
Lonely, Lonely, Lonely Is the Lord of Hosts

BY YAEL GOLDSTEIN LOVE

WITHIN THE FIRST YEAR, MOST OF the grass had given itself over to mud, and by the third, all the buildings were sagging inward or tilting sideways like three crooked rows of children. Now, in the fifth year, the gate to the dairy was hanging on by a tired nail, and the stables and the printing press were rotting side by side, adding a whiff of decay to the

scent of manure that already clung to the colony newspaper. And though what had been completed of the schoolhouse had a guileless elegance, the

project had been abandoned halfway through for lack of capital; Karl Tannenbaum, the Staatliches

Bauhaus graduate who'd designed the structure, had gone off on a fundraising mission in January but had written in May from St. Louis to say that he'd found a bride and a job with an architecture firm and would not be returning. Yet just now, the New Marlborough colony was beautiful.

The warm yellow of the Berkshire Mountain sunlight filtered, prism-like, through the red and

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