



Inside Out Poem  
(Afghan Refugee- Afsana, 14, female)

*Patience*

As we draw near the sea,  
I begin to feel uneasy for  
our damaging decisions,  
until I recall the Taliban.

I am only 14.  
The number is so  
Youthful, so honest.  
But I feel ancient,  
and damned.

*My name is Afsana  
and I am patient,  
tolerant  
and forgiving.*

A tear streaks the  
filth on my cheek.  
*Just the wind.*

The sea stretches out  
before us as if  
opening its arms for us  
to hand over our souls.

I look at my scared,  
sobbing, shaking sister.  
Then my father,  
no life left in his eyes.

It has been days  
since my last meal.  
I stare at the ocean,  
I crave fresh water  
and dried apricots.

*Father?*

*Yes?*

*When can we eat?*

*Soon Afsana, soon.*

I look back at the once delicious looking sea  
and see a cruel beast instead.  
Another tear rolls down my cheek,  
only to be claimed by my filthy hand.

I stare, begging to Allah to grant  
A better future ahead.  
Although I begin to doubt  
My prayers the second they spill out.

*What have I done to deserve this?*

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