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.**

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.