

## Two Letters

The letter arrived on a cold wet morning  
A summons to the Magistrates' Court  
Non-payment of council tax  
Six months arrears  
Susan looked at it as fear gripped her heart  
What could she do? What could she do?  
Susan sat in her one decent chair  
Stared at the white wall in front of her  
Contemplating the blank future ahead  
As two tears raced each other down her careworn cheeks

The letter arrived on a cold wet morning  
A summons to the Home Office  
You have lost your appeal against deportation  
You must leave the country within six weeks  
Nasrin looked at it as fear gripped her heart  
What could she do? What could she do?  
Nasrin sat on an old rug on the floor  
Stared at the white letter in front of her  
Contemplating the oblivion she faced  
As a lonely tear trickled down her careworn cheeks

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