

# Receive

Bodies wash up on our shores,  
On the golden sands, whose warm blood the sea stole.  
Vessels, Vessels. By which they tried to come,  
And to which they turned. Crammed beyond measure,  
And empty beyond.

Bodies wash up on our shores,  
Mouths to feed, and problems of our own. I know, I know.  
To ignore our own pain, is not a step in which we gain.

Bodies wash up on our shores,  
Again, but then, again, once a foot is set on our soil, sand and dirt,  
Once a mouth feeds off of our bread, once a hand takes to our work,  
There is no reason under our sun, to say that it is still they,  
They, that have come, they, that are here.

So when them and they, who turn to us and into we,  
Not as a nation, not as a country,  
An island, of people,  
Then what is there, that we cannot make our strength.

So receive, receive we must, receive we will.  
For no other sake, nor any other reason,  
Than to not let drown, any more good will.