HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT

There will be shouting
there will be swearing
there will be anger

If you cut me do I not bleed?

When they shout go back
to when you came from
Do they not understand
the fractures are in
space-time continuum
what ignorance of their own—our
own shared histories, presents &
futures.

There will be fear turning to
anger turning to fear turning to
words.

Words turning to rants—rants—
of course.

Of course I rant. Rant is
in my name.
Immig-Rant.

(No relation to Hugh Grant!)