

HOME by CARAG (Group Poem)

Home echoes of love, comfort and sanctum, imbued with a feeling of wholeness
warmth, security and happiness, it's a sanctuary nest, cocoon where I am free
to dance and play music loud getting away from the crowds, that's my memory of home

where I bring in friends as I like be messy like a carpet on walls and wall paper on floor
designed to my own taste, an extension of me yet not judged
remember the band Madness said "Our mum so house proud" that's my memory of home

the warmth and love felt when we cooked and made food together
with people no longer with us sharing food and drink over a conversation
sharing experiences, emotions and advice, the feeling of achievement and pride
the feeling of Listened to and understood, that's my memory of home

the ability to walk alone without looking around, the ability to own a garden
the ability to have own space to put my stuff, spacious
quiet and safe from a hostile world, that's my memory of home

i miss home to watch TV, the nice smell of fresh bread, welcoming friends
to our table, breaking bread around fire

they say Home is a basic human right FOR ALL
self sufficiency and a Sense of belongingness, but where is home?

is it the horrible experiences, hard getting through dangerously living with no roof
over my head feeling hopeless insignificant, self alienation with no attachment or relationships

is my home under the bridge where rats share and sometimes nibble my toes
thinking it's a savoury snack and sometimes lodge in my backpack?

where is home, is it in sleep deprivation with never ceasing nightmares that wake me up
with a sweat in the middle of the night and put the fear of God
in my soul when I hear the breaking of a twig?

is it in the distant village where chaos and war and of voices of scared children crying
and human beings fighting for space to hide with dogs and cats
from the in-coming violence and destruction

sofa surfing didn't do me any good-I was depressed.
is home in my heart that says I am safe from cold and hunger and protected
even against lightning and thunder, Am I home and not aware of it?

i am not jealousy of castles, just looking for somewhere to live asking for help
but hard to find scared, confused and angry forced to sleep in street,
forced to commit crime like smash windows

the familiar sounds of wild animals and birds that remind me
that I am not alone, that the forbidding forest is mine too

where is home, is it in the glittering metropolis to whose hills my feet are tied
by cords of laws and immigration rules, where my own identity has been turned
upside down into that of an usurper- homeless man or woman
dejected Unloved Confused Unwanted unworthy Humiliated rejected
a persona non grata. Where is my home?