



Love Defined
To Laura & Y'hoshua Radu

*Love is expressed between the lines
Of clumsy utterances of speech
In mutual or in unfamiliar tongues.
The narrowness of language cannot love restrain,
Which has no need of empty sounding words,
No hollow clanging cymbals:
Love speaks the language of the heart
And cares not for modalities of parlance.
A silent look, in one brief glance,
May utter volumes of unwritten lore,
But if that look should for an æon last,
T'would yet be innocent of idle repetition.*

*Love goes the extra mile, even on the Sabbath,
Stoops without reproach to lift a brother in his weakness,
And grudges not the cost to spare a sister's shame.
Love gives her body to the elements,
To be buffeted by the wind and stinging rain,
To share the humble company of a friend
And give him double happiness that she has graced his road.
While braving treacherous paths, clings to the slimy rocks
And through her gritted teeth, yet summons up a smile.*

*Love suffers long, and patiently endures
Unending vain entreaties from his puerile charges,
While offering sage advice, he gently counsels
And listens raptly to their dull rejoinders.
Love shares when times are meagre and deals with open hand
And little seems like plenty around love's simple board.
Unselfishly Love spends herself to make guests feel at home
With many a kindly gesture, that spells a welcome warm
Not for some vain and outward show, but from a heart sincere.*

*Love sees the raw potential concealed in rough hewn rock,
And with tools of loving-kindness its promise does unlock.
With skilful art and patient hands and labour long and slow
Love leaves the craftsman's imprint upon the obstinate stone.*

*Love is a wondrous healer who shares her patients' pain
Though her work may bring her sadness, each day she'd do the same
And through her sacred ministry, reflects the greatest Love
Shown by the Great Physician, who brought healing through his blood.*

Marcus Lander, July 2011