

In his writing, Isaiah delves deep into the human experience, digging through the layers to produce powerful works. In "The Dream of Samuel," Isaiah's unique poem conveys the complexities of the mind of a child who has just lost his father.

~Reneé Carter, Master Tutor

The Dream of Samuel

By Isaiah Sonnenfeld

The sky lay fair and the sun hammered down.
A gentle breeze worked its way through
the pale room window. Cool, light air.
The priest's forehead glistened in sweat,
His stifling black tunic made him warm.
He turned and pat me on the head
and facing Mum, with her wetted face,
Said he was sorry, and grieved he
For our loss. He kissed her on the forehead,
Just like Pa used to. Never again.
The good father, all in black, in my Mum's ear
Whispered words I could not understand, but
It made her face lighten
And her lips risk a smile.
Perhaps a joke. Mum once said to me
That the good Father and Pa were both good men,
And Pa always told good jokes.
Never again.
-Time to go- grasping Mum's hand, it's cold and clammy,
Together we pass out the door, down the hall,
out the main doors, to where the sun melts the parking lot.
The cars are all bodies with bare backs revealed
To the Daemon Son's fiery whip lashing,
and we are the cars, exposed in sin.
That's how the good Father once explained it in mass
and his face had grown red as the sacramental wine.
We walked in heat past a gigantic sign, it read
Hospital of Saint Thomas Aquinas.
Mum said hospitals are where sick go
To get better. She lied. Pa didn't.
Hand in hand we walked to the gate
And it opened slowly, creaking as though it were sad.
Silently to myself, I swore - Never would I return
To this house of Aquinas.
To this wretched arch with its rusted gate,
Most welcoming for the dead -
Never again through this shall I pass.
Never again.