

## Ivana Mušič Lap The backbone

All I crave for is a home,  
a place of safety, warmth and love,  
a place where I don't have to hide  
as not to die  
fighting someone else's war.

With that in mind I turn and give one last smile,  
one that to the brink is full of sorrow,  
to my parents,  
the only reason I will see tomorrow.

With that in mind I start the journey,  
a path of solitude and horror.

And after months of always hiding,  
existing only in the night,  
of freezing in the backs of trucks,  
of stormy seas and of starvation,  
I reach my goal - the land  
before existing only in my imagination.

The joy however is disrupted,  
with heaps of paperwork I do not understand,  
with protesting angry faces,  
because I'm not according to their plan.

I'm young, I can endure,  
Thinking of my family I push for more.  
Willing to learn, and work, and strive,  
step by step you see me climb.  
Thousand others just like me,  
becoming the backbone of our new society.