

To Sugar a Dream

B O J A N L O U I S

I'm told, sounds close
to the original tongue.

No question, says the owner of a spot
called Jimmy's, any other Turk will *know*
you mean: teşekkür ederim.

I tell him, ahxéhee as he rolls up a rug
depicting Noah's flood.

Hands it over, says, impossible for me.

Every town I visit beyond the city,
I'm tempted to ask,
What's with Armenia?

Everyone's forgotten, yeah?

Direct your arm east and encounter its breaking,
silence after the reset fracture: sedatives caress.

Recall lagers in a Philly dive around 4 a.m.
where a woman relayed the above—

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