



HyeBred Magazine

Spring 2017
The Showcase Issue

A NOTE OF GRATITUDE

Dear Reader,

We would like to thank you for your support in reading the showcase issue of *HyeBred Magazine*. We are very proud of our writers and artists who have entrusted us with their brilliant work. What the editors and our contributors all have in common is our love, appreciation, and passion for our Armenian heritage that is deeply embedded in who we are and is illustrated through our work.

‘Hye’ is the transliterated adjective for ‘Armenian,’ and paired with the English word ‘bred,’ we want our magazine to represent the Armenian culture that exists today, a hybrid of the motherland and our respective homelands, and the unification of the Diaspora. What you are about to experience is a collection of Armenian-bred voices that we are incredibly honored to represent.

Thank you for reading. Շնորհակալություն.

The HyeBred Team

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RONALD DZERIGIAN

PORTRAIT OF A POEM IN SUMMER

This poem descends from the sky—

a plastic bag, a hat. Its hull
becomes a flea market. It fries trout

in a cast iron pan. It is San Joaquin
summer when the crepe myrtle weeps.

It is the culled grape leaf, blood
let from thorn, the dust entering,

oil leaked. It holds the young tree
by its small trunk, lets mist live

in brown hair—releases itself
from ocean, creek, and canal.

JOSIAH DANIEL GAGOSIAN

ROSE AND OLEASTER

Never having broken lavash,
the bread of many blessings, my
thousand-mother lineage makes a face at me and
bird-noised disapprovals
spring from her incorporeal mouths,
demonstrative
clucks and chits
in a tongue familiar-then-forgot,
the longgone obliviglot of mountain-monks
and breadmakers and iced dragons,
of household demons fled before the vernal clamor
of pots and pans,
and I remind her that I was also
born high and dry in a hot plateau
where the mountains flex tectonic brawn between
the seasons of snow and fire.
I also roamed volcanic stone,
though none here are hewn into temples
or knot-riddled crosses.

A descendent of exiles, too,
Rosa foetida brought all the gold of Persia with her
to the grass-cracked sidewalks of Pocatello,
red-and-yellow-six-petal
unfurling through the chainlink, clamber and spill,
and the *p'shadi's* perfume unparalleled invades
drives back
cedro
salvia
enebro
displaces old, indigenous vegetation,

JOSIAH DANIEL GAGOSIAN

preens its cloak of silvergreen leaves
and in the incumbent cold and colder
shivers until her mantle drops and disperses,
while the magpies scatter her saffron-stained seeds
along the trickling creekbed,
drops an olive
in the oiled-whorl of my ear
from which the memory of a tree
sprouts on the shores of the Red River.

JOSIAH DANIEL GAGOSIAN

SHE IS WATER

Urchins thorned like godhead gather
purple and red,
and the nudibranch who is yellow-warted clings to the basalt
with his retinue of periwinkle and scowling sculpins.
The hermits have abandoned their solitude and come out from under the rocks
to do clawed philosophical battle,
to decide once and for all the nature of God.
Does he take the form of a harbor seal? A whale?
Can even the invertebrates hear his song? The submarine orchestra he carries in his head?
That haunting auditory ambergris?

Mussels sprout from the tide
with the sky in their shells,
and anemones append and swell their mammary,
Their slumped green breasts,
rose areoled on the rocky solar plexus of some woman
of seismic and tide—some sockeyed naiad shedding her seaweed tresses
and forging upriver
with salmon in her belly swimming intravenous tributaries
til the water sweetens.
Her voice is the roiling of zygote and foam in the rapids.
She thrashes her tail
and spawns a surge of sturgeon with their plate armor placid,
dragging their beards on the floor of the Columbia,
like mystics whose arcane motions draw the water behind them in
inexorable eddy and curl
while the barges heave themselves forward against the current
bludgeoning with blunt quadrilateral fervor
against that fluid musculature.

JOSIAH DANIEL GAGOSIAN

THE FAMILY TREE

Four pious parents
reared from infancy three apostates
two grew beards
and the lastborn climbed the lifeless rockface,
windflashed while winter's retinue arrived in her advance
their talons raked leaves into gilded drifts,
chased to the mudprinted doorstep
all the dry grasp and crackle
of crimsonfingere hands
and lioneyed likenesses
blaze and blot autumnal all
the treefeathered green
from every fallen folio
of that scribeless and scatterflown manuscript,
its unlettered and fetterless pages
each fromever the next unsewn
in bright succession.

Trees are grafted upon names, we'll say,
and in their growth allover galled by such swelling errors
in the orthography thereof,
such seepages and nodules and cracks
in the transliteration of each generation onunto next,
the unsequential bark and gnarl,
the fugal repetition, the convoluted skin, the pitch and pine
of weep and wind,
the contrapuntal carnage of our mindless and procreative days
in winged pursuit of feral foreverandeverandeveramen.
Sons of sons of sons of sons of thee
Will shed their annual antlers
in the windhammered doorway to winter,
The naked elk and elm,

JOSIAH DANIEL GAGOSIAN

The blood in the first hair of frost, in the unshorn cold
tumble to the litterleaf floor of forest all your redhanded maples and knife-edged birch and
all the paradise plumes of your dying trees
We hear a bobwhite cry
while the inklines of a thousand other brothers branching
crack the eggshell of the bluewhite sky.

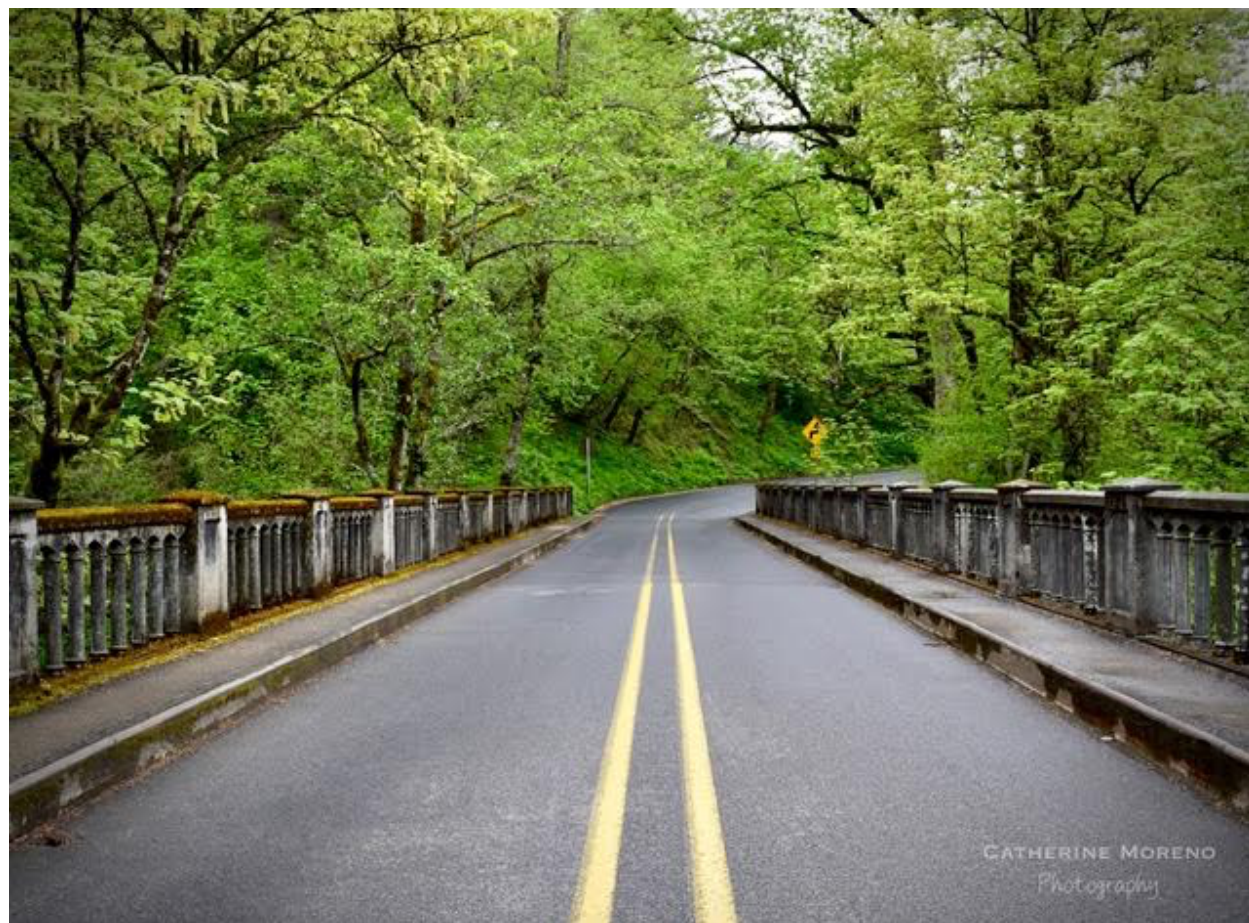
She lost regrets
somewhere she never searched
for, as if it never existed
in her time, hoping no one
would ever find it to
remind her
of who she wasn't
anymore.
E. Khacher

I'll hold you here next
to your regrets
and let you drink yourself
to thoughts.

Just when you want to
apologize, I will make sure
you can't see yourself in
such a place. -PRIDE E.Khacher

Your hands have
been so burned while you
dug up holes to find
love and yet you wave
to heartbreak
like your hands have never
met fire. E. Khacher

CATHERINE MORENO



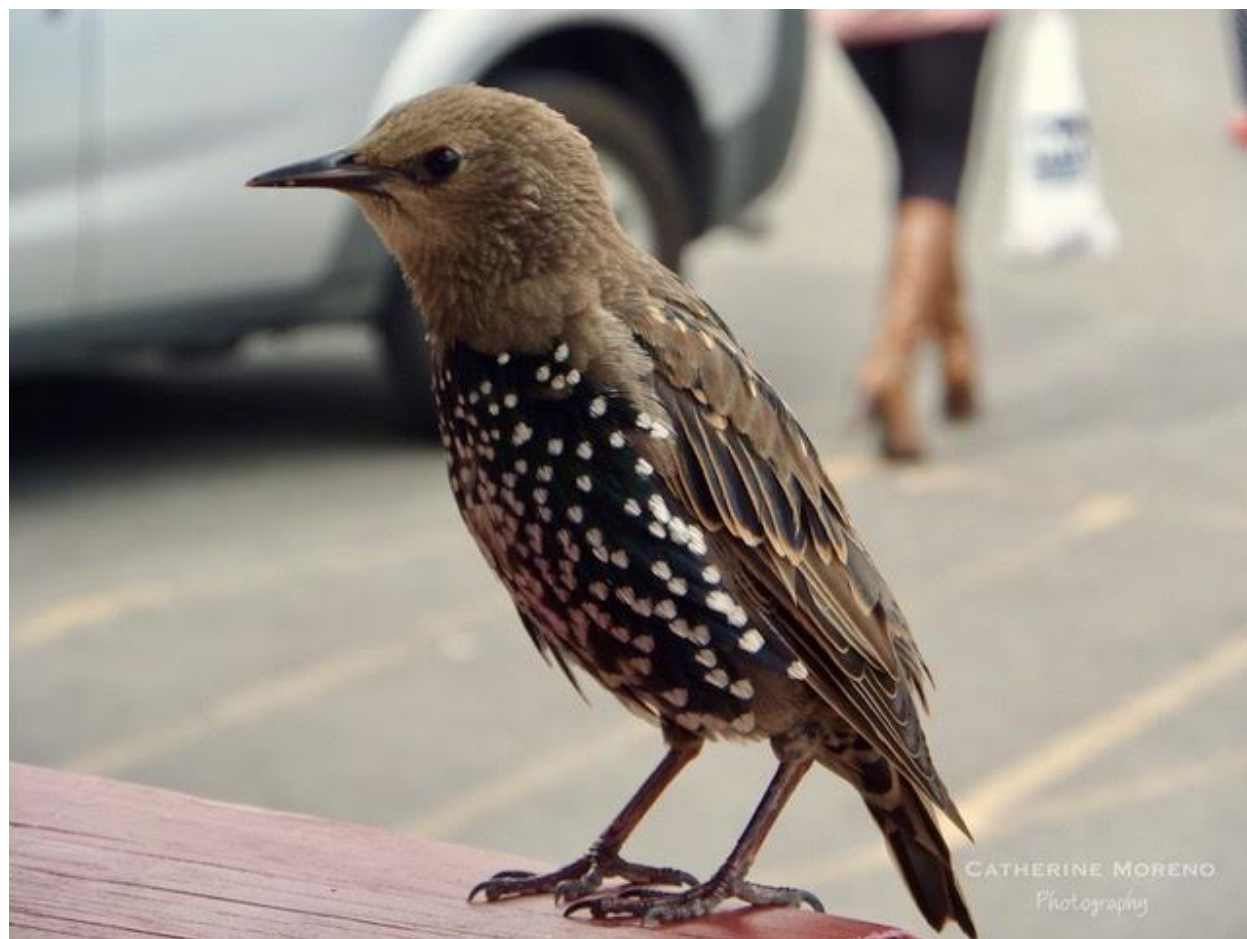
CATHERINE MORENO



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CATHERINE MORENO



CATHERINE MORENO



STILL LAUGHING

The older I get,
The more I come to realize
I was not put on this earth
To suffer,
Grieve,
Believe what the demons in my head
And the monsters under my bed
Nor any of my old lovers
Have spat
Out of hate, spite, and things they'd regret

Instead,
I will listen to what my father said,
"Forget them all"
I'm alive as ever
No need to rush death
Still laughing till my last breath
Oh yes, my old man said it best
And I will go down laughing
At my old lovers, demons, and monsters
And whoever else told me
I won't amount to a even a little bit.

ANI CHAKIRYAN

BOOK COVER REDESIGNS



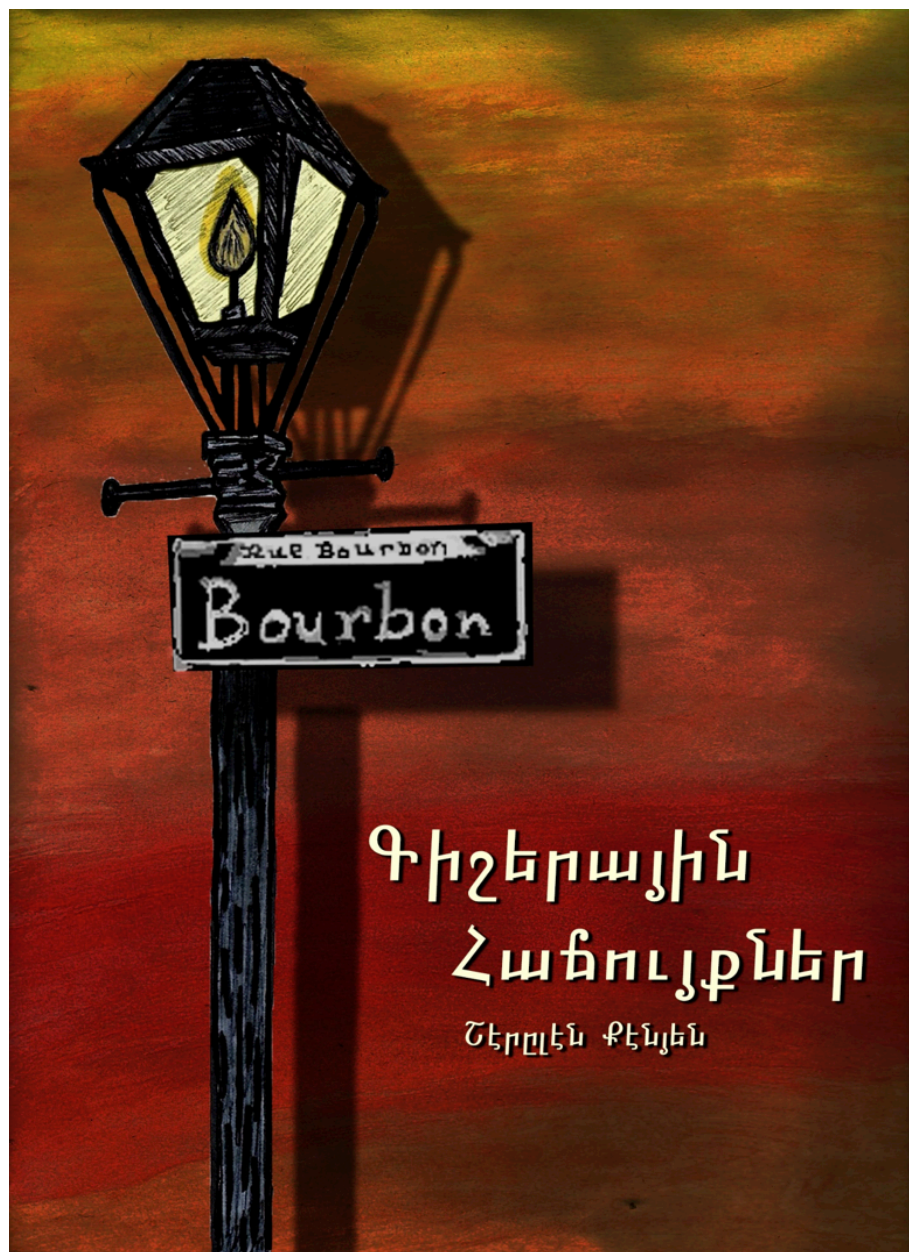
AMERICAN REDESIGN

ANI CHAKIRYAN



JAPANESE REDESIGN

ANI CHAKIRYAN



ARMENIAN REDESIGN

ARMINE IKNADOSSIAN

CATAMENIA

Others awake with ideas on how to save the white tiger
from extinction. I awake with orphaned words
crawling out of my ears like worms.

My doctor tells me I have a string of pearls
inside me where babies used to be. One pearl
for every undeveloped heart chamber. One for
the lost genesis of fingers, hands like closed tulips.

I salvage what is left of these words
that peak their fuzzy heads from my lips.
I knew they were mine before I named them.

ARMINE IKNADOSSIAN

HOW YOU CAN FIND ME WITHOUT A MAP

I can be found where the conures are loudest,
where cats mewl for milk and floorboards give.

Find me in sliding scales, in empty bank accounts,
in ashes and mulch and worn-out heels,

in crowded classrooms and stacks of ungraded essays,
under an old oak tree or swimming with sea lions.

Find my name etched into a pomegranate tree
or inside the vortex of my deaf ear.

If you can not find my name in the phone book,
look for me behind your third eye.

My avenues are paved with should haves,
street signs asleep, traffic lights in perpetual Morse Code.

ARMINE IKNADOSSIAN

TODAY, I VOTE

I blow into empty eye sockets
and hear the whistle of the slave mind;
the hive mind.

When the earth shivers, her spine loosens,
contracts, releases, contracts
We all stumble around like flees
in her jungles and forests.
We hold on to both sides of the lifeboat
as we flow into her angry breast.

Today, the appeals go unanswered,
the rummage sale for Syrian villages and young women.

And everyone will join hands and cheer,
"We defeated fascism! Yay for us! We did good!"
while rubber bullets bruise the Natives,
while slave labor continues in prisons,
while refugees wash up on the shores.

Surely you don't want _____ to win!
Surely you don't want _____ to win!
Surely you don't want _____ to win!
That's not an election; that's extortion.

And hey white women,
Sojourner Truth was a suffragette too!
Sojourner Truth was a suffragette too!
Sojourner Truth was a suffragette too!
Sojourner Truth was a suffragette too!
How many I VOTED stickers will be placed on her tombstone?

Today a girl in Gaza makes buildings out of ash (this is not a metaphor).

ARMINE IKNADOSSIAN

Her name is Majd Al-Masharawy and she calls the bricks Green Cake.
Green like grass and money
Cake like rich, sweet desserts.
I would like to vote for Majd.
How much sugar can I send her?
I will send her all the sugar in the world.

ARMEN BACON

BREAKING A GRANDMOTHER'S SILENCE

“What was **your** grandmother like?” my granddaughter asked one night while I used my fingers to feather her arm, hoping the gentle strokes would lure her to sleep, lower tiny lids fighting to stay awake. Closing my own eyes, the old woman appeared: tall, stern, statuesque. Face made of porcelain. Two straight lines wearing thick cotton hose, bagging at the knees. Aging loose skin sagging over a distant skeleton, one she often told me resided in her homeland – Armenia. My name, “Armen,” was derived from this place that held her heart. As a child, I loved studying the blue veins of highway permanently etched onto her hands thinking they might easily transport her back in time, to another life, the other world of which she never spoke. Years have stripped the innocence from these ancient childhood memories. With urgency and obsession I conjure an anatomy of loss, a dialect for sorrow– one that speaks for both of us.

On the street this morning there are only a few signs of life. Awake early, another night of tossing and turning. Walking outside to get the morning paper, I am greeted by a pair of doves collecting twigs to build a nest. Caught in my annual grief relapse,

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tethered to that moment when everything changed, I wonder how it can be a decade since I lost my son, Alex. Joggers and cyclists oblivious to my state of mind smile as they carry out early morning routines. Some hold Starbucks coffee cups, others talk on cell phones, a large pack holds leashes and try keeping pace with frisky pets. The road is full of travelers.

Begging my grandmother for her stories, she refrained, eyes transfixed in some faraway land. I hunted for clues, remnants from her past, only to find enchantment from old-world wall hangings, chipped demitasse cups arranged in perfect order and resting on a shelf. My favorite – a framed Armenian alphabet under glass, crowded with indecipherable letters embossed onto yellowing parchment, gilded with gold curved shapes, symbols, exotically written in her native language. While she worked in her kitchen, I traced the letters with my fingers. Fingers eager to gather dust, history, memory. I am a young granddaughter in dire search of guarded family secrets.

Grabbing the door handle to his room, a place I have not entered for more than a decade, it catches – a cold stickiness awkward to the touch. I try talking myself out of

ARMEN BACON

this moment of stark nakedness and atrocity. The reality of gone. A presence of absence. Five minutes pass while I stand in sacred space, eyes glazed, taking inventory of sights, sounds, remnant telltale smells. I spot his prized collection of miniature superhero figurines still living in their secret hiding place in the vicinity of his allowance stash and a pile of cherished sand dollars collected from our annual trips to the beach. How can a mother go on without her son? There is no undoing this.

I made fun of her thick Middle Eastern accent but loved brushing the cascading white hair that fell below her waist. She smelled like a grandmother marinated in mothballs and kissed me even when I made fun of the way she pronounced her consonants. A set of pursed lips trying to speak English, easily rattled by my youthful disrespect, the kind forcing her to revert to a language of silence, shame, broken parts. A voice trapped beneath her tongue.

Where is Alex? I hunt everywhere. Inside his closet, underneath the bed, inside his sock drawer – wherever there is remote possibility. Searching for the space between one breath and another, I turn the door handle hoping to salvage something on the other side. There, waiting for me, I am greeted by an inheritance of loss – handed down

ARMEN BACON

through generations, a grief layered with genocide, the massacre of 1.5 million Armenians whose faces I do not recognize and cannot see. But inside the door a photograph of a small boy wearing a cape stares back at me. I remember the first time I said, “Alex is dead,” the strangeness in saying his name. It felt thick coming off the tongue, hot in the back of my throat.

What do I know of my grandmother? That on the evening of November 20, 1915, a band of Turkish soldiers broke into her family’s home, kidnapping her father and brother. Both were executed. She and her mother escaped on foot through the streets of Erzurum, Turkey. Her mother became ill and died of starvation and pneumonia. She met my grandfather. They married in 1916 in the Georgian province of Tiflis. Well-educated, he was a writer, fluent in six languages. In 1919, they fled on horseback to Constantinople and stayed until 1921, eventually boarding a Greek vessel, setting sail for America. Arriving at Ellis Island in October 1921, they settled in Boston before finding their way to California.

Zarouhi Sobajian Derian. My grandmother. A Genocide survivor.

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Where is my Ellis Island? I walk trails leading nowhere, sifting through years of photographs, memories pierced with longing. Scavenging through boxes of notes and letters, printed out e-mails, I read volumes of my own grief journals stored high in the closet carrying words that I am too scared to read until now, a decade after (his) death. Terrified his face is fading, I compose symphonies of words, scores and stanzas of melodies that might revive and resuscitate. I write until I am no longer trapped in my grandmother's world of permanent midnight.

Her scent lingered for years, the mothballs eventually replaced by a fragrance of lilacs from her garden and soap she taught me to make from scratch. Mostly I remember the softness of her organza dress rubbing along my cheek as I lay on her lap in the back seat of our 1961 station wagon; her wrinkled hand guarding my shoulder while she spoke a language I would not understand for another fifty years.

Inside the mailbox, an awkward, steady trickle of mail still arrives daily, addressed to my son. The postal service, IRS, banks and credit card companies, even colleges and universities, are unknowing of my loss. I keep every envelope, caress each solicitation,

ARMEN BACON

welcoming their arrival as if my boy might be hiding around the corner and about to find his way home any minute now. Mail stacks up. Ten years is a very long time. I should be better at this. Fumbling through my grief, the air still hurts. Befriending the silence, I return to my desk, drown myself in writing.

I am a survivor, too.

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Ani Chakiryan

My name is Ani Chakiryan and I'm a first generation Armenian. I was born in Los Angeles in 1990 to parents who immigrated here from Istanbul in 1984. I speak, read, and write Armenian. I'm Bolsayhe so I group up speaking with Western dialect. I'm graduating Rosemont College in Philadelphia with my Masters in Publishing – Graphic Design. I would love to make a living a designer, whether it be being on the design team of a magazine, a book/publisher, etc, it doesn't matter; as long as I am designing and being creative.

Armen Bacon

Armen Bacon made her authorial debut with the powerful memoir, *"Griefland - An Intimate Portrait of Love, Loss and Unlikely Friendship,"* a story of two women whose words and astonishing friendship helped them survive the ultimate loss. Her second book, *"My Name is Armen – A Life in Column Inches,"* contains a decade's worth of *Fresno Bee* and other essays on family, friends, love and loss. *"My Name is Armen (Volume II) – Outside the Lines,"* takes readers beyond the margins of everyday life – always circling back, returning home – celebrating the resilience of the human spirit.

Armine Iknadossian

Beirut-born, Southern California-raised Armine Iknadossian is the author of *United States of Love & Other Poems* (2016). She has been published in *Pearl, Rhino, Split This Rock, Alabama Literary Review*, and elsewhere. Armine has an MFA in Poetry from Antioch and has worked as a teacher, as assistant editor to Arianna Huffington, Robert Scheer and Molly Ivins, and most recently as bookstore manager of Beyond Baroque, a beloved, Los Angeles literary institution. Since 2013, Armine has been a Writing Consultant for The Los Angeles Writing Project through CSULA. She was recently chosen by Red Hen Press to be one of their Writers in the Schools. Find out more at armineiknadossian.com

Catherine Moreno

My name is Catherine Nahapetian Moreno and I am a photographer of Armenian descent. I currently reside in St. Louis, MO and my hometown is Glendale, California. My full-time career is Human Resources Manager. After receiving my Bachelor's degree from the University of Washington, I knew I wanted to pursue my photography career and, for some time now, I have had big dreams of one day publishing my photos. I hope you enjoy what I have captured. Thank you for this wonderful opportunity.

Ermine Khacheryan

My name is Ermine Khacheryan and I currently reside in Los Angeles, California. I write poetry to express words that I can't say out loud. Writing has been my passion ever since I was young because I was able to make sense of my feelings through a paper and pen. My sad poetry has always been my best work and wish it was the other way around. My life can be seen through my work almost like an unfinished diary page of a particular time during my life. I am a graduate from CSUN with health science Bachelors and currently studying at Utah State University Speech Pathology and Audiology. I will be attending New York University for my Masters in Speech Pathology.

Jane Shakyan

I would describe myself as an individual of few spoken words but a thousand written ones. I write to make sense of the emotions I feel so strongly but am unable to verbalize. My hope is that people who have been in the same dark place as I have can find some comfort in my words and in turn, feel less alone. You can find more of my work on my blog, madlittlepari.wordpress.com.

Josiah Daniel Gagosian

Josiah Daniel Gagosian is a writer and artist of Mexican, European, and Armenian extraction. He was born in Idaho, raised in Oregon and attended the University of Oregon where he received his B.A. in both English Literature and Painting. His work, visual and literary alike, is deeply rooted in the multicultural and multi-religious traditions of his diverse ancestry, which includes Armenian converts to Mormonism, as well as All-American holy-rollers, and devout Virgen-de-Guadalupe-revering Catholics. He will begin the painting MFA program at University of New Orleans in August of this year.

Ronald Dzerigian

Ronald Dzerigian received his MFA from California State University, Fresno. His poems can be found in—or are forthcoming from—*Crosswinds Poetry Journal*, *Prairie Schooner*, *RHINO*, and *The Academy of American Poets* (poets.org). He is a writing consultant for graduate students at his alma mater and resides in a small farming community with his wife and two daughters.