

BETHANY BATES

Four Poems

Is This Night Rational?

Somber the candelabra
Languish the torch lit diamonds in your tiara
in which miracles sway low.

I'd ignore cayenne summers to liberate your petals,
O silver hyssop!
Ringlet light mirrors your silky fingers
on my horizontal existence.

Veto the dove song, for the sea music doth thou ring!
Your hair bathes and the river
sings saliva thirst.

Is this

Night

rational?