M. F. Hershman

BUCKEYE ROAD IN CLEVELAND MEANT

Buckeye Road in Cleveland meant: Hungarians going shopping, store windows gleaming with wool socks, tablecloths, all the retail dreams of a week's long work;

before they passed (the factory dreamers) you called to them in tender terms:

"Look how good: made in America."
Princess dresses for girls
hard-soled boots for men
fruit of the loom oh! for every
Hungar.

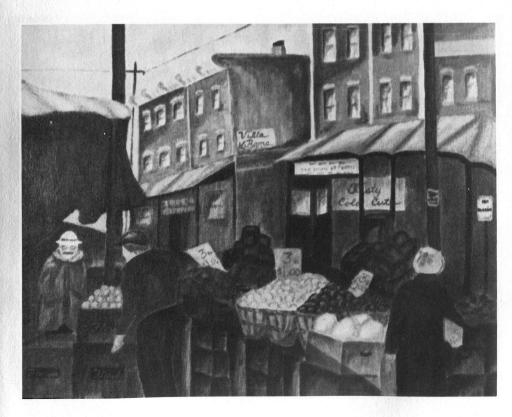
In they trooped, Saturday to Saturday, faithfully grew and needed clothes; asked: "Mr. Weiss, how is Mrs. Weiss? Fine I hope?" while you stood

back, center-aisle, to watch their hands and the quiet lifting of cloth onto bodies, knowing the moment thought bloomed in the eyes as mirrors assessed length a customer would wriggle out, bring the desired empty shape back to you so you could ring up: 1 for 59
2 for 1.52 3 for
5.63 nothing came for free "Mr.
Weiss, can you believe this total?"

or "Look at this little tear-right along the seam, I know, but
won't you give me off
for damage?"

At night, at home, you'd change into your baggy pants and go into the dark large silent garden;

there in the expanse, alone, would you bend again, touch the gleaming white heads of bulbs in rows.



Cheryl Brown