

The Nightingale

She offers her voice—
the tremble of glass

an extension of chord,
for a single red rose.

A thorn against her breast,
she understands secret sorrow

and sings
with each note stained

in the beat of her heart.
Strung in succession

of hallowed howls,
her life sketched

into the fabric of a song.
She screams

deliberate beauty
in ordinary silence,

for a love,
that only brings the death of her.

—*Deanna Bachtell*