

THE TIMID LOVER

Winter blows a blackest night
Upon the streets and unlit homes,
But she and I inside the light
Enjoy such warmth (the cold unknown).

The people chat and laugh and eat
The glasses clink and wine is sipped
My heart assumes a quicker beat
And leaves me of my senses stripped.

The chimney puffs a wisp of smoke
It rises up to touch the sky;
Inside, my eloquence is choked
By her piercing, burning eye.

And in my heart there is a heat,
Of which the wine is not the source,
This warmth—with which I am replete—
Is born in her, my Muse, of course.

And when it's time to rise and go,
She rises too and leaves with me,
Back among the cold and snow,
I'm still as warm as I could be.