

Part Three – 40 points – one paragraph

"Gazing into the valley
He felt overcome with pain
As a man
Who has been in prison
Feels his chains
At his release from fear.
He spoke Enkidu's name aloud
As if explaining to the valley
Why he was there, wishing his friend
Could see the same horizon,
Share the same delights: My friend Enkidu
Died. We hunted together. We killed Humbaba
And the Bull of heaven. We were always
At each other's side, encouraging when one
Was discouraged or afraid or didn't
Understand. He was this close to me.
He held his hands together to describe
The closeness. It seemed for a moment
He could almost touch his friend,

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Could speak to him as if he were there:
Enkidu. Enkidu. But suddenly the silence
Was deeper than before
In a place where they had never been
Together.
He sat down on the ground and wept:
Enkidu. Enkidu.

As when we recall so vividly
We almost touch,
Or think of all the gestures that we failed
To make.

After several minutes he stood up
Explaining only to himself why he
Had come – to find the secret of eternal life
To bring Enkidu back to life –
Recognizing now the valley was deaf
To loss known only to himself" (Mason 60-61).

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Passage Three:

“Gilgamesh wept bitterly for his friend.
He felt himself now singled out for loss
Apart from everyone else. The word *Enkidu*
Roamed through every thought
Like a hungry animal through empty lairs
In search of food. The only nourishment
He knew was grief, endless in its hidden source
Yet never ending hunger.

All that is left to one who grieves
Is convalescence. No change of heart or spiritual
Conversion, for the heart has changed
And the soul has been converted
To a thing that sees
How much it costs to lose a friend it loved.

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It has grown past conversion to a world
Few enter without tasting loss
In which one spends a long time waiting
For something to move one to proceed.
It is that inner atmosphere that has
An unfamiliar gravity or none at all
Where words are flung out in the air but stay
Motionless without an answer,
Hovering about one’s lips
Or arguing back to haunt
The memory with what one failed to say,
Until one learns acceptance of the silence
Amidst the new debris
Or turns again to grief
As the only source of privacy,
Alone with someone loved.
It could go on for years and years,
And has, for centuries,
For being human holds a special grief
Of privacy within the universe
That yearns and waits to be retouched
By someone who can take away
The memory of death” (Mason 53-54).

Part Three – 40 points – one paragraph

Passage One:

“Her words still filled his mind
As they started their journey,
Just as a mother’s voice is heard
Sometimes in a man’s mind
Long past childhood
Calling his name, calling him from sleep
Or from some pleasurable moment
On a foreign street
When every trace of origin seems left
And one has almost passed into a land
That promises a vision or the secret
Of one’s life, when one feels almost god enough
To be free of voices, her voice
Calls out like a voice from childhood,
Reminding him he once tossed in dreams.
He could still smell the incense she had burned
To Shamash, saying: Why did you give my son
A restless heart, and now you touch him
With this passion to destroy Humbaba,
And you send him on a journey to a battle
He may never understand, to a door
He cannot open. You inspire him to end
The evil of the world which you abhor
And yet he is a man for all his power
And cannot do your work. You must protect
My son from danger.

She had put out the incense
And called Enkidu to her side, and said:
You are not my son but I adopt you
And call upon the same protection now
For you I called upon for Gilgamesh.
She placed a charm around his neck, and said:
O let Enkidu now protect his friend.

These words still filled their minds
As the two friends continued on their way” (Mason 33).

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"O the dove, the swallow and the raven
Found their land. The people left the ship.
But I for a long time could only stay inside.
I could not face the deaths I knew were there.
Then I received Enlil, for Ea had *chosen* me;
The war god touched my forehead; he blessed
My family and said:
Before this you were just a man, but now
You and your wife should be like gods. You
Shall live in the distance at the rivers' mouth,
At the source. I allowed myself to be
Taken far away from all that I had seen.
Sometimes even in love we yearn to leave mankind.
Only the loneliness of the Only One
Who never acts like gods
Is bearable.
I am downcast because of what I've seen,
Not what I still have hope to yearn for.
Lost youths restored to life,
Lost children to their crying mothers,
Lost wives, lost friends, lost hopes, lost homes,
I want to bring these back to them.
But now there is you.
We must find something for you.
How will you find eternal life
To bring back your friend?

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He pondered busily, as if
It were just a matter of getting down to work
Or making plans for an excursion.
Then he relaxed, as if there were no use
In this reflection. I would grieve
At all that may befall you still
If I did not know you must return
And bury your own loss and build
Your world anew with your own hands.
I envy you your freedom.

As he listened, Gilgamesh felt tiredness again
Come over him, the words now so discouraging,
The promise so remote, so unlike what he sought.
He looked into the old man's face, and it seemed changed,
As if this one had fought within himself a battle
He would never know, that still went on" (Mason 79-80).