

Not Quite there

Amina Atiq

She is an arrow without a bow
home without walls when they come
knocking, when they come knocking
in letter box burkas, the great-daughter
of an economic immigrant

a slinging hijab in French courts
the Brexit enemy. You are the mother of a starved
diaspora.

Censored poems, ink written in blood
airport checks to insult her tribal name
mimicking the way her mouth moves

she bites her nails behind racist Graffiti images
vigilant at school bus stops
not too close to the train rail
stand behind the yellow line for them
for us, stand behind you-
you and the working class in

bus fare pennies, speak in scouse
hide behind the food banks, the aunties are watching
Netto bags, hide behind mum. Her friends live round 'er.

Take the longest route home, sit next to the Asian man
the predator will spit all over her pretty hijab.

Catch it in her hand, *fuxcks sake*
the crocodile tears, you can not save
even if it hurts you

feeling lost of love. She can't seem to tell you why
when she laughs, it hurts. Too tight to speak of class
we are just not quite there.