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**I’m human by Malka Al-Haddad**

I’m from a country at war

I am from a country that’s bleeding

A country of anger

And revolutions

A country of martyrs,

I’m from a country once called Mesopotamia

I’m from the land of black gold

I’m from the richest land on the earth

I’m from the land of sunshine on a golden desert

I’m from there

But I’m not there

I had beautiful dreams

I had friends, brothers, sisters, sweet parents and pink hopes…

I had green gardens, tall palms and olive trees

I had a warm winter

Blue rivers

Red flowers

I was born on land before the crossing of swords on the body

Turned into a banquet table

Before Bush and Blair turned our rivers into blood

Then they donate us millions of tents instead of roofs for our houses

The rain has died in my homeland

They left graves in the green grass in our fields

Only cacti remain laughing in the barren desert

The sun has become ashamed behind the clouds

Where is God?

Has even God became a refugee in His land?!

Where is our ancient law?!

Even this been stolen?!

No choice

I crossed the seas of death

Waves of grief have led me here

To the land of my usurpers in an old and narrow shelter

 No job

no identification

no dignity.

The victim cannot judge its executioner

 I now speak in two languages, but I have forgotten in which one I used to dream

I have learned all the words to take

the lexicon apart for one noun’s sake,

The compound I must make:

Homeland

No choice I came here

I’m here

but I’m not here

You are a refugee and

Your choice is not your choice

But remember…

I’m human

I’m human

Malka Al-Haddad – Human Rights activist, poet, writer and artist.