Homeless

Madeleine Guekguezian

University of the Pacific

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I’m homeless. My language is alien to me.

I’m homeless because my diaspora-child mom ran away from her diaspora-child mother and her home in culture, leaving me here, feeling out for a place I ought to know.

I’m homeless. Though I know my myths in translation and songs in melody, they’re disassociated.

I’m homeless, but for the barest pidgin aural crumbs and basic functions:
Zookaran ooreh? Djor gouzes?
Thank you, not right now.

I’m homeless. I grew up on a maceronic tongue, tasting a world of food and loving it freely, but a mere hamoveh to recognize either in Armenian.

I’m homeless, missing, the architecture of Mashtots in my poetry.

I’m homeless because my god is enshrined in ritual, not in the delicate birds of Mashtots and Sahag;
because our heroes and gods are gone, mythologized or seeking shelter in the fragments of history.

I’m homeless, a wandering Fresno-Armenian-American searching for the comforts of my heritage, for the memory of my pomegranate-red blood.