

Girl names soften the tongue,
a delicate unfolding,
Ghلام, painted with a pen,
Lucine, moon.

The boy names, Kevork, Sevag,
fire from throat,
guttural consonants.

On the first page, my grandfather's
name, my grandfather's
name, to send forth.

At seven, he hunger-marched
the bowels of Turkey.

His grandmother puddled into
rivers.

His mother secured him
onto a mule-drawn carriage
of orphans headed to
Malatya.

There, he hoped to be reunited
with his father.

Persisting on luck,
he tumbled into his name.