

Home by Warsan Shire

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Source:

no one leaves home unless home is the mouth of a shark.

you only run for the border when you see the whole city running as well.

no one would leave home unless home chased you, fire under feet, hot blood in your belly.

it's not something you ever thought about doing, and so when you did - you carried the anthem under your breath, waiting until the airport toilet to tear up the passport and swallow, each mouthful of paper making it clear that you would not be going back. you have to understand, no one puts their children in a boat unless the

water is safer than the land.

who would choose to spend days and nights in the stomach of a truck unless the miles travelled meant something more than journey.

and if you survive and you are greeted on the other side with go home blacks, refugees dirty immigrants, asylum

seekers sucking our country dry of milk, dark, with their hands out smell strange, savage - look what they've done

to their own countries, what will they do to ours?

for now, forget about pride your survival is more important. I want to go home, but home is the mouth of a shark

home is the barrel of the gun and no one would leave home unless home chased you to the shore unless home

tells you to leave what you could not behind, even if it was human. no one leaves home until home is a damp voice in your ear saying leave, run now, i don't know what i've become.