



## RESOURCE SHEET 11

### Glasgow Snow (for S)

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by Jackie Kay

You were found in the snow in Glasgow  
Outside the entrance to Central Station.  
Your journey took you from an Ethiopian  
prison  
To the forests in France where luck and  
chance  
Showed you not all white men are like the  
men  
In *Roots* – a film you watched once.  
The people smugglers didn't treat you like  
Kizzy  
Or Kunta Kinte, brought you food and  
water by day,  
Offered you shelter in a tent, and it was  
sanctuary.  
And you breathed deep the forest air, freely.

But when you were sent here, Glasgow,  
In the dead winter: below zero, no place to  
go,  
You rode the buses to keep warm: *X4M*,  
*Toryglen*,  
*Castlemilk*, *Croftfoot*, *Carbrain*, *Easter*  
*House*, *Moodiesburn*, *Red road flats*,  
*Springburn*,  
No public fund, no benefit, no home, no  
sanctum,  
No haven, no safe port, no support,  
No safety net, no sanctuary, no nothing.  
Until a girl found you in the snow, frozen,  
And took you under her wing, singing.

Oh... would that the Home Office show  
The kindness of that stranger in the winter  
snow!  
Would they grant you asylum, sanctum,  
For your twenty-seventh birthday?  
On March 8th, two thousand and thirteen,  
You could become, not another figure,  
sum, unseen,  
Another woman sent home to danger,  
dumb, afraid,  
At the mercy of strangers, no crib, no bed,  
All worry: next meal, getting fed, fetching  
up dead.  
And at last, this winter, you might lay down  
your sweet head.

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