

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 life?"

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

He'd wait on his lonesome for that blue hair in her station wagon

Attending those Baptist services alone, in the house of the Lord, he found purpose and a home

Richie stood on a chair, peeked over the pulpit, reminded himself 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 the back of a hand?

It would only be Love to mend the damned, who never grew to know 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 life?"

(He works all things for good! In the end, it's Love that wins!)

An heirloom passed down before its day, legacy came violently to rip innocence away

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