

## By Wendy Cope

Last year we went to Lissadell.  
The sun shone over Sligo Bay  
And life was good and all was well.

The bear, the books, the dinner bell,  
An air of dignified decay.  
Last year we went to Lissadell.

This year the owners had to sell—  
It calls to mind a Chekhov play.  
Once life was good and all was well.

The house is now an empty shell,  
The contents auctioned, shipped away.  
Last year we went to Lissadell

And found it magical. "We fell  
In love with it," we sometimes say  
When life is good and all is well.

The light of evening. A gazelle.  
It seemed unchanged since Yeats's day.  
Last year we went to Lissadell  
And life was good and all was well.

Wendy Cope, "Lissadell" from (: , )

Source: *Poetry* (Poetry Foundation, 2005)