

# FOR MY COMPASSIONATE FRIENDS

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How is it that I know you?  
How'd you get into my life?  
Sometimes when I look at you,  
It cuts me like a knife.

I do not want to know you,  
I don't want to cross that line.  
Let's both go back into the past,  
When everything was fine.

You've held me and you've hugged me,  
And dried a tear or two,  
Yet, you're practically a stranger,  
Why do you do the things you do?

Of course, I know the reason,  
We are in this club we're in,  
And why we hold on to each other  
Like we are long lost kin.

For us to know each other,  
We had to lose a kid,  
I wish I'd never met you,  
But, I'm so thankful that I did.