

The Richest Share

Let love, not ranking, be the richest share.

When wedding choices bloom beneath the light,
We ask what love, not rank, would have us spend;
Yet peers and screens can tutor taste by sight,
And make a need where signals never end.
A costly detail may seem more divine,
Though usefulness may scarcely change its grace;
The hand-wrought spoon can gild the design,
While habit turns display to standard place.
So ask which cost makes welcome warmer still,
Which serves the guest, not merely proves your name;
Let beauty answer preference, not the will
Of comparison, forever stoking flame.
Keep splendor where it deepens joy and care;
Let love, not ranking, be the richest share.