Marriage is the closest kind of friendship.
Years of traffic wear away the lines
Between two souls with similar designs,
Ending more in unity than kinship.
Separate actors must play separate parts:
They must alone be riveted by need.
Far beneath that soil a single seed
Roots itself, tenacious in their hearts.
In love there is a trust beyond the word.
Each finds peace in each, as though the light
Needed the tranquility of night,
Deeper than what silence can be heard.

By Nicholas Gordon