

“Eight”

Oh little child only eight years old
Unaware of the new reality that began to unfold

Away from your grandparents and everything you knew
A feeling of sadness you never outgrew

In a foreign country with a new language to learn
Day and night yearning to your country you could return

Your feelings and thoughts nobody asked
All those tears in bed your anguish unmasked

The years have passed and you're now an adult
You look in the mirror and you see the result

Despite many hardships you're resilient and strong
Always proud of your roots and where you came from

~Sila Saadia Tesla