

# *In Memory of the Martyrs of Armenia*

*W*hy do we fear to be forgotten?

Why do we so yearn for immortality?

To be forgotten is not to have lived  
To be forgotten is to die to the world.

In the bible we read “You shall not shed the blood  
of your brother.”

The Hebrew for “blood” is written in the singular.

But in the Hebrew, that verse reads.

“You shall not shed the bloods of a people.”

Bloods is written in the plural

He who sheds the blood of one person  
spills the blood of thousands of generations.

Children of Armenia, Children of Israel

Do we not recognize each other?

I see you in me, and I see me in you

Do we not both know what it means for a parent  
to hold in one’s arms a frightened child?

Do we not know the terror in which being awake  
is more horrifying than having a nightmare in our sleep?

Not alone do we cry  
Not alone do we mourn  
We cry separately, together.

Together we will not forget  
and together we will not be forgotten  
Together we will console each other  
and together we will comfort each other.

Together the world’s walls of sinister silence will be torn down  
Together the towers of hope will be built up  
Never again will we look on passively  
while swords are raised against any people  
any race, any nation, any religion.

Children of Armenia and of Israel  
We are each others’ protectors  
If one voice is muted  
the other voice will scream out loud.

If one hand is maimed  
the other will raise his hand and shield the persecuted.

Who are you to me?  
My own self.

