

# 'Be Music, Night'

By Kenneth Patchen

Be music, night,  
That her sleep may go  
Where angels have their pale tall choirs

Be a hand, sea,  
That her dreams may watch  
Thy guidesman touching the green flesh of the world

Be a voice, sky,  
That her beauties may be counted  
And the stars will tilt their quiet faces  
Into the mirror of her loveliness

Be a road, earth,  
That her walking may take thee  
Where the towns of heaven lift their breathing spires

O be a world and a throne, God,  
That her living may find its weather  
And the souls of ancient bells in a child's book  
Shall lead her into Thy wondrous house

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