

For you my Beloved

I love you,

Not for what you are

But for what I am

When I am with you

I love you

Not only for what

You have made of yourself

But for what

You are making of me

I love you

For the part of me

That you bring out

I love you

For putting your hand

Into my heaped-up heart

And passing over

All the foolish, weak things

That you can't help

Dimly seeing there

And for drawing out

Into the light

All the beautiful belongings

That no one else had looked

Quite far enough to find

I love you because you

Are helping me to make

Of the lumber of my life

Not a tavern

But a temple

Out of the works

Of my every day

Not a reproach
But a song
I love you
Because you have done
More than any creed
Could have done
To make me good
And more than any fate
Could have done
To make me happy
You have done it
Without a touch
Without a word
Without a sign
You have done it
By being yourself
Perhaps that is what
Being a beloved-one means
After all