

Loving You

Loving you is wind on water,
turbulence and storm,
loneliness laced with laughter,
winter into warm.

Loving you is sometimes sunshine
even when it's raining.

Loving you means moving on,
part of me remaining.

I'll see you in a million faces
before my journey's through,
follow you to a million places
for a trace of you.

You're testing me at every turning,
where I taste your love anew.

There's nothing lost,
it's just the cost of loving you.

Nothing lost, it's the cost of loving you.

Loving you means no returning,
always letting go,
starting over, ever learning, how well I know.

The One I love is all around me
in all the love I'm feeling.

God above, let this love
be your own love's revealing.

I hear you reaching out to me
in every anguished cry,
tempting me to stop a while
and watch the seasons by.

As I go, I'll go on living, even as I die.

There's nothing lost,
it's the cost of loving you.

Nothing lost, it's the cost of loving you,
nothing lost, just the cost of loving you.

-- Miriam Therese Winter, MMS