

III. Symphonia Requiescat 1915

HAIG VARTAN

Aquí, lo que dejaron los puñales.

Here lies that thing the daggers left behind.

César by Jorge Luis Borges

All started by a comment of James Joyce in his *Ulysses* on Oscar Wilde's *Requiescat*. After I read and re-read this poem by realizing the universality of this immortal work.

Personal and collective tragedy.

The tragedy of the loss.

Losing the birthplace, country, losing future, the beloved people, losing hope, being ravished the life.

Any kind of Genocide is produced by the human race.

Really?

How humans got to that certain point of no return, when they are able to do such kind of violence?

All these questions abandon me since the dawn of my childhood, Oh, how spared of tragedy in this amplexity.

We read in the Roman Law: *Longi Temporis Praescriptio* – Exception taken on a long time – No! How can we get a prescription of this inhuman act?

The last very significant stanza of Oscar Wilde « Peace, Peace, she cannot hear » is a screaming of the heart for peace like the screaming of Genocide's victims.

In the sacral texts of *Missa Pro defunctis* the last cantical entitled *In Paradisum* reads:

<i>Chorus angelorum te suscipiat,</i>	May the ranks of angels receive you,
<i>et cum Lazaro quondam paupere</i>	and with Lazarus, once a poor man,
<i>æternam habeas requiem</i>	may you have eternal rest

Requiescat in pace – Rest in peace – to all the victims of 1915.

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