

Howard Goodall "Refuge"

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There's always someone standing on their own
outside the crowd,
who looks bewildered and confused.
They try to make some sense of all the jostling and the
jokes, but still they don't look that amused.

What place, what life, what did they leave behind?
What sights, what sounds, what thoughts are on their
minds?

I've noticed that your accent has an unfamiliar sound,
sometimes it seems you hate us all.
In silence you retreat into a closed and private world,
behind your own protective wall.

What crimes, what hurt, what wars have you survived?
What hopes, what dreams were left when you arrived?

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