

„I want to be a bird“

Liebesgedichte von jugendlichen Flüchtlingen



The Rose and the Leave

*Every One Can Love Rose
But
No One Loves A Leaf That
Add
Beauty To It.*

What I Want From Myself

*I want to drink hot and colorful tea under the sun all the time.
I want you to wash my dishes and dirty clothes.
I want to tease all people on the telephone -with a private number.
I want them to quit nazism-rasism.
I want to stop all bad accidents bevor they happen
I want to be shinning instead of the sun.
I want an atom reactor to make electriscity fpr all poor people in the world.
I want to kill all killers.
I want to be a bird and shit on all passports cause all birds are free and they
dont need passports`
I want a long wood to jump in the sky and I want the sky to keep me for ever.
I want to knock on my neighbor`s door and run away.
I want to smooth a hard heart with sand paper.
I want to tickle my partner.
I want to confuse myself with this question [what so I want from myself]
I want some place to yell.
I want some ear to bite.
I want to be serious when I request some girls for marriage.
I want to dust the sky so that stars will fall down and then I'll pick them up.
I want when I get up all my friends to bent down to me.
I want to search myself.
I want two chairs to sit with you.
I want to fly to the galaxy.
I want to change all dissapointment to happiness.
I want to go back home soon.*

Poem by me...
.... the crazy boy

*It's very difficult that you stare gaze in the eyes of someone that she steal
all of your love. And in the place of that she gave you a wound "sore" in
your heart as a gift. And in the place of that you became full of hatred.
You feel that you still love her. It's very difficult. You want to leave your
head on a wall, that one time all of your body is crushed under the
falling debris of it. It is very difficult that you talk with her for hours, in
your imagination. But when you see her ... you can't say anything, only
"Hi". It's very difficult when your back is in front of her. And the tears
wet your cheek. But you are compelled to laugh, till she don't understand
your love her. It's very difficult you see the flower of your wishes in
another garden. Then, you break in your inside ... then you say very
quietly: My flower, I wish you happy in your new garden.*

Die Texte wurden auf dem Blog Birds of immigrants veröffentlicht:
<http://birdsofimmigrants.jogspace.net>

Der Blog Birds of immigrants ist eine Plattform für unbegleitete minder-
jährige Flüchtlinge auf ihrem Weg nach Europa. Manche Beiträge wur-
den in Griechenland verfasst, andere auf dem Weg in Internetcafes ge-
schrieben. Der Blog soll für die jugendlichen Flüchtlinge die Möglichkeit
bieten, ihre Sicht auf Europa und ihre Erfahrungen auf dem Weg dorthin
zum Ausdruck zu bringen.