

## **Between a Sponge and a Soft Place (2002)**

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#### **Preamble**

I do not worry about being deported  
I do not worry about being bold  
I do not worry about the Home Secretary  
I do not worry about denying the fold

I do not want to answer to another's God  
I do not want to be anyone's friend or foe  
I do not want to dance to strange music  
I do not want to eat food I do not know

I do not carry proof of authenticity  
I do not carry my existence on my face  
I do not carry the answers to questions  
I do not carry dread of police embrace

I do not have to declare love for land  
I do not have to proclaim pedigree  
I do not have to hide behind skin  
I do not have to deny me

I do not worry  
I do not want to  
I do not carry  
I do not have to

When I started writing this paper, Britain had embroiled itself in a war of solidarity with the potential of lasting a few years, as I conclude, the war has almost stopped and there is an interim government in Afghanistan, there might even be the possibility of the not-so-holy and not-so-coherent Western alliance congratulating itself on a job well done.