

# Silent Knight

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Watching sunlight swiftly fading  
high atop the castle wall,  
an aging knight stands contemplating  
the single step that starts his fall.

Like the grizzled knight's rough armour,  
his dreams are dented, faded and frail.  
Old ambitions once girded in splendor  
are now among the last hopes to fail.

Oh, for sweet love, that courtly virtue!  
Oh, for its tender, blushing first kiss!  
Ah, but for the bitter pangs of regret  
when old knights are denied such folly as this.

With sad resolution, an old wolf snaps his visor--  
closes it hiding a grey tear-streaked face.  
Safe in his armor, dented and rusty  
the old knight stands watch in silent disgrace.

Nay, not today shall his life be concluded,  
whilst tears softly mar the fading twilight.  
Though bleakest thoughts may have intruded  
he summons once more the courage to fight.

Watching sunlight swiftly fading  
high atop the castle wall,  
a lonely old wolf stands contemplating  
his many dark faults that cost him all.