



**2019 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 2 – GRADES 7 TO 8**

**KAMALJEET MITTAL, GRADE 7
LYNN-ROSE COLLEGE
SECOND PRIZE**



HOW CAN I?

I came here from Syria
But my parents could not
I feel guilty, like it's my fault they're here not
Can someone bring them back to me?
They say no
Did I let them down?
The guilt presses harder on me
One day I'm going to burst
I feel this intense longing to go back
To sit by the ocean laughing at something my dad is doing
Or weaving baskets with the village children
It's the simplest moments I miss the most
I can't sleep at night
The bombs still echoing in my head
The screams of loved one's hammer at me
I cannot eat.
Maybe I'm punishing myself for surviving
For living when others cannot
How can I eat? When my parents are starving
How can I shower? When my parents have no water
How can I be happy? When my parents live in constant fear
Now, I feel no semblance of a person
Just a shell of a person