

Finding Freedom

Run my people run.
In the inky darkness of the night
They move swiftly
North East towards freedom
Through forests, across deserts
Away from their homes
Little hands gran for toys left behind
The big hands grab chain fences
Over and under; around or straight through
As long as they go undetected
The only constant is their fear
It clouds their thoughts
It haunts their dreams.
War has an iron grip on their country
Everyone struggles to breathe
Their towns are peppered with bullet holes
And salted with bomb debris
So they slip away
Melting into new horizons
Being unwanted guests in unfamiliar places
Life outside is still an uphill battle
It is so easy to give up and quit
But run my child run
So yours don't have to.