I am my country's stork. My fantasies have nailed my sail over my silent waves are silver necklaces in the Irish Sea's folk. My dear, you have waited for me long. Look! Your heart's rose is a boat reaching a seaport. Am I in Matthew Street where you usually walk? My dear! Do light my road with your hand torch! I am no longer a lady but a sailing boat's song. My dear! Do tell Liverpool to welcome this Armenian stork! I am no longer a lady but white foam. My dear! Do tell Liverpool you haven't found me at the door of Albert Dock. The Irish Sea is silver like a magic comb. Do ask Liverpool if it sighted a stork on the seashore! My dear, my fantasies haven't found the key to life's mystic lock.

Anahit Arustamyan

Do You Know?

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know you healed my broken knees?
I am no longer lame as I used to be.
Even a street bulb whispers to me.
A night disappears seeing the sun's glimpse.
You are my day light in the world's rhythms.
Do you know you healed my eyes with your warm lips?
I am no longer blind with wrinkled eyelids.
My dreams got thin as I didn't find anything for them to feed.
A wind used to lose its way to my mill.
Did you heal even the wind?
You sailed from the land where Byron lived.
Do you know you brought me such magic remedies?
My dreams will never break their promise.
They are no longer hungry as they used to be.

Anahit Arustamyan

Don't Attempt!

DON'T ATTEMPT!

Wine! You attempt to intoxicate realities in vain.

However they are sober inside their trains.

Wine! Do recognize me in my pomegranate dress!

The pomegranate seeds are chasing my rains.

I am a picture on a white page.

Only a true love's force can change my address.

Wine! An intoxicated brain can be sober again.

An intoxicated heart is a wandering sail.

Realities! Do you recognize me in my pomegranate dress?

Oh, no, this dress is not newly made.

It may be exactly of the world's age.

Realities! Don't attempt to taste my pomegranate dress!

It gives me its wine to intoxicate.

Anahit Arustamyan

Don't Be Amazed!

DON'T BE AMAZED!

Do you see a little bird flown to you in a windy day? It's a canary left its bench. It flew miles patting the sky's face. Are you amazed at its soft wings painted by a nude haze? No, its tiny beak hasn't dropped the songs anywhere. Do you listen to them in a dripping rain? The sun's mirror can be a sea or a lake. The bird doesn't have a mirror to look at its craze. Don't be amazed! It covered miles but it didn't drop its lyre on the long way. Don't be amazed! The bird didn't drop a single song saved for you in its haste.

Anahit Arustamyan

Don't Be Jealous!

DON'T BE JEALOUS!

Ah, human being!

You may knock on a door which is locked.

Do you think your boat is a key to a lock?

Do you think every door has a key hole?

Your knees might touch only a sea stone.

Don't be jealous of a sea gull above the highest rock!

If only you were haunted to be a sea gull on a sea shore!

If only you were a free bird, you wouldn't cry in the world's fog.

Don't be jealous of a sea gull in its white clothes!

No sea ever steals its hope.

Ah, human being!

Your footsteps might be on a short slope.

Don't be jealous of a sea gull whose wings are long.

Anahit Arustamyan

Earth!

EARTH!

Earth! Do send your map to my head's mist!

Bind my paths to your remote streets!

I will walk, talk and get some strings to knit.

My knees may hurt so I will probably slip.

I will fall and rise to my feet.

I will talk and talk before my heavenly sleep.

Ah, Earth! Do bind my paths to your remote seas!

I might be unborn for my next trips.

I was just born on this time's lips.

I will beg a plane to give me its wings.

Ah, plane! Let me fly away from my head's mist!

Could a flying seat be the best street?

Earth! I was born to read your saga's scripts.

Neither born nor unborn learns what life is.

Anahit Arustamyan

Fantasies!

FANTASIES!

Fantasies! Jump over my realities to win! Do I mean a swan without a sin? I just mean my voice becoming thin. Fantasies! Embrace me to spin! Your rug is thicker than my pale skin. Fantasies! Look at the soil giving a green bean! Somebody is my kind dolphin. Nobody has healed my sick fin. Fantasies! Do help me to swim! Fantasies! Jump over my realities to win!

Anahit Arustamyan

From West To East

FROM WEST TO EAST

This purple sky says something to me. From West to East you have built a bridge. You say it's not a mirage sailing through the sea. I say it's a rainbow on the sky's knee. You say it's not another mirage of a ghost tree. I say today's sky says something to me. Yesterday's mirage jumped to flee. You say do hear my steps from West to East! I say if your silver sea is my fantasy. You say it's not a mirage riding to flee.

Anahit Arustamyan

Gentleman!

GENTLEMAN!

We didn't wake up late. We won't skip the dawn kissing a field's jade. Love must not be afraid of a gloomy shade. How transparent is the love's lace? How pale is the shade's face? I see you sitting by the fireplace. My eyes are travelling to find your glance. Gentleman! I think I am a tiny snowflake. Gentleman! You think I am a shiny lake. The dawn is kissing the geese to wake. The geese are creating their mystic tale. Your cigar is lit like your fireplace. The dawn is here to open my gate. Gentleman! How far is your land from my trace? Have you ever bet on a horse race? Gentleman! The dawn is here with love's face. The dawn is kissing an unwritten page.

Anahit Arustamyan

Ghost!

GHOST!

Ghost! Where do you come from? Why do you make me kiss this unknown foam?
Look! A bird's nest is like a high dome. If you weren't a ghost, I would build my
home. If you weren't a ghost, I wouldn't be lone. Ghost! I can't make the moon
talk. I fell in love with the moon to walk. Ghost! Do remind me what shone!
When I got mad you were born. Ghost! The sun burned my skin so take me
somewhere cold! I should roam from East to West and from South to is the
guest and who is the host? I know a crystal castle smiles at any frost. Oh, yes, I
am also a ghost.

Anahit Arustamyan

Give Me Your Hand!

GIVE ME YOUR HAND!

My dear I exist somewhere. I am not alive and I am not dead. I still see a crown on a mountain's head. This crown is white like a slid age. I am not alive in an ancient cave. No, I am not dead on my time's wave. I am a queen in your fairy tale. I also agree to be my pen's slave. A stone is a roof on a deep grave. Something around is mad and strange. Something around is even sage. The sea is moving to kiss its shore's sand. My dear I exist, give me your hand!

Anahit Arustamyan

Goddess Anahit!

GODDESS ANAHIT!

We may meet, Goddess Anahit! You gave me your name and your ancient myth. There's a bench where I can sit. There's a branch where a bird can sing. I wonder if you gave me your perfume made from mint. Do the stars stretch their knees not to slip? You didn't smoke but I do, Goddess Anahit! However the ashes are the same in time's messages. Who knows whose beauty shone in the ancient fortresses? You are still a statue in time's voyages. Who am I in my old and new bandages? We have the same name in time's images. Do the stars meet their myth Goddesses?

Anahit Arustamyan

Happy Birthday To You!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

Happy birthday to you, every newborn day! Wait for a butterfly! It has something to say. I know your minutes will be in their haste. Happy birthday to you, every golden ray! Will a locked door let you in to stay? You know which key may be made of clay. What is this silver key forged in my brain? Hello, emerald bud! Happy birthday! Wait for a butterfly born to breathe during one day! See you soon, tender snowflake! You will let a snowdrop take your white face. There is something which lays nothingness on a puzzled glance. What makes these waves dance on their sapphire lake? The air wings draw their own way. Hello, air wings! You were born to play! Hello, my silver key! Have you shone like a golden ray? Happy birthday to you, every newborn day! Do wait for me! I have something to say.

Anahit Arustamyan

Haunted Wood!

HAUNTED WOOD!

Who are we in the haunted wood? Should we give this question to the moon? Our dreams talk in an unlocked room. Time's streams flow in a phantom mood. Haunting Moon! What is bad or good? Our dreams being seagulls will find their food. The branches of the trees may be dressed or nude. Who sets a fire to burn a wind's broom? Time's streams flow over this written book. What is still floating in a haunted brook? Its water may jump to capture a boot. Haunted wood! Our dreams are dancing on your green hood.

Anahit Arustamyan

Hello Airplanes!

HELLO AIRPLANES!

Hello airplanes!

Do keep your ears in my words of praise!

The best world is a chair in a plane.

The best world is the air in the childhood's fairy tale.

Who can guess why I sketched my plane ticket in my pen?

The best world is something without any name.

Love might find its game in a heart's flame.

Time never sleeps in small or large beds.

Hello airplanes!

Don't you like me or are you fed up with my chase?

Do knit my roads with your speedy hands!

Anahit Arustamyan

How Far Is Your Land?

HOW FAR IS YOUR LAND?

How far is your land? I am a crystal piece in the stony sand. This dawn dew may blink in my hand. What music is played by my time's band? I measured the miles in my weary brain. My voice may tremble in the sound of rain. How far is your land? My voyage has started in my soul's tent. I don't know what my time will send. Its message may have a mystery's stamp. How many words should I spend? I don't know if they will paint a stain or a coming rain. I will measure the miles again. The dawn dew will be a transparent lamp. I shaped my apron to be like a sail. My voyage has started in my time's net. How far is your land?

Anahit Arustamyan

I Am Packing My Suitcase

I AM PACKING MY SUITCASE

I wonder if many rains appear to flood the sidewalks by these clouds' spit. I wonder if my memories rise to capture these rains to flirt. I am packing my suitcase for a journey to breathe in some mist. I wonder why these rains flood the sidewalks moving my feet. These rains compose their rhapsody to capture my path in a street. I am packing my suitcase for a journey to catch my memories to greet. I am packing my eyes with a few old pictures to chase them to meet. Rains appear and disappear because they don't have a seat. I am packing my suitcase for a journey with the sound of my feet.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Asked A Monk

I ASKED A MONK

I asked a monk if I was a cloud of smoke. The monk heard my cough caused by cold. In the world there might be something wrong. I can't guess the world's puzzle which is old. I don't have a key to my century's lock. In the world there might be something strong. The strongest drug is a rainbow's talk. A log was a willow in someone's song. In the world there is something short. Never think that my cough must be long! There will be another monk. There will be another cough or another song.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Can Guess

I CAN GUESS

Some tobacco, a tobacconist and a bench under a lonely tree! Tobacco! Why are you faithful to me? Your smoke reminds me of vain dreams. I am blending gray and pink. What color would it be? I am mortal and you know this. For what is this bench in the arms of breeze? One sits before being asleep. No-one is older than a wrinkled cliff. A tiny ant and a golden bee! A gold ring or a lost key! Oh, tobacco! Do you distinguish their myths? Someone is here to speak. Someone is here to think. Someone is thirsty but there's nothing to drink. Oh, tobacco! Do you distinguish their lips? I can guess why you are faithful to me.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Don'T Know

I DON'T KNOW

I asked a nurse whose prayers were heard in the ward. I didn't know that the trees had blossomed in the yard. I had taken the curtain for a blank post card. I wanted to place your miles on my palm. I wanted to place the stars in a bulb. The nurse was both kind and calm. I still keep her words in my mind. She told me looking into my eyes. 'Who knows in the ward what can be in the yard'. I still place my minds in each velvet bud. My hospital's curtain was a blank post card. I have placed the butterflies in my heart. I don't know what will be in the yard.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Thank Destiny

I THANK DESTINY

Do I remember meeting a fortuneteller or a prophet?
The drift of my thoughts down the river floats with its bell.
What is going back?
What's rushing ahead?
The stars first met me when I was neither born nor I was dead.
I didn't find you before my birth or after my death.
Neither a prophet nor a fortuneteller had ever foreseen that an albatross would
fly you to me from your distant land.
A thousand of stars roaming in the sky all got together to foretell.
A hundred of nightingales are now together to let us hear their soprano's band.
Did we know that one jeweler had already made our wedding rings before we
met?
I thank destiny for the albatross which brought you to my life's deck.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Took Off My Mask

I TOOK OFF MY MASK

I took off my mask to wait for the breeze to bring your smile. Did I know my naked face would meet your eyes? I took off my mask to greet the seagulls which may have seen your sailing yacht. I begged the waves to sit on my knees though they could day my face with its mask or without it wouldn't a lit candle or a quenched one I would die. I took off my mask because it was a paper kite. Any mask knows how to laugh or cry. Any feet know how to slide. Do greet the seagulls flying to your side! Who knows what they tell the breeze before they fly.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Wander

I WANDER

You pledged me to come with a green-eyed spring. I wonder if the spring's cart will stop next to me. The streets are the feathers of this winter sleet. I wonder if my way is a broken knee. I wonder if your lips have ever kissed a sweet fig. I wander to stretch my violin's string. I wander in my minds like a willow tree. I wander to look for your lost ring. Will I find your ring inside my knee's sling? I wander to look for the next spring. I wonder what my mirage may dig. I wander to see if the canyon is big. I wander to cling to the white feathers to sing. I wonder if this air's broom will sweep any fig.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Was Born To Hear Your Bell

I WAS BORN TO HEAR YOUR BELL

Clock! What do you measure? Are they a book's pages read or unread? Can a book remain on the same shelf? I have something to say to my own self. Nothing is stronger than your magic bell. I was born in a bird's nest. I was born in a seashell. I was born somewhere to hear my steps. Clock! You invent both stories and legends to tell. Clock! Your legs are longer than a mountain's neck. Clock! Your palms are wider than all writing desks. So many books have been left. Clock! How many pages have you read? My path is shorter than your fingernail. Can a book remain on the same shelf? Clock! I was born to hear your bell.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Was Reborn

I WAS REBORN

I didn't know I could be reborn.

I was a phantom.

I was a breathing ghost.

Which miracle changed me for a stork?

I will fly to your land through my life's fog.

You may ask me what I lost.

It was a roof taken by frost.

No, I don't want a mask any more.

The mask found me as I was a ghost.

My dear, this miracle lets me boast.

I can tell you I was reborn.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Will Believe Because I Live

I WILL BELIEVE BECAUSE I LIVE

You invented this legend to let me believe. I will believe because I live. My misery is lame with its broken knee. Can it jump to sit on a miracle's sleeve? Your invented legend will smile at me. A miracle isn't lame so it can flee. Any miracle is a golden bee. It kisses a plant which tastes sweet. Any misery is a worn out sheet. Can your legend hide me in a miracle's pleat? Your invented legend is my fir tree. My misery is nothing but my broken knee. I sleep to meet you at least in my dream. I rise with the sun in my ages' stream.

Anahit Arustamyan

I Write To You

I WRITE TO YOU

Valentine! Do read my message! Do get a lit bulb! Do undress my words in the bright sunshine! A mild rain may drip into my ink to bathe each blue line. Valentine! Where have you been all this time? My solitude found you in a mystic club. You have been a ghost since the knights left the lands to become stars. I can show my candlelight to a lot of cars. They used to be horses with their hidden scars. I will keep my candle in my cracked tub. A miracle might be born in a green bud. I always write to you to disturb. I believe in the miracles which might wander in a mystic pub. I always write to you to disturb. I wonder if you get my messages on time or these rains capture them to scrub. I will write to you and my heart will chime.

Anahit Arustamyan

If I Have Arrived

IF I HAVE ARRIVED

The air traffic has become the sky's pulse.

Should I be jealous of the passengers travelling far?

I am without a suitcase, barefooted but calm.

My aircraft flies through your blue eyes' sky.

It covers distances as fast as invisible seconds through time's miles.

Ask me, my darling, if I have arrived.

I bow my head before the statue of Victoria Queen to open my heart.

Your Majesty, another century brought me to your land from afar.

My darling's blue eyes hold a cloudless sky.

I was in the sky where no aircrafts flew faster than mine.

I whisper to her putting my burst heart on her tender palm.

Your Majesty, let me stay here, in this harbour's light.

My darling, ask me if I have arrived.

Anahit Arustamyan

If My Key Opened Your Door

IF MY KEY OPENED YOUR DOOR

This restless wind wanted me to be homeless. My tongue plays with these springing words but my shadow is speechless. Only this clock has talked to so many years as its brain is sleepless. I collided with my broken window and ripped my skin as I was careless. Who am I in this wind's madness? This broken window would invite the wind and my shadow's sadness. If I wasn't a spirit I would plant a tree whose leaves would knit my happiness. I would love the sun to be your umbrella as most rains bring darkness. If I wasn't a spirit my love wouldn't be helpless. I would love my key to open your door as my love is endless. The wind swept my door as it suffered from blindness. If my key opened your door my nights wouldn't be starless.

Anahit Arustamyan

Illegal Immigrant

ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT

Illegal immigrant! What have you left behind? Has a swallow flown making you follow its flight? Everywhere the sun rises to spin with time. Your time is in your suitcase keeping you inside. You are an orphan but your road is wide. Did you kiss your rivers to whisper goodbye? Illegal immigrant! Your passport is a souvenir on another side. Your suitcase carries your clothes and that swallow's flight. Did you tell the airport where to drop your heart? Illegal immigrant! Your road is your river and your only guide.

Anahit Arustamyan

In Deep Purple Dreams

IN DEEP PURPLE DREAMS

I wish I was a flower in a newborn spring. Would you like me to be a daisy with pearl lips? Would you like me to be a poppy with ruby cheeks? I would rather be a violet in deep purple dreams. My darling, I probably know one thing. My white tablets wouldn't turn into mint. The Earth and the sun being afar can flirt. Do they know what a violet may hint? It may kiss its purple dreams in a newborn spring. Am I a violet growing in a street? All these hours are travellers veiled by mist. Don't worry, my darling! We still have enough time to sing.

Anahit Arustamyan

In Heaven Or In Hell

IN HEAVEN OR IN HELL

My heart will ring like a bell in heaven or in hell. I don't know what I did wrong forced by a magic spell. Ask a dead who planted a flower to smell! The dead may recall it crying with some exploded hail. Ask a second where all these ages fell! It will laugh at you raising its transparent sail. My heart will sound even in the grip of hell. Are you here with your saga to tell? I am a water drip leaking on this road's veil.

Anahit Arustamyan

In My Time's Portion

IN MY TIME'S PORTION

Philosophy is a source in a deep bottom. The more you dig it the more it hides its blossom. I have dug my heart for a rose smiling at some white cotton. This rose isn't mine as my ages rush to their corner. This cotton isn't mine as my ages prefer their motion. Death is said to be a monster. Death can't peel philosophy's folder. My ages rush to their corner. They have written something on my life's poster. I still force my heart to give me its blossom. My heart is my love's slave in my time's portion.

Anahit Arustamyan

Intoxicated Moon

INTOXICATED MOON

Intoxicated moon! What do your yellow eyes catch?
One bulb may find light for its glass shell.
Another bulb may quench.
One leaf is still on a branch.
Another leaf may fall on a bench.
Owls are punished for being sage.
Moon! Do you heal their blindness with your nights' hands?
One mask will leave its theater's stage.
Another mask might turn to a face.
Moon! One wolf may howl at you in its craze.
Another wolf will run along its woods' paths.
Moon! When curly clouds hide themselves
You get intoxicated to intoxicate.

Anahit Arustamyan

It's A Gift

IT'S A GIFT

It's a gift that my dreams aren't dead. Their hot lips are still kissing my sunset. Don't blame me for being mad! This roaming breeze hasn't left my head. It's a gift that your mail is my nest. It's a gift that I'm still alert. Self deception is a pillow on a bed. It's so soft like a silky hat. Who are you in this world's net? Who am I in my heart's hand? Don't blame me for being mad! It's a gift that my dreams aren't dead.

Anahit Arustamyan

It's A Waste Of Time

IT'S A WASTE OF TIME

Don't hesitate! It's a waste of time. The waves have risen to run. Unlike me they are not shy. They are impatient below the sky. My pulse is jumping up. Do pour some coffee into my cup! My throat seems to be dry. I have a few rhymes to recite. The song we didn't sing was fine. The wine we didn't drink was nice. That tango we didn't dance was divine. We hesitated and it was a waste of time. We might regret for something gone. This regret is also a waste of time. I should ask these ages if they are mine. They are jumping up to capture their line. Don't hesitate! This wine is full of shine. Don't hesitate as it's a waste of time!

Anahit Arustamyan

It's Early To Sleep

IT'S EARLY TO SLEEP

It's early to sleep but it's late to ski. A single footprint is some sliding mist. Do you think its fable may cheat? Be quick! My sunset is about to sit. Do take its purple as a gift. A single footprint is nothing on the deck of this giant ship. It's early to sleep. The seas and the sky are about to flirt. Don't skip their skit. The waves are twisting for the shells to shift. This purple light is a lipstick seeking my lips. Be quick! It's early to sleep. A footprint and sunset are about to peep.

Anahit Arustamyan

Life's Space

LIFE'S SPACE

Life's space is an open cage. It allows any bird to fly away. No matter a bird is free or sage. No matter a bird is in its love's craze. Each skin covers some pins on a nerve. This cage covers something in its maze. From sunrise to sunset there's a twisting ray. Its tail is bound to a leaving day. Someone is nude in a rainy lake. Something is blue on a palette's face. This unlocked cage is life's space. It gives a bird some grain to stay. It allows a bird to fly away. A bird's flight takes a second from the universe. This cage never loses its ironical sense.

Anahit Arustamyan

Life's Traffic

LIFE'S TRAFFIC

We are together as our fairy tale is magic. We wander with seasons in life's traffic. We are small wheels spinning and running. Life tells the same tale with lots of changes. How long has it told the same fairy tale to its traffic? How long have we lived with something mystic? All dreams come and go blinking. They may pat and kiss something. Their fingers pick up nothing. They walk to meet us smiling. Wisdom talks to this traffic. Madness drives through it laughing. We are small wheels in life's traffic. All dreams have mystic bodies. Rainbows remind of bridges. Are they made from vivid fabric? Our dreams step on their stripes slipping. We run through life's traffic talking. Seasons paint their canvases while sailing.

Anahit Arustamyan

Mermaid

MERMAID

Your ignited eyes float under the sea waves.

The spell still chases your paths.

Now you are out of the seas' caves.

O, don't try to hide your fins as the spell hasn't gone yet.

Time fights against you and wins every day.

When the sea and the sky are in craze, they will tear your hands on the mad waves.

Your hands will turn into fins again.

The sea and the sky may flirt or play.

Dive deeper to know what you were.

Fly higher to be with your dreams' tales.

Mermaid! Don't hurry to go back.

Your ignited eyes see both seas and lands.

When the sun sets, you won't be a lady but a fish in the sea's depth.

Anahit Arustamyan

Merry-Go-Round

MERRY-GO-ROUND

A merry-go-round in a park may still think of me to be a child.
I wonder which innocent mirth is still in its mind.
Merry-go-round, dance with me through this blessed sunlight!
The years of my past are flown flocks being fed with crumbs.
Merry-go-round, you can speed your shoulders like the winds in flight!
I am still with you but don't understand at what you can laugh.
Merry-go-round, spin my head by taking my infancy up!
The world's misery is down and something around is blind.
The world's mystery is uncovered and I don't understand your delight.
The world's misery is something inside the black gloves of a night.
Merry-go-round, keep my innocent years in your mind!
I wonder if you know I still want to be a child.

Anahit Arustamyan

Mirages!

MIRAGES!

Mirages! You are rushing to join my voyages. Do you smell the perfume of the lilac trees in the sunny villages? Mirages! Any passenger is a rider through the memories. Mirages! I should ride along your phantom passages. Mirages! Bind my minds to your lilac cottages! Any passenger is a rider through your vain canvases. Mirages! Are you the very craft of my voyages? Mirages! Did the pirates steal any messages you had saved for my bandages? Mirages! You are rushing to be the faces of my memories. You are sketching the traces of my voyages.

Anahit Arustamyan

Mirrors And Shards

MIRRORS AND SHARDS

Mirrors! Your crystal walls capture faces.
How long have they been chasing me or someone else?
Reflection is something like a glass of wine.
An embroidered glass thinks of the red wine to be its hot blood.
The glass falls on the floor and spills the wine on its broken spine.
Mirrors! Your reflection is something like ages in a horse cart.
The horse leads all ages to space to light them in the stars' eyes.
Mirrors! Your glass is a manuscript but it lets its scripts disappear.
You may reflect someone's eyelashes with diamond tears.
You picture someone's silky cheeks with pink roses and white lilies.
Mirrors, don't boast! You reflect something which is near.
Don't boast! Your crystal walls capture nothing gone from here.
An old woman may get mad and break you to pieces.
Your shards will fall on the floor with her deep wrinkles.
Mirror images! I dare to ask you if you are real.
The broken glass was the crystal skin of the wine's red mirror.

Anahit Arustamyan

Modigliani!

MODIGLIANI!

I wasn't born in your century. I didn't meet you, Modigliani. Paris told you its starry story. Your colors became rainbows to smile at Montparnasse tenderly. Do rest peacefully, Modigliani! Your colors are alive in my century. You had neither gold nor money. Paris gifted you with its diamond beauty. You were poor, you were rich, Modigliani. Your life floated in gloomy poverty. Your brush floated heavenly. Paris intoxicated you magically. I see you next to me, Modigliani. Don't laugh at my words crazily! Something is the same thing in any century.

Anahit Arustamyan

Monologue

MONOLOGUE

A barefooted river runs without being stopped.
Its feet don't hurt by stepping the stones.
Ah, human being! Your skin may be torn by touching a thorn.
Do count the seconds which once shone!
Could you be sure if they were yours?
The stars in the sky are shiny and bold.
The sun's yellow crown isn't made of gold.
That's why its shine can never be cold.
The waves of the rivers are their own clothes.
Ah, human being! The pocket of your coat may have a large hole.
The bandage on your wound might be even old.
Do count the seconds which your ages dropped!
Ah, human being! You have lots of words in your vocal cord.

Anahit Arustamyan

Moon Flower

MOON FLOWER

You call me moon flower.

Yes, sir, the moon appears in my soul's shower.

There is a clock on a big tower.

It counts my steps with its power.

Yes, sir, the moon is the stars' follower.

What am I and what is a flower?

This question on a pale page is still in a drawer.

Anahit Arustamyan

Moonlight Sonata

MOONLIGHT SONATA

How are you there? Oh sorry I have forgotten you are nowhere. You are probably in my old piano or in my pink craze. My weary piano kisses my fingers to give them strength. Moonlight Sonata has already crept in to be my mate. Don't be jealous of the Moon haunting my glance! Don't be jealous of the piano mentioning the Moon's height! My piano kisses my fingers but my lips whisper your name. Do hear this sonata from your remote place! My address is this old piano on the Earth's face.

Anahit Arustamyan

Moonlit Night!

MOONLIT NIGHT

Moonlit night! The moon hardly cares for me or anyone.
However I look for myself in its pale smile.
Moonlit night! The moon never sits on my forehead to pat my eyes.
The world is a huge hotel for everyone.
Someone is in a shabby hut.
Another one walks on a velvet rug.
The world's illusions are bright or dull.
I have no wings but I let my words fly.
Will they find roads in the sky?
My two legs let me climb or fall.
Have philosophers learned what has been right?
Days and nights rise to ride.
The sky shows me its dark grey moustache.
Moonlit night! Do the world's illusions go to the sky?
The moon and the stars know much.
They don't talk to me as they are shy.

Anahit Arustamyan

Mother!

MOTHER!

Mother! Do sing me the lullaby you sang! My blue veins and the blue clouds would collide to clang. Mother! Your soft voice would be a warm blanket all over my cold bed. You are asleep so let me sing myself. I know I shouldn't disturb your rest. I still hear the church ringing its old bell. My ears miss the lullaby you sang. I know I shouldn't disturb your rest. Mother! I can't wrap my voice in a woolen rag. If you knew what smashed my wooden deck. Mother! I met a stranger who wasn't a ghost on his horseback. He promised to mend whatever I found cracked. Mother! His steps and my veins will collide to clang. Mother! Will this stranger appear again? My cold bed is floating in this melancholic rain.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Bench

My hospital's bed is empty. I am back again with a white bandage. My jade garden hasn't been planted. What color is my passage? The showers have already ended but my bench hasn't been painted. I am back to be a message but my only bench hasn't been mended. My hospital's bed is lonely. It used to touch my body. My bench doesn't feel my fatigue. My bench isn't used to my bandage.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Blue-Eyed Poet

MY BLUE-EYED POET

Do sketch my voyage, my blue-eyed poet!
Do sing my mirage in the autumn rain!
I can still hear the autumn's sonnet.
I seem to have packed my travelling bag.
The ship in my mirage is ready to sail.
I am still jealous of the flocks' free paths.
My mirage floats in my autumn days.
Do sing my voyage, my blue-eyed poet!
The autumn melody is a slow dance.
The rustling leaves are calling my name.
Do sing my voyage in the autumn rain!
The autumn's palette still paints my ways.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Crazy Heart

MY CRAZY HEART

No chest is a cage for a heart.

My crazy heart tries to leave its cave to fly.

Whose eyes do the clouds steal to cry?

Seas are either mad or calm.

My tongue still recites a puzzle rhyme.

Who can be on the world's patting palm?

The world's grip is a cage for my heart.

A closed road seems an iceberg to my eyes.

Will the world's hand sketch my roads on the miles?

My crazy heart tries to leave its cave to fly.

It's a migrant bird, free in the sky.

O, my darling, guide the bluebird to your side.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Darling, Thank You!

MY DARLING, THANK YOU!

My fantasies crept into my realities.

They probably called you for me.

The miles became even smaller than all tiny beads.

Can my heart be my carriage much faster than winds?

Look! I am even more patient than time's crazy speed.

My young ages melted on a clock's eyelid.

I have no sapphire to give me its beams.

You gave me your eyes through the sky and seas.

My darling, thank you for your precious gift!

Some emptiness used to chew me with its invisible teeth.

My realities used to dance with a forgotten myth.

My life never told me what I used to be.

Now my realities know you walk with me.

Look! These miles are tinier than the smallest beads.

Our hearts are carriages climbing up the hills.

I don't need any blue sapphire indeed.

Your eyes are as blue as all sunlit seas.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Fascinated Fantasy!

MY FASCINATED FANTASY!

My fascinated fantasy! Why are you breaking the ceiling? You think it may block the rainbow's way and the rainbow won't be able to come in. The clock is singing. How many times I have heard its old song! My fascinated fantasy! Aren't you a curly carving on the face of my morning? My evening is bouncing to reach a stork. The clock isn't speaking to a silent log. The rainbow will never come in. My fascinated fantasy! Why are you smashing the walls? The mountain will never walk in. My crazy fantasy! Do you hear my bell ringing? It's the right time for my miracle to slide in. Don't break the ceiling! Nothing may prevent my mirage from creeping in.

My fascinated fantasy! Why are you breaking the ceiling? You think it may block the rainbow's way and the rainbow won't be able to come in. The clock is singing. How many times I have heard its old song! My fascinated fantasy! Aren't you a curly carving on the face of my morning? My evening is bouncing to reach a stork. The clock isn't speaking to a silent log. The rainbow will never come in. My fascinated fantasy! Why are you smashing the walls? The mountain will never walk in. My crazy fantasy! Do you hear my bell ringing? It's the right time for my miracle to slide in. Don't break the ceiling! Nothing may prevent my mirage from creeping in.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Letter

MY LETTER

My letter is in a glass bottle thrown into the sea. I know the bottle will wander and sink. The bottom is too deaf to hear it. The bottom is too blind to read a script. This humble bottle is nothing in the wavy sea. The bottom doesn't know what it will meet. Something will be nothing or a dropped pea. What will my letter in this glass bottle sing? I don't know if a swimmer's fingers will touch it. I don't know where it will reach being lost in the sea. This humble bottle has just one glass knee. The salty water won't wash off the ink. The bottle will swim with my letter in it. I don't know when it will sink.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Love Poem Is For You

MY LOVE POEM IS FOR YOU

My love poem is for you. It was born on these countless stars' view. This spring has painted my soul's sky so blue. Your messages have a brush soaked in glue. They have glued my soul to you. My soul isn't a bird which once flew. My soul can be your shirt to let your skin touch its dew. In the world's manuscript my words seem to be few. Noah's ark didn't have even a single screw. I am my soul's ark in my time's shoe. I know a fairy tale can be old or new. One thing is true. My love poem is for you.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Mirage Rained

MY MIRAGE RAINED

Like a mad river my words are flowing somewhere. Unlike my fingers the river touches many lands. I am here but you are there. I haven't heard from you since my mirage rained. Like a mad river your fable is still awake. Forgive my imagination which gave you its breath! Forgive my temptation which didn't measure the river's length! If you hear me I am in the hospital's caring hands. My cotton pillow is an embroidered snowflake. My temptation failed to run after you as it was lame. My imagination still touches the mirage which rained.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Pillow!

MY PILLOW!

My pillow! What if you tumble! Would my nightmare be humble? My window! My street is nimble but no swept tree would jump in to sketch a jungle. My meadow! You never bustle. Would you blow my green bubble? My innocent snow! You are a winter's hustle. You make my fable double. My pillow! You hear my grumble. Could my heart cuddle the stones which I can't crumble? My pillow! What is my trouble? My pillow! I wish you were purple. Life hustles and bustles. Death may rest beneath some marble. My window spins with this giant castle. This castle's stretched ears never hear my grumble.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Shabby Fence

MY SHABBY FENCE

How could I smash the fence glued to my age? A yellow leaf on its yellow page might be sage. Who knows what to save? Who could break the legs of a rainy day? My eyes aren't infant buds to be amazed at this expected fence. Any yellow leaf used to be a green - eyed jade. What did the leaf save? Did it save the velvet mirage gone in haste? The more I love you the more I hate my shabby fence which makes me walk on the rusty nails to be lame. My sketched page reminds me of the leaf's yellow face. Your blue eyes seem to be a blissful lake. Could they break the fence glued to my age? Would they save my yellow page in their blue grace? My eyes are haunted by the mirage on a blue sledge. The more I love you the more I hate my rainy day. Could I believe this cold rain to be strange? The more I love you the more I wish to smash my shabby fence. What could I save? Could I save my blue mirage on my yellow page?

Anahit Arustamyan

My Time

MY TIME

My time! The universe keeps you as a bead around its neck. My feet still step on your slippery deck. I failed to taste your delicious snack. I am some spilt ink on your messy desk. My time! You have glued my tongue to your steamy track. Forgive me as I haven't learned anything yet! Your textbook doesn't have a paperback. My time! You probably noticed what sank.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Travelling Bag Is Packed!

MY TRAVELLING BAG IS PACKED!

Yes, sir, my travelling bag is packed!

Do you have a mountain water spring in your land?

Does it jump cheerfully getting mad?

No, my dear, you don't need to tell me what you have there!

When I get thirsty I can drink some drops of your land's rains.

Yes, sir, the water springs here can ring like crystal bells.

Let me blame my travelling bag!

Why does it have such a small space?

It will refuse to take my water springs' musical bands.

Yes, sir, my travelling bag is packed.

When I arrive I will be a rose in your hand.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Unmasked Dreams

MY UNMASKED DREAMS

Where are you going, my unmasked dreams? Are you ruby-eyed poppies or jade-eyed leaves? Why are you crying inside my mask's pleats? You are the singing fountains around a mystic inn. You are the mountains where I haven't been. Why are you laughing at my mask's lips? They probably kiss a waterfall's bliss. The fancy dress party is a silver mist. Whose mask is out? Whose mask is in? Where are you going, my unmasked dreams? You can't go away without me. You are impatient like a fountain. My mask is walking in the masked streets.

Anahit Arustamyan

My Waltz

MY WALTZ

I have forgotten the melody of my waltz. I haven't danced it for ages. The smoke is dancing around my lips leaving its ashes. The wind is whistling its own music and the rustling leaves are falling. I have forgotten my embroidered dress. I haven't worn it for ages. I am looking for something in the bleached pages. These pages are dancing with my cigarette ashes. The wind seems to be whistling for the trembling branches. I haven't danced that waltz for ages.

Anahit Arustamyan

Nostalgia

NOSTALGIA

Play your guitar and let the mild breeze sail on your head.
My musical instrument called duduk is far from your land.
Why are we still parted on the world's huge map?
Do tell your Liverpool about my duduk, my dear gentleman.
Our wedding was our love's bell in my ancient land.
Why are we still parted on the world's huge map?
Ages are loaded boats sailing to an unknown place.
These wine stains probably know the sagas of sweet grapes.
Play your guitar and its strings will kiss your fingers and hand.
My duduk knows my saga and it can never forget.

Anahit Arustamyan

O, World!

O, WORLD!

I am cryptic, yes.

I am like a ghost who lived but understood nothing.

I am alive and surprised at the world.

The world sees the beauty created by God.

However it cherishes lifeless gold.

O, world! Do love your daughter and son as they were born.

What is this metal for you with the face of the sun but cold?

Heaven doesn't need anyone's precious stones.

World! Open your roads from land to land to someone's love and songs.

A nightingale flies from place to place for its dream's rose.

Whose wings bounce over the clouds to a faraway dove?

World! Do love your eastern daughter and western son as they are both yours.

You cannot count the holes in the pockets as your eyes are blind from the shine of gold.

Open your roads from land to land to someone whose slippers are even torn.

O, world! You have always buried your heart in the chest of yellow coins.

I am cryptic, yes as I don't dare to say more.

Anahit Arustamyan

On My Life's Page

ON MY LIFE'S PAGE

What can I see, the road or my own passage? No worn out shoes are ever strange. A story becomes a legend on the last page. Who can remind me about a young leaf's jade? Love is always free even in a heart's cage. I don't know where I am going lost in my own haste. My fingers are touching my fence. I don't know why its face has become my sledge. Goodbye my land! I would love to place you in my small suitcase. There might be mountains somewhere else. They will remind me about my love longing for your glance. My worn out shoes may sketch a cloud on my life's page.

Anahit Arustamyan

Our Miles

OUR MILES

You are not in my bed lit by the moon's beams. You are in my poems erupting to stream. Our dreams kiss each other instead of our lips. Our miles hug each other in the air's mist. My dark eyes are lost in a noisy street. That's why I wait for a night to dream. I am engaged to a mountain breeze. Tomorrow my bed will miss even me. I am engaged to my own myth. Aren't you writing my soul's scripts? Life is dripping from the sky's eyelids but the sky's eyes may hide lots of things. Our dreams kiss each other seeking our lips. Our miles hug each other through millions of streets.

Anahit Arustamyan

Passer-By!

PASSER-BY

She is tender like a sparrow's feather. Passer-by! Do you see her life's vehicle?
Death is probably life's razor. She is dead or alive in her invented fable. Her
heart is a stage for a phantom dancer. Passer-by! What is true in a temporary
shelter? Passer-by! What is strange in this crowded spectacle? She may fall in
love with a stranger as her heart is a stage for a phantom sailor. Passer-by!
Which cave swallowed your phantom treasure? Ask your days as they might be
clever! Try to guess which day will make an empty gesture!

Anahit Arustamyan

Pilot!

PILOT!

Pilot! This silver eagle is a toy in your hands. I didn't use to be a frog with short legs. My green skin is still bathing in cold rains. Pilot! Is there a seat for me in your plane? I promised myself to fly anyway. Your silver eagle shakes my dreams every day. Pilot! Why are you puzzled? Which frog can ever reach your height? Is a frog a green toy without any breath? No, my breath is still roaming with gone shades. My knight's eyes are as blue as the sky in a summer's faith. Pilot! Why are you puzzled? Your silver eagle is still roaming in my soul's depth. I didn't use to be a frog with short legs. I still remember what I used to be in these gone trains.

Anahit Arustamyan

Play Your Pipe!

PLAY YOUR PIPE!

Hey, shepherd! Play your pipe! The sun has woken up. It can comb your hair with its passionate eyes. Do play your pipe to the plants with emerald tongues! Who can count the drops which the soil has drunk? Shepherd! You don't need a white shirt and a tie. This barefooted river is as blue as the sky. It may also steal the sky's silver shine. Hey, shepherd! Play your pipe! The grass may hear and smile. The grass doesn't need a painted mask. Its green sunglasses can look at the sun. Hey, shepherd! Play your pipe! The day hasn't changed for the night. You can find a lost drop in a green-eyed bud. No river needs any boots to run. Play the tune which the curly clouds might have sung! They remind you of the goats making fun.

Anahit Arustamyan

Sail My Dreams!

SAIL, MY DREAMS!

Sail my dreams, sail to come back again! Your roofs are on my brain. Your roots are in my heart's shell. You might whisper something vain. You have taught me to fail. My violin will sound in your rain. There might be something to gain. What are these holes doing all over my pail? Sail to bring the seas through your mail! Stamp your envelope with a blue stain. Sail my dreams to bring me something vain!

Anahit Arustamyan

Should We Wait?

SHOULD WE WAIT?

Tell me if the cranes haven't returned yet! They left promising not to be late. This winter is lazy with its white legs. It has icy knees and a snowy head. Should we wait for the cranes or something else? Ages are sirens blinking to get pale. Ages are large carts taking any tale. Our tale is true but what is a fake? Where can we meet a melted snowflake? Will you arrive with the cranes again? Tell me if you miss my ancient land! My language is different from yours, my friend. Love has the same tongue in every place. We don't need any words to translate. Love is so pure with its bright forehead. You are in Byron's land, my friend. Should we wait for another spring in a green lampshade?

Anahit Arustamyan

Silent Monologue

SILENT MONOLOGUE

A purple orchid is born to grow.
A wind gets crazy to blow.
I still want to know
what else can flow.
A cloud dies to be snow.
A creaky chair is nothing for a crow.
A creaky door has something to show.
A wind opens it for a dropped straw.
'Who is in'? The wind doesn't know.
A cloud dies to be rain or snow.
Ages find their roads to go.

Anahit Arustamyan

Soon!

SOON!

You are arriving soon. The bridge I walk on will touch the moon. My night is changing for a sunlit noon. This golden honey will be my dawn in a silver spoon. The bridge I walk on is a rainbow entering my room. You are arriving soon.

Anahit Arustamyan

Souvenir

SOUVENIR

Is there a spare space in your travelling bag, my dear? I wish I was smaller than this souvenir. I wish I was in your travelling bag instead of a picture. My nostalgia being naked may shiver. Something is floating on a wide river. It may be a swallow's torn slipper. It may be a shadow's dropped finger. You placed me in your heart, my dear. Your heart forced your chest to be its ear. My dear! How long has your heart been a singer? We look at something in the Earth's mirror. Your land is afar but your hand is near. Our morning dew is even brighter than a piece of silver. What is in your bag like my life's whisper? Should I give my tongue to the souvenir?

Anahit Arustamyan

Speed Up Your Time Machine To The Future!

SPEED UP YOUR TIME MACHINE TO THE FUTURE!

Speed up your time machine to the future!

Charge its batteries with the sun's mirrors!

The stars in the sky are cosmic sailors.

Your time machine took us through time's channels.

Do you remember if we were together in Victorian England or we weren't?

Tell me if we met Queen Victoria or we didn't.

Tell me if we were born at that time or we weren't.

Today we are in different lands in this spinning picture.

O, tomorrow we will never be parted as our wedding was blessed by our dead parents.

Speed up tomorrow's steps to appear a bit sooner!

A horse-drawn-carriage heard a beating heart in the chest of each lover.

A metallic vehicle may hear nothing as its voice is much louder.

God invented the world without borders.

Birds fly everywhere without visas and passports.

Fish are free to swim through the world's waters.

Speed up your time machine for a signed paper!

Speed up your time machine to the future!

Make a metallic vehicle hear our hearts' whispers!

A life is a minute for a star's timer.

We will be together in this earthly life blessed by our guardian angels.

Do press the pedal of your time machine harder!

Anahit Arustamyan

Step On These Paper Pages!

STEP ON THESE PAPER PAGES!

My memories! Step on these paper pages!
Your nests are in my brain's cells.
Life may invent a saga.
However it's a saga itself.
My ages! Step on these paper pages!
Your nests are somewhere else.
Life may invent a ballad.
However it's a ballad itself.
Miles! You have given your wings to airplanes.
Do your legs belong to wheels and rails?
Life can invent traffic.
However it's traffic itself.

Anahit Arustamyan

Stranger!

STRANGER!

Stranger! I don't care who you are in this life's mystery. Being near or afar you hear my soul's symphony. The sun hides itself when the sky is cloudy. Stranger! Don't hide yourself from my love's rhapsody! Stranger! Tell me if you are really happy! Stranger! You can't be away as you blossom in my fantasy. Stranger! We are both ghosts waiting patiently. No key to a grave might be rusty. We are both ghosts as we have something empty.

Anahit Arustamyan

Take Me!

TAKE ME!

Take me! Let me be a feather not to look heavy! I am still a paper letter written by your memory. I would appear like a fairy if the day wasn't rainy. I would weigh my century if the scales weren't shady. Take me even if the day is cloudy! Your leather boots will get weary stepping a long boundary. If I am a tiny feather, you will take me easily.

Anahit Arustamyan

Thank You, Lord!

THANK YOU, LORD!

Thank you. Lord, for another day given to my way! I never count my ages washed away by an invisible rain. The dawn light from the sun's eyes woke me up again. I haven't forgotten what date is today. I will fill my glass with wine to say. Happy birthday to you, my sunlit sail! Look! My heart can sing in my starlit mail. I never count my ages failed to stay. This spring dawn has risen with my tongue to pray. Thank you, Lord, for another smiling day! I won't beg my youth to come back to play. Love can be as young as a passionate ray. Fill your glass with this cherry wine to say. Thank you, Lord, for the heart given to my chest.

Anahit Arustamyan

That Waltz

THAT WALTZ

I have forgotten the melody of that waltz. I haven't danced it for ages. The smoke is dancing around my lips leaving its ashes. The wind is whistling its own music and the rustling leaves are falling. I have forgotten my embroidered dress. I haven't worn it for ages. I am looking for something in the bleached pages. These pages are dancing with my cigarette ashes. The wind seems to be whistling for the trembling branches. I haven't danced that waltz for ages.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Clock Is The Time's Tongue

THE CLOCK IS THE TIME'S TONGUE

I wonder if the clock is the time's tongue. I don't know how long the air would be in my lungs. I know how many songs I have sung. I sing with the clock to fill up my mug. This thread is too thin to mend my heart's rug. You are too distant to give me your hug. The clock is a parrot flown to the time's tongue. Time is a pirate stealing lots of rugs. I wonder if the clock knows how many holes have been dug. Whose songs still roam flown from the ancient mugs? Should I let you know that my love is my drug? I sing with the clock to let the air rove in my lungs.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Dew

THE DEW

Search for the dew at sunrise! The sun's gold hair is afar. No sunset may search for the dew's smile. The dew used to be on a poppy's cheek or in a lilly's eye. Who knows what used to be on time's palm? The dew disappeared like a tear dropped once. The dew might have been in the wine which you drank or spilt by chance. Don't cry for the dew which has gone! Did it hide itself being shy? It might even be above the sky. Sunset has its rights to decide. Is the dew on a wrinkle's tie? The dew was a tear dropped once.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Frozen Dove

THE FROZEN DOVE

Hey, world! I dare to ask you if you noticed that lonely dove on a white path.
It didn't have a shelter but it had something warm in its tiny brain.
The winter was frosty with its crystal chain.
Which snowflake may have a fear to fly like a crane?
A crane hardly meets a winter anywhere.
Cranes knit their roads instead of their nests.
Hey snowflakes! I dare to ask you if you took the dove somewhere else.
The winter was frosty and the dove's wings were in laze.
The dove's nest disappeared but who knows why and when.
Its weak beak would fail to knit a new nest in another place.
The dove's frozen body was probably taken with a spade.
Hey world! I dare to ask you if the dove was here with its quiet breath.
Was the dove born and did it grow up to get a mate?
The dove was probably nothing else but a told tale.
Hey world! I dare to ask you again.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Full Moon's Promise

THE FULL MOON'S PROMISE

I saw you in my dream in the full moon night.
What did the full moon promise me this time?
Isn't there a plane flying to your side?
O, I didn't save my childhood's old bike.
Gone with my roof it cannot arrive.
O, I didn't save a single wheel to run.
No sea is ever for a wooden cart.
How many seas separate us?
The full moon promised me a silver plane in flight.
You are its pilot, my dear one.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Midnight Train

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN

'Madam! The midnight train has departed so wait for the morning to rise. Another train will take you if you are on time'. Kindly wait unknown voice not to tell a lie! The midnight train is the air or this breeze in love. A starlit night and my prayer meet on the same mile. The midnight train is chasing me to shake my starry mind. What can be done? What can be gone? What can be left behind? 'Madam! The midnight train has departed. Go home and rest for a while'. Kindly wait unknown voice to let me decide! The midnight train is the air or this breeze in love.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Phantom Of Opera

THE PHANTOM OF OPERA

The phantom of opera leads me to the moon's trace. The phantom singer and the mask's grace are a duet in the same dance. The voice is sculpting a face. That face may hold both the moon and the stage though the moon is still on its life seems to be a page. Will you read this page in your haste? You hid your face so I found the moon's shade. My life's page and the moon's shade are a duet on the opera's stage. My eyes would attempt to smash the fence which hides your glance. My eyes would still meet the moon's shade. The arias would pull the moon's sledge. Would you catch a glimpse of my page? The phantom of opera leads me to the moon's trace.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Pigeon

THE PIGEON

The same pigeon visits your garden every day.
The pigeon is probably your winged friend.
O, the bird has taken my place.
Its soft wings are in love with the sky's paths.
Once I cried before a plane.
Something is unfair on the Earth's surface.
Someone has a chair in a plane.
Another one is still glued to a bench.
I was about to complain.
O, the plane left the field for the sky's heights.
The pigeon keeps my heart in its small chest.
It flies to your garden even in the rain.
Do you think it's me sitting on a branch?

Anahit Arustamyan

The Pomegranate Wine

THE POMEGRANATE WINE

Your journey was long. What brought you here to my ancient world? Was it Lord Byron's Armenian word? What brought you here like a lyre's song? Your voyage through the air was a crane's voice. Sir! Your silver voyage was born. It wasn't a mirage from a mirror pond. The pomegranate wine we had was strong. We are intoxicated in any street's noise. The air which brought you will take you home. Let me have a look at a flying flock! They seem to have tongues to get words to talk. I am with you so I want to walk. The air which brought you will take you home. The pomegranate wine stole the sun and shone. Our love is true but something is wrong. We are too intoxicated to understand the globe.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Portrait Of Jennie

THE PORTRAIT OF JENNIE

Artist! Your brush captured her face. Your heart captured an angel's trace. You painted her portrait on the moon's lace. Artist! You didn't believe she was dead. You wondered why her eyes were sad. The moon gave its smile to your palette's space. Death had been in love with her in craze. Death might be jealous of life's dance. Artist! Don't cry! The ghost is still in your bed. She will never leave as your canvas keeps her glance. Artist! Don't cry! She is still your soul mate. You were born in a film which had to end. 'Jennie!' You whispered her name. She smiled as if she wasn't dead. Your brush captured her face. Artist! Don't cry! A canvas rose will never fade.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Red Poppies And The Mad Wind

THE RED POPPIES AND THE MAD WIND

Red poppies! Look at me with your ruby eyes! The sheet under your feet is a stretched emerald. My fair tales are being told by your scarlet tongues. Are your lips being washed by the reddest wine? The pearls seem to have melted in your silky hearts. Were the pearls your hopes in the faded buds? Red poppies! This wind is homeless blowing in your yard. Red poppies! This wind is mad. It has lost its love. The red wine poured all over your cheeks may haunt your smile. The wind has a dry throat so it will cough and cough.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Right Answer

THE RIGHT ANSWER

My dolphin! Which wave is your blanket on the blue-eyed sea? No, don't hide yourself not to hear me! I am still your phantom as I used to be. A wild wood can create an emerald tree. You invented your phantom on the Earth's knee. I exist, my dear so hear my plea! My dolphin! Do steal my blanket not to flee! I want to rip this sunset to set sunrise free. My dolphin! The right answer to Shakespeare's question is to be.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Sailor From Liverpool

Sir, you said you were a sailor from Liverpool.

Isn't your raised sail for me below the moon?

Your eyes are as blue as the sky at noon.

Goodbye my home town!

My last hugs to you.

My sailor, raise your sail in my life's room.

Though autumn rains are cool

This autumn breeze will join us very soon.

Hello Liverpool!

You sent me a sailor from your magic pool.

Sir, you said a fish once talked to you.

I know, my sailor, it was true.

The fish with my message swam to you.

Let me say goodbye to my home town soon.

Let me say hello to Liverpool.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Sea And The Sky

THE SEA AND THE SKY

The sea and the sky seem to be in love. The sky may resemble a giant in white. Its curly hair and a bushy moustache may picture a giant in the sea's eyes. The sea is a mirror when the sky is calm. The sky might be chased by the winds being drunk. The sea might wrinkle its sandy palm. The sea and the sky are indeed in love. They call each other with cries or smiles.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Shadow In The Water

THE SHADOW IN THE WATER

The shadow in the water might look for its copy.
Ah, water! Don't let it disappear as it could have been someone's glory!
Who knows what it used to be in the sky's story?
The shadow isn't a tortoise moving slowly.
Ah, water! You made its knees foamy but they might have been bony.
Chewing nothing the shadow makes something noisy.
Oh, no, the noise isn't the shadow's but the water's only.
A thousand of eyes can't see the shadow's body.
A thousand of stars can look at the shadow coldly.
Ah, water! Don't let the shadow disappear as it might have been a sea gull's or a
swan's hobby!
Time has tied its tail to a billion of seasons' speedy pony.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Snow Queen

THE SNOW QUEEN

The snow queen is like a snow flake. How long has she lived in a blue fairy tale? Who is she and why is she there? The snow queen is neither pale nor fake. She is as white as a winter lake. A Christmas tree is lit beside a lamp shade. A pine tree is as green as jade. She's a queen on a winter's sledge. She would melt being a soft snow lace. She would be a snowdrop or something else. The snow will melt to bubble a river's face. The fable will end on its last page. The queen would be kept by emptiness on a legend stage. The queen would touch nothing though she was sage.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Swan Meets The Cloud

THE SWAN MEETS THE CLOUD

The swan put my face on its white gown.
The swan has wings so I don't mind being spellbound.
Aren't you, my love, a faraway cloud?
I know, you walk alone in your town.
You catch the horizon for my heart's sound.
O, wait! My voice can be quiet and loud.
You walk alone along the streets with your umbrella, large and brown.
You wish you reached my shoulders through my hair's cascade down.
That's why you give your face to a curly cloud.
.O, my love, you don't mind being spellbound.
The cloud meets the swan when the moon looks round.
Wait! The swan will fly to your town.
Time invents its stories for both you and the crowd.

Anahit Arustamyan

The Tune Of Your Guitar

THE TUNE OF YOUR GUITAR

I see you in my dreams, day and night.
The tune of your guitar comes from afar.
The strings of your guitar are stuck in my heart.
Your songs have wings to fly through the sky.
The sky has knelt in your blue eyes' light.
I see you in my dreams, day and night.
I am a broken mirror's shard.
The mirrors of all seas are in your eyes.
The tune of your guitar sounds in my pulse.
Where are you now, in a Liverpool pub?
Are you at the harbour watching the sea gulls?
I sit on a chair looking at a bulb.
I stretch my ears across these long miles.

Anahit Arustamyan

There Is No Destiny After Death

THERE IS NO DESTINY AFTER DEATH

The sun and the moon never meet to wed.

A spider is used to its web.

There is something called a destiny's frame.

Being painted with the brush of a pale shade it never allows anyone to escape.

Romeo! Have you found your Juliet?

A human's life is a drop of rain.

It gets lost in the ground to appear again.

There is no destiny after death.

There is something which is called space.

Your earthly tears might be something else.

They have turned to the cranes which are flying sails.

A human's life might be calm or mad.

However it drips like a drop of rain.

Romeo! The moonlight can kiss your Juliet.

Romeo! Don't be sad!

Your lips might be there.

Your wedding might be held.

There is no destiny after death.

Anahit Arustamyan

There Is Something To Share

THERE IS SOMETHING TO SHARE

A poor artist gave his breath to a canvas to live forever. A poor musician played the violin in his street's center. Past and present are always together. Art and love meet to say a prayer. Something is spoilt or swallowed by some cancer. That's why a poor artist is a lonely stranger. What's my ink doing in this nightmare? Something is spoilt or gone with the air. Something in the world wasn't better. Present chases past to remember. Art and love will greet their future in the same shelter. A poor lover is an orphan with some pain to bear. A poor artist is a lover of this Mother Nature. Oh my ink, there is something to share.

Anahit Arustamyan

They Whisper To Us

THEY WHISPER TO US

Who knows how old these clouds are reminding of grey cliffs.
Only the stars can count their ages due to their immense speed.
Our ancestors come back to the Earth as they left here countless seeds.
Do we hear the sounds of their invisible feet?
They don't seem to be in a single street.
Oh, no, they aren't ghosts without eyes and lips.
They come to the Earth for nothing indeed.
They try to discover what they might have missed.
Our ancestors travel to the Earth as they left here their ink and quills.
They probably cherished this earthly life's gifts.
They whisper to us to cherish the minutes steering this life's wheel.

Anahit Arustamyan

Time Climbs Up And Down

TIME CLIMBS UP AND DOWN

I talked to the wind through the autumn leaves.
The leaves don't know where time creeps.
Time is never back but where it sits.
No winds know where time kneels.
Old and new, born and unborn don't know where time flees.
I talked to the streams through the autumn streets.
The streams flow but they don't know where time leads its wheels.
Known and unknown may be time's rhythms.
The autumn sun is lazy but not blind to see.
The sun may know time climbs up and down like invented myths.
I asked the autumn rains if they know what time sweeps.
Born and unborn, known and unknown may have the same wings.

Anahit Arustamyan

To Cynthia

TO CYNTHIA

Your eyes are full of streams. I see them washing your cheeks. My eyes can travel instead of my feet. You lost him in the Earth's prism. He is watching you through the moon's beams. There are graves all over the Earth's knees. However I don't believe death exists. He must be one of the stars as the sky is starlit. Look! He must be in the clouds patting the hills. Who knows a cliff's age on the Earth's ribs? The cliff's wrinkles are deep but its life is endless. No, the wounds in our hearts are never cured by tablets and pills. Cynthia, don't cry on the pillow of the Earth's emptiness! Jesus didn't die though He was killed. Cynthia! Do believe death doesn't exist!

Anahit Arustamyan

Tobacco!

TOBACCO!

Tobacco! What do you feel on the lady's lips? Do you chew her cough in your gray mist? Do you glue her eyes to her emptiness? Tobacco! You are gray clouds on her eyelids. Today's shadows cover her lamp's beams. Tobacco! You have joined her journey for someone's scripts. Tobacco! Your smoke still dances on her lips. The scripts could have melted in yesterday's sleet. They were the letters arriving to kiss. Tobacco! Aren't you her today's bliss? You don't chew her cough but her emptiness.

Anahit Arustamyan

Tomorrow We Will Rise Early

TOMORROW WE WILL RISE EARLY

Tomorrow we will rise early. Two sparrows will greet us from a tree. No, they are not going to flee. They are together in any winter's feast. Oceans have no shoes on their blue feet. You will wear your shoes to hurry to leave. No, my dear! Do wait a little! Two sparrows are still in the tree. Yesterday's minutes slid slowly. They didn't rush to let us adore our tango's bliss. Tomorrow's minutes will hide their lips to kiss. What should we do today as you have borrowed a bird's wings? Let's picture each other in this life's mist! Do bind my picture on your sea's wrist! Yes, Sir, it's already dawn but we are sitting on the moon's knee.

Anahit Arustamyan

Two Hearts

TWO HEARTS

Any snow soaks cities in white foam. Any rain gives its tears by singing a song. Look! Our hearts have left our bodies to roam. They have found each other in the world's noise. These two hearts may long for roses and nothing more. The flown days don't know what they tore. Do the flown nights know what they caught to store? A bird's nest or a hotel has an open door. A hotel may hear a pulse through a shore. Days and nights can dance on a hotel's floor. Cities! Do you know where our hearts roam? No breeze ever knows the color of its foam.

Anahit Arustamyan

We Have Time

WE HAVE TIME

What games did you play when you were a child?
I didn't know what kind of ice-cream you liked.
There was an iron curtain between us.
Don't you remember my hair's ribbon like a butterfly?
No, you didn't see as I was afar.
The bird wasn't me in the azure sky.
The iron curtain was heavy and dark.
We grew up in the world's different parts.
The iron curtain melted like a crystal of ice.
Which curtain hides me from your blue eyes' sight?
Is it made of steel being darker than night?
Childhood starts with sunrise.
We met at sunset but we have time.

Anahit Arustamyan

We Will Beg The Mountains

WE WILL BEG THE MOUNTAINS

Our ages are running to sunset.
Don't worry my darling!
We will beg sunset to be late.
We will beg sunrise to be with us on this autumn day.
Our love is young as a woken spring's emerald plants.
This autumn wedding is our sunrise like any spring's jade.
The mild breeze is dancing on our autumn wedding day.
Don't worry my darling as aging is nothing for the Earth's spinning dance.
Don't care my darling, for these snowflakes on our heads.
We will beg the mountains to give us their ageless strength.

Anahit Arustamyan

What Am I?

WHAT AM I?

This armchair is my motionless cart.
The curtain behind me is my window's scarf.
The ceiling covers the crown of the sun.
This white hat pats my forehead but shades my eyes.
I am probably lame to leave the armchair and run.
I know where you are.
This armchair is heavy like Noah's ark.
The ceiling isn't leaking but my minds are in floods.
One thing is right.
The world's philosophy is an old wizard but what am I?

Anahit Arustamyan

What Can Melt Or Stay

WHAT CAN MELT OR STAY

Don't interrupt our dance to see what can melt or what can stay! A melted minute embraces a shade through the cosmic glance. Don't interrupt our dance as I will be a swan one day! I will be wandering and calling a ray. The sky's fallen piece might have formed a lake. I am still a lady being both fool and sage. Being a swan I will dance my ballet on a light blue stage. Its waves may echo the sounds of this earthly race. I guess I will be a swan one day. Aren't you laughing at this nonsense? You will fall in love with my white lace. The sky dropped its pieces to create seas and lakes. These oceans may be the sky's endless tales. Ask a swan if it learned to live without a lady's tempting face! I am still a lady on my life's way. All these melted minutes are screaming to say what can melt or what can stay.

Anahit Arustamyan

When I Am Old

WHEN I AM OLD

When my dreams get as old as me, when their wrinkles are bound to my forehead and cheeks I will lean on my walking stick. Life is a journey and I know this. Even if I am blind I will see a bird which is little or big. Who knows if it hasn't saved the wings for my dreams? Even if I am deaf I will hear the sounds of the nimble streams. Who knows if they haven't changed my tears for pearl beads? When I get old I will ask my life if it wasn't born on a cinema's screen. When I am old I will never scold my hurting knees. I will probably lean on my walking stick. My words will jump like the waves in winds. Hey, life! Are you my journey and am I your cherished gift?

Anahit Arustamyan

White Crane!

WHITE CRANE!

Which bird's feather drank from the inkpot to write a legend or a song? Horizon! I wonder if you saved a crane's folk, Horizon! You might hear my earthly talk. The sky's skin is blue silk while a crane is as white as chalk. Horizon! Are you a board on which this piece of chalk writes a word? It's me or a crane or maybe a stork drinking some water from this dew's drop. White crane! Let's go for a moonlit walk! I wonder if you saved what I lost. White crane! You don't know what might be wrong. Horizon! Is this my wing's feather soaked in my inkpot? It's me or a crane or maybe a stork settled in the world for this earthly folk. White crane! You are as mystic in your white clothes as I am in my ink's storm.

Anahit Arustamyan

Words!

WORDS!

Words! Stay with me or go away!

Stretch my veins to catch a ghostly ray!

Oh, Jupiter! Would you please to wait!

My spacecraft hasn't forged its wings yet.

Words! You had better play.

The world's loud tune might make you deaf.

My roads seem to be in a thick net.

Words! You are hanging on my tongue like a pink belt.

Words! My spacecraft might be waiting for sunset.

Oh, sunset! I am still in my daily nap.

Will you rush to me in your dark cap?

Words! You put weight to be fat.

Can you lift my spacecraft until sunset?

Sunset! On what are you going to make a bet?

Words! Stay to catch a ghostly ray!

Anahit Arustamyan

You Are Not Only A Lake

YOU ARE NOT ONLY A LAKE

You are not only a lake, Sevan! You are a blue eye opened forever. Your eyelid is the highland with its stony wrinkles. You are a diamond ring on my finger. Sevan! You are my blue air. No one can cut my finger to steal your crystal shine. The elderly hills are hugging your beautiful smile. The hills are immortal and you are their eye. Do mix your dreams with mine! The emptiness is chasing my heart. Let your fresh air come into my lungs. The immense diamond is giving me its sparkle to keep the emptiness away from my heart. I have a single life like tiny foam in the glass of wine. In the monastery on the top of the hill the prayers are heard every time. My lake! The monks are kneeling to pray for your immortal life.

Anahit Arustamyan

You Are There

YOU ARE THERE

I invented you in the way I invented myself. I invented you to be my wings in my stubborn daze. Oh, sorry, there is not an open gate inside the maze kissing my pale haze. Oh, sorry for my tears watering my land's jade plants. You don't have any wings to give away. I invented you to breathe in my own craze. My breath is nothing else but a poppy's trace. I invented my vivid fable and I know you are there.

Anahit Arustamyan

You Don'T Belong To Me

YOU DON'T BELONG TO ME

You don't belong to me. You belong to my dreams. Let me listen to these rustling leaves! My fairy tales keep you in their mysterious sea. My courageous knight! Who is in your heart with a magic key? My knight, tell me please who your princess is! Don't say anything to my jealous dreams! These rustling leaves are their autumn's drips. They seem to recall their gone summer's beams. These rustling leaves seem to hear me. This autumn's melody may belong to me.

Anahit Arustamyan

You Have Been Riding For Centuries

YOU HAVE BEEN RIDING THROUGH CENTURIES

Knight! You have been riding through centuries. I wonder if your horse can still rip the clouds of mysteries. How many lovers have been guiding you through their destinies? Knight! Love is immortal and your horse can jump over boundaries. Your unknown age hasn't dried your veins in the branches for singing canaries. Look at the lovers who are still mending the wide sleeves of their fantasies.

Anahit Arustamyan

You Have Found My Key

YOU HAVE FOUND MY LOST KEY

I lost the key to my door and my heart became silent.

My angels didn't give me a key as they had left for Heaven.

You have sailed to me from afar where the seas kiss your Island.

Your streets enrich their oxygen with the poems by Lord Byron.

Did you notice my remote trace all of a sudden?

Wasn't it my key whispering my name in your blooming garden?

You have sailed to me from afar like the sun giving light forever.

Now your blue eyes and my dark ones can smile together.

You have found my lost key, my dear sailor.

Anahit Arustamyan

You Have Spelled My Ink

YOU HAVE SPELLED MY INK

I have you far away or near. You have spelled my ink to be a river. I sleep and wake up in my dream's ears. Oh, no, never laugh at my crazy tears! They are some crystals in my eyes' mirrors. I have invented you, my dear so my wine is no longer bitter. Oh, no, never laugh at my weary slippers! They recall my way through my life's wrinkles. Even a century riding fast gets thinner. I have invented you in my life's whisper. You have spelled my ink to be a river.

Anahit Arustamyan

You Invented Me

YOU INVENTED ME

You invented me as Pygmalion created his goddess. Pygmalion fell in love with the marble's brightness. Are you in love with me or the moon's sadness? The weather is changing so the sky can be starless. Pygmalion had at least the marble's brightness. The blue sky wrapped in your eyes is cloudless. You have at least your hope's freshness. I have plenty of smoke in my lungs and my ink's madness. You invented me to have your goddess. You didn't make me of marble so my life can't be endless.

Anahit Arustamyan

You Were Waiting For Me, Sir

YOU WERE WAITING FOR ME, SIR

You were in your elegant suit in a restaurant to was wine and beer in that crowded place. You were waiting for me, sir. A magic carpet didn't take me there. The melodies were loud as the night was awake. Each bulb reminded of a candle flame. Your arms and the phantom's shoulders joined to dance. You expected Santa Claus to take me through the mountain range. However there was emptiness all over his silver sledge. Don't blame Santa Claus as he came! He didn't know I lived somewhere. You were waiting for me, sir. Don't blame Santa Claus or the magic carpet of the fairy tale! You were dancing with the phantom, sir. It was me flown over the boundaries without a body shape. Do tell me what promised the full moon night's glance!

Anahit Arustamyan

Your Rhapsody

YOUR RHAPSODY

I am writing to you from afar. Let me catch your sight my remote star! The more I take my bitter drug the more I love delicious wine. My brave knight! I don't know who you are. The myth has already embroidered my life. Do tell me if you are the knight whose picture roams in my eyes! Thank you for reading my wanderer rhymes. Thank you for the rhapsody which no piano may guide. Thank you for the truth or even for a lie. Both let me have you as a remote star. A war is a wound and also a scar. Be safe, my dear! You have lots of shine. The myth has already embroidered my life. I must be crazy to say you are mine. Oh, your rhapsody is stronger than wine.

Anahit Arustamyan

Your Son Gave His Heart To The World

YOUR SON GAVE HIS HEART TO THE WORLD

God! Your Son cherishes this world. He left His blood in the soil. That's why a poppy is red on a green slope. No lightning is a burning rope. The sky's nerves may float in any rain drop. God! Your Son's glow is on the highest top. His glow reaches a small snowdrop. Rainy days come and go to let the sun show its gold comb. O, sins, whose skin is ironed instead of the clothes? God! Your Son makes a candle give its light to a newborn hope. There are billions of pillows beneath the soil. The soil takes nothing to spoil. The soil turns a snowflake to a snowdrop. God! Your Son gave His heart to the world. That's why there's a pulse even in the smallest pond.

Anahit Arustamyan

Your Time Machine

YOUR TIME MACHINE

Our fantasies are two candles. No, they are not going to quench. Our dreams are becoming thinner as our century is laughing at them. Your time machine has a train on the silver rails on our way. Sir, this is Victorian London. I won't hesitate to say. A horse-driven carriage is running with the light of our candles' rays. Is this Piccadilly Street which noticed our slow steps? Your time machine is a miracle made of our dreams' jade. Is this Victorian London? Our dreams have been uncaged. Your time machine is a miracle, sir. I won't hesitate to say. A horse-driven carriage is running with our century's legs.

Anahit Arustamyan

Your Voyage Is Mine

YOUR VOYAGE IS MINE

My blue-eyed poet! Do bring me the sky in which the stars are your warming lights! You are travelling from the land of knights. The bells are ringing to wake my sunrise. My days were boring without your eyes. I am not yawning as the rains have gone. My days are cleaning their throats to laugh. I healed my blindness to see this blue sky. My blue-eyed poet! You will be on time. My days failed to laugh but I didn't die. My ink sometimes cries but it doesn't lie. You are travelling from the land of knights. You will travel fast. You will be on time. The bells are ringing to tell me a rhyme. My blue-eyed poet! Your voyage is mine.

Anahit Arustamyan