

The Colors of Childhood  
By Tami Canaday

**JULIA**

Afterwards, I remember, when I got back to my neighborhood, I saw my home was no longer red-bricked, no longer white-trimmed, but a cavalcade of maroon, white, silver, yellow, blue, purple, pink, red, white, maroon . . . silver. . .yellow. . .funneling, pouring out like the end of the world . . . puddled. But then I was only twelve.

Earlier that afternoon, I had snuck out of my neighborhood . . . crossed Colfax Avenue over to the west side of Lakewood. It was the bygone time of Lakewood when tin trailers with maroon shutters and white lattice churches sat side-by-side. I believe the air was sunshiny. At least, I want to believe. I am sure, though, I had fervently talked to myself, while I kicked a stone off the sidewalk curves, down the side streets all the way to Kincaid's . . . an old pharmacy.

*(continued . . .)*