



## THAT PLACE © BY ABBAS

I am going to write about home  
The words may not be what you expect  
I would apologise for my writing  
But I would never apologise for my words  
I will write a new perspective  
A one that is less poetic,  
as I am not Barakat  
But I can write one that includes colours that  
you have never seen before.  
Prepare your eye to the light of hell  
Because what I am going to write is not what  
you want to read.  
**FREEDOM! FREEDOM! FREEDOM!**  
I will shout to the high, I will build, I will fly,  
I will walk, I will cross borders  
until I find that place where freedom  
is not a word or a dream  
until I find that place where freedom  
is an unmissable space.





## HAPPY © BY ABBAS

I lived happy in Lahore  
Did I live? Was I happy?  
I had a family, a nice home,  
friend to have fun with  
Did I have a family? Was it a home?  
Did I have friends?  
Did I know what was fun about?  
Time had gone  
Long way I have walked  
Memories are gone  
The ones that supposed to love me  
- have forgotten me  
That home was just a shelter  
Those friends became enemies  
I am alone now  
Learning how to trust before I can love again.





## **YOU KILLED YOUR SON © BY ALEXA**

You killed your son  
But you didn't kill me.  
I cried that night because I knew that  
without you died  
I became  
an orphan, a homeless, a displaced  
I became  
Less than nothing to my siblings  
Less than nothing for the rest of my family.  
You killed your son  
But I was reborn  
From the ashes of your hate.





## **WHERE AM I GONNA MAKE HOME? © BY FARZANA**

If there is not floor nor roof  
There is not a friendly hand, nor a soft hug  
Where am I gonna make home?  
If they don't believe my story  
if they dismiss my pain and my lost  
There is not a princess nor a prince  
There is not kiss before going to bed  
Where am I gonna make home?  
There is not a land to be free  
There is not music to dance  
Where am I gonna make home?





## HOMELESS © BY RAIZA

Run, run, run  
The dog is going to bit you  
Run, run, run  
Find a place to sleep  
Run, run, run  
The officer won't believe you  
Run, run, run  
Find a place where you can rest  
Run, run, run  
Even if your foot is in pain  
Run, run, run  
you will be free





## HOME IS WHERE I WOULD BE MISSED © BY RAIZA

No one will miss me.  
days will pass  
and although the shadow covers me  
and time stops,  
The wind will continue its way, lifting dry leaves  
and moving the sea.

And no one will miss me.  
They will remember, perhaps a slight grimace  
or a thick tear,  
but nothing else.  
And although the shadow covers me  
and time stops,  
the storm will continue sweeping roads  
Burying the sleeping,  
taking us away from the olive trees.

No one will remember me.  
Nor a kiss, nor a silence smile  
The moment has been taken way  
The darkness is embodied in the paper  
or in your skin.  
No one will remember me.





## CHRISTMAS TIME © BY ABBAS

Dad used to be drunk and fight  
for whatever reason  
Mum hates my boyfriend  
And siblings made cruel comments  
But it is family time  
In the home where grandma use to hit me  
hard, making sure I talk like a man.

It's Christmas time  
In my family home  
Where I felt alone  
Where I tried to kill myself

It's Christmas time  
I want to go to bed  
Earlier as I can  
Wake up and just to have a normal life  
Away of my family' holly time.





## POEMS © BY MOHAMMED

We carried our hearts full of love  
I carry an empty space in my Chest  
We carried memories of the good times  
I carry my dad last words  
We carried hope for the future in front of us  
I carry my mum tears when I said adios  
We carried our bags with our dreams  
I carried memories of your eyes.  
We were home of each other  
And I carry the one we couldn't be

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Loved hummingbirds  
They can fly backwards  
I wish I could

I collected their ashes this week  
Had never considered how hard this is  
The transformation of a beloved into dust  
Into a small green box







## HOME IS NOT A CHAIN ANYMORE © BY EMMANUELLE

I tighten the chains again  
I would not remember that I am free.  
I paint the walls with new colors  
I don't want to remember that I would  
destroy them.  
I carefully check the door  
I make sure that it is well locked.  
I don't want to remember  
that it could open it.  
The window?  
I built it on top, make sure that the sun  
would not enter  
I don't want to remember that the light exists.





## “ FAMILY © BY ATIQ

Hi papa  
I felt in love, he has big eyes  
and a sweet smile  
His hair is dancing with the wind  
and his skin is soft as the best silk  
You know, mama?  
He is all what you said about love  
His words are lyrics of the best song and  
His hands move the pen around the paper  
like a poet  
Papa, where are you? Mama, mama?  
I want to share that I know what happiness is  
I want to tell you ...Papa, mama?...  
The door has been closed, the  
light has been switched off and  
the phone is never on.

