

## Bekah on the Playground

*Half*, she wailed, *the girl asked if I was half Jewish and half American*. Seven or eight, what did she know of contraries, identity by fracture?

But someone in this New England village knew, trust-funders and flat-landers edging out the old Yankees from colonial Connecticut, who trekked north up the big river, edging out the Abenaki people, overrunning *Gdakinna*. New Hampshire granite, marble of Vermont, distinct bedrock ground together by slow glacial pressure—

The ground churned beneath her and we, knowing children parrot what they hear at home, attended the principal's "listening" hours, were assured *there was no antisemitism here, no no no* he said, voice keen with affront. *And, no, we don't need to raise this with the kids, just look at the Menorah we erect in the play yard every Christmas* (lighting the candles from the wrong end, I screamed silently), the other parents nodding like bobblehead dolls. My husband telegraphed a warning and gazing off, I gut-felt the rift and heave that forged and flooded the dividing river.