Visions of Unity 2024

The Knots That Let Me Rot

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When I was young, my tongue was tied into knots

Pink, pink, no red, red, they had to watch it bleed with shots

The language therapist would sit me down and perfect my speech

Teaching me to sound out words, combing me with bleach

It would weigh me down, it would tear me up, my identity split in two

Why banter me? Really why? Why leave me blue?

When I was young, I was split in half

I learned in Armenian but I learned to adapt

My body was not meant to pick or choose but yet I do, and I’m capped

I speak English with great precision now, can’t you see? Those who capped me?

You ask me who I am, what I am, again and again like a never ending staph

They teach it in school, the genocides, the war of my people

Do we exist to you though? Outside of the historic steeple?

2020 marked the loss of 5,000 men, 5,000 feeble

That’s more blood to stain that steeple

That’s 5,000 added to the 1.5 million killed in 1915

So tell me again, what you see on your screen?

Do you see the men scream?

In the way you saw me scream when I awoke from my dream?

So ask me again who I am with my newly made tongue

Now that you’ve effectively wiped my mouth clean, now that you’ve seen me gleam

My voice has left

My language has wept

“Shnorhakalut’yun” has become “merci” which has become the word “thanks”, no matter what I type

But maybe if I was picked ripe you would know me for me

And maybe if I said thanks you would remember me

But because I am purple, and because I am bruised

My tongue is left glued, left unused

And you see the knots now

 The knots that let me rot now.