

# YOUNG RAVENS

## LITERARY REVIEW

### **Tribute to Leonard Cohen**

by Diana Raab

Two years before Cohen passed  
I sat in the third row of his last concert--  
while that octogenarian played three hours straight:  
inspiring and haunting words about relationships,  
joy and melancholy.

As he glanced my way, I wondered how  
he would know about our connection  
which had deep roots in Montreal,  
where he and my three kids began their lives--  
a string connecting us way beyond his songs.

From Cohen I learned creativity is both  
delicious and horrible, but often graceful,  
and us artists have no choice but to create.

His songs fueled my best poetry  
during dark moments of loneliness,  
delivering promises of reconciliation  
and appreciation for the self.

Months before his own passing  
he wrote a farewell letter to a dying  
friend— “Our bodies are falling apart,”  
knowing he’d follow soon.  
“If you stretch out your hand,  
I think you can reach mine,” he wrote.

His lust for life and tenacity for youthful vigor  
has inspired me every day of my life,  
especially now as I turn the page into my next decade.

You want it darker, he reminded himself  
and all his listeners in his very last moments  
of all his hauntings.