



1999

Color Doesn't Matter

Anne Prussing

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Color Doesn't Matter

I remember exactly when you left me;
a six-year-old
fatherless.

I can see myself staring out of your bedroom
window in our brick house on Firwood Avenue.
I can see the gas fumes trailing from behind
your silver?--wait, red?
car.

I didn't know then that I wouldn't see or hear from you
again until three years later
when you so graciously
"decided"
to be my dad again.

Forgive and Forget?

All I forgot was the color of your car.

Anne Prussing