



Married Love

I want to be your friend forever and ever
When the hills are all flat
And the rivers run dry
When the trees blossom in winter
And the snow falls in summer,
When heaven and earth mix
Not till then will part from you.

You and I
Have so much love
That it
Burns like a fire,
In which we bake a lump of clay
Molded into a figure of you
And a figure of me.
Then we take both of them,
And break them into pieces,
And mix the pieces with water,
And mold again a figure of you,
And a figure of me.
I am in your clay.
You are in my clay.
In life we share a single quilt.
In death we will share one bed.