

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Ahdenae Khodaverdian: “Poppies (?? ?????????)”

Ahdenae Khodaverdian · Wednesday, January 10th, 2018

Poppies

I never truly understood flower readings.
Not because the concept is particularly a difficult one to grasp,
But because each flower could be assigned a sundry of meanings.
It'd be like reading a sentence in which each word could be switched for 20 others.

Red poppies.
Beauty, success,
Extravagance, and luxury in the East.
A lively imagination.
Consolation for a death within the family and
Remembrance of those fallen in the lines of combat in the West.
Resurrection and eternal life.

A majority of my time visiting the town of Gyumri
Was spent visiting the graves of my relatives.
The graveyards were beautiful.
They were nothing like American graveyards,
Polished green expanses,
Symmetrical stones set into symmetrical hills.
No, these graveyards were wild.
Grasses sprung out in each step,
The graves made out of expertly carved stone,
All with engraved or frosted portraits of the deceased.
It should have been eerie, but to me these graveyards felt alive.

And the poppies,
The same ruby petals that light up Armenia's fields,
Encase entire graves at a time,
Shrouding forgotten souls with no one left to visit them
In their blanket of peace and restful sleep.

The newer graves can be picked out at a glance,
Glossy stones, new and regularly polished by mourning, shaky hands.
All poppies plucked out of all crevices.

[illegible]

[alert type=alert-white]Please consider making a tax-deductible donation now so we can keep publishing strong creative voices.[/alert]

This entry was posted on Wednesday, January 10th, 2018 at 1:57 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.