Of Gold Brooches and Yarmulkes

Eva Kilgore

It wasn't just the smell of burnt pretzels
mixed with chestnuts and
hog dogs
from
The vendor on 48th Street.
It was the boy with a prayer
shawl
walking behind the man
holding a tray of Movado watches.
It was the woman
discussing
deli.
It was all of the
4 story
walk-ups
and a primal
ancestral
gut grabbing
feeling
that somewhere outside
California
I could connect with great
great
great
aunt Tillie.
Nothing that smacks
of her here in the land
of palm trees
and flip-floppers.
No steam from the subway grate.
No subway grate at all.
The aroma of corned beef
and glow of a candle
coming from a small
window
wafting.
Comforting.
No waves crashing
against the shore.
No waves at all.
It's ok.
Maybe I'll never wash
the sweatshirt
with the burnt pretzel
smell.
A sensory postcard
from
generations
past.
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