

## Nettie

Type O Negative

Nettie, no need to cry  
Let me wipe those tear drops from your eyes

In the dark bathed in Cathode ray blue  
Miss Red Hook of 1922  
Weeping silently for the pain of others  
Every night a tearful rosary  
A victim of the curse of empathy  
Her reward for compassion is to suffer

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My shortcomings I know caused her grief  
Still she loves me. This I can't believe!  
Responding not with anger but a prayer  
Heaven's just Southwest of Cobble Hill  
True, I am the son of an Angel  
Maternally, not one woman compares

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If you fall, I will catch you  
When you're lost, I'll be there soon  
Far away, but of course near  
When you're sad, I'm always here

Thank you for saving me from myself  
Your compassion became its own hell  
Unequivocally beautiful inside and out  
Without a doubt

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