



POETRY

Language Instruction for New Canadians Practicum

by Eric Abalajon



"Lady Bird" by Jérôme Perez

After the break, Sally came back wearing a new outfit. She was greeted with applause. A black blazer, hair tied up, printed script in one hand, scissors in the other. She talked about her career as a hairdresser, working with the celebrities in Seoul and even travelling to the US for big events. She handed out pictures with her boss, with pop stars, the branch in a posh district where she used to work. She misses her profession so bad. She was flipping the scissors like a gunslinger. She is working on her English in order to apply for a permit here. The front row was holding their breath. Maybe a loan in the future for her own salon. It will be the beacon of Korean style trends to Toronto. The teacher I'm observing said template lines like *amazing*, *good luck*, and, *very good*. She looked towards me, maybe I have advice to give, since I'm also an immigrant starting over. I was only able to come up with *be patient* and *things will work out*. Not as profound as they anticipated, and probably heard before, or read in a welcome brochure. I wanted to say, *Sally if you want to practice your passion here you can always work under the table*.