

## Ana Janežič The toughest fight

Every human should have a home.  
Right now I'm here, in Iran. In the war.  
Every single day is full of fears and retained tears.  
I miss my family, friends.  
I think about my European peers, who learn and have fun in these years.  
At this thought I will stop.  
I won't think about that whole different world.  
It'll me sad, so I'll banish the thought.  
But it keeps coming to me,  
Every day, every night.

And then I decide.  
I don't want to fight for the others,  
I don't want to suffer for them.  
I'm choosing a new battle,  
The battle for better life.  
When I think about it, I forget about war,  
I'm making a plan. The plan for escaping from home.  
I heard there was a paradise, right in the north.  
That's where I'm going. Every path is rough.  
They said it's gonna be tough,  
They said I'm going to die.  
But I know I can do it. I'm strong in my head.  
Now I'm determent. I'm gonna succeed.

The past three weeks were the longest.  
As soon as we boarded the boat, it became clear,  
That this voyage won't be quiet and clean.  
We lost ten passengers due to overcrowded ship,  
No-one cared about those poor people,  
Now they are just executed souls,  
Forgotten in the ocean.

Me and my ally,  
thought we have made the toughest journey in our lives.  
But we were wrong.  
The hardest part has just started.  
When we disembarked,  
Everyone looked at us,  
As we were moldy piece of bread.  
They put us in a camp,  
And said we would stay here for a couple days,  
And then we could continue our way.

Then my friend stayed in Greece

With thousand other people praying for release.  
But I was allowed to continue my journey to peace.  
So I ended up with no friends, trying to find a soul,  
Which would give me new home.  
And I found one.  
It was the first joyful moment in a month,  
She helped me to find a decent job,  
I got a couple friends,  
And I'm glad I can live here until the war down ends.