



**2019 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS  
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST  
DIVISION 3 – GRADES 9 TO 12**

**RESIRI ERIVWO, GRADE 9  
THE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL  
SECOND PRIZE**



**HOME**

Where is my home?

It was my square house in Aleppo

One of many lining the ancient Syrian streets that concealed history's  
deepest secrets in its cracks

The epitome of a home, smiling and cozy, it had always been there

Until it wasn't

The bomb that blew my sweet Aleppo home to pieces left no mercy

It burned a lifetime of memories to soulless gray ashes slowly descending  
into unrecognizable ruins

Where is my home?

Is it the refugee camp where thousands like my family huddle in crowds for  
warmth in the chilling rain?

Where the tarp roof provides no shelter from the searing wind

Where the endless drone of orphans' wails dullen my eardrums

Where is my home?

Is it the land of tranquility, the paradise known as the West?

Where I live off the benevolence of others?

When I can have a fresh start?

Yet all is not well, the whispered words

Dangerous. Fugitive. Terrorist.

Flash and flutter through the air like butterflies freed from their confined  
cage of inner thoughts.

They are knives that slice at my worn out heart.

Where is my home?

Is it here, where everywhere I turn icy stares never fail to remind me of my difference?

Is it the so called sanctuary where people resemble me but fight over bread?

Oh how I long for my sweet home Aleppo but it is buried under the rubble of a senseless war.

So I ask you where is my home?