

Homeless¹

Some have detached roofs over their heads
some have broken bricks to cover their homes
while others are moving about in disarray
Just like the lives they live
and that a spectacular display of the lives they live.

From sunrise to sunset
children rattle their parents for food
from morning to night
backs and feet are tied in the forest
and yet, harvest season blinks like a beaming headlight
and that a symbolic view of their everyday lives.

At nights, filthy streets they lay
in the morning, terrible conditions they stay
all just to make a way
and yet, they continue to hustle in strenuous ways
with signs of progress far away
and that the reality of their humanity.

¹ I dedicate this reflection poem to all immigrants worldwide—especially African immigrants. This reflection hopes to narrative their journey and experiences before and after crossing the Mediterranean sea to their dreamed destinations in Europe. During my internship at the European Parliament in 2015, I witnessed first-hand their ordeals when I visited slums in Brussels and Paris where immigrants were living. I hope this piece echoes justice and awareness for their predicaments.