# Artin's Voyage

We can't be sure which way he went,
Through the Southern Bight and over Dogger Bank
Into the Jutland current perhaps, then North to Karmoy,
Where a light easterly brought him in on New Year's Day.
No one knew him there, or guessed how far he'd come,
Six hundred miles is, after all,
a long way for a toddler,
All alone,

I think of him, at sea,
Floating in his small blue suit;
The weeks of autumn skies overhead,
The clouds, the sinking stars,
The swells pockmarked with rain.
At last, the retreating fingers of the tide
Leaving him to the arrival
that his parents never planned.

In memory of Artin Irannezhad, his parents, brother and sister, who drowned on 27th October 2020 during their third attempt to cross the Channel to the UK to seek asylum. Artin's body was found on New Year's Day 2021 on the coast of Norway.



