

Asylum Seekers

(With apologies to William Blake)

To see a world in detention sand
And heaven in an excised flower
To hold a visa in your hand
And eternity in a Tampa hour.

To see children in a desert cage
Mothers wounded lacking care
Might put heaven in a rage
It leaves little mark elsewhere.

For they are forced to travel light
Chasing land beyond the sun
Trapped within their endless flight
And distant cries of Babylon.

In this new world they stand alone
Tormented by its unjust law
Downtrodden by the bloodless stone
And swept beneath its fatal shore.