

Lifeline 131114
Beyond Blue 1300 22 4636

What can you do?

send a letter or email to Tony Bourke,
minister of home affairs using this template
written by refugees

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1lmz0CjzxpdzDR8pZRGsULYRY5tMW6qarcK0Qin0RmyM/mobilebasi>

donations

Honour your capacity,
if you can't donate or support any of these orgs,
just pass this on when you're done with it.

organisations supporting refugees

<https://www.givenow.com.au/tamilrefugeecouncil>

<https://para.org.au/give-support/>

donate to Mano's funeral fund

<https://www.gofundme.com/f/mano-yogalingam>



A strange corpse at a familiar funeral. A family mourns in private. Officer (redacted) attends a public vigil - a familiar face plastered on freshly printed posters and banners - and smiles as she intimidates a grief-stricken member of the community with the threat of arrest. A knock from Victoria Police - "Follow my orders -" And after 12 years of following orders, seeking approval to be granted the rights that have been stripped from her, maybe then she'll get the message: "Go back to where you came from" And feel the Australian heart follow you, from the bullet of a gun, or the metal on the belligerent bomber that safe Australia provided her oppressor to kill her, her family and their neighbors with.

Or maybe, after 12 years of hard, unstable minimum wage work on a cycle of bridging visa after bridging visa, she'll burn out here - another strange corpse - so officer (redacted) can smile, again, while threatening another member of the community with arrest at her vigil. A knock from Victoria Police, "Your brother has been identified as the only deceased, injured and involved suspect in a fire at the steps of parliament. We are here to investigate if it's terror related." "This may impact your application for asylum."

written and edited by Adam Abdullah
art by Ranecm Kanakri

This is a work of fiction inspired by true emotions and events. It is written and shared with the sole intention of raising awareness in regards to the plight of the refugee community in so called 'Australia,' with respect to their demands for permanent visas on land they have sought asylum, lived and worked, for over a decade. Thousands of refugees have been here on temporary visas for about 12 years. Living in a state of perpetual limbo, with no certainty or security to plan for a future beyond the date of their next application to renew their temporary visa (sometimes every 6 months). Our solidarity extends, particularly to the Tamil community, who are mourning, not just back home for those lost in their ongoing struggle against their oppressors, but today in Nauru and Bunurong / Boon Wurundjig the Wurundjig Weoi-Wurung and the Larriakia people on whose land this work was written. We respectfully acknowledge the Wurundjig Weoi-Wurung and Bunurong / Boon Wurundjig people of the Kulin. We pay respects to their elders past and present and stand in solidarity with their ongoing struggle for liberation.

A strange corpse, charred by a fire that lasted only a moment, lays silently on Spring Street. First come the cops. The state sends its dogs, but their job is already done. A young brown man has self-immolated at the steps of Parliament. A knock from Victoria Police. Smoke from a lit cigarette - steam from a half-empty pot of Turkish coffee. The ash from the cigarette meets the residual coffee at the bottom of a used cup. A burned-out future. An old news paper's columns spread out on the off-white kitchen tiles, covering today's cat piss. Cheap men's cologne to muddy the odor. Another lit cigarette. Scrolling through silent notifications, one message reads, "I'm sorry for your loss," from a close relative, distanced by disadvantages that go beyond geography - another, "unpaid invoice," from the immigration lawyer. A knock from Victoria Police.