
Christmas 2010: Welcome to Emily Isaacson's new book . . .

In the fury of gods
wilted rife
in the cloister
of one draped love,
a peace beyond time
and in liberty I shed my
cloak for your earth
and this dignity pressed
mine;
when I found you
in virginity
and the rhythm of your gait
was like a silver courtyard at dusk,
then the prince of time
became my hands and feet
and I imprisoned you in death
that I might be your
sorrow-stone.

In the field where we labor side by side there is authenticity. There is no solace from evil except in communion. The bread of wealth offers no contentment on this side of death, but in feeding the poor we extend a hand to someone in need of peace. And in each relevant moment outstretched, we are awakened into a deeper tryst with our God-center; the immaculate conception becoming an oracle: what separates reality from what we choose as our destiny, the fantasy world from the supernatural. We are born from a heaven of miracles to an earth of poverty, where the divine is still its God-center.

In this book, the time that tries and the future go hand in hand. There is a responsibility to tell the truth, but veiled so it is innocent and respectful of other's truths. That is the onus of poetry—to tell a veiled truth through myth and symbol, through character and atmosphere, through description and abdication.

This response requires courage and dignity, bravery and the chastisement that brings peace. In all things, may there be peace, and in the divine warrior, there is no blood tide, no crimson conflict, no jaded response. There is clarity and purpose and truth. There is a method to renounce what brings fear and embrace what causes love. We will be the victor in the end, of the simple life and bridled pathos.

The Fleur-de-lis: Tate Publishing
Now visit her official book site at www.emilyisaacson.com