

Anne Goetz

The warm sun in the deep-dyed azure sky
Traveled evenly each day, constant as the way
We welcomed foreigners with open arms.
This was home. Kani waa gurigii.*

But one day I came from work to see the children
All holding guns. Each night I heard the fighting getting closer
And I knew we had to leave.

But here we can dream, here we have hope.
Here we can open our doors to those still waiting in the cold,
And our home becomes their home, too.
This is home.

The sky is bleached to gray;
A bitter wind tears leaves from the trees.
Darkness swallows up the day.

But here we can dream, here we have hope.
Here we can open our doors to those still waiting in the cold,
And our home becomes their home, too.
This is home. Kani waa gurigii.

*"This is (or was) home" in the Somali language.