

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT (Are we there yet?)

With burning soles and dried throats
we fled the White Phosphorous
with all we could carry;
shedding, in a heartbeat, the years
we raised our roofs
against solitude
and crawling days.

Are we there yet?

Is that a hospital
or a fortress ahead
making a liar
out of anyone
not made of stone?

Are we there yet?

In *the Homeland*
the vaults are full
of Dead Presidents
should the mechanism
need easing;
all backed up
by the button
nothing with a face
ever touches.

Are we there yet?

Devils, what do they look like?
Scrambled pixels
over sleepsuits.

Are we there yet?

Angels, what do they sound like?
Shooting stars and rockets wailing
your children's names.

Are we there yet?

Is there a price
on all those tags
tied to all those toes?

Are we there yet?

How many crosses
blackening how many
cleared zones
would be enough?

Are we there yet?

Alan Weadick

OPPOSITE: Sibusiso Bheka, 'Super Mega', from Stop Nonsense, 2018. This photograph is about how identity relates to power, privilege and oppression. It's also about representation of black community in a positive light and cultural appropriation and how that can lead to negative stereotypes and the erasure of black culture.