

## THE BOAT PEOPLE

Amputated arms that arch for land.

Blind babies who babble alone.

Cargos that capsize in clammy clouds.

Debris that deposit then decay.

Embryos that eclipse then embrace.

Flags that fade before their flight.

Garments that grip then gashly groan.

Heads that hang upon heavy hooks.

Images that immerse in illusion and illness.

Jaundice that journeys with jeer and jest.

Like keyless keyholes

Like lame lemurs

Like mangled masks

Like nameless nudes

Like odorless outcasts

Like pale prunes

Like quiet quivers

Like running rubbish

Like scalded skins

Like torched tattoos

Like unwashed underwear

Like Victims.