

Eliza,

Rossignol has charged me with sending you this sonnet. That they have not heard from you in but one season seems to sit heavy in their heart, and yet they know that the tasks you were tasked with can hardly be so swiftly completed.

And so, they want me to be sure you know that they are coming to Anvil this Equinox. In truth much of the visit is about Summoning the Loquacious Birds, the Circle of Zulgan Tash and a tribute to the past. But the tone of the sonnet cannot be doubted. There is also yearning.

If you would see Rossignol, look for them in the Hall of Worlds around 10pm on the Friday evening of the Solstice, or, if you prefer, leave word at the Warm Hearth or at Lumi's Teahouse where they should seek you out. They are eager I know, not just to see you, but to see if they can help you make progress towards the diplomacy, conversation and understanding that The Speaker in Dreams adores.

I will not be in Anvil during the Equinox myself, and so I wish you well

Percival Weaver

Night mage and one who believes in the virtue of The Loquacious One

For Eliza, Letterato of Sarvos

*Tis but a season past, and yet I pine
for at the Solstice gone, no word had I
Naught but silence not one mot or sign;
that I or mine rememb'ed was. Oh why!*

*Can I not sweet patience find where there is
much need. The tasks are not so swiftly faced.*

*Epistles, letters, diplomacy lives
at a slowed pace, not forcéd speed, not haste.*

*Mayhap it was my own tongue stayed your hand
when I spoke of Caucus, Grendel, all things
but thee. My first thought is of Lash'nar's land.
True. Yet thus I betray a heart that sings.*

*If word will not reach me in realm of Night
Then in Anvil must I seek desired sight.*