

AFTER THE LUNCH

On Waterloo Bridge, where we said our goodbyes

The weather conditions bring tears to my eyes

I wipe them away with a black woolly glove

And try not to notice I've fallen in love.

On Waterloo Bridge I am trying to think

This is nothing. You're high on the charm and the drink

But the juke-box inside me is playing a song

That says something different. And when was it wrong?

On Waterloo Bridge with the wind in my hair

I am tempted to skip. You're a fool. I don't care

The head does its best but the heart is the boss –

I admit it before I am halfway across.

Wendy Cope

BECAUSE SHE WOULD ASK ME WHY I LOVED HERE

If questioning would make us wise
No eyes would ever gaze in eyes
If all our tales were told in speech
No mouths would wander each to each.

Were spirits free from mortal mesh
And love no bound in hearts of flesh
No aching breast would yearn to meet
And find their ecstasy complete.

For who is there that lives and knows
The secret powers by which he grows?
Were knowledge all, what were our need
To thrill and faint and sweetly bleed

Then seek not, sweet, the 'if' and 'why'

I love you now until I die
For I must love because I give
And life in me is what you give.

February Saturday

By Dennis Brutus

Published in A WRITING LIFE Celebrating Nadine Gordimer ed. Andries Walter
Oliphant (Penguin Books South Africa 1998).

It is Saturday night over there
The summer smoulders down to shadow
The Saturday summer games are over
Time to replay them, in success or failure
Time to talk, to speculate, to dream.

Flickers of hope, speculative murmurs
Firefly in the dusk, trill like birdcalls
In the sudden twilight hush.

All human aspirations are void
All can hum through the heart
No pain, no desire, is trivial
When its urgent pang transfixed.

The young, energetic and ebullient
The mature, mellowed in victory and defeat
All reach beyond the darkening horizons
Yearn to the crimson glimmer that holds
Splendor and wonder and hope.



“Gift from The Sea”

Here the bonds of marriage are formed. For marriage, which is always spoken of as a bond, becomes actually many bonds, many strands, of different texture and strength, making up a web that is taut and firm. The web is fashioned of love, yes, but many kinds of love – romantic love first, then a slow-growing devotion, and playing through these a constantly rippling companionship. It is made of loyalties, and interdependencies, and shared experiences. It is woven of memories of meetings and conflicts, triumphs and disappointments. It is a web of communication, a common language, a knowledge of likes and dislikes, of habits and reactions. It is a web of instincts and intuitions, and known and unknown exchanges. In the years together one recognises the truth of Saint-Exupery’s line **“Love does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction”**.

A good relationship has a pattern like a dance built on some of the same rules. The partners do not need to hold on tightly, because they move confidently in the same pattern, intricate but swift and free, like a country dance of Mozart’s. To touch heavily would be to arrest the pattern and freeze the movement, to check the endless beauty of its unfolding. There is no place here for the possessive clutch, the clinging arm, the heavy hand; only the barest touch in passing. Now arm in arm, now face to face, now back to back – it does not matter which, because they know they are partners moving to the same rhythm, creating a pattern together, and being invisibly nourished by it.

When you love someone you do not love them all the time, in exactly the same way, from moment to moment. It is an impossibility. And yet this is exactly what most of us demand. We have so little faith in the ebb and flow of life, of love, or relationships. We leap at the flow of the tide and resist in terror its ebb. We are afraid it will never return. We insist on permanency, on duration, on continuity; when the only continuity possible, in life as in love, is in growth, in fluidity – in freedom, in the sense that the dancers are free, barely touching as they pass, but partners in the same pattern.

Ann Morrow Lindbergh



I WILL BE HERE

By Steven Curtis Chapman

If in the morning when you wake

If the sun does not appear

I will be here

If in the dark we lose sight of love

Hold my hand and have no fear

I will be here.

I will be here

When you feel like being quiet

When you need to speak your mind I will listen

Through the winning, losing, and trying we'll be together

And I will be here

If in the morning when you wake

If the future is unclear

I will be here

As sure as seasons were made for change

Our lifetimes were made for years

I will be here

*Blake-Brennan-Browning-Burns-Byron-Chapman-Coleridge-Dickinson-Finch-Ford-
Foster-Frost-Goethe-Hood-Keats-Lisle-Marlow-Movesesian-Poe-Sandburg-
Shakespeare-Shelley-Sumod-Tennyson-Trench-Whitman-Wilbye-Wilde-Wordsworth*

OH TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE

Some day that's love a little boy
 And some say it's a bird
Some day it makes the world go round
 And some say that's absurd
And when I ask the man next-door
 Who looked as if he knew
His wife got very cross indeed
 And said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas
 Or the ham in a temperance hotel?
Does it odour remind one of llamas
 Or has it a comforting smell?
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is
 Or soft as eiderdown fluff?
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?
 O tell me the truth about love.

Our history books refer to it
 In cryptic little notes
It's quite a common topic on
 Transatlantic boats
I've found the subject mentioned in
 Accounts of suicides
And even seen it scribbled on
 The back of railway-guides.

Does it howl like a hungry Alsatian
 Or boom like a military band?
Could one give a first-rate imitation
 On a saw or a Steinway Grand?
Is its singing at parties a riot?
 Does it only like Classical stuff?
Will it stop when wants to be quiet?
 O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summer house
 It wasn't ever there
I tried the Thames at Maidenhead
 And Brighton's bracing air
I don't know what the blackbird sang
 Or what the tulip said
But it wasn't in the chicken run
 Or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordinary faces?
 Is it usually sick on a swing?
Does it spend all its time at the races
 Or fiddling with pieces of string?
Has it views of its own about money?
 Does it think Patriotism enough?
Are its stories vulgar but funny?
 O tell me the truth about love.

When it comes, it will come without warning
 Just as I'm picking my nose?
Will it knock on my door in the morning
 Or tread in the bus on my toes?
Will it come like a change in the weather?
 Will its greeting be courteous or rough?
Will it alter my life altogether?
 Oh tell me the truth about love.

W. H. Auden

Oh, the comfort

The inexpressible comfort

Of feeling safe with a person

Having neither to weigh thoughts

Nor measure words

But pour them all out, just as they are

Chaff and grain together

Knowing that a faithful hand will take and sift them

Keep what is worth keeping and then –

With the breath of kindness –

Blow the rest away

ONCE THEY PLAYED

Once they played at love together

Played it brightly and with ease

Lightly, as a breezy feather

Did they chance a heart apiece.

It was such delightful playing

Through the highlights of the game

Without the thought of future swaying

Mischievous love they had to tame

In this fun exchange of glances

Kisses sweet as honeydews

When they played with equal chances

Did she win, or did he lose?!!!

Our love is something we have built
From passion, hopes and dreams
It's safe from any passing moods
Secure from all extremes
It's something real and special
Something solid, something pure
Ringing sound and sure
It's something grounded in the heart
Emitting confidence
It lives in our emotions
It is something we can sense
Our love remains a binding force
Resistant to all strife
Amidst the outer pressures
It's our anchor throughout life.

Steven Reiser

READING NO.8

Come with me, go with me
Burn with me, glow with me
Write me a sonnet or two
Sleep with me, wake with me
Give with me, take with me
Love me the way I love you.
Let me get high with you
Laugh with you, cry with you
Be without you when I am blue
Rest with you, fight with you
Day with you, night with you
Love me whatever I do.
Work with me, play with me
Run with me, stay with me
Make me your partner in crime
Handle me, fondle me
Cradle me tenderly
Say I'm your reason and rhyme.
Pray with me, sin with me
Love with me, win with me
Love me with all of my scars.
Rise with me, fall with me
Hide from it all with me
Nothing is mine now – its ours.

So it will be that on a clear summer's day
The bright sun, accomplice to my joy
Will, amongst the satin and the silk
Make your beauty seem even greater

The shimmering blue sky, like a vast canvas
Will enfold us
And illuminate our two happy faces
Pale with joy and anticipation

And when night comes, sweet air
Will playfully pass through your veils
And the peaceful stars
Will smile down on the newlyweds.

THE KEY TO LOVE

The key to love is understanding.....
The ability to comprehend not only the spoken word
But those unspoken gestures
The little things that say so much by themselves.

The key to love is forgiveness.....
To accept each others faults and pardon mistakes
Without forgetting, but with remembering
What you learn from them.

The key to love is sharing.....
Facing your good fortunes as well as the bad, together
Both conquering problems, forever searching for ways
To intensify your happiness.

The key to love is giving.....
Without thought of return
But with the hope of just a simple smile
And by giving in but never giving up.

The key to love is respect.....
Realising that you are two separate people, with different ideas
That you don't belong to each other
That you belong with each other, and share a mutual bond.

The key to love is inside us all.....
It takes time and patience to unlock all the ingredients
That will take you to its threshold
It is the continual learning process that demands a lot of work.....
But the rewards are more than worth the effort....
And that is the key to love.

Author Unknown

THE LOVING HEART

Someone may love you because you are clever

Someone may love you because you are wise

Someone may love you for beauty or humour

The fun in your heart or the light in your eyes.

But if there is one who discovers your failings

And love all the good and bad that is you

This is the love that will last you forever

This is the love that will always be true.

THERE IS ALWAYS

Something to love and if you ain't learned that

You ain't learned nothing.

Lorraine Hansberry (1930-1965)

LOVE

And the gentle heart

Are but a single thing.

Dante Alighieri (1265-1321)

BETWEEN WHOM

There is hearty truth

There is love.....

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)

GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME!

The best is yet to be

The last of life for which

The first was made.

Robert Browning (1812-1889)

TO THE ONE I LOVE

This message is as special
As my feelings are for you
For I believe that you were born
To make my dreams come true.

My hopes, my fears, my aspirations
You embrace as you do your own
And as long as you are in my life
I'll never feel alone.

Without you there is no purpose
No rhyme nor reason why
So I'm sending you my kisses
With love that'll reach the sky.

I Love You

TRUE LOVE

True love is a precious flame
That burns perpetually
And none can dim its special glow
Or change its density

True love speaks in tender tones
And hears with gentle ear
True love gives with open heart
And true love conquers fear.

True love makes no harsh demands
It neither rules nor binds
And true love holds with gentle hands
The hearts that it entwines.

VALENTINE

My heart has made its mind up

And I'm afraid it's you

Whatever you've got lined up

My heart has made its mind up

And if you can't be signed up

This year, next year will do.

My heart has made its mind up

And I'm afraid it's you.

Wendy Cope

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is just not looking at each other and saying “You’re wonderful”

There are times when we are anything but wonderful.

Love is looking out in the same direction, it is linking our strength to pull a common load, it is pushing together towards the far horizons, hand in hand.

Love is knowing that when our strength falters, we can borrow the strength of someone who cares. Love is a strange awareness that our sorrows will be shared and made lighter by sharing; that joys will be enriched and multiplied by the joy of another.

Love is knowing someone else cares that we are not alone in life.

Walter Rinder