

# FRIENDSHIP

*by Elizabeth Jennings*

Such love I cannot analyse;  
It does not rest in lips or eyes,  
Neither in kisses nor caress.  
Partly, I know, it's gentleness  
And understanding in one word  
Or in brief letters. It's preserved  
By trust and by respect and awe.  
These are the words I'm feeling for.  
Two people, yes, two lasting friends.  
The giving comes, the taking ends  
There is no measure for such things.  
For this all Nature slows and sings.