

When Two People Are at One by I Ching

When two people are at one in their inmost hearts
they shatter even the strength of iron or of bronze
and when two people understand each other
in their inmost hearts
Their words are sweet and strong
like the fragrance of orchids

Passage by Voltaire

Sensual pleasure passes and vanishes in the twinkling of an eye,
but the friendship between us, the mutual confidence,
the delights of the heart, the enchantment of the soul,
these things do not perish and can never be destroyed.
I shall love you until I die.

Apache Wedding Blessing by Unknown

Now you will feel no rain,
for each of you will be shelter for the other
Now you will feel no cold,
for each of you will be warmth for the other
Now there is no more loneliness,
Now you are two persons, but there is only one life before you
May your days together be good and long upon the earth

What Greater Thing by George Elliot

What greater thing is there for two human souls,
than to feel that they are joined for life
to strengthen each other in all labour,
to rest on each other in all sorrow,
to minister to each other in all pain
to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories.

Married Love by Kuan Tao-Sheng

You and I
have so much love
that it burns like a fire,
in which we bake a lump of clay
moulded into a figure of you

I Would Live in Your Love by Sara Teasdale

I would live in your love as the sea-grasses live in the sea
Borne up by each wave as it passes,
drawn down by each wave that recedes;
I would empty my soul of the dreams that have gathered in me
I would beat with your heart as it beats,
I would follow your soul as it leads.

Celtic Vow

Ye are Blood of my Blood, and Bone of my Bone.
I give ye my Body, that we Two might be One.
I give ye my Spirit, 'til our Life shall be Done.

You Were Born Together by Kahlil Gibran

You were born together, and together you shall be forevermore
You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days
Aye, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God
But let there be spaces in your togetherness,
And let the winds of heaven dance between you.
Love one another but make not a bond of love you.
Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your soul
Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup
Give one another of your bread but eat not from the same loaf
Sing and dance together and be joyous, But let each of you be alone
Even as the strings of the lute are alone though the quiver with the same music
Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping,
for only the hands of Life can contain your hearts.
Stand together, yet not too together:
For the pillars of the temple and the oak tree
and the cypress grow not in each others's shadow

To Love Another by Rainer Maria Rilke

For one human being to love another human being:
that is perhaps the most difficult task that has been entrusted to us,
the ultimate task, the final test and proof,
the work for which all other work is merely preparation.
Loving does not at first mean merging, surrendering,
and uniting with another person-
it is a high inducement for the individual to ripen..
to become world in himself for the sake of another person;
it is a great, demanding claim on him,
something that chooses him and calls him vast distances

He Wishes For The Cloths of Heaven by W.B Yeats

He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven
Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Traditional Irish Blessing

May the road rise to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your home,
The rains fall soft upon your fields.
And the light of friendship guide your paths together,
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.

Being In Love by C.S. Lewis

Being in love is a good thing, but it is not the best thing. There are many things below it, but there are also things above it. You cannot make it the basis of a whole life. It is a noble feeling, but it is still a feeling. Now no feeling can be relied on to last in its full intensity, or even to last at all. Knowledge can last, principles can last, habits can last; but feelings come and go.

And in fact, whatever people say, the state called "being in love" usually does not last. If the old fairy-tale ending "They lived happily ever after" is taken to mean "They felt for the next fifty years exactly as they felt the day before they were married," then it says what probably never was nor ever could be true, and would be highly undesirable if it were. Who could bear to live in that excitement for even five years? What would become of your work, your appetite, your sleep, your friendships?

But, of course, ceasing to be "in love" need not mean ceasing to love. Love in this second sense—love as distinct from "being in love"—is not merely a feeling. It is a deep unity, maintained by the will and deliberately strengthened by habit; reinforced by the grace which both ask, and receive, from God. They can have this love for each other even at those moments when they do not like each other. They can retain this love even when each would easily, if they allowed themselves, be "in love" with someone else.

"Being in love" first moved them to promise fidelity: this quieter love enables them to keep the promise. It is on this love that the engine of marriage is run: being in love was the explosion that started it.

Sonnet 116 by William Shakespeare

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh No! It is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with its brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Winged Flight

From today this winged love begins its flight
across the skies of time.
It will fly above the bounds of earth
and beyond the edge of now,
for when hearts and minds come
together as one,
the union takes mere mortals
to places never been.
The flight of love will allow you to
challenge your wildest dreams.
Side by side you will explore the
endless possibilities of your shared world
And your journey will soar and fly
with bearings sound and direction true.
May your winds be favourable
and your skies remain clear
as you guide your shared flight
towards the rising sun, for in the dawn of each new day
you will find the light to guide your way.
May you enjoy your journey
along the way, and may you feel
the gentle guiding presence of others
who share the skies with you,
the place of freedom, adventure and endless hope.

Somewhere I have never travelled by E.E. Cummings

Somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond
any experience, your eyes have their silence:
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,
or which I cannot touch because they are too near
your slightest look easily will unclothe me
though I have closed myself as fingers,
you open always petal by petals myself as Spring opens
(touching skillfully, mysteriously) her first rose
or if your wish be to close me, i and
my life will shift very beautifully, suddenly,
as when the heart of this flower imagines
the snow carefully everywhere descending;
nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals
the power of your intense fragility: whose texture
compels me with the colour of its countries,
rendering death and forever with each breathing
(i do not know what it is about you that closes
and opens; only something in me understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)
nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands

The Country of Marriage by Wendell Berry

Sometimes our life reminds me
of a forest in which there is a graceful clearing
and in that opening a house,
an orchard and garden,
comfortable shades, and flowers
red and yellow in the sun, a pattern
made in the light for the light to return to.
The forest is mostly dark, its way
to be made anew day after day, the dark
richer than the light and more blessed
provided we stay brave
enough to keep going in.

A History of Love by Wendell Berry

Love. What a small word we use for an idea so immense and powerful it has altered the flow of history, calmed monsters, kindled works of art, cheered the forlorn, turned tough guys to must, consoled the enslaved, driven strong women mad, glorified the humble, fueled national scandals, bankrupted robber barons and made mince meat of kings. How can love's spaciousness be conveyed in the narrow confines of one syllable?... Love is an ancient delirium, a desire older than civilization, with taproots stretching deep into dark and mysterious days... The heart is a living museum. In each of its galleries, no matter how narrow or dimly lit, preserved forever like wondrous diatoms, are moment of loving and being loved.

Loving the wrong person - Galway Kinnell

We're all seeking that special person who is right for us. But if you've been through enough relationships, you begin to suspect there's no right person, just different flavors of wrong. Why is this? Because you yourself are wrong in some way, and you seek out partners who are wrong in some complementary way. But it takes a lot of living to grow fully into your own wrongness. And it isn't until you finally run up against your deepest demons, your unsolvable problems--the ones that make you truly who you are--that we're ready to find a lifelong mate. Only then do you finally know what you're looking for. You're looking for the wrong person. But not just any wrong person: the right wrong person--someone you lovingly gaze upon and think, "This is the problem I want to have." I will find that special person who is wrong for me in just the right way.

In Love Made Visible by May Swenson

In love are we made visible
as in a magic bath
are unpeeled
to the sharp pit
so long concealed
With love's alertness
we recognise
the soundless whimper
of the soul
behind the eyes
A shaft opens
and the timid thing
at last leaps to surface
with full-spread wing
The fingertips of love discover
more than the body's smoothness
They uncover a hidden conduit
for the transfusion
of empathies that circumvent
the mind's intrusion
In love are we set free
Objective bone
and flesh no longer insulate us
to ourselves alone
We are released
and flow into each other's cup
Our two frail vials pierced
drink each other up

White Dress - Sandra Denny

Feel how the wind blows, December despair
Bring me a ribbon to tie up my hair
I'll be your bride, go where you go
All of my life, you'll be my beau
Kiss me and I might
Put on the white dress
If you'll take me dancing tonight
The night's in your face, sky's in your eyes
The day's in my arms when you're by my side
Whenever you're weary I'll sing you a song
Whenever you're lonely I'll show you you're wrong
Come from the window, let's climb the stairs
All of my sorrows are none of your cares
While life is in us, let's love all we can
I'll be your woman if you'll be my man

Vision by Denise Levertov

Two angels among the throngs of angels
paused on the upward abyss,
facing angel to angel.
Blue and green glowed the wingfeathers
of one angel, from red to gold the sheen
of the other's. These two,
so far as angels may dispute, were poised
on the brink of dispute, brink of
fall from angelic stature,
for these tall ones, angels
whose wingspan encompasses entire
earthly villages, whose heads if their feet touched earth
would top pines or redwoods, live by their vision's harmony
which sees at one glance
the dark and light of the moon.
These two hovered dazed before one another,
for one saw the seafeathered, peacock breakered
crests of the other angels' magnificence,
different from his own,
and the other's eyes flickered with vision of
flame petallings, cream-gold grainfeather glitterings,
the wings of his fellow,
and both in immortal danger of dwindling, of dropping
into the remote forms of a lesser being.
But as these angels, the only halted ones
among the many who passes and repasses,
trod air as swimmers tread water, each gazing
on the angelic wings of the other,
the intelligence proper to great angels flew into their wings,
the intelligence called intellectual love, which,
understanding the perfections of scarlet,
leapt up among blues and greens strongshafted,
and among amber down illumined the sapphire bloom,
so that each angel was iridescent with the strange newly-seen
hues he watched; and their discovering pause
and the speech their silent interchange of perfection was
never became a shrinking to opposites,
and the remained free in the heavenly chasm,
remained angels, but dreaming angels,
each imbued with the mysteries of the other

Falling in Love is Like Owning a Dog – Taylor Mali

First of all, it's a big responsibility,
especially when you live in the city.
So think long and hard before deciding on love.
Love gives you a sense of security.
When you're walking down the street late at night
and you have a leash on love
ain't no one gonna mess with you.
Who knows what love could do in its own defense?
Love is warm.
On cold winter nights,
it lies between you and lives and breathes
and makes funny noises.
Love has needs.
Love needs to be fed so it will grow and stay healthy.
Love needs attention, it doesn't like being left alone for long.
But come home and love is always happy to see you.
Love may break a few things accidentally in its passion for life,
but you can never be mad at love for long.
Is love good all the time? No! No!
Love can be bad. Bad, love, bad! Very bad love.
Love makes messes.
Love leaves you little surprises here and there.
Love needs lots of cleaning up after.
Sometimes you want to roll up a piece of newspaper
and swat love on the nose,
not so much to cause pain,
just to let love know Don't you ever do that again!
Sometimes love just wants to go for a nice long walk.
Because love loves exercise.
It runs you around the block and leaves you panting.
It pulls you in several different directions at once,
or winds around and around you
until you're all wound up and can't move.
Throw things away and love will bring them back,
again, and again, and again.
But most of all, love needs love, lots of it.
And in return, love loves you and never stops.

I Like You - Sandol Stoddard Warburg

I like you and I know why.
I like you because you are a good person to like.
I like you because when I tell you something special, you know it's special
And you remember it a long, long time.
You say, Remember when you told me something special
And both of us remember
When I think something is important
you think it's important too
We have good ideas
When I say something funny, you laugh
I think I'm funny and you think I'm funny too
Hah-hah!
I like you because you know where I'm ticklish
And you don't tickle me there except just a little tiny bit sometimes
But if you do, then I know where to tickle you too
You know how to be silly
That's why I like you
You really like me, don't you
And I really like you back
And you like me back and I like you back
And that's the way we keep on going every day
If you go away, then I go away too
or if I stay home, you send me a postcard
You don't just say Well see you around sometime, bye
I like you a lot because of that
If I go away, I send you a postcard too
And I like you because when I am feeling sad
You don't always cheer me up right away
Sometimes it is better to be sad
I like you because I don't know why but
Everything that happens is nicer with you
I can't remember when I didn't like you
It must have been lonesome then
I like you because because because
I forget why I like you but I do
So many reasons
I don't know why
I guess I don't know why I really like you
Why do I like you
I guess I just like you
I guess I just like you because I like you.