



Mary Sue Parker

*Colors*

## **Carried by Color**

**—Charles Canady**

The penny that was given  
to me by father  
I rubbed with my thumb until  
it shone a brilliant copper  
change from where  
he took me on that ride  
at the county fair

to forget about mom  
and yellow urine bags  
red soaked nightgowns  
and filthy rags in pink pails  
our clothes still clinging to  
hospital smells

he reminded me heaven  
could still be blue  
—like mom's bonnet,  
a little balm of sun  
or secret color I carry  
in my heart pocket.