

# SURVIVOR (A POEM)

*Posted on May 3, 2009 by Keghart*



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By Tatul Sonentz, Watertown MA, April 2009

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risen in a sea of ominous  
pagan tempests threatening  
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of our prayers of hope  
in a furious gale of  
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We had  
made the leap  
to Light and Peace  
with the Grace of the  
only born Son's descent  
on the sacred land of Eden  
and His disclosure to the Saint  
sent to Ararat dyed crimson  
with the blessed blood of  
the maidens martyred  
by an incensed king  
gone stark mad...

We revered  
Anahit the mother  
of all wisdom adored  
Mary the Mother of God  
we made the cruel journey  
bearing the heavy cross  
of double martyrdom  
at Avarayr and then  
at Deir-ez-Zor...

In the splendor

of spring, the sun rose  
on the darkest day of our  
lives, shining on bare blood-  
soaked bayonets of men  
prodding old men and  
women and babes  
onto a long trek  
to demise...

At sunrise  
We left behind  
ancestral homes  
a native soil we had  
tilled for many millennia  
orchards schools churches  
and burial grounds... forced to  
drag our worn out famished  
and broken bodies to a  
distant endless alien  
graveyard in the  
lifeless sands  
of the alien  
desert...

Parched inert  
where nothing grew  
and all things withered  
and died... by the time the  
end came bones outnumbered  
the stars and the crescent  
moon appeared in dark  
blood-red skies...

Then the moans  
of anguish morphed  
into clarions' call to a final  
battle for faith and Homeland  
and valiant sons and daughters  
of Urartu Nayiree and Ararat  
Van Moush and Bitlis rose  
as one and raised the  
rainbow colors of  
the Covenant...

And I survived.

