

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/3

Gayane M. Haroutyunyan
Time Form Reality

The corner of a white page reads “intelligent”.

It is about me.

But I have no skills

And I want no job.

I can't write poetry.

I just want to say things,

Not negotiate truth and juggle images.

If you look for things,

You find them even if they are not there.

Just let me walk away ignorant.