

Dedicated to all the suffering refugees of the world

“ WHO ‘ D BELIEVE I HAD A NAME?”

I’ ve left a life behind me
I’ ve left behind a soul
The pieces of the puzzle
That I need to make me whole

Who ‘ d believe I was once someone
Who ‘ d believe I had a name
Who ‘d deny that I ‘m a victim
Of this man-eating game?

I know the waters ‘ dangers
I know that I could drown
But I’ m turning now to nature
Because man has let me down

I see hope where you see squalor
Rays of hope that drown my pain
Rays of hope that some tomorrow
Will give me back my name

The shouts around me sound like whispers
The angry curses sound like prayers
As I watch my infant shiver
I see smiles in every glare

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(By Sarah Shevlane)