

Refugees Booklet of Poems



Consciousness

Fleeing from the
darkness,
walking towards the
future.

Alone, on my own,
through deserts and
dunes,
because I want to know.

Sailing the sea
on a crumbling boat,
through waves of troubles,
because I want to know.

Sailing the sea
on a crumbling boat,
through waves of troubles,
because I want to know.

Seeing my future,
getting brighter,
coming closer.
I'm not tired, I'm not bored,
I'm just happy because
I'm going to know.

Winter

*Hot blood and snow
are rolling down the plains
making hopes slowly fade away.
Food is not as enough for people
as for animals.*

It's cold.

It's dark.

*People are exhausted,
surrounded by negativity.*

*The Sun is trying to vainly pierce
the clouds.*

*The marching of soldiers is
extirpating
the florescence of flowers,
just like the War does
to people's lives , souls , hearts.
Trees are left bare from their
leaves,
but Spring will come to endow
them with blossoms.
Everyone is waiting for the end of
the War
which is the rejoicing of families.*

One Day

Why?

Who cursed me?

Who wants to hurt me?

Like a bird that has lost its wings.

That's how I feel.

That's how I see the world.

Falling apart...

Falling apart by the people who hurt it.

But they don't know...

*They don't know that it will bury them
all.*

With no mercy...

Their past is calling them.

Looking for them.

Waiting for them.

The Earth is shaking.

Taking the life of its attackers.

One day...

Lost in my thoughts

*Oteviram oci, ale nemam tuseni,
kde jsem.*

Ja ani nevim, kdo vlastne jsem.

Kdo vi jak tady skoncim,

*Na tomto miste plnem podobnych
tvari, o kterych ani nevim,*

ze bych si je vubec pamatoval.

Guardo il mare.

Sembra freddo, ghiacciato.

Poi penso a me, perché sono qui?

*Dov'è la mia casa? Dov'è la mia
famiglia?*

*Dove sono i miei vestiti
profumati?*

Sale e graffi sono sul mio corpo.

E perché sono coperto di sangue?

Δεν ξέρω τι πρέπει να κάνω.

*Δεν μπορώ ούτε να σκεφτώ με αυτό
το κρύο .*

*Το μόνο πράγμα που ξέρω είναι ότι
θέλω να δω τη μαμά μου*

Το ζεστό της χαμόγελο

Και να βυθιστώ στην αγκαλιά της.

Αυτό θα με ηρεμήσει.

Και έτσι κλείνω τα μάτια μου.

Translation

*I open my eyes finding myself in
a boat*

*But I am not aware of where I
am going.*

I don't even know who I am.

*Who knows how I ended up
here,*

In this place full of familiar faces

*That I don't seem to remember at
all.*

I look at the sea. It looks freezing cold.

Then I think to myself,

Why am I here?

Where is my home?

Where is my family?

Where are my sented clothes?

And why am I covered in blood?

I don't even know what should I do.

*I can't even think anymore dut to the
cold.*

I just know that I want to see my mum

her warm smile

and dive into her arms.

That is what will calm me down.

And like this ,

I close my eyes.

Isolated

Isolated by my fears.
The truth knocked me,
and I responded.
No one prepared me,
no one warned me
about real life.
I just woke up from my
lethargy
I just found out the
meaning of despair.
Alone...
Wandering in a sea of
tears,
In a sea of blood.
Surrounded by
children's screams.

*Such loud screams, that
were carried on their
parents' graves.*

Not even graves...

But no.

I'm not complaining.

Faith is my only weapon.

*They want to wring it out
of me.*

I am about to give up.

But no.

They can't take it away,

Unless I give it to them.

But I won't.

I will fight for my rights.

for everyone's rights.

And if I lose...

But no.

*They can't bury my ideas
and morals.*

They never will...



Sun Rays

It was dark. Very dark.
I'm lost in this sea of tears.
I feel lonely in a crowd of
people.
I've got chains on my feet pulling
me down
reminding me of what I have left
behind.
Chains won't pull me down.
There must be light somewhere.

I see my hope rising like the Sun
behind me.
I turn around and I see the mist
of my fears,
Sadness, the reflection of the
promised land
In people's eyes.
My feet are now sinking into the
warm sand.
Mother? Father? I'm here!

Running

Running. It brings me joy ,
fulfilment.

I feel free and independent
While I run with my friends.
Running is my life.

Running. I run to survive
through the ruins of my town ,
away from home
and the warmth of my family.
I am running for my life.

Running. I've never stopped
running.
Hope runs with me
And that is why I am still alive.
Running saved my life.



