

Asylum Seekers

It's a barbed welcome
that awaits them
in the transit camp.
If this is sanctuary,
new hope,
if this is
freedom for you,
in exchange for fear
of death or torture,
it must be pretty rough
back home, then.
No human rights here,
locked up behind high walls
and razor wire,
for twelve hours of every day
confined to crowded cells.
Counted dangerous
because you've failed
the farce of due process.
No-hope appeals await,
then bundled off
back home, to face
an unreported death
our politicians deny.
There will be no public outcry
if they keep statistics down.

Israel's Wall

To increase their security
and their share of the land,
in the name of separation
they're dividing our nation,
erecting a wall,
driving a wedge
through the heart,
dividing family from field
and father from son,
from his olive, his vine,
and his fig tree,
in the land where Christ's heart
was rent,
where his blood
was spent,
where by the Cross
he brought peace,
where by his body
he made two,
Gentile and Jew,
into one,
broke down the barrier
which kept them apart.

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