

## The Greatest

### aka How do I love me? Let me count the ways

(This one's for Whitney— with apologies to both the Brownings and the sportsman formerly known as Cassius Clay!)

How do I love me? Let me count the ways.  
I love me to the depth and breadth and height  
My [soul](#) can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love me to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love me freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love me purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love me with [the passion](#) put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love me with a [love](#) I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love me with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love me better after death.

--Phoenix

(Please note that in the “non-Donald” manner given here, this sentiment is intended as the *antidote* and not the poison! Go in peace...)