



Prayer from an Eritrean child

by: Kiki Tzeggai

Love me.

Do not take away my honor and see only my fears.

I became the symbol of the give-away-free food to sample.

My proud father learned to stretch his hand and collect left over to feed me and our family.

Now, my mother's face is covered with dark spots.

In my child's eyes, I smiled and asked her if those spots were wash-out stickers just like

the ones my teacher gave me at my new school to put all over my sweater for Halloween. Love me. Do not fear me.

My eyes big open are filled with questions. And you have the answers.

My young mind is filled with sounds of war and screams of others holding to the boat swinging from one side to another in the Mediterrean sea.

I saw some people jumping to the sea - I asked my Mom the reason why.

She told me it was a game, but I had only to close my eyes and hold tight to her hand.

I later knew the reason my Dad asked us to stay together and sheltered us with his body.

We are refugees in search of peace.

Back home my Dad was a lawyer and my Mom a teacher.

Now my Dad stretches his hand to receive your left over.

Love us. Do not fear us.

For we love you too and wish you never have to jump to the sea and pretend it is a game.

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To all refugees children from Eritrea and beyond



Eritrean family refugees in Israel – photo courtesy by Steven Winston



Syria refugee child refused entrance in Hungary shares her cookie with police officer