

'Take Back Control'
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I

Take children from their mothers
wrap them in chains and brand their skin.
Take half the world and wash it pink.
Take history, take lives.
Take racism and smash it into chips.
Take gold, take spices, land.
Take food and let them starve.
Take the best bits of other people's cultures.
Take race and slice it thinly into cards.
Take truth and replace it carefully with lies.

II

Back to a golden age, a glorious time
of Pakistani-bashing, the stampede
of Doctor-Martened feet, shaved heads
and swastikas; of making England great again.
Back to a time of waving flags,
shouting *Go Home* to anyone who looks
as though they might be foreign.
Back to a time before political correctness
went mental, and stitched good English lips
with silence, so they had to preface
every sentence with *I'm not a racist, but...*
Back to a time before England –
like a sober friend –
laid her hand on forearms
in pubs across the land,
said with a pained smile and shake
of her head, *Bruv, not cool. Not cool at all.*

III

Control the borders! Build a wall
so we can keep them out. Control
the hordes, the floods, the swarms,
the waves of foreigners who wash ashore
our island. Control the welfare state!
Do not give money to the undeserving.
Control the immigrants
who run around like cockroaches
with pincer hands and dark-shined bodies
taking things that don't belong to them
– our jobs, our homes, our way
of life – to their filthy, vermin nests.