

There were Four in my Family

There were four in my family:
My parents, my brother and me.
Father died in Afghanistan
Murdered by the Taliban.

There were three in my family;
Mama decided we must flee.
My brother wasn't very old
He died in the freezing cold.

There were two in my family
When finally we reached the sea,
Two who scrambled on the boat
Clinging on to life and hope.

The overloaded boat went down
Our choice was swim or drown.
Mama struggled, sank from view
There was nothing I could do.

I was plucked from icy sea
Now there is only me
And one is not a family.



Margaret Hardy
April 2022