

Home Land

By plane we came, to a new life.

I learnt the new language.

I learnt the new culture.

I learnt the new system.

I can greet people.

I can manage the papers.

I can drop my children to school.

I can work.

I can cook food.

I can fix the car when it breaks down.

I know these things.

I learn these things.

I fit into these things.

But, at home, when my work is done,

There is not a single thing, that is more wholesome,

Nor more fulfilling, than being able to talk,

With my brother, sister, mother, father, son, daughter,

My family, and all my friends, closest to my heart,

Who have seen the sun depart, in all its hues,

In our old land, in the tongue our ancestors gave,

As we laugh, eat, and drink, freely, in our new walls,

That are now our home.