

This submission is from a 17 year old asylum seeker who is detained on Christmas Island

## Born Into War

Trying to survive a home  
of endless war  
I witness poor people die.

They have no heart,  
the cruel people  
who kill the poor.

Thoughts disappear from my mind-  
I don't know why they have the power to help others  
but they do nothing  
but make many mothers widows.

Do they realise they destroyed our homes  
and many souls were gone?

I pray to God to end the pain  
and the tears  
in the eyes  
of children  
who have lost  
both their parents.

As days went by without peace  
we fled  
like birds  
we spread  
across the world  
like the wind.

Our names were changed  
into refugees.  
They used to be written in letters  
but now they are numbers.

I was in darkness.  
I came to a brighter place  
with all my dreams.

But here I am in detention.  
My future is unknown.

██████████

- **To be locked up behind the fence.**
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If only you could feel how much it hurts to be locked up behind the fence.

If only you could see how my tears are falling down every moment.

If only you could know how much it means to me, to be a normal person,

Like any other - like people outside the fence.

If only you could see the world I left behind.

If only you could see how lonely I am without my family,

And knowing they are not safe.

If only you could hear me out and listen to why I came.

If only you could feel the pain inside my chest.

If only you could see how many times I wake up in the middle of the nights,

My blue bag to Nauru waiting at my door.

If only you could see how many dreams I have for my future.

If only you could see how excited I am to be free from detention.

██████████

# surrounding by sadness

I see nothing but a fence of tears  
young and old are a shadow of life  
i can't go back to the world i once lived in  
where bullets and bombs were shared  
where many mothers lost their first born  
and last born  
where many girls were raped  
by several men  
where many children become orphans  
where i lost my dear mother  
where my life was threatened  
where days and nights my tears came pouring  
like rain  
where i didn't have a choice but to run away  
with out any guidance  
where I put my self in a humble boat  
my life at risk again  
where i thought i was heading to the right place  
at the right time  
where my thoughts were full of hopes  
and happiness was knocking at my heart  
I did not know that i would be locked up in detention  
for so long  
what have i done to deserve this situation?  
is seeking asylum a crime?  
what i was looking for is peace and freedom  
but now it is far from me  
it is like the distance between earth and sky.



## Dear Bird Send My Message

Send my humble greetings and love to people  
who are struggling days and night,  
who are in every street protesting,  
who are moving earth and heaven just to help us.

Dear bird send my message.

Send an image of my eyes- to Abbott-  
where tears are rolling like a river,  
send my heart full of sorrow,  
send my mind full of thoughts,  
send him images of why I came.

Dear bird send my message.

Send my emotions to Morrison  
who is enjoying my pain,  
who does not think that I am a human being like him,  
who thinks that I am just a number the waste of population.

Dear bird send my message.

Send my appreciation and gratitude to lawyers  
who fight for my freedom,  
who give me hope that someday I will be able to sleep.

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