

The Boats

by **Sarah Taylor**

The boats are all a'coming
Sailing from the north,
Bringing hordes of strangers
Where will they berth?

Another boat has sailed
It arrived yesterday,
Rescued by the navy
As it foundered in the surf.

And still the boats keep coming
Leaving island havens
With folks who've had to pay,
As dreaming leaks away.

A human cargo's landed
We don't want it to stay,
Our polities strut the tough talk
'We'll decide who steps ashore.'

A boat settled this country
Transported the desperate
Unwanted and poor,
'No room for any more'.

Flash boats bob on their moorings
The sign we've done so well,
Lived off bounty and riches
From land belong to someone else.

These boats are mostly idle,
For vanity and pride.
A sound investment
Against a fickle tide.

A twist in the story
These boats used to flee.
Where would we head to?
Who'd be kind and take us in?