

The Day I Fell

Today, I live in a suburban city,
Where strangers throw weird looks at me.
But before, I was at home,
A sweet and warm home.
One day, life came with a bitter reminder,
"Life isn't always sweet as amber!"
So I grabbed my bags and fled,
Not knowing my roots would end up dead.

During the journey, my heart dropped to my knees, Realizing
I'd left my identity overseas.
I would never see my dear uncle's soft blue eyes, Knowing
that leaving meant cutting all ties.

On the road, young children and old adults united by fear, All
thinking that our end was near.
When we reached the skiff,
I felt like jumping off a cliff.

The boat was small, tight and unstable,
I doubted it would be able
To bring us to a land of peace,
Without shattering into a million pieces.

Summers in Vendée

I remember the scent of hot summer,
Welcomed by warm Atlantic weather. I
am from my parents' ocean-blue eyes,
Blue as the bright Vendéen skies.

I can still smell the sweet monoï,
On the beach, hearing waves crash and sway.
I watched the pink sunset fade away,
Before heading home at the end of day.

I'm nostalgic for my friends in Vendée,
We played at the pool until twilight,
Cupping clear water in our hands,
My family and I belonged to these lands.

I can still taste vanilla cones after swimming,
My family traces its roots to this beginning. The
perfect place where summers bloomed, These
memories forever filling the room.

I inherited my father's generosity,
Just like this city's warm hospitality. Though
we no longer return to that shore, These
summer roots remain forevermore.

My Grand Root

I am from the Muslim part I am linked with I am very attached to my mom's traits, her amazing tongue, her beautiful eyes I can't hear her hypnotic steady voice that could rock me, I feel rooted in my both countries, France and Mauritania, that let me love them, I inherited my grandmother's beautiful mouth and my grandfather's split nose I am connected to my family language, my dream is to speak it fluently with my two nationalities, France and Mauritania, I don't prefer one over the other, my heart is in Islam, the religion of my family, my parents too. It's hard to forget my origin, it symbolizes a high part of my life, I carry my father's brother's name who died, this is why my name is important to me, I remember the hypnotic, amazing, strong smell of thieb made by my mom I can still feel her incredible soft touch, like a soft toy.

My Family, My Blood, My Genes

I'm nostalgic for the smell and softness of my grandmother,
The warmth of my aunt, the laughter of my cousin.
He would have turned 40 yesterday, January 26th.
I regret saying "I'll call tomorrow"—tomorrow never came.
My niece, my aunt, my cousin—all gone.
I'm afraid to forget their voices, their faces,
But the only thing left to say is goodbye,

And how much I loved them.

My family is my blood, my roots.
The living and the dead shape who I am.
My father fled Congo's civil war to give me peace,
Working exhausted hours so I could grow up safe.
My mother brought me into this world,
Suffered for me, raised me with love.
My brother guides me, makes me laugh, keeps me strong.
Without them—the living and the lost— I am nothing.
They are my roots, my past, my future.

I'm a Tree

How does it feel to have two branches ?

I'm a tree with two branches.

One is planted in the country of the calming rain,

The other in the country of the warm sun.

I'm a tree that belongs to two places,

A root anchored to two different continents.

I'm a tree with three tongues.

Je suis émerveillée par la langue française, elle est un coquelicot délicat.

Le français berce mes rêves, des nuits jusqu'au réveil.

Une langue maternelle, qui dure dans l'éternelle.

اللغة العربية، صوت عذب، للتواصل، أحب حلاوتها

(allughat alearabiati, sawt eadhba, liltawasuli, 'ahabu halawatih)

الفهم هو امتياز

(alfahm hu amtiaz)

I'm fulfilled — complete.

I feel alive — powerful.

Flow Diamonds

Broken?

Rebuild

Sounds

Maybe lost but... What I am talking about ?

Someone ask me where you find your identity

Just a sentiment of belonging

Built itself in a adventure

A small part of me is in my mother's history

Family problems torn us apart

But we still keep our traces

I have a bloodline belonging to different stars

In my heart, I hear a cultures' river flowing intertwined, but...- unknown ?

My soul complains

My mind inhales

My own history blossoms

A way chosen

Languages' art

Love's dominance

Close your eyes and see golden sand and sumptuous cliffs

Two oceans but with the same view of diamonds Fresh

wind at the seaside

Should I forget all my traces ?

Or bring these flowers in my garden?

Is it simple to be tied to three places at once?

Don't know all my family...

I'm here, there, and there...

I know my whole identity,

- So this is who I am

My Flourishing, Thick and Strong Tree

I belong to two cultures; one I live with, another I belong to.

The sweet paprika in my grandmother's couscous reminds me of
family meals,

Gathered around a small table in joy and happiness.

The glowing sunset from the boat anchors me, The
port's smell arriving home is pure pleasure.

أنتظر هذه اللحظة طوال العام

Over the year, I keep practicing my mother-tongue,

For me, but also for our ancestors, our martyrs,

Who were born under bombardments,

Who lived under bombardments,

Who had a traumatizing life,

Who resisted until their death,

Who shed their blood for our homeland,

Who fought for the independence we have today.

I promise to preserve my culture, to honor my mother-tongue.

I belong to two cultures; one I live with, another I belong to.

I am from an enormous solid tree,

With deep roots, many branches and leaves,

Representing my past, our past,

And new buds ready to bloom into our future.

Far From Home

Indeed, I am from a warrior lineage, Chechnya, a country that has never known peace.

Even though my parents fled our origins, our legacy, everything because of war,

Indeed, my homeland is no longer there—it's here in France, the country that welcomed us.

But the blood of my ancestry still runs through me, though not for long,

I'm living with two different blood types in me, but one is sinking slowly into the ground,

Like a tree that, without knowing why, had its roots torn.

My Real Root

I am from my mothers heart
My fathers culture and family name
The smell of hot sweet marinade cooked by my mother
The heartbeat of my grandmother echoing in my ears
The taste of sweet tender tajine
Makes me feel like
Im in a dream
I can see my old memories floating back
And they make me deeply nostalgic
I miss my childhood
I am from Arabic culture
My heart is rooted in Islam
The religion that anchors my soul
My parents not me suffered
To give me this beautiful life
I was born here but they were not
And I miss the family left behind
My root is half Moroccan
Half French
My heart doesnt have to choose
But for life conditions the French part wins
Yet my heart stays in Morocco
Where my true roots remain

Blood Line

I grew up in a corrupt state,
In a state where tyrants rule unchallenged by the world.
I grew up amid ethnic cleansing,
With the sound of gunfire
And songs that die and disappear.

I am from the village where children drink palm wine because of drought,
From the bullet that pierced my grandfather,
From my mother's tears after my grandmother died,
From the tuberculosis that took my uncle,
From the taste of blood in my mouth after running for my life. From
the shock of seeing people with torn-off arms, raped and killed,
From touching my lifeless grandmother's body.

The difficulty here is that some have the job of killing— Ours is simply to stay alive.

My Blood, My Roots, My Choice

My roots are mine,
They're my sunshine.
I can't change them,
But they can change me.
I could renounce them for a nationality,
But they are more than a card of identity.
My roots are me,
They are my legacy.

In my blood flows
The Moroccan sunset glow.
I remember the musky smell of my grandfather,
The touch of the old hands of my grandmother,
The song of the Moroccan adhan at 5 a.m. in summer.
These are my roots, this is me,
These are my childhood memories.

I can deny them if I wanted,
But I'm not like those who think they're cursed.
I will carry them proudly in my heart,
Even when met with ignorance and hate.
My roots are me,
They are my identity.

I will never forget:
Never forget I do not only belong to my roots,
But that my roots belong to me too.

From the Waves of My Grandmother

My name was not chosen by random,
I carry my grandmother's name,
Name of the blossoms which flourish during spring.
I have never seen her, nor my grandfather,
Distance and separation break both our hearts,
Broken by the mother tongue we cannot share,
Broken by her absence, hurt by waves that crash against my face.

But my mother's hand is the link that binds my family.
My bloodline carries my heritage and features.
I inherited the sweet gracious smile of my mother,
And the strength and determination of my father.
The first time I felt my parents' hands,
Tender yet strong, smelling of vanilla and rose,
Carrying my mother's warmth and my father's force.

Sometimes I feel uprooted,
Uprooted from roots I feel slipping away,
But the bloodline we share together,
The identity, the heritage in my name,
Make me the bridge between two worlds.
We branched out from different continents,
Yet we remain attached to our motherland.

Multicultures

I remember being in my parents' countries during vacations,

Everything feels different from where I live now.

Making me feel like I'm losing my mothers' cultures,

And also making me feel out of place somehow.

I remember the smell of both my grandmothers' houses,

Really familiar but also deeply nostalgic.

I remember my family's ghribiya and tajine,

The taste felt like a dream becoming reality,

But now all of these are just memories fading away.

Being multicultural is wonderful but also hard,

Imagine having to keep up with the culture where you live,

While your parents' cultures slowly fade inside.

Having to adapt is quite difficult,

Speaking the current language while your mother tongue slips away.

I belong to my parents' cultures,

Trying to adapt but afraid of losing my roots,

I feel like I belong to both countries,

Yet remain uprooted in both.