

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