

Chapter 1: The Beginning

I am the Innocent

You were not spoken of or even mentioned

You did not appear

Therefore you did not exist

I am the innocent

Years later I wanted to know your part of me

I wanted to know Part of your history, which is part of mine

I wanted to know our part that made me who I am

I found you so I called

You had developed selective amnesia

You said, "I don't know anything about the situation."

I am the innocent

I told one of my sisters's what you said

She said not to be troubled

You are like some of the other males in this world

You are a drive by shooter

I am the innocent

I found someone else from your past

That said you are part of me and I am part of you

I have kinships

She'll contact them to see if we could meet

She had papers from the court system

That said we are connected

She knew that...

I am innocent

I am your sperm donation

I am your contribution to this world's population

I am your deception, your infidelity

I am your forgotten

I am the part of you that you left behind

I am the victim of your crime

I am...

I am...

THE INNOCENT

(R. Marshall Hall)

As I look out my bedroom window, the sky appears dark before me. My heart reflects a picture similar to the sky it is also dark and heavy. I am gravely aware that deep within me throbs' a pain that is both raw and intense. It appears as though it might rain. Gazing absently at the calendar I notice it is the first day of spring, yet it remains dreary outside. The trees are blowing like dandelions in response to the slight yet persistent flurry of wind. It is the first day of spring when budding flowers should be pushing their imaginative heads, through the ground. Instead it looks like it is going to be one of those days were you just want to curl up in your bed with a good book. The first day of spring, colorful leaves should be on the trees and my grass should be noticeably beginning to take on the lush colors of green. Instead, all that greets my shadowy presence is a gray and gloomy sky. Perhaps it may rain at any moment. Reflecting yet again on my own internal pain and dark sky, the tears begin to tumble down without acquiescence.

My mind begins to rotate rapidly backwards through an emotional and historic past, for the purpose of reflecting on how I arrived at this place. I note the fact that my son Ronnie is such a sensitive soul. He always manages to say or do something that can elicit an unexpected response within me. I seldom welcome the recurrence of veiled emotions I thought were long ago submerged like sand into the ocean. These sand particles of emotion symbolize feelings of abandonment. The sea bed is filled with shells of regret and pain from not having the love or acknowledgment of a father. Ronnie Jr. and I, share a familiar bond that unfortunately I was not able to experience with my biological father. Although scarcely personally acknowledged, this has been the source of a deep wound that goes soul deep. I thought these feelings were gone but realized I was mistaken.

In order to better help you understand my story, let me tell you a little more about my son. The birth of my son was indeed one of God's greatest miracles in my life. From as far back as I can remember I longed to give birth to a son. Perhaps deep down in my heart I felt that the love of a son would cure the ailment caused by the absence of fatherly affection. Although the desire for such a bond is difficult to explain the importance it held in my life cannot be overstated.