In my dreams this time I saw my Dad
Who was revealed to me just like my Mom.
With full of fear and also joy, I fell into his arms
While he came out of his grave and began to caress me.
We wept in bitterness and also sweetly;
My Dad looked around,
Smiled to Mount Aragats* tenderly
And then said, "My son is alive indeed!"
But when my elderly father looked at Mount Ararat*,
He looked at me in suspicion,
"In what way can you call yourself my son
When our home is now left to be half empty?"

Translated from Armenian by Daniel Janoyan