The Journey
by Dr Christopher Raj

The air was thick with smoke and screams,
Their nights were filled with shattered dreams.
The echoes rang inside their head,
Of all the faces lost and dead.
Their bodies fled, but minds stayed chained,
To horrors past, to hearts still pained.

Through endless miles of fear and sea,
They carried grief none else could see.
Each knocking wave, each siren's cry,
Revived the ghosts they left to die.
Yet in this land of laws and light,
Their trembling hands still clenched the night.

A job, a home, the world moved fast,
Though thoughts still drift into the past.
Each sudden sound, each stranger's gaze,
Would take them to a winding maze.
They smiled, they worked, they played their part,
While panic thundered in their heart.

Shadows lingered inside their mind,
Their yesterday hard to leave behind.
The sleepless nights, the silent screams,
An alien world still haunts their dreams.
Help was distant, words fell flat,
Their struggles were lost in forms and chat.

Until some voices both kind and wise,
Saw through the hurt behind their eyes.
With space to speak and time to heal,
They learned their pain was real, was real.
And though the past still softly calls,
They climb above the daunting walls.

And now my children laugh and run,
With native tongues, beneath new sun.
My hope reborn my future bright,
A dream fulfilled in morning light.
For once I came as a stranger here,
I raised a home, I conquered fear.