

## **We Will Not Say a Word**

We will not say a word about love  
That is so overspoken,  
Nor tax each other with declarations  
Trumped up out of tradition  
For want of the real word.  
The heart is a rich king,  
But the tongue, his servant, is very poor.  
It is enough to know  
You are awake somewhere,  
Sharing the gravity of the earth  
With me now,  
The struggles and trumps  
Of the century.

***Gabriel Millar***