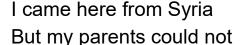


2019 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST

DIVISION 2 - GRADES 7 TO 8

KAMALJEET MITTAL, GRADE 7 LYNN-ROSE COLLEGE SECOND PRIZE

HOW CAN I?



I 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

