

I have [already commented](#) on the evolving refugee disaster in the Mediterranean this morning. Now I note that Steve Pottinger, the poet whose [work on Starbucks](#) and other tax related issues I have previously shared, has a [new poem on this theme](#), which I share with his explicit permission:

every night, the same dream

the stink of diesel and of fear which
everyone is pretending is not here
because if they do not name it here will not be real
but in the hot bodies of the strangers pressed
around her she can feel
the tension of a panic only held at bay
like sea sickness, with iron will, good fortune,
muttered prayers,
Inshallah inshallah inshallah inshallah
they rise and fall jaws clench and clench again
she is one of hundreds, women, children, men
crowded together, huddled, backed tight in
each has just room to breathe
and space no bigger than a coffin
and something is wrong she knows it
and she knows this is the error a mistake
when all other roads were blocked
and the price that must be paid
won't be measured out in crumpled dollar notes
but in the treasure of her hope
and then the boat
tips a little someone screams
water swirls around her ankles
there is a scramble
for the hatch and those who can
kick and punch and fight their way out
but she is going down
blowing bubbles of her dreams
and even as she drowns
she can hear
*Someone must save her
Someone must save her
Someone must save her*
and Katie wakes in bed
the smell of death around her
wonders what she has done wrong. © Steve Pottinger 19 April 2015