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.