

# WOMEN AND MIGRATION(S) II



EDITED BY KALIA BROOKS, CHERYL  
FINLEY, ELLYN TOSCANO AND  
DEBORAH WILLIS



<https://www.openbookpublishers.com>



©2022 Kalia Brooks, Cheryl Finley, Ellyn Toscano and Deborah Willis. Copyright of individual chapters is maintained by the chapter's authors.

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International (CC BY-NC 4.0). This license allows you to share, copy, distribute and transmit the text; to adapt the text for non-commercial purposes of the text providing attribution is made to the authors (but not in any way that suggests that they endorse you or your use of the work). Attribution should include the following information:

Kalia Brooks, Cheryl Finley, Ellyn Toscano and Deborah Willis (eds), *Women and Migration(s) II*. Cambridge, UK: Open Book Publishers, 2022, <https://doi.org/10.11647/OBP.0296>

Further details about Creative Commons licenses are available at, <https://creativecommons.org/licenses>

All external links were active at the time of publication unless otherwise stated and have been archived via the Internet Archive Wayback Machine at <https://archive.org/web>

Updated digital material and resources associated with this volume are available at <https://doi.org/10.11647/OBP.0296#resources>

Every effort has been made to identify and contact copyright holders and any omission or error will be corrected if notification is made to the publisher.

ISBN Paperback: 9781800647084

ISBN Hardback: 9781800647091

ISBN Digital (PDF): 9781800647107

ISBN Digital ebook (epub): 9781800647114

ISBN Digital ebook (azw3): 9781800647121

ISBN XML: 9781800647138

ISBN HTML: 9781800647145

DOI: 10.11647/OBP.0296

Cover image: FIRELEI BÁEZ for Marie-Louise Coidavid, exiled, keeper of order, Anacaona, 2018. Oil on canvas. Installation view: 10th Berlin Biennale, Akademie der Künste (Hanseatenweg), Berlin, 9 June 9-September 2018. Photo: Timo Ohler. Cover design by Anna Gatti

# 15. Refugees

*Ifrah Mahamud Magan*

---

refugees. without lands. no longer a place to call home. ocean waters calling, but shores afraid to receive us.

refugees because borders define citizenship. humans don't *just settle* in this world, unless, they destroy your home.

refugees. blues skies and full moons we gaze upon, wondering when we can finally feel the breeze. breeze and ease, waiting for some peace of mind. waiting to accept and be accepted by others we never met.

waiting. we do a lot of waiting and thinking until thoughts turn into dreams. dreams we dream to stay alive. to stay hopeful and faithful. faithful we are to our deen. to our Lord Who Sees Us even when we can no longer see. ourselves. our own heart aches. soul drifts away to a land where only angels live. we remain alive. listening to the stories of a land we don't remember, but yet our memory encapsulates every pavement we missed to touch.

our memory tries to hold on to memories never made. of a past without pathways—to futures unknown and presents wrapped like gifts never opened. but every time i search, i find this land so strange yet close to me. i hear the words of my father as he prayed in early hours before dawn.

i hear the tears of my mother as she wonders how we'll make home of a land so foreign, so far away from the place she calls home.

home was her birthplace and places she found familiar faces. she belonged, felt belonged to. home was the pieces made together with my father.



she now wonders what happens to the pieces shattered. by pain and diasporic tales of being a Black Muslim mother. to Black Muslim children in a land where their identities serve as threats to national security. a land where she found peace, yet is difficult to embrace as home. because home is a place where she's embraced without question. where she can speak in her eloquent speech, trilingual but her intelligence reduced by the mere fact that she doesn't speak the language of this land. english is expected to be spoken, but english is never expected to be traded for languages called "foreign", but what if the foreign is familiar and the familiar is foreign. what if we never negotiate with deals not made by us. what if we let go of things not meant for us. what if. what if we define our truth to counter every lie against us. what if we come together as family, in a land unfamiliar to us, but in hopes of making it our home. our home is every place we built bricks made out of strength and survival and patience. our home is every place we encountered beautiful souls, people so different from us, but who we felt like we've known. our home is always with us, deep down in our souls, because we are the bricks needed, and God is the reason why we still stand tall.