



## REFUGEE STATUS FOR THE UNDOCUMENTED

I would rather my country be at war than peace,  
anything to keep me here.

Let the president's house burn, let them find  
no trace of his children's toes,

let the goods the market women have carried  
for a week rot: the soldiers must order a curfew!

Let the church shut its doors to a boy like me  
who watches an army of dark-haired  
demons burn this city.

In my alarm, running away, may I lose a finger  
or two, a shock to the bones, forget the sound  
of rain on my back:

Proof to the immigration officer, I belong here.