Little Erfan arrived in Greece, with his cousin on a cold January night. Their journey had been adventurous. It took them two days to walk through Syria and another thirteen to get to the Aegean. His father had been killed right in front of him by an opposing political party. His two little brothers were killed during a bombarding one day before they left their village. He lost track of his wretched mom in Turkey during a police chase. When their boat reached the shore, on a remote beach in Mitilini, the police found them and took them to a refugee shelter on the island where they stayed for fifteen days. 10-year old Erfan was transferred to Thessaloniki at a minors’ centre. The doctors there ran some tests and sadly realized that little Erfan had cancer. The asylum services searched for his mom and they managed to find her at a big French city. The little boy started treatment, with his condition being serious but hopeful. His mother was talking to him on the phone every day. After some European Union Services’ actions, Erfan got transferred to France. His mother was waiting for him there, filled with joy, and he immediately got hospitalized so that he could continue his medical treatment. As of today, his treatment is over, he goes to a French school and his future prognosis is really good. He is able to live a happy life in France after they were given political asylum!

POEMS

All the nights are red and noisy.

all the nights are full of sadness

If only the nights were

black and silent.

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I look at the sunrise

and I see the horizon

I distinguish a line

and a wounded figure behind it,

If only I could reach her

and help her

If only I could reach her.

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 What nation is this?

rich

it has nice buildings, expensive cars

it has nice stores

Ah.. What a nice square

What happy people

How lucky they are

they live in a wonderful place.

BUT I am thinking of my city

without streets,

my inner city

with beautiful streets

I will be happy there

not here.