



Arctic Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Pacific Ocean

Egypt

Indian Ocean

Atlantic Ocean

Southern Ocean

OnTheWorld.com

Refugee

By Salah Jahin (an Egyptian poet)

Caging his grief within his ribs
withered and starving,
sitting around doing nothing
dressed in someone else's clothes,

A refugee I met in Gaza
with disgust in his eyes

Palestine was lost,
and the orchards were lost
when, on the hills, the cannons loomed
and everything reeked of war

In the long lines,
he dragged his scrawny children

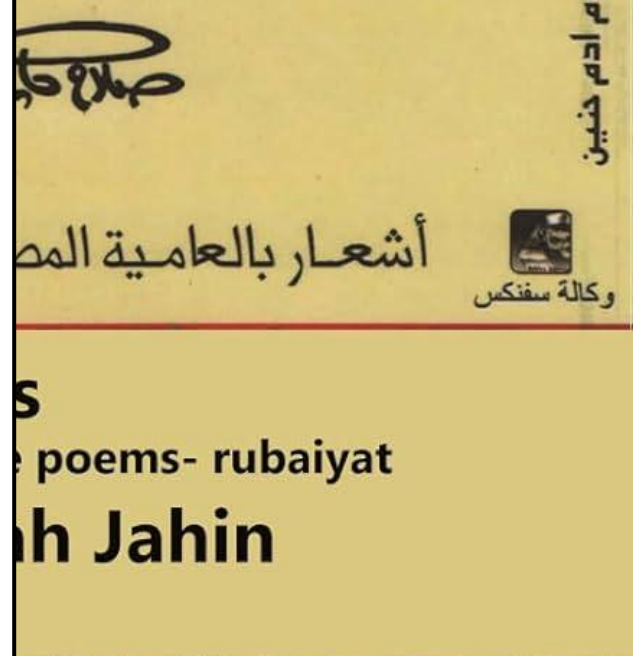
He escorted the homeland's funeral
till it was duly buried.
Then the depraved killer
herded him without a shroud

A dead man with the void as his grave
and the desert rains as his final wash

The sand sizzles and cools
while he aimlessly roams
with the line that moves
toward an abstract destiny

And in the line, there are a thousand
families
and five hundred thousand sorrows.

O voice of the victims
Thunder with me with your voice
Terrify my enemy and yours
We will be victorious in the end.
Let he, who is holding back his tears
Shed them in joy when we return
To the beloved orchards.



Salah Jahin

About the poet

- Born in Cairo in Egypt in 1930
- Died in Cairo in 1986
- Jahin was an Egyptian poet, lyricist, playwright and cartoonist.
- He studied Law at Cairo University.
- He started working as a cartoonist at a magazine, soon after moving to another magazine for whom he became the editor-in-chief



About the poem

- How do you feel after reading it?
- Which lines or words resonated with you and why?
- What would you say the main theme of this poem is?