

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)