

of their ghetto, they were too Armenian. Kherdian's return occurred years after his father's death. That was when he came back

on my own
to absorb what I had refused
But consciously
and to shed as consciously
what impeded the needs
the requirements
the daily bread
of my immortal soul.⁷³

The last lines of this evocative poem explain Kherdian's choice of the title for the anthology of "first-generation Armenian American writers" that he edited. "Forgotten bread" is just that essential, life-giving daily bread of the soul to which he and many in his generation returned after a period of rejection, alienation, and withdrawal from everything Armenian.

For Helene Pilibosian (*My Literary Profile*), the polarity between the outside world and her Armenian home in the Boston area was a source of constant tension during her childhood and adolescence, resulting in fits of resentment and rebellion at home and alienation and marginality outside. "Home was always very much Armenian, and school was very much American" (37). Pilibosian bears witness to the segregated Armenian life, "gathered into a close-knit community like other immigrant groups by mutual understanding and by customs and attitudes that differed from those of better-established Americans" (39). Among

⁷³ Ibid.