The aroma of freshly baked bread bothered my nose. My mouth swelled with saliva as we strode toward the counter where a short, small-eyed, frail, sixtyish-looking woman peeked over the cash register smiling. Mummy placed her order and slid a toonie and a loonie across the glass counter.

The woman extended her hands, punched a few keys on the cash register, and deposited the change in the drawer before hobbling off, disappearing into the back of the store. Moments later she reappeared, holding two crispy hot-out-of-the-oven Jamaican beef patties sandwiched between two cocoa breads—just the way we would have it back home. The glass door chimed again as we pulled it open. We continued in the direction toward our apartment building.

Adwoa Ntozake Onuora received her Ph.D. at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education at the University of Toronto. She has worked in formal and informal educational settings and has established expertise in community-situated learning, indigenous knowledges, equity, and social change. As a facilitator, Adwoa brings to life critical equity frameworks, storytelling, and narrative. Her research interests include diversity in education, cultural studies, indigenous knowledges, the intersections and impact of gender, sexuality/sexual orientation, race, ethnicity, class, abilities, and culture on women’s lived experiences.

**RENEE NORMAN**

This Is What It All Comes To

gumming cookies  
I soften for her in tea  
her teeth in a container  
on the table  
mouth and mind unwilling  
the teeth an irony of centrepiece

she is hungry  
I cut crusts off egg sandwich  
hand her tiny pieces  
wonder if it hurts  
to chew with gums  
she is back to baby

the woman who shakes and shakes  
approaches  
h her babble either foreign or nonsense  
I can’t tell  
pat-pat-pats me on the back  
folds in the tag on my shirt  
I feel her longing  
solicitude a tribute of sorts  
she knows the tenuous  
mother-daughter bonds

in a surprising burst of lost language  
my mother asks  
for a solution  
high-vocab-speak for drink  
later I rub her back shoulders  
arms  
the only conversation she truly understands  
she tells me  
stop picking  
I am back to baby

Renee Norman’s poetry appears earlier in this volume.