

"Where I'm From"

By Mahmoud



I'm from bombed-out buildings and empty streets

From Rubble and broken glass

I am from explosions and dust

From terror and destruction.

From the never ending war,

I'm from Aleppo

Where the drone of planes fill the air

I am from the hope

that resides in

everyone's heart,

From the light that guides us through the dark

I'm from midday prayer

From hope that we will reunite once again

I am from hope that the eternal war shall end



I'm from the pink i-phone

Whose light saved me when the coast guard ran past

I am from these moments, the broken trunk of the family tree.

