

## **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.