ZARA SULEMAN

Dis-oriented

They arrive hungry, homeless bags, so many bags their lives in small leather cases packages in brown paper, newspapers wrapped with rope, inside photo albums, coins, memories, clothes, tears and hope

They arrive at midnight, in the afternoon just before dinner regardless of the time they are confused, jetlagged exhausted

They arrive processed passports photocopied, visas approved immigration papers stamped head tax cashed citizenship pending

They arrive lifeless, the walking dead eyes that tell you only between the blinks the atrocities survived surviving

They arrive thankful and fearful cautious all of the time most will not trust in you or humanity again

They arrive housed in small hotel rooms appliances explained, they are shown the beds, the bathroom, the kitchen they are told not to be scared when the fire alarm rings they are terrified when it happens they hide, curled into themselves under the table

They arrive to be oriented bus routes, shopping malls, doctors, Canadian Laws cultural immersion, racial submersion rec centre passes

They arrive settlement counsellors, family counsellors cultural workers, multicutural teams carrying band-aids for open wounds western therapy for global conflict waiting lists, nowhere to refer your stories

They arrive remembering if they forget it will be easier to integrate, to orient, to assimilate to be grateful to be here clothed, fed, sheltered and alone incredibly, desperately, alone the familiar should be forgotten be open to strangeness

They arrive holding on to few possessions many stories, nightmares strength, survival and broken spirits looking across rooms, waiting rooms so much waiting to do they can identify each other the damage is evident the scars mark their re-settlement, their dis-orientation has begun Welcome/Bienvenue

Zara Suleman is a South Asian immigrant, writer, activist and front-line worker. Currently Zara works at an immigrant and refugee serving agency in Vancouver, B.C.

VOLUME 19, NUMBER 3