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## Yom Kippur

*Sheila Freeman*

she took my hand, that  
afternoon, walking home  
from temple on such a holy  
day; she turned down the  
wrong street, in suede  
corrective shoes, her good black  
dress, outmoded hat with a  
veil an a heliotrope (that  
wondrous color) peacock  
feather, serious dress,

misguided by old age,  
maps of other lands  
in her headd, disoriented  
from the fast of atonement,  
she turned down the wrong  
street, and so I called her,

Grandma, this is the way,  
no one else needed me  
then but she took my  
hand and we walked home.

*Sheila Freeman stopped all thoughts of writing when she graduated from high school in 1963. A year ago, on medical leave from work, she began attending writing workshops offered by the New York City library system.*