



please use your discretion to adjust your hope

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June, 2022



*any day or part day that the individual sees their child in person in the UK
counts as a day
on which they see their child in the UK
is certainly one way to say
that one day is a day too many.*

when I say the words Ljubljana airport you must picture a modest vestibule.



you must picture the young woman sitting erect on the single bench in a winter coat

a regal nod for the uniformed man who hands her a paper

and you must know that I do not listen when she murmurs into her phone

no mama for the last time

for the last time mama

they said that if I cross it will be ten years before I can

you must picture the queue moving

and the way I can no longer listen.

affective stickiness.

become your own border guard.

apply within!

the individual will have a place to live in the UK

if they have a home, holiday home, or temporary retreat in the UK, or other accommodation

that they can live in when they are in the UK

is certainly one way to say

fuck you.

a model citizen is someone who worries about tax even when there is no tax to pay.

you must picture me saying, that's British for you.

needing to pay tax would be quite a nice problem to have

for this model non-citizen

stuck in the wrong queue at Ljubljana airport

and only the wailing baby dares to say that we are never getting out of here.

one day soon, now.

it's about the way that

the individual will have a country tie for a tax year

if the UK is the country in which they were present at midnight



is not about the bloody tax

it's about the way that
that is certainly one way to see

her feet kick up snow as she dances,
and the bell strikes midnight
and she is happy
in the snow with her kicking feet,
but not where she is meant to be,
happy elsewhere
she fails the test.

Commentary:

"When people ask me what I've been doing for the past year of immobility, I say: hoarding scraps of border lore, overheard, overread, overthought. This is less found poetry than scrounged from travels both thwarted and realised, some of them mine, some not; a series of mid-crises bordering encounters layered on top of existing psychic grooves, leavened with austerity and anxiety and the almost fairytale-like prose of Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs' statutory residence test (in matters of residency, a fairytale is always only one step away from a nightmare). It came at a time when few other words were coming, let alone words that could have worked its many incommensurabilities into the form of an academic argument." - Zorko

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