

My Name Is Immigrant

Wang Ping

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Call me Immigrant. In your country, I do the essential work to keep your living standards high, even as you jeer at me and pay me nowhere near the same dollars you do to your exalted citizens, for the same work. Of late, I am coming into my voice. Wang Ping is my inspiration.

Cockle Pickers: Wu Hongkang

*We pat the sand, we pat the sand
Teasing cockles to the cold surface
We dig, we pick, we break our backs
Bagging cockles for two pounds
They say we can return
When the bag is full
But home is far away
In the dark, we can't make out the sea
No stars point our path to the shore
Wind comes from all directions
Cutting our bones
How empty is desire
In the foaming mouth of Morecambe Bay*

MATT SUTHERLAND (July / August 2020)

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