

If we are telling of love, how does it begin?

A heady, giddy excitement and then...

“Oh that you would kiss me with the kisses of your mouth  
For your kisses are better than wine” and suddenly we two  
Are drunk, intoxicated and I am crazy for you.

So listen, come Love, I believe in you.

If life is a journey, come with me.

I'm in it for the long road, the U-Haul,  
The heavy lifting. If I love in high emotion,  
I know there is more, seeing every day  
Those who weep, who stumble and fall.

It's not who runs the fastest, but who runs the longest,

Who can handle the rough ground, for sometimes

We are not the smartest, the luckiest or strongest.

So listen to me, Love, I believe in us.

Let us stand up in front of people in joy

And celebration. Make a declaration,

Shout our intention to renounce aloneness

Make a commitment to each other and to love

Whose power I think can transform us.

Transformed by love (in spite of platitudes)

I know we are marrying not only the future

But also the past. Our errors, our childhood insecurities

Come tagging along. Our families, those who

Loved us before we loved each other, are on the sidelines.

Even so, I'm stepping out in faith, singing my song

And until it turns into long silence, I want the words

To be tuneful, full of thanksgiving and forgiving.

May they be tender and honest, heart language

From Solomon, "This is my beloved, and this is my friend."