

Wingbeats in the Rose Light

by [Ayokunle Samuel Betiku](#) in the [March 2023](#) issue

of a receding sun—star
-lings returning to roost.

Here, the night isn't a cat
burglar carting away the light

in our bones. It is in fact
the warm warble of God

lulling us into the gentle
deep. The synapse of sinew

between the wing and the wind.
No one lightens the body

by torching the eyes.
Even the savior

surrounded by water
and waves still

made time for a pillow.
Friend, are you listening?

Peace, be still.
Morning will come,

we will rise into radiance
and be raptured in birdsongs.