

In shā'Allāh

He will go with a new name, passport, discover a hired parent at the port.
Europe's borders closed; illegal journeys will now begin anew at the port.

I'm called by my passport name, buy food, cook with groceries I bring home.
Vitamins and toothpaste I say to the boy who asks me for shoes at the port.

An Afghan girl grabs my hand, points to her rotting teeth, repeats *me! me! me!*
Her brother has soccer cards, 30 euros, dreams he's a goalie as he waits at the port.

If you're Syrian you might have less trouble getting papers, otherwise sell jewelry,
bribe your way, bargain a stolen cell phone, be sure not to get stuck at the port.

I wake in the middle of the night thinking I forgot to say *Bring water with you.*
Ali says *thank you*, his English polite, his manners promise safe passage at the port.

Boats appear, many disappear, sunk with people who sold everything for some luck.
Smugglers are on the lookout, they know opportunity, and smell profit at the port.

God be with you, Judi says, holding her hand to her heart. *In shā'Allāh* Azize says.
We pray *Allāh* is welcoming, a father who won't abandon his children at the port.