

My heart lies bleeding by Jacqui Lovell

This poem refers to my foster daughters' experience of the broken asylum system in the UK during the Brexit bumble.

My heart lies bleeding

My heart lies bleeding, not from a love lost or forgotten but from a childhood torn apart by corporate power and a weakling shower masquerading as a government that give a fuck when they clearly didn't and don't, they'd cut your throat given half a chance and discard you like the lost doll they imagine you to be.

My heart lies bleeding for the many and the few, the 'others' who didn't know what to do, to say, to make the badness go away, the government will make them pay & pay & pay & pay, ok, a 10 year route to re-settle-ment, means a lifetime lent to pain perceived as punishment for the sin of innocence omitted, trodden down to drown in the dirt of their twisted minds and bitter tasting *justice*.

My heart lies, bleeding for all the pricks that make me sick, the pomp, the ceremony, the prestige, the power, the sad, thick shower, dressed up in their uniforms, these appendages on arses, walking round the earth with no other thought than to display their worth and fight their farces with nameless faces, as if *they* were people from other races, loading women and children into vans, then sleeping sound with blood on their hands.

My heart lies bleeding for the *decision makers* those movers and shakers, who with a swipe of their pen, can wipe your wishes away again, so, you 'know your place' is not protected, you are the most affected, exams written off, discarded, no longer worth the paper they're written on, all through a date of birth they won't admit was wrong for fear of losing face, place and position in their schism, the prism through which they peer and leer and poke, a cruel sick joke, that no-one shares, as if they cared.

My heart lies bleeding for the powers that be, safe in their capitalist castles, aiming their misguided missiles at you and me, happy with 'austerity', supporting suicidal ideation of the masses, the working classes, futures discarded, with hard hearted health and social 'care', commissioned by those 'up there', that bears no relation to the needs of our diverse population, relegated to the lowest division, through media derision, the underclass supported in this self styled strangulation, curtailing culture and cooperation, as they forge their Brexit nation, my heart...lies...bleeding