

Martin Robertson

Hymn

for the wedding of Dominick and Jo

Through untimed fields of childhood the shadows and light
stretched far out but changed quickly between night and night,
till the field reached a hedge and the hours formed in days,
days in years, and a pattern took shape in our ways.

Certain rhythms repeat in the weeks and the years,
of the seasons, of work, even comfort and tears
—a predictable order, if nothing goes wrong,
to protect us from fear and to guide us along.

Yet we stand here today, not two selves but a pair,
half dissolved in each other, a oneness, aware
of a mystery—life is not just what it seems
after all, and its ruts are less true than our dreams.

In the business of living, its failures and gains,
let us never lose touch with the joys and the pains
of this deeper existence we know, at whose heart
is our love, and the love of which ours is a part.

God is Love. Love is God. In that creed or in this
or in none, here's a truth which unfailingly is.
Love is hard, love is here, not beyond or above,
love in bliss, love in grief. Love is God. God is Love