

Refugee

by Rubimbo Bungwe, aged 14,
from Zimbabwe

So I have a new name - refugee.
Strange that a name should take away from me
My past, personality and hope.
Strange refuge this.
So many seem to share this name - refugee
Yet we share so many differences

I find no comfort in my new name.
I long to share my past, restore my pride,
To show, I too, in time, will offer more
Than I have borrowed.
For now the comfort that I seek
Resides in the old yet new name
I would choose - friend.