

Refugee (2016) - Moira Smiley

In your world I'm a refugee.
In your world, danger all around me.
In your world, I must flee, I'm not free.
Bring me shelter. I will not harm you.
I would shelter you.
I am only what you are.

Imagine your unbreakable world was broken;
no more rules to protect you.
Who was I? I was standing strong.
In my world, my heart did belong.
And now it's gone. There is only longing.
I am only what you are.

Dream me, God (2017) - Thomas Lloyd

It's not you who should solve my problems, God,
but I yours, God of the asylum-seekers.
It's not you who should feed the hungry,
but I who should protect your children
from the terror of the banks and armies.
It's not you who should make room for the refugees,
but I who should receive you,
hardly hidden God of the desolate.

You dreamed me, God,
practicing walking upright
and learning to kneel down
more beautiful than I am now,
happier than I dare to be freer than our country allows.

Don't stop dreaming me, God.
I don't want to stop remembering
that I am your tree,
planted by the streams
of living water.

Text by Dorothy Soelle. Tran. from the German,
"Träume Mich, Gott" in Das Brot der Ermutigung (Stuttgart: Kreuz, 2008)
As published in Dorothee Soelle: Mystic and Rebel by Renate Wind.