

# What Do You Want Me To Do, Bleed?

Onnig Ezikian

Where do you think you're going?

-The library.

It's Sunday. For what?

-Poetics paper, dad, I need to graduate.

Poetics? Poetry doesn't exist. All that money, and poetry!

-Armenian poetics. And it's almost April 24.

What do you mean Armenian poetics. They will never  
understand. You think this is a joke!

*He pressed my face against the wall I could taste his mouth  
yelling in mine*

Go learn how to become a man! Then bring us back Mt. Ararat  
-but

*His fingers closed tight no air my mouth and I tell him with my tears*

But, I write about your mother Death March twelve years old  
innocent, she had no idea what that crack between legs did,  
Death March Der-Zor, I remember her brother teaching alphabet  
in that dry sand he drew letters, twelve years old and when turks  
attacked caravan, I remember, I write that rape scene you never knew  
raped. And no, she never cried. Thirty men fourteen hours they pounded  
Her with one arm they cradled Her from groin to groin. She told me  
over and over and I knew what she wanted me to do. They made sure  
the brother saw their naked hovering ideas smear Her one by one  
they covered Her, I remember, he held his breath he would not have a turk kill him!

*He dropped my face - Armenian men love the kitchen he came to  
me with a knife*

Here, take this dagger with you.

-What for dad?

They might not understand; show them your blood.