

YARL'S WOOD

I keep thinking about those women

At Yarl's Wood.

Shut away in boxes at Yarl's Wood, waving

Their heart-filled hands like flags from the windows.

I keep thinking about the women at Yarl's Wood, I've never been there

But

I keep thinking about it,

About the women who cannot move their feet

More than ten short steps from room to toilet:

Who cannot hurl

Themselves, from place to place without a wall to stop them.

I keep thinking about those women.

Whose souls are twisted by waiting.

Whose bodies are touched, despite

Not-wanting

Whose mouths are crushed by the hatred.

Whose voices are crushed by the waiting.

I wouldn't say I'm a political person, but I

Keep thinking about the women at Yarl's Wood.

I know there was a fire.

I read about the fire -

They let it happen:

That's the whisper, anyway.

The words

Stick themselves inside my head,

As slick and nasty as oil.

Locked inside a burning building.

Five injuries:

Sallow and quiet,

No double numbers,

To set a match to scandal.

Just five, and whispered stories.

And that word 'removal',

Used on their website, is full

Of England

England's pleasant, dangerous hatred

England's pleasant, dangerous pride.