

## **CARER AND THE AFGHAN MIGRANT.**

1. His paths to freedom were dotted with borders that were unfriendly to his course. Difficult times at these borders have really taken their toll on him. He stepped out of the Cab in his ill-fitted hand-out clothes. He looked more a seven-year-old than the fifteen years that I was told. His visage was haggard and hungry looking, and can easily be described as a Posable Skeleton for a Medical Student.
2. He held in his hand a small Carrier Bag that contained all his Worldly goods. I said "Hello I'm Stella" and straight away, I could tell from his face that, the Home Office and Social Services forgot to inform him that I was of African descent. You know few words in English and I none at all in Urdu of Pashtu. With your head bowed and nervous you said politely "Good Morning Auntie" although it was six o'clock in the evening. I signed that you come in-doors, and when you entered, you glanced round and I saw a smile on your face, perhaps the satisfaction that you will not be sleeping out doors under the open sky and its inclement weathers of the past experiences.
3. We both have changed with time. We have found ways to communicate, gone shopping for new clothes and food items that you are familiar with and enjoying useful varied daily routines. You have an enquiring mind. I see a humble, polite, eager to learn and a warm-hearted boy. I am happy that you appreciate the little that I do for you. I was touched when you told the Afghan Barber in your language that I was a mother to you. One day, after you have mastered the English Language, we will be told why and what drove you out of your Home, Family and Country.

## **WORDS**

1. Words can be spoken, but not necessarily heard,  
Words can be sung, but not necessary listened to,  
Words can be soft and soothing, to calm emotions,  
Words can be harsh and abrasive, to show dissatisfaction,  
Words changes to Touch and Sign, where and when one  
can't see or hear.

2. Poems are Words arrange to Rhyme,  
Minstrels are Words of praise in a song,  
Town Criers' Words convey Time and News,  
Whilst the Monks chant repetitive Words,  
Sonnets are limited in Words,  
In all this remember those that can't see or hear Words.  
Sign and Touch become their Words.

## THE BLESSED BOAT.

1. Sailors may be alike to Knights, brave to weather storms day and night, ask them why they are not afraid, and they would say the Stars are there to aid, and we sail in a Blessed Boat.
2. The Town Mayor in his splendid gown and regalia, climbed the launch platform, and with a heave-ho smashed the Bubbly against the Hull of the Boat, that released the chains holding the Boat, sea bound, and to a rattling halt in the holding water of the dock.
3. The crowd stood in awe and asked ‘**Where is the Preacher and his Cross to bless the ship before release?**’ A storm-tossed sea has no respect for the mayor but God, yet the brave sailors are no perturbed, and greet each other with HI HO.
4. Forgive me if I err on the side of the coward, for I have no swimming or rowing skills. I prefer the calm and serene waters of the lake to the storming seas, rest assured that I am safe for I require no Blessed or un-blessed boat.