Wedding Poems

A Lovely Love Story  by Edward Monkton

The fierce Dinosaur was trapped inside his cage of ice. Although it was cold he was happy in there. It was, after all, his cage.

Then along came the Lovely Other Dinosaur. 
The Lovely Other Dinosaur melted the Dinosaur’s cage with kind words and loving thoughts.

I like this Dinosaur thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur. Although he is fierce he is also tender and he is funny. He is also quite clever though I will not tell him this for now.

I like this Lovely Other Dinosaur, thought the Dinosaur. She is beautiful and she is different and she smells so nice. She is also a free spirit which is a quality I much admire in a dinosaur.

But he can be so distant and so peculiar at times, thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur. 
He is also overly fond of things. Are all Dinosaurs so overly fond of things?

But her mind skips from here to there so quickly thought the Dinosaur. She is also uncommonly keen on shopping. Are all Lovely Other Dinosaurs so uncommonly keen on shopping?

I will forgive his peculiarity and his concern for things, thought the Lovely Other Dinosaur. For they are part of what makes him a richly characterized individual.

Love. From the book A Natural History of Love by Diane Ackerman.

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 mush, consoled the enslaved, driven strong women mad, glorified the humble, fuelled national scandals, bankrupted robber barons, and made mincemeat 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 our moments of loving and being loved.”

The American writer Tim Robbins wrote

“Love is the ultimate outlaw.  
It just won't adhere to any rules.  
The most any of us can do is to sign on as its accomplice.  
Instead of vowing to honour and obey, maybe we should swear to aid and abet.  
That would mean that security is out of the question.  
The words "make" and "stay" become inappropriate.  
The love they have for each other has no strings attached.  
This love is for free.”

Prose - "A Marriage" by Mark Twain

A marriage...makes of two fractional lives a whole;  
it gives to two purposeless lives a work, and doubles the strength of each to perform it;  
it gives two questioning natures a reason for living, and something to live for;  
it will give a new gladness to the sunshine, a new fragrance to the flowers, a new beauty to the earth, and a new mystery to life.

George Eliot wrote:

What greater thing is there for two human hearts than to feel that they are joined together to strengthen each other in all labor, to minister to each other in all sorrow, to share with each other in all gladness, to be one with each other in the silent unspoken memories?

Love (William Penn)

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely.
He that minds a body and not a soul has not the better part of that relation, and will consequently want the noblest comfort of a married life.

Between a man and his wife nothing ought to rule but love... As love ought to bring them together, so it is the best way to keep them well together.....

Nothing can be more entire and without reserve; nothing more zealous, affectionate and sincere; nothing more contented and constant than such a couple.

Author Unknown. love is blind

They say love is blind. I disagree. Infatuation is blind, love is all-seeing and accepting. Love is seeing all the flaws and blemishes and accepting them. Love is accepting the bad habits and mannerisms, and working around them. Love is recognizing all the fears and insecurities, and knowing your role is to comfort. Love is working through all the challenges and painful times. Infatuation is fragile and will shatter when life is not perfect. Love is strong and strengthens because it is real.

Positive, Mahatma Gandhi

The Indian philosopher, pacifist and social leader Mahatma Gandhi wrote:

Keep your thoughts positive, because your thoughts become your words. Keep your words positive, because your words become your behaviour Keep your behaviour positive because your behaviour becomes your habits Keep your habits positive because your habits become your values Keep your values positive because your values become your destiny

...and we are here today to see our bride and groom bring their thoughts, words, behaviour, habits, and values together, to begin to find their destiny, as they pledge themselves – each to the other, joining in marriage before this gathering of their friends and family..

Victor Hugo
You can give without loving, but you can never love without giving. The
great acts of love are done by those who are habitually performing small
acts of kindness. We pardon to the extent we love. Love is knowing that
even when you are alone you will never be lonely again, and the greatest
happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves
and even loved in spite of ourselves.

Finally. Author Unknown

Finally, I have found a place into which I fit,
Perfectly, safely and securely,
with no doubts, no fears, no sadness, no tears.
This place is filled with happiness and laughter,
Yet it is spacious enough to allow me to move around,
To live life and to be myself.
This wonderful place, which I never believed really existed,
I have found. Finally - in your arms, in your heart, in your love.

From 'Wild Awake' by Hilary T Smith:

“People are like cities: We all have alleys and gardens and secret
rooftops and places where daisies sprout between the sidewalk cracks,
but most of the time all we let each other see is a postcard glimpse of a
skyline or a polished square. Love lets you find those hidden places in
another person, even the ones they didn’t know were there, even the
ones they wouldn’t have thought to call beautiful themselves"

From ‘Sandman’ Neil Gaimans

Have you ever been in love? Horrible, isn't it?
It makes you so vulnerable.
It opens your chest and it opens up your heart
and it means that someone can get inside you and mess you up.

You build up all these defences, you build up a whole suit of armour, so
that nothing can hurt you,
then one stupid person,
no different from any other stupid person,
wanders into your stupid life... .

You give them a piece of you.
They didn't ask for it.
They did something dumb one day, like kiss you or smile at you,
and then your life isn't your own anymore.

On ‘Love’ Poems

SILENT NOON Dante Gabriel Rossetti (12 May 1828 – 9 April 1882)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
‘Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
‘Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.
Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:
So this wing’d hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! Clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

by Spike Milligan

The summer was in our hands
we lay like fallen apples in the grass,
and as we lay intertwined,
it seemed we were endless,
we were drowning in each other,
yet neither called for help,
somehow we had reached Camelot,
the stars came out and blessed us,
we could hear the sea
we searched each other and
found ourselves,  
call it love yet it was better than that,  
we made each other happen.

**James Clark Maxwell’s "Valentine by a Telegraph Clerk"**

A love poem written by a physicist… a man who Einstein described as the greatest physicist ever ....who worked at Edinburgh Uni.

The tendrils of my soul are twined  
With thine, though many a mile apart.  
And thine in close coiled circuits wind  
Around the needle of my heart.

Constant as Daniel, strong as Grove.  
Ebullient throughout its depths like Smee,  
My heart puts forth its tide of love,  
And all its circuits close in thee.

O tell me, when along the line  
From my full heart the message flows,  
What currents are induced in thine?  
One click from thee will end my woes.

Through many a volt the weber flew,  
And clicked this answer back to me;  
I am thy farad staunch and true,  
Charged to a volt with love for thee.

**Epithalamium Liz Lochhead.**

For Marriage, love and love alone's the argument.  
Sweet ceremony, then hand in hand we go  
Taking to our changed, still dangerous, days our Complement.  
We think we know ourselves, but all we know  
Is: love surprises us. It's like when sunlight flings  
A sudden shaft that lights up glamorous the rain  
Across a city street -- or when unexpected Spring's
First crisp, dry breath turns the air champagne.  
Delight's infectious -- your quotidian friends  
Put on, with gladrag finery today, your joy,  
Renew in themselves the right true ends  
They won't let old grief’s, old lives, destroy.  
When at our lover's feet our opened selves we've laid  
We find ourselves, and all the world, remade.

By Nexhat Hakiu (1917-78) translated from Albanian

The happy or the bored  
may ask what love is -  
but it doesn't have descriptiveness  
Its qualities are wordless.

You feel it secretly and slowly.  
It's there and you don't realise  
it's living in your heart.

A flower may be plucked,  
a pearl or cloth of gold  
be snatched and fought over.

The caged bird sings its heart out  
and if you freed it, it would also sing  
far from you and everyone.

Love is not flower  
nor pearl  
nor caged bird  
but a formless dweller in the heart.

Nuptials by John Agard

River, be their teacher  
That together they may turn  
Their future highs and lows  
Into one hopeful flow.  
Two opposite shores
Feeding from a single source.

Mountain. Be their milestone
That hand in hand they rise above
Familiarity’s worn tracks
Into horizons of their own
Two separate footpaths
Dreaming of a common peak.

Birdsong, be their mantra
That down the frail aisles of their days,
Their twilight hearts twitter morning
And their dreams prove branch enough.

What goes with what - “Appetite” by Nigel Slater (great for foodies!)

“Some flavours work together. Others don’t. You can't really argue with the theory that if you like something then it works, but to experiment with marrying flavours, in a trial and error situation like a mad scientist, will not only take forever but will probably lead to some really horrid meals. The easy way is to respect a few basic principles about flavours that work especially well together - what belongs with what - which will at least give you the chance of a decent supper. You can then experiment as and when you feel like it. To put it another way, someone has done some of the work for you. Be thankful. You didn't really want to be the one to find out that anchovies are disgusting with bacon, did you?

Some flavours have a natural affinity for each other. In other words, they flatter each other and make for better eating. Much of what is accepted as being a sound partnership makes good sense but there is also a lot of rubbish talked about what goes with what. I have never agreed, for instance, with the well-known accompaniment for oysters, which some foodies reckon is Tabasco sauce. To my taste buds this is an abomination. The chilli sauce does nothing for the pure intense seawater flavour of the shellfish. Yet I am convinced that lemon really brings out the flavour of steak, with which many would just as fiercely disagree. Likewise I put Dijon mustard on my lamb yet fail to be moved by the age-old marriage of cherries with duck.
Yet there are certain combinations of ingredients that seem as if they were made for one another. Think tomato and basil, think sausage and mustard, think Parma ham and melon. There are logical explanations for some of these natural pairings, such as the salt in the ham intensifying the flavour of the melon, but others are beyond analysis. It is simply that there is something intrinsically right about them, and there are some flavours and textures that work together so naturally that they defy the meddlings of any creative cook. There are flavours and textures that work together in perfect harmony. A roll-call of all that is good about eating: beef and mustard; lamb and garlic; liver and onions; toast and Marmite; steak and bearnaise sauce; duck and five-spice; chicken and tarragon; strawberries and cream. Then there are those successful contrasts of textures that seem like gifts from God - gravy and mashed potato; egg and chips; ripe Brie and crisp white bread; cold vanilla ice-cream and hot chocolate sauce. Some things are simply meant to be.”

That Day, the saucers landed. Hundreds of them, golden,

Silent, coming down from the sky like great snowflakes,
And the people of Earth stood and stared as they descended,
Waiting, dry-mouthed, to find out what waited inside for us
And none of us knowing if we would be here tomorrow
But you didn’t notice because

That day, the day the saucers came, by some coincidence,
Was the day that the graves gave up their dead
And the zombies pushed up through soft earth
or erupted, shambling and dull-eyed, unstoppable,
Came towards us, the living, and we screamed and ran,
But you did not notice this because

On the saucer day, which was zombie day, it was
Ragnarok also, and the television screens showed us
A ship built of dead-men’s nails, a serpent, a wolf,
All bigger than the mind could hold,
and the cameraman could
Not get far enough away, and then the Gods came out
But you did not see them coming because

On the saucer-zombie-battling-gods
day the floodgates broke
And each of us was engulfed by genies and sprites
Offering us wishes and wonders and eternities
And charm and cleverness and true
brave hearts and pots of gold
While giants feefofumed across
the land and killer bees,
But you had no idea of any of this because

That day, the saucer day, the zombie day
The Ragnarok and fairies day,
the day the great winds came
And snows and the cities turned to crystal, the day
All plants died, plastics dissolved, the day the
Computers turned, the screens telling
us we would obey, the day
Angels, drunk and muddled, stumbled from the bars,
And all the bells of London were sounded, the day
Animals spoke to us in Assyrian, the Yeti day,
The fluttering capes and arrival of
the Time Machine day,

You didn’t notice any of this because

you were sitting in your room, not doing anything
not even reading, not really, just
looking at your telephone,
wondering if I was going to call.

Falling in love is like owning a dog
an epithalamion by Taylor Mali

First of all, it’s a big responsibility,
especially in a city like New York.
So think long and hard before deciding on love.
On the other hand, 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 going to mess with you.
Because crooks and muggers think love is unpredictable.
Who knows what love could do in its own defense?
On cold winter nights, love is warm.
It lies between you and lives and breathes
and makes funny noises.
Love wakes you up all hours of the night with its needs.
It needs to be fed so it will grow and stay healthy.
Love doesn’t like being left alone for long.
But come home and love is always happy to see you.
It 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 just want to get love fixed.
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.
But love makes you meet people wherever you go.
People who have nothing in common but love
stop and talk to each other on the street.
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.

Bidie-in by Diana Hendry & Hamish Whyte (a pair of poems)

1 - Application

O let me be your bidie-in
And keep you close within
As dearest kith and kin
I promise I’d be tidy in
Whatever bed or bunk you’re in
I’d never ever drink your gin
I’d be your multi-vitamin
I’d wear my sexy tiger-skin
And play my love-sick mandolin
It cannot be a mortal sin
To be in such a dizzy spin
I’d like to get inside your skin
I’d even be your concubine
I hope you know I’m genuine
O let me be your bidie-in

2 - Appointment

Of course, you may be my bidie-in,
You didn’t need to apply within.
A braw new world’s about to begin,
We’ll gang thegither through thick and thin,
We’ll walk unscathed through burr and whin.
If you’re to be my procupin
I’ll just have to bear it and grin.
I’ll be your sheik, your djinn,
I’ll be yang to your yin.
You’ll be my kitten, my mitten, my terrapin.
All night long we’ll make love’s sweet din
And never mind the wheelie-bin.
In our romantic cinema there’ll be no FIN.
And so I say again – you’re in -
You’ve got the job of bidie-in!

Maybe:

Maybe .... We are supposed to meet the wrong people before meeting the right one so that, when we finally meet the right person, we will know how to be grateful for that gift

Maybe .... it is true that we don’t know what we have got until we lose it, but it is also true that we don’t know what we have been missing until it arrives
Maybe ... the happiest of people don’t necessarily have the best of everything; they just make the most of everything that comes along their way

Maybe ... the best kind of love is the kind you can sit on the sofa together and never say a word, and then walk away feeling like it was the best conversation you've ever had

Maybe ... you shouldn't go for looks; they can deceive. Don’t go for wealth; even that fades away. Go for someone who makes you smile, because it only takes a smile to make a dark day seem bright.

Maybe ... you should hope for enough happiness to make you sweet, enough trials to make you strong, enough sorry to keep you human, and enough hope to make you happy

Maybe ... Love is not about finding the perfect person, it’s about learning to see an imperfect person perfectly.

DIY!
One of my Couple’s wanted fresh material for a definition of love...so they asked all their guests (20) to send them a line with their thoughts...this was the result!
A great way of making everyone feel part of the ceremony I thought.

We’ll start today with a reading from Zoe and Emily compiled from comments received from you all. See if you can spot your own...

(AA Milnes) “How do you spell ‘love’?” “You don’t spell it, you feel it.” Love is the hardest word to define!
Is love like a box of chocolates, or is that life?
Is it “a four letter word”, “priceless” or “blind”?
Love is caring, sharing and being there for each other.
It is unassuming, unconditional & forever after,
Made from compromise and consideration,
Love is a bond between two people that is only for them.
It is putting other’s interests before your own.
And it is being stupid together,
Be happy, have fun.
Be kind to each other, put each other first and don’t sweat the small stuff!
But remember, whatever the debate or argument Groom, Bride will always be right.
Make time for each other and for your friends. Beyond that, I’m still clueless.
Always live in the moment. Life is what you make of it. Each morning we are born again, what happens that day is the most important. Enjoy your lives together.
And be happy
As Homer Simpson said “[AHHH,] Space aliens! Don’t eat me! I have a wife and kids – EAT THEM instead”

Don't Squeeze My Shoes: Rachel Fox

A love, like shoes, must feel just right
Not too loose and not too tight
Not too high or far too low
And if you’re young have room to grow
It must look good with any clothes
It must be kind, not pinch your toes
It must last well and not wear through
It must be just the thing for you
The style you choose, however strange
Must show ability to change
To cope with rains and frosty morns
To help you dodge bunions and corns
Your love must fit and not break banks
It must not always expect thanks
It should be happy being there
The chosen one, the happy pair

Diving: Rachel Fox

Enjoy love
You are worth it
Fall down deep
Don't try to surf it
Swim in the happiness
It's all for you
Soak long and leisurely
Get drenched, wet through

One Cigarette" by Edwin Morgan.

One Cigarette
No smoke without you, my fire.

After you left,
your cigarette glowed on in my ashtray
and sent up a long thread of such quiet grey

I smiled to wonder who would believe its signal
of so much love. One cigarette
in the non-smoker's tray.

As the last spire
trembles up, a sudden draught
blows it winding into my face.
Is it smell, is it taste?
You are here again, and I am drunk on your tobacco lips.

Out with the light.
Let the smoke lie back in the dark.
Till I hear the very ash
sigh down among the flowers of brass
I'll breathe, and long past midnight, your last kiss.

SONNET 116 (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:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests and is not shaken;
It is the star to every wandering 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 his 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.

‘You are the bubbles’ by Rachel Bright.

“Together, you are
the bubbles in one another’s champagne,
the morning sun through the window,
the breaking of a smile.

Together, you are
the one doughnut in the bag with more jam than any of the others,
that photo where everyone looks great,
the know-it-all-sing-out-of-tune-at-the-top-of-your-voice chorus of a favourite song.

Together you are
the beginnings of a big idea,
the twinkly bits that hang in the sky after the firework goes bang,
the cold thin air at the top of a mountain,
the only two people in a crowded room.

Together you are
that unforgettable day of a holiday,
an accidental adventure, a chocolate chip,
pages ninety-eight to ninety-nine of a well-thumbed Mills & Boon,
a bbq with friends, the spray of the sea,
the nose of the cheese,
a hug, a kiss, a hold-my-hand,
a decision which, looking back, will seem to be
the most excellent you ever made.

Together you are
bubbles,
the unburstable bubbles of the very best things in life,
the only things any of us ever need.”
I will forgive her skipping mind and her fondness for shopping, thought the Dinosaur. For she fills our life with beautiful thoughts and wonderful surprises. Besides, I am not unkeen on shopping either.

Now the Dinosaur and the Lovely Other Dinosaur are old. Look at them. Together they stand on the hill telling each other stories and feeling the warmth of the sun on their backs.

And that, my friends, is how it is with love. Let us all be Dinosaurs and Lovely Other Dinosaurs together. For the sun is warm. And the world is a beautiful place.

Excerpts from ‘Song of the Open Road’ by Walt Whitman

I do not offer the old smooth prizes,
But offer rough new prizes.
These are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is called riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve.
However sweet the laid-up stores,
However convenient the dwellings,
You shall not remain there.
However sheltered the port,
And however calm the waters,
You shall not anchor there.
However welcome the hospitality that welcomes you
You are permitted to receive it but a little while.
Afoot and light-hearted, take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before you,
The long brown path before you,
Leading wherever you choose.
Say only to one another:
Friend, I give you my hand!
I give you my love, more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law.
Will you give me yourself?
Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?
I rely on you by H. Presley

(Could possibly adapt to alternate 'She/he relies on you')

I rely on you,
Like a Skoda needs suspension
Like the aged need a pension
Like a trampoline needs tension
like a bungee jump needs apprehension.

I rely on you,
Like a camera needs a shutter
Like a gambler needs a flutter
Like a golfer needs a putter
Like a buttered scone involves some butter.

I rely on you,
Like an acrobat needs ice cool nerve
Like a hairpin needs a drastic curve
Like an HGV needs derv
Like an outside left needs a body swerve.

I rely on you,
Like a water vole needs water
Like a brick outhouse needs mortar
Like a lemming to the slaughter
Ryan's just Ryan without his daughter,
I rely on you.

A Lang Promise by Jackie Kay,

Whether the weather be dreich or fair, my luve,
if guid times greet us, or we hae tae face the wurst,
ahint and afore whit will happen tae us:
blind in the present, eyes open to the furore,
unkempt or sharply dressed, suddenly puir or poorly,
peelie-wally or in fine feckle, beld or frosty,
calm as a ghoul or in a feery-farry,
in dork December or in springy Spring weather,
doon by the Barrows; on the banks o' the Champs d' Elysees,
at mid-nicht, first licht, whether the mune
be roond or crescent, and ye be o' soond mind
or absent, I'll tak your trusty haund
and lead you over the haw – hame, ma darlin.
I'll carry ma lantern and daur defend ye agin ony enemy;
and whilst there is breath in me, I'll blaw it intae ye.
Fir ye are ma true luve, the bonnie face I see afore me;
nichts I fall intae slumber, it's ye I see swimmingly –
all yer guidness and blytheness, yer passion.
You'll be mine, noo, an' till the end o' time,
ma bonnie lassie, I'll tak the full guid o' ye'
and gie it back, and gie it back tae ye:
a furst kiss, a lang promise: time's gowden ring.

**GATHERING (William H Matchett)**

Here, in our best bib and tucker we flock,
Drawn from all the hell over, iron filings to love’s magnet,
An intricate pattern, a one-time convergence
Of friends and relations, a living mandala;

Young and old, nephews and nieces,
Sisters, brothers, parents, grandfather,
And all those others you got to choose for yourselves,
Agglomerating to hold you in the center.

Slow in coming, swift in passing, this day,
Slow but long-lasting the major choice confirmed,
Hardly inevitable, yet falling into place
As though it were just what we always expected.

So, ***** and *****, we join as you join
In celebrating love – yours for each other, of course,
Ours, as you must know, for you – circling,
Cherishing, blessing, releasing,
Love, the core of all.

**What is love** Author unknown

Sooner or later we begin to understand that love is more than verses or
valentines and romance in the movies.
We begin to know that love is here and now, real and true, the most important thing in our lives. For love is the creator of our favourite memories and the foundation of our fondest dreams. Love is a promise that is always kept, a fortune that can never be spent, a seed that can flourish in even the most unlikely of places. And this radiance that never fades, this mysterious and magical joy, is the greatest treasure of all - one known only by those who love.

I LOVE YOU....(Author unknown)

I love you
For the kindness in your eyes
And the warmth in your voice,
For the honesty of your words
And the silence of your smile;
For the ways in which we’re similar,
And those in which we’re worlds apart.
For the openness of your understanding
And the acceptance of your heart;
For the tenderness of your touch
And the strength of your commitment,
For your sense of humour
And your seriousness of purpose;
For a thousand small reasons,
And one most important of all:
Simply because you are you.
In all of creation you are the one whom I cherish most,
The one with whom I hope to share my life –
Its joys, its sorrows, its accomplishments, its challenges –
While building our dreams together and growing everyday
In the love that makes us one.

SCAFFOLDING (Seamus Heaney)

Masons, when they start upon a building,
Are careful to test out the scaffolding;
Make sure that planks won't slip at busy points,
Secure all ladders, tighten bolted joints,
And yet all this comes down when the job's done,
Showing off walls of sure and solid stone.
So if, my dear, there seems to be
Old bridges breaking between you and me
Never fear. We may let the scaffolds fall
Confident that we have built our wall.

THE ORANGE (Wendy Cope)

At lunchtime I bought a huge orange -
The size of it made us all laugh.
I peeled it and shared it with Robert and Dave -
They got quarters and I had a half.

And that orange, it made me so happy,
As ordinary things often do
Just lately. The shopping. A walk in the park.
This is peace and contentment. It's new.

The rest of the day was quite easy.
I did all the jobs on my list
And enjoyed them and had some time over.
I love you. I'm glad I exist.

TO MY VALENTINE (Ogden Nash)

More than a catbird hates a cat,
Or a criminal hates a clue,
Or the Axis hates the United States,
That’s how much I love you.

I love you more than a duck can swim,
And more than a grapefruit squirts,
I love you more than gin rummy is a bore,
And more than a toothache hurts.
As a shipwrecked sailor hates the sea,
Or a juggler hates a shove,
As a hostess detests unexpected guests,
That’s how much you I love.

I love you more than a wasp can sting,
And more than a subway jerks,
I love you as much as a beggar needs a crutch,
And more than a hangnail irks.

I swear to you by the stars above,
And below, if such there be,
As the High Court loathes perjurious oaths,
That’s how much you’re loved by me.

**William Butler Yeats** - ‘The Indian To His Love’,

The island dreams under the dawn
And great boughs drop tranquility;
The peahens dance on a smooth lawn,
A parrot sways upon a tree,
Raging at his own image in the enameled sea.

Here we will moor our lonely ship
And wander ever with woven hands,
Murmuring softly lip to lip,
Along the grass, along the sands,
Murmuring how far away are the unquiet lands:

How we alone of mortals are
Hid under quiet boughs apart,
While our love grows an Indian star,
A meteor of the burning heart,
One with the tide that gleams, the wings that gleam and dart,

The heavy boughs, the burnished dove
That moans and sighs a hundred days:
How when we die our shades will rove,
When eve has hushed the feathered ways,
With vapoury footsole by the water's drowsy blaze.

‘To Wed or Not to Wed’ By Una Marson, with apologies to Shakespeare

To wed, or not to wed: that is the question:
Whether ‘tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The fret and loneliness of spinsterhood
Or to take arms against the single state
And by marrying, end it? To wed: to match,
No more; yet by this match to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; ‘tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish’d. To wed, to match;
To match, perchance to mismatch: aye there’s the rub;
For in that match what dread mishaps may come,
When we have shuffled off this single state
For wedded bliss: there’s the respect
That makes singleness of so long a life,
For who’d forgo the joys of wife and mother,
The pleasures of devotion, of sacrifice and love,
The blessings of a home and all home means,
The restful sympathy of soul to soul,
The loving ones circling round at eventide
When she herself might gain all these
With a marriage vow? ...

The Marriage of Psyche. By Kathleen Raine

He has married me with a ring, a ring of bright water
Whose ripples travel from the heart of the sea,
He has married me with a ring of light, the glitter
Broadcast on the swift river.
He has married me with the sun’s circle
Too dazzling to see, traced in summer sky.
He has crowned me with the wreath of white cloud
That gathers on the snowy summit of the mountain,
Ringed me round with the world-circling wind,
Bound me to the whirlwind’s centre.
He has married me with the orbit of the moon
And with the boundless circle of stars,
With the orbits that measure years, months, days, and nights, 
Set the tides flowing,  
Command the winds to travel or be at rest.

At the ring’s centre,  
Spirit, or angel troubling the pool,  
Causality not in nature,  
Finger’s touch that summons at a point, a moment  
Stars and planets, life and light  
Or gathers cloud about an apex of cold,  
Transcendent touch of love summons my world into being.

An Excerpt from the Amber Spyglass by Philip Pullman

I will love you forever; whatever happens.  
Till I die and after I die, and when I find my way out of the land of the dead,  
I'll drift about forever, all my atoms, till I find you again.

I'll be looking for you, every moment, every single moment.  
And when we do find each other again,  
we'll cling together so tight that nothing and no one will ever tear us apart.  
Every atom of me and every atom of you.

We'll live in birds and flowers and dragonflies and pine trees and in clouds and in those little specks of light you see floating in sunbeams.  
And when they use our atoms to make new lives, they won't just be able to take one, they'll have to take two, one of you and one of me, we'll be joined so tight.

From THE IRRATIONAL SEASON  (Madeleine L’Engle)

Ultimately there comes a time when a decision must be made. Ultimately two people who love each other must ask themselves how much they
hope for as their love grows and deepens, and how much risk they are willing to take. It is indeed a fearful gamble. Because it is the nature of love to create, a marriage itself is something which has to be created.

To marry is the biggest risk in human relations that a person can take. If we commit ourselves to one person for life, this is not, as many people think, a rejection of freedom; rather it demands the courage to move into all the risks of freedom and the risk of love which is permanent; into that love which is not possession but participation. It takes a lifetime to learn another person.

When love is not possession, but participation, then it is part of that co-creation which is our human calling.

Get Married, Get Married, Chris Gordon

Some of us are cynics
And then the penny drops and we get it
We become like evangelists
Get Married, Get Married, It’s bloody marvellous

You know,
It’s not what you think it is.
You won’t own him
He won’t own you

You’ll hold hands in this sea that you’ve created.
A sea of friends and foes and families. Places you’ve been and places you imagine you might be.

You’ll hold hands and the waves will push you very close sometimes, so you’re pretty much one person. Thinking and feeling the same way. And sometimes the waves will pull you apart until you have to crane your necks to see each other. Just let one drop of forgiveness or good humour change the tide and you’ll be even closer than before.

It changes. Every day it changes.

Einstein said “Women marry men hoping they will change and men marry women hoping they will not. So each is inevitably disappointed”
Well I hope you revel in the changes you bring about in each other.

I hope you treasure each others eccentricities and embrace all the weirdness and wonder of each others humanity. I hope you fight, I am sure you will, it shows great passion to hold a point of view even when you start to doubt it. I hope you argue, it’s almost inevitable, but make up and do it before you turn out the lights, then breakfast will taste better. I hope you dream and that often your dreams collide and they take you to far away and wonderful places. And I hope you love and that the love you have for each other pushes out into the world around you. To your friends and to your foes and to your families.

‘a weather forecast’ by Judy Corbett

there was a light drizzle when they came together
the two of them, not young, or freshly minted, rather more ‘mature’
carrying rucksacks full of incidents and accidents, hints and allegations

there was a storm when they arrived
in the midst of lives - the known, their own, the others
but souls met,
smiles met,
bellies met,
new coin was forged and bartered

there was a rainbow when they reached their new future
a mixed-up, heads-up, what’s-up future
a true future.

and then the sun was shining when they promised
before us
the vow, the pledge, the pushing-on of rings

we welcomed this meteorological shift
the herald of new beginnings
casting anabatic winds their way to take them
onwards to their highest hopes and dreams
From "A Song for Hyawatha" by Henry Longfellow (great to end outdoor ceremonies)

"Come join us in celebration, those who love sunshine on meadow
Who love shadow of the forest,
love the wind among the branches and the palisades of pine trees,
and the thunder in the mountains whose innumerable echoes flap like eagles in their eries.
Listen to this song of marriage. How, from another tribe and country came a young man saying, “give me as my wife this maiden, and our hands be clasped more closely, and our hearts be more united.”
Thus it is, our daughters leave us, those we love and those who love us.
When a youth with flaunting feathers beckons to the fairest maiden.

From the sky the sun benignant looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, “oh, my children life is chequered shade and sunshine.”
The two figures man and woman Standing hand in hand together, with their hands so clasped together that they seem in one united. And the words thus represented are, “I see your heart within you.”
Sing them songs of love and longing
Now, let's feast and be more joyous.

Adapted from CAPTAIN CORELLI’S MANDOLIN (Louis De Bernières)

Love is a temporary madness, it erupts like volcanoes and then subsides. And when it subsides you have to make a decision. You have to work out whether your roots have so entwined together that it is inconceivable that you should ever part. Because this is what love is. Love is not breathlessness, it is not excitement, it is not the promulgation of promises of eternal passion...........That is just being ‘in love’, which any fool can do. Love itself is what is left over when being in love has burned away........roots that grow towards each other underground, and when all the pretty blossom had fallen from your branches you find that you are one tree and not two.

Readings on Humanist Marriage

Albert Schweitzer
We are each a secret to the other.
To know one another cannot mean to know everything about each other, it means to feel mutual affection and confidence and to believe in one another.
We must not try to force our way into the personality of another.
To analyse others is a rude commencement, for there is a modesty of the soul which we must recognise just as we do that of the body.
No-one has a right to say to another: “Because we belong to each as we do, I have a right to know all your thoughts”.
Not even a mother may treat her child in that way.
All demands of this sort are foolish and unwholesome.
In this matter giving is the only valuable process; it is only giving that stimulates.
Impart as much as you can of your kindness and spiritual being to those who are on the road with you & accept as something precious what comes back to you from them.

**The Mayonnaise Jar and the Two Beers**

When things in your life seem almost too much to handle, when 24 hours in a day are not enough, remember the mayonnaise jar and the 2 Beers.
A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him.
When the class began, he wordlessly picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls.
He then asked the students if the jar was full.
They agreed that it was.
The professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar He shook the jar lightly.
The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls.
He then asked the students again if the jar was full.
They agreed it was.
The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar.
Of course, the sand filled up everything else.
He asked once more if the jar was full.
The students responded with a unanimous 'yes.'
The professor then produced two Beers from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar effectively filling the empty space between the sand.
The students laughed..
'Now,' said the professor as the laughter subsided, 'I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life..
The golf balls are the important things---your family, your children, your health, your friends and your favorite passions---and if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full.
The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house and your car.
The sand is everything else---the small stuff.
'If you put the sand into the jar first,' he continued, 'there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls.
The same goes for life.
If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff you will never have room for the things that are important to you.
Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness.
Spend time with your children.
Spend time with your parents.
Visit with grandparents.
Take time to get medical checkups.
Take your spouse out to dinner.
Play another 18.
There will always be time to clean the house and fix the disposal.
Take care of the golf balls first---the things that really matter.
Set your priorities.
The rest is just sand.
One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the Beer represented.
The professor smiled and said, 'I'm glad you asked.'
The Beer just shows you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of Beers with a friend.

‘Advice on Marriage’ Poems

(Mary Williams)

In other times
On parchment fragments,
Incised in stones,
Illuminated in the margins,
Celebrations were performed,
In poetry and song.
In vast halls to the sounds of trumpets,  
On plains in the open,  
In tiny rooms, promises were made.  
It is a thread that joins us.

In the modern cacophony, love is a constant refrain,  
A joyful exclamation that shows us the essence, the centre,  
That cannot be ignored.

Now on this day, in this place these two take their turn in  
This long tradition and unite us here in this memorable moment.

(Author unknown)  
Let the rebuke be preceded by a kiss.  
Do not require a request to be repeated.  
Never should both be angry at the same time.  
Never neglect the other, for all the world beside.  
Let the angry word be answered only with a kiss.  
Bestow your warmest sympathies in each other’s trials.  
Never make a remark calculated to bring ridicule upon the other.  
Make your criticism in the most loving manner possible.  
Make no display of the sacrifices you make for each other.  
Never reproach the other for an error which was done with a good motive and with the best judgement at the time.  
Always leave home with a tender good-bye and loving words.

LOOK TO THIS DAY  (From Ancient Sanscrit)  
Look to this day  
for it is life  
the very life of life.  
In its brief course lie all  
the realities and truths  
of existence,  
the joy of growth,  
the splendour of action,  
the glory of power.  
For yesterday is
but a memory.
And tomorrow is
only a vision.
But today well lived
makes every yesterday
a memory of happiness
and every tomorrow
a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore,
To this day.

From THE PROPHET  Khalil Gibran

Let there be spaces in your togetherness.
And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:
Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.
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 one of you be alone,
Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music.

Give your hearts, but not into each other’s keeping.
For only the hand of life can contain your hearts.
And stand together yet not too near together:
For the pillars of the temple stand apart,
And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each other’s shadow.

IF  (Author unknown)

If you treat each other kindly with compassion and with trust
And always let your feelings show,
If you laugh together often and enjoy the time you share,
But give each other space to learn and grow,
If you understand your differences, respecting who you are,
And put each other first in all you do-
Your marriage will be wonderful, a reason to feel proud,
And a special source of love, your whole lives through.

THE ART OF A GOOD MARRIAGE  (Wilfred Arlan Peterson)

A good marriage must be created.
In the marriage, the little things are the big things...
It is never being too old to hold hands.
It is remembering to say “I love you” at least once each day.
It is never going to sleep angry.
It is having a mutual sense of values and common objectives.
It is standing together and facing the world.
It is forming a circle of love that gathers in the whole family.
It is speaking words of appreciation and demonstrating gratitude in thoughtful ways.
It is having the capacity to forgive and forget.
It is giving each other an atmosphere in which each can grow.
It is a common search for the good and the beautiful.
It is not only marrying the right person, it is being the right partner.

I Like You by Sandol Stoddard

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!

...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 if I am mad at you
Then you are mad at me too
It’s awful when the other person isn’t...

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.

**EPITHALAMIUM** *(Aonghas MacNeacail)*

this is your new garden, a whole wide world of it, so green and songbird fresh, all yours to map and fill with luminous constellations of fruit and berry blossoms

this is your new garden, tend it as if all the young shoots that promise a succulent harvest of root and ear will be young and tender for all time

this is your garden, there will always be much hoeing and raking, the clearing of weeds and sowing of seeds will ask patience, attention, forgiving laughter

this is the garden you want to live in, it’s not all sunshine – there’s moonshine too, all earth needs storms, but when dark clouds peel back, see your garden bloom into a universe of stars

**Madness of Marriage**

Marriage is about giving and taking
And forging and forsaking
Kissing and loving and pushing and shoving
Caring and Sharing and screaming and swearing
About being together whatever the weather
About being driven to the end of your tether
About Sweetness and kindness  
And wisdom and blindness  

It's about being strong when you're feeling quite weak  
It's about saying nothing when you're dying to speak  
It's about being wrong when you know you are right  
It's about giving in, before there's a fight  
It's about you two living as cheaply as one (you can give us a call if you know how that's done!)  

Never heeding advice that was always well meant  
Never counting the cost until it's all spent  
And for you two today it's about to begin  
And for all that the two of you had to put in  
Some days filled with joy, and some days with sadness  
Too late you'll discover that marriage is madness.  

Handfasting poem (Author unknown)  

These are the hands of your best friend,  
young and strong and full of love for you,  
that are holding yours on your wedding day,  
as you promise to love each other today, tomorrow, and forever.  
These are the hands that will work alongside yours,  
as together you build your future.  
These are the hands that will passionately love you  
and cherish you through the years,  
and with the slightest touch, will comfort you like no other.  
These are the hands that will hold you when fear or grief fills your mind.  
These are the hands that will countless times wipe the tears from your eyes; tears of sorrow, and tears of joy.  
These are the hands that will tenderly hold your children.  
These are the hands that will help you to hold your family as one.  
These are the hands that will give you strength when you need it.  
And lastly, these are the hands that even when wrinkled and aged,  
will still be reaching for yours,  
still giving you the same unspoken tenderness with just a touch.  

Marriage: A Joining Of Hands by Wayne Visser
Marriage is like the joining of hands ...  
Each enfolding the other  
A comfortable fit  
A voluntary embrace  
Yet always two hands  
Free to let go  
Able to individually express

When two hands touch ...  
Each senses the needs of the other  
And responds  
To affirm  
To compensate  
To share:

The firm handshake of agreement  
The gentle squeeze of endorsement  
The steady grip of assurance  
The uplifting gesture of support

The clenched fists of anger  
The desperate claws of pain  
The wringing clasp of anxiety,  
The sweaty palms of guilt

The loving caress of contentment  
The erotic brush of passion  
The mutual wave of recognition  
The silent fingertip touch of deep connection

Marriage is like the joining of hands ...  
Each enfolding the other  
A comfortable fit  
A voluntary embrace  
Yet always two hands  
Free to let go  
Able to individually express
........ I leave you with a quote from ‘Walden’ written by one of Bride and Groom's favourites writers and fellow lover of the outdoors Henry David Thoreau ......

“You must live in the present,
launch yourself on every wave,
find your eternity in each moment.
Fools stand on their island of opportunities and look toward another land. There is no other land; there is no other life but this.”

From A NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN MARRIAGE CEREMONY
(Author unknown)

May the sun bring you new energies by day,
May the moon softly restore you by night.
May the rain wash away any worries you may have
And the breeze blow new strength into your being.
And then, all the days of your life,
May you walk gently through the world
And know its beauty.

Now you will feel not the rain, for each will shelter the other.
Now you will feel not cold, for each will warm the other.
Now you will feel not solitude, for each will company the other.
Now you are two persons, but both will lead one life.
Go now to your dwelling to enter into the days of your life,
And may your days be good and long upon the earth.

APACHE BLESSING  (Author 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 to the other.
Now there will be no loneliness,
for each of you will be companion to the other.
Now you are two persons,
but there is only one life before you.
May beauty surround you both in the journey ahead
and through all the years,
May happiness be your companion
and your days together be good and long upon the earth.
Treat yourselves and each other with respect,
and remind yourselves often of what brought you together.
Give the highest priority to the tenderness,
gentleness and kindness that your connection deserves.
When frustration, difficulties and fear
assail your relationship,
as they threaten all relationships at one time or another,
remember to focus on what is right between you,
not only the part which seems wrong.
In this way, you can ride out the storms
when clouds hide the face of the sun in your lives
remembering that even if you lose sight of it,
for a moment the sun is still there.
And if each of you takes responsibility
for the quality of your life together,
it will be marked by abundance and delight.

(Author unknown)
Now we feel no rain,
for each of us will be shelter for each other.
Now we feel no cold.
for each of us will be warmth to the other.
Now there will be no loneliness,
for each of us will be companion to the other.
We are two bodies, but there are three lives before us;
My life, your life and our lives together.

When evening falls, I will look up and there you’ll be.
I will take your hand and we will turn together to look at the road we travelled to reach, this , the hour of our happiness.
It stretches behind us and the future lies ahead,
A long, winding road, whose every turning means discovery.
Old hopes, new laughter and shared tears.
The adventure has just begun.

Rumi.
May these vows and this marriage be blessed.
May it be sweet milk,
this marriage, like wine and halvah.
May this marriage offer fruit and shade
like the date palm.
May this marriage be full of laughter,
our every day a day in paradise.
May this marriage be a sign of compassion,
a seal of happiness here and hereafter.
May this marriage have a fair face and a good name,
an omen as welcomes the moon in a clear blue sky.
I am out of words to describe
how spirit mingles in this marriage.

(Traditional Irish blessing, author unknown)
From this day forward.
May the road rise to meet you
May the wind be always at your back
May the warm rays of sun fall upon your home
And may the hand of a friend always be near.
May green be the grass you walk on,
May blue be the skies above you,
May pure be the joys that surround you,
May true be the hearts that love you.

(Traditional Irish blessing, author unknown)
May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind always be at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your faces
And the rain fall soft upon your feet.
And may a slow wind work
These words of love around you
An invisible cloak to mind your life.

(Traditional Irish blessing, author unknown)
May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rains fall soft upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May your days be good and long upon the earth.

May you live to see your children's children.
May you be poor in misfortune,
Rich in blessings,
May you know nothing but happiness
From this day forward.

(Celtic blessing, author unknown)
May the raindrops fall gently on your brow,
May the soft winds freshen your spring,
May the sunshine brighten your hearts,
May the burdens of the day rest lightly upon you
And may you each enfold the other in the mantle of your love

(Celtic blessing, author unknown)
The peace of running water to you.
The peace of the flowing air to you,
The peace of the quiet earth to you,
The peace of the shining stars to you,
And the love and the care of us all to you.

Celtic Blessing From CARMINA GADELICA (Author unknown)
Each day be joyous to you
No day be grievous to you
Love of each face be yours
A bright flame before thee
A guiding star above thee
A smooth path below thee
Today, tonight and for evermore

A CELTIC INVOCATION (Author unknown)
A shade art thou in the heat,
A shelter art thou in the cold,
Eyes art thou to the blind,
A staff art thou to the pilgrim,
An island art thou at sea,
A well art thou in the desert,
Health art thou to the ailing.

Thou art the joy of all joyous things
Thou art the light of the beam of the sun
Thou art the door of the chief of hospitality
Thou art the surpassing star of guidance
Thou art the step of the deer of the hill
Thou art the step of the steed of the plain
Thou art the grace of the swan of swimming
Thou art the loveliness of all lovely desires.

(Author unknown)
May your home be a place of happiness for all who enter it;
a place where the old and young are renewed in each other’s company,
a place for growing and a place for sharing,
a place for music, a place for laughter and a place for love.
May those who are nearest to you be constantly enriched by the beauty
and the bounty of your love for one another.
And may your days be good and long upon the Earth.

"Wedding Day" - Adrian Lomas

This is your day of days
Your separate ways
Become one.

This ring, this vow,
Tell you that now
A new life's begun.

Two roads converging
Then, finally, merging
Under the sun.
Good luck holding
A future unfolding
That can't be undone.

**A Word to Husbands** by Ogden Nash

To keep your marriage brimming,
With love in the loving cup,
Whenever you're wrong admit it;
Whenever you're right, shut up

**Autumn, by Gawain Douglas** (for wiser/older couples, or for renewal of vows)

O Love we see our very Autumn now,
But in our fall we hold each season's prime.
My youth, manhood and age rest on your brow;
Engraved deep, your womanhood on mine.
My March, your April frosts, swift, foolish May,
Our June's richest laughter we hold in store,
For when our darker season comes; then say
Those words of candlelight once said before.
Then Love you are the window to my days
And I your glass to memory's green hour;
So I in you and you in I find ways
To slip the hand of Time's inquisitor.
Reflection then shall fill our wintertime
And faces. I in yours, and yours in mine.

**For a Renewal of vows.**

When evening falls, I look up and there you are.
I take your hand and we turn together to look at the road we have travelled to reach this milestone.
It stretches behind us and it stretches ahead,
a long, winding road, whose every turning means discovery, old hopes, new laughter and shared tears.
The adventure has hardly begun.
From Books:

**The Portrait of a Lady by Henry James**

“It has made me better loving you... it has made me wiser, and easier, and - I won’t pretend to deny - brighter and nicer and even stronger. I used to want a great many things before, and to be angry that I didn’t have them. Theoretically I was satisfied, as I once told you. I flattered myself I had limited my wants. But I was subject to irritation; I used to have morbid, sterile, hateful fits of hunger, of desire. Now I really am satisfied, because I can’t think of anything better.”

**The Bridge Across Forever by Richard Bach**

“A soul mate is someone who has locks that fit our keys, and keys to fit our locks. When we feel safe enough to open the locks, our truest selves step out and we can be completely and honestly who we are; we can be loved for who we are and not for who we’re pretending to be. Each unveils the best part of the other. No matter what else goes wrong around us, with that one person we’re safe in our own paradise. Our soul mate is someone who shares our deepest longings, our sense of direction. When we’re two balloons, and together our direction is up, chances are we’ve found the right person. Our soul mate is the one who makes life come to life.”

**Jasper Jones by Craig Silvey**

“What I’m feeling, I think, is joy. And it’s been some time since I’ve felt that blinkered rush of happiness. This might be one of those rare events that lasts, one that’ll be remembered and recalled as months and years wind and ravel. One of those sweet, significant moments that leaves a footprint in your mind. A photograph couldn’t ever tell its story. It’s like something you have to live to understand. One of those freak collisions of fizzing meteors and looming celestial bodies and floating debris and one single beautiful red ball that bursts into your life and through your body like an enormous firework. Where things shift into focus for a moment, and everything makes sense. And it becomes one of those things inside you, a pearl among sludge, one of those big exaggerated
memories you can invoke at any moment to peel away a little layer of
how you felt, like a lick of ice cream. The flavour of grace.”

“He’s Not Perfect” by Bob Marley.
He’s not perfect. You aren’t either, and the two of you will never be
perfect. But if he can make you laugh at least once, causes you to think
twice, and if he admits to being human and making mistakes, hold on to
him and give him the most you can. He isn’t going to quote poetry, he’s
not thinking about you every moment, but he will give you a part of him
that he knows you could break. Don’t hurt him, don’t change him, and
don’t expect for more than he can give. Don’t analyze. Smile when he
makes you happy, yell when he makes you mad, and miss him when he’s
not there. Love hard when there is love to be had, because perfect guys
don’t exist, but there’s always one guy that is perfect for you.

Chapter One of One Thousand
By O.J. Preston

For two people this dawn brought on a magical day
Now husband and wife they head on their way
As a boat setting sail may their journey begin
With calmest of waters, most helpful of wind
And if they should stumble upon turbulent sea
May it pass them unharmed – leave them be.
For here are two people whom love has well bitten
Here opens their book which has yet to be written
As the first page unfolds and their life inks its path
May it write a true story where forever love lasts
Let their journey be happy till death do they part
Of one thousand chapters may this be the start.