

He promises not to fall soft in love  
Or to trip over lines of loveliness  
When he tries to find the words to tell her  
The dark tower, his hunger, vigilance.  
It's a hard road to be a quiet man  
In a world where heroes shout and echo.  
He speaks in jumps and starts and stop-stutters.  
He defeated the herds and the henwife  
He has the language of hope; open, door.  
A new love stands at the door to his heart,  
Clothed in his scent, his opened green checked shirt,  
Now hers. He wonders what love spell she wants,  
Testing lines. What words will fill, will open,  
What bright courage he can find to speak them.