

## 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.