

I Love You

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.

Roy Croft