Home

By: Warsan Shire

Adapted by Fishtank Staff

- no one leaves home unless home is the mouth of a shark you only run for the border when you see the whole city running as well
- 5 your neighbors running faster than you breath bloody in their throats the boy you went to school with who kissed you dizzy behind the old tin factory is holding a gun bigger than his body
- you only leave home when home won't let you stay.

no one leaves home unless home chases you fire under feet hot blood in your belly

- 15 it's not something you ever thought of doing until the blade burnt threats into your neck and even then you carried the anthem under your breath
- 20 only tearing up your passport in an airport toilets sobbing as each mouthful of paper made it clear that you wouldn't be going back.

you have to understand,
that no one puts their children in a boat
25 unless the water is safer than the land
no one burns their palms
under trains
beneath carriages

no one spends days and nights in the stomach of a truck

30 feeding on newspaper unless the miles travelled means something more than journey.
no one crawls under fences
no one wants to be beaten

pitied

35 no one chooses refugee camps or strip searches where your body is left aching or prison, because prison is safer

40 than a city of fire
and one prison guard
in the night
is better than a truckload
of men who look like your father

45 no one could take itno one could stomach itno one skin would be tough enough

the go home blacks

50 refugees
dirty immigrants
asylum seekers
sucking our country dry
niggers with their hands out

55 they smell strange

savage

messed up their country and now they want to mess ours up

how do the words

60 the dirty looks

roll off your backs

maybe because the blow is softer

than a limb torn off

or the words are more tender

65 than fourteen men between

your legs

or the insults are easier

to swallow

than rubble

70 than bone

than your child body

in pieces.

i want to go home, but home is the mouth of a shark

75 home is the barrel of the gun and no one would leave home unless home chased you to the shore unless home told you to quicken your legs

80 leave your clothes behind crawl through the desert wade through the oceans drown

save 85 be hunger

beg
forget pride
your survival is more important

no one leaves home until home is a sweaty voice in your ear

90 saying-

leave,

run away from me now i dont know what i've become but i know that anywhere

95 is safer than here