

To an Immigrant

Lost, lost, all lost –
the strings and ties to bind you,
that you never knew were there –
which sometimes asked too much of you,
and so, you had to move.

Well, now you've lost them all
and you're in a better place.

But no-one knows you here,
and no-one loves you here,
and almost no-one cares,
while even those who do –
they don't know how you think,
and do not want to learn.

You are their little project,
not their partner nor their friend.
They want to help you integrate –
to teach you all their rules,
and you say yes, of course,
yes, yes, oh yes!

Until, one day, you can't.
The strings and ties reach out;
they call; they cry; they flail;
but they were cut in half,
and never will be whole.
And what will your freedom be then, poor
thing?
And what will your freedom be then?

Leslie N. Sinclair, August 14, 2024

There is a poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins
about loss – it begins “Felled, felled, all
felled..”

There is a children's song about winter – it
goes, “The North wind will blow, and we shall
have snow, And what will the robin do then,
poor thing, and what will the robin do then?”