

## The Dead Are Not Suspicious

"I slept in a graveyard. I didn't like to be in the city where people could see me. It's incredible, how big your problems are when you are homeless in a strange city or strange country, you don't understand the language. It's so much worse than you can imagine."  
(Kurdish asylum-seeker Dariush, <https://www.refugee-action.org.uk/dariush/>)

Here in the city of the dead  
    there are no eyes to follow me,  
    uncertain of my honesty  
or fearing my intent.

Beneath these gravestones, wrapped in lead,  
    our petty inhumanities  
    are wiped clean by eternity;  
death knows no discontent.

Even the birds are calmer here;  
    there are no feet or speeding wheels  
    to dodge while looking for a meal  
of stale discarded crumbs.

The ancient yew trees soothe my fears  
    a while, allow me to conceal  
    myself so I can start to heal,  
prepare for what's to come.