Hungry Mornings

I miss my three-year-old dreams
When I could run in the street
With my friends
And not have to worry
About the soldiers.

I miss my father
Who left for work
And never came back
"He go and find a new wife,"
My momma told me.

We wait in Myanmar
Until the men with guns come
Running down the hill
Their mouths open wide
Screaming a beautiful battle cry
And soon the air fills with the familiar scent
Of cooking

His smile doesn't hide anything.
It shows his strength,
Living his life in the present,
moving forward unshackled by memories and tears.
Here today because of his
Power.
Red door
And I am soon standing in front of a
Brick wall with paper on it
Like she's on the edge of a dream
Heed her voice
Her feet are dangling
She comes back every night
My momma walks hard
And hurry monteux welcome us
Where cold mists
Where it is to the land
Finally

Long black hair
As I pull her wet out of my
Momma goes back for my sister
Until I sit on the hill grassy Bank
And pick the rocks
Her bare feet shin the mud
As the water through the water
I rest on my momma's hip
As she moves past my uprooted hands
Tell my momma says no
To think the water

We take a break a l'her
Where away by the dreams
All the things I say
And of my friends
Grandpa
I think of
My mind wanders

Where I was the one being cared.
A childish hall speaks from my mouth legs
While my sister waves in her arms
And large trees
Through the thin leaves
But my momma keeps walking
As my nose slide across the pount stones
My eyes close

I urn as black clouds rest on my village
Away from home
And we urn
So sheExcept momma is caused of those men's cities
Except this is different
Pain follows my family
Everywhere
When my mother dies
The tears dripping into our laps
We gasp at night
And soon father is sick
Everywhere
Pain follows my family

Soon follows in my new father's footsteps.
And all the lines before Thailand
The arms that hold
The men with guns
Who buried the rise
My poor sister
And closes his eyes.
As he lies in a sky blue hospital bed
Tears dripping into our lips
We gasp at night
And soon father is sick
Everywhere
Pain follows my family

In Thailand.

Home
But I knew we could never find a
For once.
And it is good to see her smile
And he makes my mother happy
He is French.
I have a new father

In Thailand.

In my new life

Checking my eyes.
So I grab my books and run to school
But she insists
Hoping she keeps my sorrow
Then I don't want to go back
Teacher who fills me
I tell my mother about her
Every time I come home for lunch
But the teacher is so mean
I stand school

Whose pain is being eaten away by the dirt.
Be free my child,
Go my beautiful child,
You cannot get lost at home,
Go find your own way in your new home,
Go and see your land that is away,
Go my child.

Leave now my wonderful child,
Leave this sugarcane camp.
Leave the roar of the ocean and yell of the breezy.
Leave now my child.

Dinny's Farmer and Justice Fighting Rama

MY CHILD

Go to Burma,
And to our house
To study
To Sissy
To Rather
Good bye
We say
Good-bye Thailand.
A Better Life

Before I left my father spoke slowly and gently in

And when you learn English, life is better.

"We go for a better life."

because it is our only chance.

And they chose education.

In Thailand my parents searches for my schooling.

If the problem is also the solution

How can I solve my problem

but when it is, also the other way around?

Language is the door and education is the key.

about those hours of conflict and.experiment.

Now I speak slowly with my messy words.

explaining why we were leaving Thailand, my home.

And when I leave, my father spoke slowly and gently in

and when you learn English, life is better.

Yes, we come home to those childhood friends dispersed by

trees.

come home and get from the politics and passion from

Come home to the dirty rooms of the refugee camp;

And one day,

be free my loved child.

of you will forget where you are going

be free, but never forget where you are from

and mother thank you on the other.

Be free to let our languages flow in one ear.
These hopeless words are marbles in my mouth:
smooth on my tongue, but impossible to swallow.

I came for a better life.
And when you learn English, life is better.

My life is lost in translation between continents,
but with every new word my worlds are merging,
from Asia into America.

My father spoke slowly and gentlly in my old
language when he told us we were coming here.
"We go for a better life."
And now, life is better.
one of my traditions and one of modern life.

But I cannot look back.

"Dolee, "If"

"Where is the place

And think it myself."

"Here's my wooden ladle,

so I clink even lighter in

will be drowned out by influences in the U.S.,

the outline of my people

I fear that in America I will lose my self.

I like it in Romania,

transcend my origins to the surface,

infused into the spiritual vessel,

drown from internal space,

surrounded by exotic foods and

Plania's wooden ladle,

a smooth carved spoon.

Our national memory remains.

Crozon, Laquer and Jasuke, Ngoushimiwa

Inusion

Here...

Not yet smudged with this past from

true, while papers,

for something to write down on their

They will

The strangers still smile at him.
and we ran again.
not find us,
but opportunity did
I was sure.
I went to school and I was happy.
to satisfy.
So we ran to Ireland.

The Game is over.
You see, once you are found,
their voices made up of lost generations of warriors,
the soldiers, the killers,
Came out they spoke,
only they did not hide.
TheVerdana government played too.
Hide and seek.
In Vera, everyone plays.
A game played by generations of children.
Hide and seek.

The Game of Hide and Seek
Know\\nHide and seek

The Game of Hide and Seek

clutching shiny wooden labels.
my shine.
I need I will carry my past
and my home in the dust.
showing that I will not discard my people.
meaning in my eyes.
with pride and confidence.
I will hold tightly to my roots.
Although I have begun a new part of my life.
of myself?

and I wonder what will I make.
I can smell the mixed aromas.
Lost in Translation
A Poem in Two Voices

Eli Serrao and Shabab Dahir

We communicate
with something larger than words,
and we see each other,
past all struggles,
in the definition
of who we really are,
we find home.

We look beyond the delicate letters,
slow down, slow down,
we understand.

Questions that I can't answer.
I don't remember.
I can't remember.

What if I get the answers
wrong?

Waiting to understand.
He just sits and
nods like he's on opium.
"Is Roise or
Somalia home
for you?"

Home.
Shabby tents,
with unraveled edges,
The ghosts that are my life.
I want to tell them
I want to tell them

I wish the crickets would stop back.

We lay again.

Was I kidding?

I wish the crickets would stop back.

"Yes," he said.

I wish the crickets would stop back.

"Why are you so sad," I asked.

"Why are you so sad," I asked.

"Yes," he said.

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