

## Walking Sticks and Polony by Brian Binyamin Meyer

Once a month or thereabouts,  
Very early in the morn,  
(Now, when I come to think of it,  
T'was at the crack of dawn),  
Gran went off to hospital  
To restock her meds supply,  
But that she left at 6 a.m.  
We couldn't fathom why.

Dad always said 'You're crazy,  
'what if accosted by a mugger?'  
'I'll blow on my police whistle,  
And mit my stick I'll club de bugger.'  
And she blew a piercing sound,  
And waved her stick up in the air,  
Proving no tsotsie would attack her;  
They simply would not dare.

What she did with all that excess time,  
Is anybody's guess,  
Me, I think it her excuse  
To avoid the chance of tardiness,  
But afterwards it was quite clear,  
From Hillbrow off to town she went:  
Segal's Butchery on Eloff Street  
Is where her money was then spent

And how exactly did we know that?

Well, it was obvious to tell,

From the succulent aroma

We all knew so very well,

Wafting out of Granny's string bag,

Either plain or pepperoni,

Was the finest and the freshest,

And the juiciest polony.

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## **Walking Sticks and Polony**

**Written by Brian Meyer in 2015**

**Posted on the CHOL Share Your Stories Website in June,  
20025**

### **Background to this post:**

June 2025, Gail Loon Lustig sent out a mail describing the reality of the attack by Israel against Iran. She mentioned in her letter to the members of CHOL , that one of the things she takes to the shelter each time the siren goes off, is a whistle! Brian Myer who also lives in Israel, noted this and besides going out to buy a whistle, sent this poem where mention is made of a police whistle!