

This is what it's all about . . .



For Being There . . .

I am me.

I have a friend.

Sometimes we find

some time to spend.

We don't do much.

We sit and talk

Or, silent, share

an evening walk.

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You make me feel this good.

She has her life.
I have my own.
But side by side
we're still alone.
For I am me.
And she is she.
Still, somehow,
we make company.

She does not know what makes me blue
or why I act
the way I do.
She knows not why my heart exalts,
or why I cry
at pleasant thoughts.
She cannot share my lonely grief
but being there
is some relief.
She, smiling, nods and comprehends
that I am me,
and we're just friends.

~MARK RECTOR