

## Only A Mile Away

You dug your heels into the dirt  
Hiding in between the folds of your clothes  
Hoping they wouldn't see you  
Lying in a field of tall grass  
Ants crawling into your shoe  
I wonder what was going through your head  
Crossing a border empty-handed  
You always tell me how much you loved your childhood  
A prince in a desert castle, surrounded by laughter  
And a wall lined with toys  
How could you leave that all behind?  
You wanted to fly planes, but here you are climbing over walls  
Maybe if I was there with you i could have wiped away the pain  
I would have held your hand, pulling you to go home  
But here you are, on the other side of that wall  
Full pockets, but an empty soul  
I wish I could have been there with you dad

## The Unresolved Trauma of Immigration

A case of beer was always in the fridge  
Every night you plucked a can  
Serenading us with your woes  
An incurable disease that was  
Eating you alive, it was our fault  
The tragedy of your life became  
Our burden to carry, two children  
Who can barely look you in the eye  
One playing with scissors, the other  
Standing in front of her mother  
No way out, nothing to save us  
Until the distance started to hurt  
And the only thing we could do  
Was fold into ourselves  
Until we could no longer feel the pain  
That you have caused us  
It's hard to look the other way  
And act as if nothing happened  
I look at you with the eyes of a child  
All I see is a monster

## Blow Smoke and Blood

My grandfather had to hide underneath the seats of a train  
Scared of being shot, he was only a child  
A turban wrapped around his head  
The only thing he could hold onto was his faith  
It seems that running away is in my blood  
My grandparents ran for their lives  
Leaving everything behind to save themselves  
Who knew a pencil-drawn line could be this dangerous?  
That your creed would define whether you deserved to live or not  
Everyone was stumbling all over each other  
Scared of the same thing but running in a different direction  
I have heard all of the stories, trains swimming in a pool of blood  
Houses burning with people still inside of them  
The partition in our souls is what keeps this fear alive  
My ancestors have been running for seventy-three years  
And I don't think I can catch up