

No way in
that's the message we receive clear
when first we arrive here
We're tired exhausted
tossed upon open waves
in leaky boats
We reach your shore
that is not friendly anymore
incarcerated in containers
herded like cattle
with no chance to state our case
We can't get anyone to hear our pleas
our concerns our needs
There is no one to stand for us in justice stakes
So little we ask
So hard to get
and what we've fled
show the scars that bleed
are all dismissed
because
We've come unwanted
unwashed unwished for
Who will our cause espouse?
Who will our cause champion?
We feel bereft abandoned
alone
Who hears but God
Who weeps but God

by Jane Pederson