

# Friendship

BY [Henry David Thoreau](#)

I think awhile of Love, and while I think,

Love is to me a world,

Sole meat and sweetest drink,

And close connecting link

Tween heaven and earth.

I only know it is, not how or why,

My greatest happiness;

However hard I try,

Not if I were to die,

Can I explain?


I fain would ask my friend how it can be,

But when the time arrives,

Then Love is more lovely

Than anything to me,

And so I'm dumb.




For if the truth were known, Love cannot speak,  
But only thinks and does;  
Though surely out 'twill leak  
Without the help of Greek,  
Or any tongue.

A man may love the truth and practice it,  
Beauty he may admire,  
And goodness not omit,  
As much as may befit  
To reverence.

But only when these three together meet,  
As they always incline,  
And make one soul the seat,  
And favorite retreat,  
Of loveliness;

When under kindred shape, like loves and hates  
And a kindred nature,




Proclaim us to be mates,  
Exposed to equal fates  
Eternally;

And each may other help, and service do,  
Drawing Love's bands more tight,  
Service he ne'er shall rue  
While one and one make two,  
And two are one;

In such case only doth man fully prove  
Fully as man can do,  
What power there is in Love  
His inmost soul to move  
Resistlessly.

Two sturdy oaks I mean, which side by side,  
Withstand the winter's storm,  
And spite of wind and tide,  
Grow up the meadow's pride,  
For both are strong



Above they barely touch, but undermined

Down to their deepest source,

Admiring you shall find

Their roots are intertwined

Inseparably.

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