

FINE ART

LA VIE BRISÉ—LE COEUR ENTIÈRE. FAITES-LE, RÉUSSISSE!

ISAACSON

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JANUARY

I COLLECTED THE WILDFLOWERS AND SENT
THEM IN LETTERS TO MY LOVE LONG LOST,
I WAS A SOLDIER IN FRANCE, GRASS IN FROST
FROZE IN ALL WITHERED DIRECTIONS ...

EMILY ISAACSON

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| SUN | MON | TUE | WED | THU | FRI | SAT |
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FEBRUARY

I CANNOT ASK FOR MORE FROM GIBRALTAR,
BUT FOR ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES, RINGER
OF THE BELLS THAT CALL THEM HOME,

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MARCH

WHAT WORD WOULD SPEAK AND RAISE THE SPIRE TO SKY;
WHAT HOPE WOULD GLISTEN AS THE MORNING DEW?
THERE WAS A CHURCH THAT BLAZED ITS COLOURS TRUE,

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APRIL

I WE SANG AS CITY INCARNADINE BURNED,
WITH ITS ALTRUISTIC CATHOLIC SPIRE;
WE WEPT AS CHRIST'S FACE IN ASH WAS BEAUTY ...

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MAY

THERE—A RING OF UNENDING GOLD AS FIRE,
A MELODIOUS SOUND CAME FROM THE WOOD
OF RELINQUISHED CROSS, NOW CRUCIFIED STONE ...

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JUNE

I AM LEFT WITH THE CARCASS AND THE STONE.

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JULY

BUT NOW YOUR HAND HAS CLASPED MY ARM IN LIFE
AND I DIE NO MORE, I LIE IN RUINS TOO:
YOU ARE MY GOLDEN CHILD OF PLAID KINDNESS—
AND I RUSH ON, RISING AMID THE STRIFE.

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AUGUST

I THOUGHT TO BE A LOVELY LAMB, AS SNOWS;
SPRING IN THE DUN HEATHER AND THE MOSS PEAT.

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SEPTEMBER

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, MY LITTLE FLOCK OF SHEEP;
HAVE YOU DISPERSED OVER THE VOSGES'S PASS?
HAVE YOU STAYED TO ANOTHER RIVER'S GLASS?
HAVE YOU FALLEN DOWN A GULLY SO STEEP?

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OCTOBER

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WHERE IS THE SACRAMENT THAT WITH YOU KEEPS
YOU FROM DEATH'S HARM, AND WITH YOUR GREENEST GRASS:
A PASTURELAND OF LISERON DES CHAMPS,
THE PLEASANT PLACE WHERE WHITE ASPHODEL STEEPS.

EMILY ISAACSON



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NOVEMBER

THE PROCESSION FOR MY MISSING, A DIRGE,
I SINGING, NAIVE OF THE WIND'S FROST
ON THE AUTUMN BACKDROP OF BURNISHED LEAVES.

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DECEMBER

THERE IS A MOMENT WHEN I CONTEMPLATE—
AND ALL MEANING FADES IN THE TRENCHES OF FRANCE,
AND ALL I LOVE RESOUNDS, HOLLOW AS WINE ...

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CLASSIC
COUNTRYSIDE

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LE COEUR
ENTIÈRE.
FAITES-LE,
RÉUSSISSE!



ISAACSON

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