

# THE TURBULENT YEARS

Sonia Weitz (For Blanca & Norbert Borell)

Once upon a time in a far off land  
Where the chestnut trees smell sweet in the dark,  
A boy and a girl walking hand-in-hand  
Through a city park...

And the autumn leaves, with each step they took  
Belied in whispers the ominous chill  
For beneath their softness the universe shook  
And the world stood still.  
They walked in beauty that late summer day  
A girl and her soldier deeply in love  
Filled with young laughter, impatient and gay  
While the clouds above  
Turned black.. The raging storm in the sky  
Erupting like a volcano that tore  
Her very heart out, when he said good-bye  
And went off to war.  
As the bombs came falling she prayed for his life,  
Her lovely face bewildered and sad  
Until he returned to make her his wife  
In a world gone made.

And so they were wed in a secret place;  
A handful of people... a damp basement room  
No music, no flowers and no pretty lace  
For the bride and groom.  
Wishing for a bit of time they may borrow  
In a country conquered and plunged into gloom  
Fully aware that a cruel tomorrow  
Will come all too soon.  
This time their parting, a nightmare to bear!  
The kind awaking wouldn't dispel  
Each of them sentenced in helpless despair  
To a private hell.  
The fruits of destruction spread through the haze  
When the war finally ended that spring-  
Wearing prison garb they searched in a daze  
Like birds without wings...  
But then a miracle came to unfold  
And a momentous reunion took place.  
Their eyes bespoke all the words untold  
In a mute embrace.