

The Wild Lily Institute

April 2017

Poetry Month | With Canadian Poet Emily Isaacson

I hid in terror from their highland neigh,
behind a trunk, while holding to a branch.
It was magnolias upon the tree,
their fragrance was as gospel to my heart,

-Emily Isaacson

Dear Friends,

This month spells poetry in all sorts of magical ways. I find both the sacred and profane can be recalled in this art form. Some may think is a lost art. If only poetry would rhyme again, they are bound to say. Well, listen to the gift in my heart to you: I have composed thirty real rhyming sonnets and they are now found on my Sonnets blog. You may read them for old times sake, if you and I go way back. For a moment we shall be together again.

Emily Isaacson, poet and author www.sonnets.clay-road.com

Celebrating one year with the clinic this June . . .

I have been in Mission on First Ave with my nutrition office for almost a year now. Over a hundred clients have come in over the last decade with all different conditions. When I teach about the Rainbow Program, it is amazing how peoples' faces light up. They actually prefer to learn about nutrition by color than by numbers. The P U L S E clinic offers food plans for people needing dietary support. To book: www.pulsenutrition.org

Book release this May : The Blossom Jar!



Book launch in Maple Ridge at The ACT art gallery. May 2, 7:00 PM

Published by Potter's House Press. This title is available in our online bookstore, and on Amazon & Ingram by launch date. This small chapbook tells a story in verse of Nancy Green, a homeless woman standing in the street. She asked to tell her story. This moving account by poet and author Emily Isaacson reminds us of what matters in this life and how precious humanity is to God. Emily Isaacson draws attention to the plight of the homeless. Buy the book as a gift, to help support her work. \$6.99

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WLI Online Bookstore: www.wildlilyinstitute.com

Call to the Poets (Fantasia)

Where are the poets?
Where are their deep sonorous voices,
their caves hidden far within mountains?

Poets, I call you.

Where do they cry so no one hears,
espousing the distance
between God and humanity?

Poets I call you by darkness,
I call you by light.

Their burning embers are the eyes
that can see,
unblinded by night.

Poets, I call you by
your multi-faceted names,
your dominions,
your many lives in former places.

You and your spoken word
work their way into
the sands of our minds
as the sea—our castles

demolished each day
and washed away
into Solomon's tomb,
where his wives glow with aqua stones.

If a poet would speak,
the poem would live
in our shallow heartbeats, in the deep
trenches of our borders.

Emily Isaacson

Now watch the You Tube video of this poem on our channel:

www.poetryvideos.clay-road.com