



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

102

# A Ground for Rootless Trees

I am a tree with my roots  
buried miles away,  
in a place which once was beautiful,  
where the wind carried  
the laughter of innocent childhood  
and the aroma of flowers of deep-rooted plants.  
I had a small hut near the valley,  
the heaven I built for my children to bloom.  
I dreamed to breathe my last there,  
the air that smells of the sweat of my heritage.  
I dreamed to join the soil that  
fed me and my children...

But who cares for the dreams of an old farmer?  
The mightiest owns the world and  
the poor souls struggling to thrive in it.  
When wars and inflation shakes the elite,  
The poor are plundered to dust by the same...

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We gather the debris of the hope of existance and wander  
in search of a ground for the rootless trees.

Where am I now?

In the madness of this foreign land,  
we, the homeless wanderers are wild flowers  
trying to bloom on the caress streets, not knowing  
the rain and sunshine are not for us.

'This water isn't ours to quench thirst

This air isn't ours to breathe'

says the eyes of the officers.

I have barely some time left,

My heart throbs, my soul sinks,

Who will protect my children after I am gone?

Can they become what they dreamed to be?

I wish if I were a migrating flamingo

who doesn't need any paper to

drink this water and breathe this air..

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But, remember?

I am a tree with my roots buried miles away..

My lord, thee who created <sup>the</sup> earth without  
political boundaries,

Can you spin the time wheel backwards?

Can you give back my home?

My lord, I beg you accept my final prayer,

Please don't let my children

live and die as homeless wanderers...