

Joe Reynolds

## An Unsanitary Smell Prevails In The Port of Calais

Condensation condescending,  
Windscreen wipers strike an arc through drizzled sleet,  
Scrape away the grime and slush,  
Despair has an odour, That  
prevails.  
The bone-crush wheels,  
Squeezing the moisture,  
From flakes of snow,  
Washing waste and aspirations into the drains,  
And out past the razor wire and the lighthouse, To  
be lost at sea.

A smell of urine and tobacco smoke,  
Prevails,  
The wretch invoking damp wood, spluttering on braziers, Oil  
drums drum, tin-opened jagged lips.  
And jagged smells,  
An abundance of aromas, a mosaic of stench,  
Prevails,  
Androgynous anorak hoods, silhouettes, Drumming  
and strumming.  
Tapping, rapping.

**H**ung out to dry; emaciated,  
**U**nder rain rusting roofs, corrugated  
**M**etallic walls on shanty lean-tos,  
**A**rthritic bones; soaking wet through,  
**N**o name, no papers, unidentifiable,  
**R**aped, abused, thrown back, recyclable,  
**I**ncendiary vapours, hopes burning,  
**'G**o back where you come from, just keep moving.'  
**H**arassed and truncheoned; day-glow uniforms,  
**T**ortured, tormented, mistreated, moved on, **S**pat  
on, shat on, bulldozed, still-born.

Prejudice blisters the rainbow,  
While the fuck-you-Jacks,

Spew Southern Fried insults,  
Into the brazier fire, An  
unsanitary smell,  
Prevails.