

Love

by Roy Croft

I love you not only 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 friend means, after all.