

Khor Virap

Michael E. Stone

Khor Virap on a hill's shoulder,
not even reaching up to
near-far Ararat's ankles.
Its wall and dome
etched out.

Square gravestones scattered
at its foot,
like so many children's blocks,

A boy sells doves,
(turtle doves?).

Ice cream and Coca Cola
by Gregory's vaulted pit,
wall engrooved
by ages' reverent kiss.

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