

© 2023. This work is licensed under a CC BY-NC-ND 4.0 license.

انا اسراء قرين من حمص سوريا

سوريا بلد جميل وهو من بلاد الشام يتميز باجواء الرائعه واللطيفه وارض خضره

بيتنا صغير الذي كان يحمينا لقد جعلته امي قصر يتسع لكل مشاعر الحب والحنان والامان وحديقتنا الصغيره الخضراء تزهر فيها اجمل الوان الزهور وصوت زقزقة العصافير الملونة

كنت اخرج مع اصدقائي نلعب في حديقت بيتنا نلعب ونلهو طوال اليوم ونستغل كل لحظه في اللعب ولم ندرك اننا سنفترق ذات يوم

I am Esraa Krin from Homs, Syria.

Syria is a beautiful country, and it is from the Levant, distinguished by its wonderful and pleasant atmosphere and green land.

Our house is small, which used to protect us. My mother made it a palace that accommodates all feelings of love, tenderness, and safety. Our small green garden blooms with the most beautiful colors of flowers and the sound of colorful birds chirping.

I used to go out with my friends, play in the garden of our house, play and have fun all day, and take advantage of every moment to play, and we did not realize that we would part one day.



وفي يوم من الايام استيقظت علي صراخ جيراني و صوت رصاص ودخان يتصاعد تحولت فرحه امي وابي الي هلع وخوف علمت ان حياه الدفء والامن قد ولى وان وقت اللعب قد انتهى منذ وفاه صديقتي في قذيفة نزلت على بيتها عشنا وسط اصوات القنابل والمدافع ومنظر الدبابات اصبح منظرا مالوفا لدينا كبرت وكبرت احلامي وانا في السادسه من عمري قلوب صغيرة تتمنى حياه بلا هديردبابات ولا صوت طائرات فهناك اطفال حرموا من ان يحلموا سلبت ارواحهم بدون ذنب حلمت بحياه سعيده وامنة كباقي اطفال العالم حرمنا من اللعب واللهو حرمنا من مقاعد الدراسه في زمن العلم والتطور كبرنا قبل الاوان لقد دمرت الحرب كل ما غلكه خرجنا من الحرب والموت والدمار بحثا عن الامن والامان .لقد سافرنا الى تركيا والاردن وأمريكا

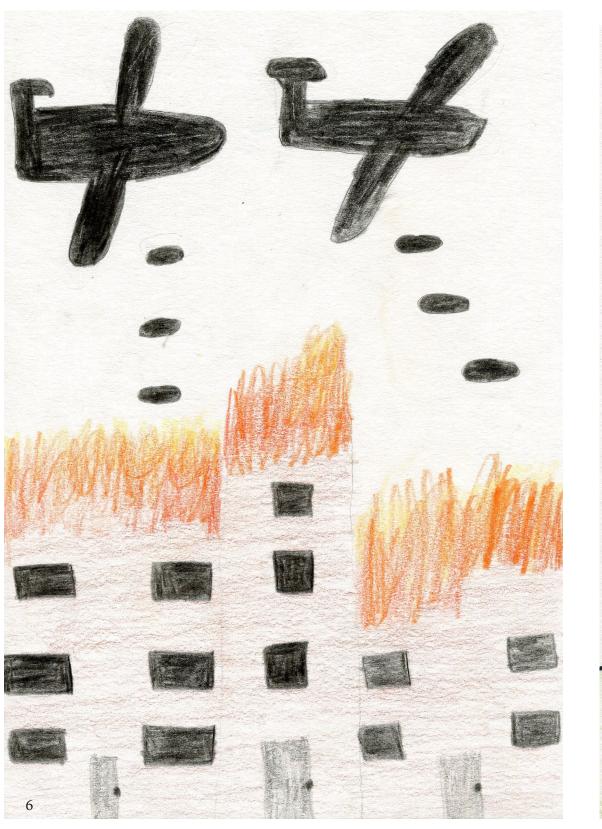
One day, I woke up to the screams of my neighbors and the sound of bullets and smoke rising. The joy of my mother and father turned into panic and fear. I knew that the life of warmth and security is over, and that the time for playing is over since my friend died in a shell that fell on her house.

We lived amidst the sounds of bombs and cannons, and the sight of tanks became a familiar sight for us. I grew up and my dreams grew when I was six years old. Little hearts wishing for a life without the roar of tanks or the sound of airplanes.

There are children who were deprived of dreaming. Their souls were robbed without guilt. I dreamed of a happy and safe life like the rest of the children of the world.

It deprived us of playing and having fun, it deprived us of school seats. In the time of science and development we grew up prematurely. War has destroyed everything we have.

We went out of war, death and destruction in search of security and safety. We traveled to Turkey, Jordan and America.







قللاجئين لم اعرف معنى هذه الكلمه من قبل حتى اشتعلت الحرب واصبحت قصص اللاجئين تروى يستمع لها الصغار والكبار منها ما هو مروع ومنها ما هو خيالي اناس غرقوا في البحر واخرين انفجر بهم اللغم الموجود على الحدود واخرون تم الاحتيال عليهم وسرقتهم بعد ان باعوا اغلى ما يملكون ليسافروا الى بلد اخر يؤمنوا لهم الامن والسلام واخرون مفقودين لا احد يعرف مكانهم الى الان

Refugees, I did not know the meaning of this word before, until the war broke out, and the stories of the refugees became told and listened to by young and old. Some of them are horrible and some are imaginary.

People drowned in the sea and others were exploded by the mines on the borders and others were defrauded and robbed after they sold their most precious possessions to travel to another country to provide them with security and peace and others are missing, no one knows their whereabouts until now.





وطني غادرتك يوما بلا وداع وما كنت اعلم ان طريق الغربة بلا عودة ولم ادرك ان غيابي سيطول كثيرا

My country, I left you one day without saying goodbye and I did not know that the road of estrangement is without return and I did not realize that my absence would be long.

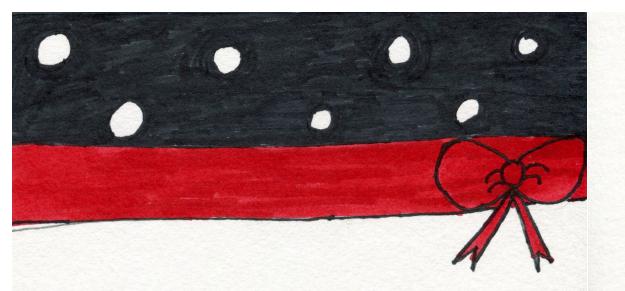


يا ذاهباً إلى الوطن مهلاً أخبر سوريا أن لها في الغربة أهلاً في قلوبهم أهاتٌ ولوعةٌ ودمع في العين أصبح نهراً أخبرها أنهم اشتاقوا الى ارضها شبراً..شبرا

Hey, going home, wait..
Tell Syria that she has a welcome in exile..
In their hearts, groans, pain, and tears in the eyes became a river..
Tell her that they missed her land inch by inch..

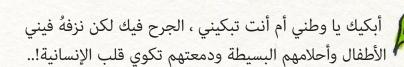






أنا من وطن نصفه شهيد ونصفه لاجئ والباقي ينتظر..

I am from a country where half are martyrs, half are refugees, the rest are waiting.



I cry for you my country or you cry for me, the wound is in you but bleeding in me..

War robs children of their rights and simple dreams and their tears cauterize the heart of humanity..





