

## Poems on Rootlessness by 12 E3

My mind wanders to foreign places  
Places of questions and doubts about me  
I wanna know who to really be  
In this world in which I have many faces.  
Am I homeless or am I free?  
A citizen of the world or just a rootless tree?  
I ask myself why I didn't get to stay  
In a home in which I know every corner  
A town in which I don't feel like a scorners-  
But I am not like them- I am here to fly away!  
They tell me I'm a Third culture kid,  
Do you really know what I did?  
I inhabit pieces of different cultures  
A perfect mixture of magnitude  
That I chose, so it's bulletproofed!  
My identity is different, but without ruptures.  
I repeat: My identity is different, but without ruptures!  
(Mia)

When you belong to different places  
You probably belong to different races.  
People may think you are happy about  
But actually you wish to be living without  
Without having to think about who you are  
And to search for your identity really far.  
But you know what: You should actually be proud  
And brag about your identity- loud!  
Because you have the possibility to experience  
Different cultures and different regions.  
You have the possibility to identify with many  
And you can say: I belong to any

So you are not rootless  
You belong to many  
So you are rootless.  
(Salma)

Being rootless can mean a lot  
you don't need to claim a spot  
free you are like a bird  
no place is home can make you feel like dirt  
Multicultural identity is special for you  
Different languages you can speak too  
Explaining yourself can be annoying  
But stay focused and keep it going  
(Anas)

### Roots

Roots? No Roots?  
What does it matter to them?  
What does it matter to me?  
Knowing wouldn't change me.  
Neither would it change thee.

Roots? No Roots?  
Why is the lack a burden for me?  
Why do they make it a burden for me?  
I don't mind it, do I?  
I don't know.  
(Shirin)

I don't know myself anymore  
Feel like a tree without roots  
What are nations and borders for  
I feel that I should be with you  
To feel at home  
(Luka)

I can never feel at home  
Quite as I think I should,  
I do think of the streets I roam  
The fields the hills, the hood.

Confused what I should really be;  
Been torn apart inside.  
Questions, doubts and worries haunt me  
Keeping me from feeling pride

As I wander through this life,  
Seeking a place to call my own,  
I'm plagued by doubt and inner strife,  
And feel so lost and all alone.

I search for meaning in my days,  
And yearn for something to believe,  
But everything just seems a haze,  
And I can't find the way to achieve.

The memories of my childhood,  
Still linger in my mind,  
The streets, the fields, the neighborhood,  
Are all I long to find.

But as I journey through this land,  
I realize the truth that lies,  
Home is not a place to stand,  
But a feeling deep inside.

So I will keep on searching,  
For that place that feels just right,  
And trust that I will find my footing,  
And finally see the light.

(David)

I am a wanderer, a restless soul,  
With no roots to anchor me whole,  
A seeker of freedom, unbound and free,  
With no chains to tie me down, you see.  
(Christopher)

The world is vast and full of wonders,  
But I'm a stranger everywhere.  
No matter where I lay my head,  
I know I won't stay there.

I've seen the mountains and the oceans,  
The deserts and the plains,  
But none of them have captured me,  
None have eased my pains.

For in my heart there lies a yearning,  
A longing for a place,  
Where I can lay my roots down deep,  
And find a lasting grace.  
(Jakub)

Where am I from ?  
Who am I supposed to be ?  
Being rootless what does it mean ?  
Sometimes I don't know the answer.  
Sometimes I feel like a stranger.  
Feeling like a tourist it seems to be,  
but the truth is,  
I am free.  
(Egzon)

Having no destination to head to,  
makes me want to leave to Pluto.  
Being rootless makes me fragile,  
I feel like biting into a sour apple.  
I just want to find my belonging in life  
but my job is to be a loyal housewife.  
(Shayne)

In search of home, I wander far,  
With feet that ache and heart that scars.  
My roots are lost, my soul adrift,  
In a world that moves, swift and swift.

I seek a place to call my own,  
Where I can rest and feel known.  
But every land feels strange and new,  
And every face is but a clue.  
(Jalal)

I am rootless, they say  
No home, no place to stay  
But I choose to see it differently  
A sense of freedom, a new identity

My many masks, a storyboard of all that I am  
Each one carefully handpicked, a unique program  
A citizen of the world, with many places to belong  
Rootlessness, a beautiful song  
(Constantin)

### **Traces of identity**

Home's a place I've never known  
My destiny lies on an unknown path  
Where often times I find myself alone  
Accompanied by ravaging sorrow and the hand of wrath  
Triggered by the sense of rootlessness  
What's my place? Where do I belong?  
The answer stays the same: you'll have to guess  
From my parents' home to the place I was born it takes so long  
Mom and Dad's country is a beautiful place  
Yet the endlessness of their steppe swallows me whole  
Disowned by motherland search for identity has become a horse-race  
From within the Mountains my crying turns into echo  
And there I sit listening to a birdsong  
Sung by blackbirds, nature's most gifted creators  
With every sweet tone approaching I realize that all along  
I've had my very own song composed by all of my ancestors  
(Darja)