

# 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](http://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](http://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

The Wild Lily Institute    1.888.399.3210    33077 First Avenue Mission, B.C. V2V 1G2 Canada

WLI Online Bookstore: [www.wildlilyinstitute.com](http://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](http://www.poetryvideos.clay-road.com)