

**Consolations after Uncertainty**

**(After James Tate's "Consolations After an Affair")**

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The candles flicker, sputter to life:  
They worry when I'm out  
in the cold so close to resting time.  
I have mirrors in every room  
that claim to witness make-believe things.  
They know nothing of sorrow and salvation.  
For them a pretty face in misery  
is their only true objection.  
I've discovered that I don't need  
the pain pills, the morphine in my pocket.  
His presence floats beside me  
like the long, delicious silence.  
And I can feel my desire blossom,  
alone in this cathedral of love