

Little Richie

Being As An Ocean

(How can we know Love when we were never shown it?)

Little Richie was the runt of the litter, given a thick hide by
father and brothers
Identified more with his sisters and mother, always felt a bit
different from the others
A loving marriage from the outside, but oh, how ferociously he'
d hit her
Richie stood by the bleach white bedside
Ma held his face in her hands while he cried:

"Hush, now, precious lamb, everything will be alright
I know how it looks but I swear he's a good man
Oh baby, G-d has a much bigger plan
I have my family, I have my health, and I'm quite content with
that."

"How can you say this time that it'll be alright?
How can you still look in his eyes and see the love of your lif
e?"
(He works all things for good! In the end, it is Love that wins
!)

Love was his inclination
Belief, his dearest passion
A beautiful escape from resentment, fear of the next crushing b
low

(How can we know Love when were never shown it?)
He'd wait on his lonesome for that blue hair in her station wag
on
Attending those Baptist services alone, in the house of the Lor
d, he found purpose and a home
Richie stood on a chair, peeked over the pulpit, reminded himse
lf and the beloved, not lacking in youthful wit:

"This is what's promised: He works all things for good! In the
end, it's Love that wins!"

How are we to know how to Love when every attempt is met with t
he back of a hand?
It would only be Love to mend the damned, who never grew to kno
w compassion
Just another unfortunate, beaten senseless by his old man

"How can you say this time that it will be alright?
How can you still look in his eyes and see the love of your lif
e?"

(He works all things for good! In the end, it's Love that wins!
)
An heirloom passed down before its day, legacy came violently t
o rip innocence away