Beat: Local

Displaced without the walls

Translated by Hamed Al-Jabri

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USPA NEWS - The doors alone are the ones which responsible for making us sleep well , those walls which we may not feel its importance . Today they may be like a precious treasure that we might lose one day . What if you overnight lose everything and find yourself displaced against your will and spend the rest of your life without walls .

(Huriah) is a displaced woman from Al Ramadi province , who has hated the word "displaced" which is everyone's speech . She feels that she is in a real nightmare and everday she touches her tent with her fingers trying to sink into a dream or imagination refusing to believe that she lives a bitter reality that may last for years or even to the last breath . She no longer remembers the last time she puts the cosmetics on her face . Her hands are rough , her clothes are tattered . Everyone who sees her ranks her over fifty . Her only wish is to come back home even if for a few seconds to hug her son (Alaa) returning from his school telling her " Mum , I'm hungry ." She also misses the moments when her husband returnes from his work exhausted telling her to prepare the food . She used to grumble , but now she swears she will never complain again only if things come back as they used to be . The days and nights that she was a woman between walls , under a roof and having doors that can be closed are no longer exist .

She looks around searching for her husband and son whom were killed by ISIS . Everthing has gone with them memories and wishes , the only voice that is heard is the echo filling hear ears . Even the dignity has gone too when you hear the voices of people running to the (aids) . The one who visits you in the camp feels for a moment that you are from another planet because of the signs of distress upon our faces. As if he had forgotten that we were living like him in a house and between walls. You see him trying to get out of the camp quickly so as not to suffocate as if in a nightmare. As he steps out , he breathes a sigh of relief . What about us ? When will we breathe? When will we be relieved ? We may drawn because of the rain or die of thrist in the heat or of the cold in the harsh winter . you hear the conversations of the displaced among them regardless the need to be close the walls to steal hearing , the walls of the tents are not capable or thick enough to prevent sounds from reaching you.

I hear a woman begging her husband to sell one of her kidneys in order to get out of the misrable camp and live in a warm place that provides them with a decent life. Hanan's screaming everyday keeps me awake , she is a semi-crazy girl who was eaten by wolves repeatedly and separated from her family. She begs death to release her from her fear. In the other tent the habitants were happy because they got used clothes from a rich family . Ammar's mother has four children gathering each night around her not to tell them stories about (The clever Hassan and the beauty) , going to the park , play with games or eat something called cake and chocolate , but to live as if they really are . They forgot those things and yearned for doors that can be opened and closed . These are impossible wishes but the children wish dreams to come true . I will close my eyes and say to myself that it is just a dream and not a fact , but what about you who live in a house with walls and a door that can be locked and gives you safety ? You may find yourself without walls one day .

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