

# 20191101\_theslowdown\_20191101\_128

📅 Wed, 9/30 7:44PM ⌚ 5:00

## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

asylum seeker, week, longs, stakes, cash, maize meal, cassava, sakuma, gary, buy, home, left, jackie, mung beans, emigrated, sauce pan, curie, virulent, nice, pines

00:06

I'm Tracy k Smith, and this is the slow down.

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There is so much at stake for people seeking asylum in a new country. Safety is perhaps the first motivation for leaving one's home in pursuit of another, close behind our freedom and opportunity. And while these are vital considerations, it's also important to acknowledge that every person who has emigrated from one home to another has also lost something in the process.

00:49

My first husband came to the United States from Mexico, he hadn't fled danger. He was after new experiences and education and love, but he lamented the cold Northeastern winters, and he was bothered by the virulent stereotypes that consciously or unconsciously, cloud the way many Americans view people from Mexico. My first husband's experience was a mild case, the stakes he faced here in the US were nowhere near as grave as the stakes, asylum seekers must negotiate. At any time, he could return to a home and a family to relative comfort and stability,

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which is eventually what he did.

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Today's poem is pushed the week by Scottish poet laureate Jackie Kay. In it, I hear the voice of a speaker who has had no choice but to abide the discomfort and isolation of being squeezed into a set of two narrow options. In one sense, perhaps she's lucky. But she also longs for glimmers of home. She misses the taste of familiar foods. She covets nice things to where she pines for the familiar faces and voices left behind. She is tired of the suspicious eyes of wary strangers. She longs to be reunited with herself. Push the week by Jackie Kay. For P. If I had cash, I could get some cassava Gary down Great Western road, shopping salies and make some Sakuma wiki, stretch the week. But this car don't buy me African food. Or let me shop and Marie Curie although they have nice things in there. Only in the Salvation Army store where the clothes are a bit of a bore.

03:06

You think just because you're an asylum

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seeker, you don't care what you wear, and from eating the wrong food. My stomach's sore. If I didn't just have this card to use, I would buy some maize meal flour, avocado, yam if my mother were here, she would say that woman is not my daughter. If I had cash, I could buy some corn pones dried fish beef. curried mung beans kochin Bari. My god how I wish expand the chest.

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My spirits would lift a

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golly would make me less depressed. Not so homesick. nyama choma no cash for cane row. No McKee mo for monthly fees for sweet potato. The week repeats we are scattered families. Now it's HIV. No TV just CCTV. watching me. Non Stop scrutiny. Anyone shouts asylum seeker bash them with your sauce pan. Man stealer. I have yet to see one to write home about cassava and your imagination. You have new friends to dinner. you picture a cooker, a table, you light a candle. You shine some cutlery. You see your face in it. And you say stick in till you stick out and you say Help yourself. Go ahead. Have some chappati bazi Gary, here's what we eat in my country. You see. The slow down is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.