

# POEMS BY TATUL-SONENTZ

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The Call and Sour Eulogy

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## THE CALL

*To Neda*

On a summer day  
in this ancient land  
where a pagan sun  
once reigned supreme  
in a merciless encounter  
between hope and fear  
in the eternal sphere  
of re-creation –  
on the streets of a city  
torn between what was  
and what is to be –  
between Adam  
and Eve – on the eve  
of a new dawn you ventured  
forth with childlike candor  
holding the hand  
of destiny...

You wondered for whom  
the shots were meant  
as your chest exploded  
and you fell...  
your wide open young eyes  
turned to the skies  
to the fading light  
of a silent sun  
seeking an answer  
to the divine thirst  
for a sacrifice --  
a burnt offering  
on the blood soaked altar  
of freedom of the soul...

Your unuttered call  
yet to be heard  
is suddenly silenced  
by a pierced heart  
bleeding on the dust  
of a long road paved with pain  
leading to the final abode  
of the human spirit  
in its quest for peace  
in an Eden without bars...

You are home at last  
nestled in a million hearts  
that witnessed in your demise  
and your frozen gaze  
the surging triumph of light  
over darkness.

### **Sour Eulogy**

To those  
with whom  
I broke bread  
and shared my bed  
now all six feet under  
yet looking down  
on me from  
up there...

Oh, God!  
how I resent  
the dead silence  
and the mute  
conceit  
of the departed!

