

mourning/of loss. It calls for change. It insists/on restoration/..../It starts with/the recognition/of injustice...." "The Political Poem" ends with the spectacular image of the burning sun in Turkey:

It is reflected back
in so many grains
of irritant, the dust
of so many unburied
Armenian poets,
so many poems.
This dust, these grains
which winds blow
blow, blow into
the eyes of all the living.²⁶

But the present is bleak. The world remains indifferent. Der Hovanessian admits the inability of the Armenian people to make a difference and the failure of the American-Armenian struggle to affect American policy toward Turkey, an indispensable ally that must never be offended. Standing at her father's grave in the Mt. Auburn Cemetery, she speaks to him about the shocking news report that "Defense Secretary Weinberger fears acknowledging genocide by Turks will offend them."

... "Hairig,"
I say, "I am so sorry.
What can I do? How can I talk to you
when this soil that gave you haven
and home with its government

²⁶ Diana Der Hovanessian, "The Political Poem," in *RAFT: A Journal of Armenian Poetry and Criticism* 5 (1991): 17-19.