

Don't Tell Me...

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Don't tell me that you understand; don't tell me that you know.

Don't tell me that I will survive, how I will surely grow.

Don't tell me this is just a test, that I am truly blessed.

That I am chosen for this task, apart from all the rest.

Don't come at me with answers that can only come from me.

Don't tell me how my grief will pass, that I will soon be free.

Don't stand in pious judgment of the bonds I must untie.

Don't tell me how to suffer, don't tell me how to cry.

My life is filled with selfishness, my pain is all I see.

But I need you, I need your love, unconditionally.

Accept me in my ups and downs, I need someone to share.

Just hold my hand and let me cry and say. "My friend, I really do care."