

# do you see me?

(even though i lie on the darkside?)

(702 words)

## i. who are we (we are no one)

there  
is always  
the calm before  
the storm, but this was  
a very tumultuous calm; my *mayr* told me.

and now that i am *ch'ap'ahas*, up-grown, i know.

when the soviets broke, the *turkers* from azerbaijan  
came to take our homelands, but we wanted to  
join armenia. so, we became  
what we are, the  
NKAO (not knowing <sub>our</sub> alignment overall).

every

day  
month  
year,

i hear:

you  
are:

azerbaijani.

armenian.

but  
deep

down  
down  
down  
down

we have no voice.

we are azerbaijanis in armenia.

we are armenians in azerbaijan.

our identity is stolen;  
and to the world  
we are no one.

**ii. of the perpetual pain in my heart (from the missing pieces in our jigsaw)**

my my precious <i>tghaners</i> , i held you close to my bosom, and i always felt the eternal flame of courage are in have fighting incredible but remember back and torture our men face, then wonder – will that be you? and i pray, so desperate, that it will not be you. but when your calls stop coming, silence is now the music to my tears. it looms taunting as i cry, and your <i>payr</i> does too, but we remember your last days were together, and hopefully not filled with pain, and we pray.	dearests, i remember as hushed you into sweet slumber, and belief burn bright. and now when you long gone, i feel all achieved and done; for people and beloved then all the unruffled calls you home each see the heartbreaking whispers and torment	pride you warriors their nation. i made day, of
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but there are still

two big holes in my heart,

still not healed by time,

an empty chamber of

**FURY**

**FRUSTRATION**

**FEAR**

wondering why our government did not do more.

and to this day,  
the perpetual pain in my heart remains, but i  
hope you two still live on  
just as you two do in my heart.

**iii. pig-headed loyalty (as heartwarming as it may be)**

the child cries

as she watches her

father crumple, then

**BOOM!** with a slide of a

finger, her life is

ended too.

it is so unfair, how our

lives are so fragile, like shattered

glass or flickering candlelight. and

it is so unfair, how they target our

people, our innocents who have never

even turned a hair against them. and

it is so unfair, how they pull their

triggers on their own with no

remorse nor concern for the pure

lives they take. and i just don't

know why they hate us so much,

so much that they

bombed the only gas pipeline

that provided the power

to live to the stubborn loyal people (like me)

who stayed in their longtime homes

in once-beautiful nagorno-karabakh

where the frost-laced eiderdown has

taken the lives of the sunlit serene blooms

and where the lives of the innocent

are shot down to smithereens

for all we are is the flimsy fireflies

at the mercy of black metal guns

and the deafening explosions of fuse-lit bombs

and the radiation-tipped missiles

and most of all, at the core of

our own pig-headed loyalty  
true as it may be.

**iv. to the stranger from the west (do you just pity us)**

to the stranger            from the west  
  how i wonder what    you think  
  do you                just listen to    us,  
and nod along,            as our words  
                              are rewritten    into yours  
through a machine        i cannot trust?

                              to the child from        the west,  
so innocent and            knowing beyond your years  
                              i wonder how            you feel  
as you learn of            our horrors untold?  
as the tears sparkle        on my eyelash  
i notice they are        reflected in yours too  
                              and i feel                almost  
as if someone else        understands me

to the savior from the        west  
as you unload            all your supplies  
i wonder why                you are here  
                              knowing of                what  
                              could be                    your fate?

                              why are you  
fighting a battle that is not yours  
                              and why do you  
                              want to do this for us  
when we are as equal strangers to you and i?

                              and most of all  
                              how i wonder  
                              how much you know

just how grateful  
we are  
towards  
you.

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#### **n. glossary**

*mayr* - mother

*ch'ap'ahas* - grown up, adult

*turkers* - azerbaijanis; this is a reference towards azerbaijan's turkic heritage, it does not specifically refer to the turkish.

*tghaners* - children

*payr* - father