

find his father's house whose deed he has preserved. What for? His claim to the non-existent house can only provoke laughter. But the people are nice. They invite him to their garden for tea. "In front of me is the estranged village of my ancestors that treats me like a guest. How ironic that I am a guest on my own land!" (117-25).

After the journey has ended and Markarian is back at home, he lines up on his desk the stones he collected from various sites in Western Armenia. These and a bottle of water from the spring in his father's village, "the fragments of my LAND, *Yergir*... my orphaned and brutally destroyed land," are "now a part of my everyday life." Gazing at these reminders of his homeland, "'I am home,' I say... Am I home?" (177). The enigmatic question calls for an answer. After all, do the comfortable Armenian homes in the four corners of the world, far from the homeland, feel like home to them? He has returned to his home in New Jersey, but "a part of me stayed behind," hiding "behind the shattered stones," a part that visits him every night, tossing him "between faded reality and dreams," and becomes

the fearful and dark
endless, thorny
black liturgy
of my
great agony. (179)

Although outcast from her own family, Mary Terzian, a second-generation survivor of the Armenian Genocide and a suspect foreigner wherever she went, was fully aware of the burden of memory she carried. In the Prologue to *The Immigrants' Daughter*, she writes, "My forefathers were