

# We Refugees

Benjamin Zephaniah

I come from a musical place  
Where they shoot me for my song  
And my brother has been tortured  
By my brother in my land.

I come from a beautiful place  
Where they hate my shade of skin  
They don't like the way I pray  
And they ban free poetry.

I come from a beautiful place  
Where girls cannot go to school  
There you are told what to believe  
And even young boys must grow beards.

I come from a great old forest  
I think it is now a field  
And the people I once knew  
Are not there now.

We can all be refugees  
Nobody is safe,  
All it takes is a mad leader  
Or no rain to bring forth food,  
We can all be refugees  
We can all be told to go,  
We can be hated by someone  
For being someone.

I come from a beautiful place  
Where the valley floods each year  
And each year the hurricane tells us

That we must keep moving on.

I come from an ancient place  
All my family were born there  
And I would like to go there  
But I really want to live.

I come from a sunny, sandy place  
Where tourists go to darken skin  
And dealers like to sell guns there  
I just can't tell you what's the price.

I am told I have no country now  
I am told I am a lie  
I am told that modern history books  
May forget my name.

We can all be refugees  
Sometimes it only takes a day,  
Sometimes it only takes a handshake  
Or a paper that is signed.  
We all came from refugees  
Nobody simply just appeared,  
Nobody's here without a struggle,  
And why should we live in fear  
Of the weather or the troubles?  
We all came here from somewhere.

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