

“On the 32C(culture) of Eglinton”

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**Bathurst
Forest Hill Village
Posh boutiques litter clean streets
Bottega Bertalucci, Segal, Tilli Rose
Chartreuse, saffron, carmine silks
Of haute couture made for blue eyes alone
Throngs of spas fester with the privileged
Bissa, Chakra, Franco’s
Nip, tuck, pluck sun-scorched skin
Coloured hands knead white and wrinkled crocodile patches
Sun ripened apricot mist veils
The stench of burnt flesh
Trophy wives in downward dog
At the Village Yoga
Not a love handle in sight
Thank you Forest Hill Institute of Aesthetic Plastic Surgery
Luxury sedans choke narrow streets
Mercedes, Porsche, Audi
Gleam as daylight kisses candy cherry paint
Foiegras tickles and tingles the tongue
Hoodwinked by prices
Bistro Grande, Fusian, Il Mulino
A pinnacle of conspicuous consumption**

**Eglinton West Station
The divider of worlds
On the same stretch of road**

Oakwood
Little Jamaica
West Indian stores marked by vivid tricolours
Rasta Flex, Trea-Jah Records, Zion's Rasta
Green, yellow, red flags billow
Through the breeze of ground spices and fresh hassar
Barber and beauty shops crowd corners
Discount Barber, Just Incredible, Wisdom's
Loud gaffin' and cackles
Resonate throughout dimly lit streets
Mary-Jane floats from mouth to mouth
Nose to nose
A voyage of bliss to heightened highs
Mouse-like squeaks of russet fenders
Clinging to lemons pierce ears
Kia, Toyota, Hyundai
Struggle buggies outfitted
"in dem rims and tings"
Crisp aroma of Randy's
Fills the air of Tuesday
Dripping brown grease saturates whiteness
I meant white napkins
An artery clogs, a pancreas gives out
Just a toonie away

Scrutinize Toronto's multicultural mosaic, nay, its bento box
On the "Better Way"
City of opportunity

ceteris paribus