

David's youthful resentment toward his father echoes most vividly in his collection of poems titled *Letters to My Father* (2004). In "From *Letters to My Father*," excerpted in *Forgotten Bread*, he remembers an incident that occurred between the two of them when he was nineteen. He was driving his father to an event at the Veteran's building:

We are downtown before I realize that
 he is uncertain of the address.
 He is used to walking everywhere,
 and has become disoriented in my car
 (but I don't realize any of this
 at the time). I am being impatient
 with him. I don't like being his chauffeur,
 I want to get on with my life, not
 be a helpmate in his. (342-3)

His father reads his thoughts and senses his resentment. He orders him to pull over and gets out of the car, and David watches him walk away:

I would call if he could hear me
 but he is on his own and alone
 as I am
 with whatever this is that I am. (343)

Melkon Kherdian's children, born in America and immersed in American culture, remained alienated from him, always at a distance, and then, "after 67 years of refusing life as/a foreign unmanageable experience," he was gone.⁴⁰

³⁹ Kherdian, "My Father," in *On the Death of My Father*, n.p.

⁴⁰ Ibid., "A Family of Four," n.p.