

## SUPERMARKET ANGEL

By Alison Mukherjee

My fingers went on strike that day  
Would not cooperate  
As I transferred my purchases  
From handbasket to checkout point.  
The cashier's fingers tapped the till.  
Her eyes complained,  
*I haven't got all day!*  
My eyes were bloodshot,  
I hadn't slept all night.

The customer in front adjusted her hijab  
And set off towards the door;  
Stopped as though she heard a call,  
And turned back.  
Leaving her bags on the floor,  
She packed mine. Deftly, her hands  
Did what they needed to.  
A murmur travelled down the queue,  
Someone asked a question,  
She mouthed a soundless reply,  
I tried to catch her eye.  
The cashier demanded payment.  
I scrabbled in my purse.  
She slipped away.