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Fatherless Child

Allair Reid
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss2/13
The things I remembered, I remembered because they were real: real fun, real happy, and real sad.
Because I did not know my father and because he was never there, because he left my mother to take care of me, because he was too afraid.
Because he never told me that he loved me and how much he wished he could have been there.

The things I believed, didn’t really make things better;
I wanted to believe that I hated my father for not wanting me;
I wanted to believe that one day he’d tell me that he really did care.
Because he never once told me that he was proud of me, or never once held me tight, while he sang me a lullaby.

The things I believed, I believed because I was forced to grow up too soon, because my mother had to work to support her children, because I had to be the mother to my brother and sister while she was gone, because I was her eldest child.

The things I knew left me bruised,
because I knew I was a bastard child, because I had no father, because I knew he did not care if I lived today or died tomorrow. Because I knew he did not want me, because I knew he would never be there.
Because I knew one day I’ll see him again, but I really did not know where.

NANCY FARRELL

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