In the rubble of Serrano Avenue
they think again of Yerevan
the groans and whispers from under the street, red
coffins, the air smelling of burlap and cellar dirt

Remember Mexico City?
the giant skeleton on display, a tiny family
around the table eating dinner between his ribs—

All that waiting
All that wanting to be unharmed

There was and there was not
the old Armenians say
beginning every story