

**Eleanor Page (AH) Boroughmuir High School**

**Picture 1957**

The floorboards creaked and groaned as I crossed  
the room to sit by the window and look. The  
dirty panes slid back with a squeak as the city  
awoke from its sleep  
but  
a worker across from the house that I sit in has  
already begun and is no longer tripping the  
bright lights, the bright lights  
of home.  
He's up with the crow heaving and hauling the  
meats and the grains that we need for this  
morning.  
A staple, a delicacy, a treat.  
Imagine the chorus! Of screaming and  
squawking  
feathers and peppercorns trampled into the floor sacking, and all  
outwith my greedy grasp. Salted hams and floury  
barley. Heads of corn and swinging  
salami  
pour from the warehouse in strong Jewish arms. A cotton  
shirt on this icy Bronx morning seems  
enough  
as barrels and crates spill with my  
religion  
onto the filthy sidewalk.  
A sin to watch, probably. But my early morning tongue  
quivers for a slice  
cut perhaps, if I'm lucky, by this dark-haired man in our  
synagogue of dark wood and spice.