

Maddy Searle

Fatherland

He is an island offshore.
There are no bridges between here and there.
Only an infrequent ferry carries me across,
Reluctant.

He holds his generosity high
So everyone can see,
But his gifts are empty on the inside.
I feel carved out when I accept.

He maps out his face and hair
In creams and gels.
His teeth are polished by professionals,
Shirts meticulously casual.

His humour still hasn't crawled
Out of the bathroom.
Mock anti-Semitism, amusing Islamophobia.
My smile is scratched into my face.

He is adrift in the sea.
I am glad of the sheltering waves
Until the ferry comes into harbour
And I see that he is half of me.