

Maison

By Ismaël Nchoutnsu Nsangou

Sa voix, ma plus belle mélodie
Mon réconfort se trouve dans son sourire
Elle me manque
De l'amour dans tous ses repas
Mon plat préféré c'est son riz au poisson fumé, hummm
Oui, maman me manque

Il est mon repère, il est ma base
Je n'ai qu'à penser à lui quand tout va mal
Avec lui j'ai appris à
Toujours pleurer avec classe
Sourire au monde même quand je saigne
Oui, Papa me manque

À chaque fois que maman cuisine
On se dispute pour avoir la plus grosse part
J'y pense et je souris bêtement
Je parle de football avec mes frères
Mes sœurs me conseillent à propos des femmes
Oui, Ma famille me manque

Aujourd'hui tout n'est que souvenirs
Nos photos sont mes biens les plus précieux
J'ai peur et ça me terrifie
Le fait qu'on ne se reverra peut-être plus jamais

Quelle partie de toi vois-tu en moi?

English Translation: Home

By Imaël Nchoutnsu Nsangou

Her voice, my most beautiful melody
My comfort is found in her smile
I miss her
Love in all her meals
My favorite dish is her smoked fish rice

Yes, I miss my Mom

He is my landmark, he is my foundation
I only have to think of him when things go wrong
With him I learned to
Always cry with class
Smile at the world even when I'm bleeding
Yes, I miss my Dad

Every time Mom cooks
We fight over who gets the biggest slice
I think about it, and I smile stupidly
I talk about football with my brothers
My sisters advise me about women
Yes, I miss my family

Today everything is just memories
Our photos are my most precious possessions
I'm scared and it terrifies me
The fact that we might never see each other again

What parts of yourself do you see in me?

Sommeil Eternel

By Imaël Nchoutnsu Nsangou

Je vis ma meilleure vie dans mes rêves
Du coup la nuit je pleure dans mon sommeil
Je pleure, car j'ai peur du réveil
Donc je pris pour un sommeil éternel

Ça sert à quoi d'être éveillé mais sans vie
Je suis amoureux de l'apathie
Absence de passion, l'ingratitude me sourit
Regard vide , cœur aride

Je l'apprécie, elle m'aime , et je déteste ça
Car l'insatisfaction flirte avec mon âme
je la trompe, elle me quitte ,je souffre en silence
Car mon euphorie se trouve dans la souffrance

Plus besoin de sourire pour cacher ma culpabilité
Car les gens sont trop occupés à se faire la guerre
Je suis triste et ça m'attriste d'être attristé
Sur le bon chemin, mais je réussi à me perdre

J'aime de plus en plus la la mélodie de l'obscurité
Ma solitude fait l'amour à mon anxiété
Je rêve d'un dîner avec l'ange de la mort
L'idée de le rejoindre à sa table me réconforte

Quelle partie de toi vois-tu en moi?

English Translation: *Eternal Sleep*

By Imaël Nchoutnsu Nsangou

I live my best life in my dreams
So, at night, in my slumber, I weep
I cry because I fear waking
So, to numb the anticipation of the incoming day,
I look for eternal sleep

What's the point in being awake when you're lifeless?
I'm in love with apathy
Absence of passion, ingratitude allures me with a smile
Empty gaze, arid heart

I like her, she likes me,
And I hate it.
Because dissatisfaction flirts with my soul
I cheat on her, she leaves me, I suffer in secrecy
Because my euphoria is found when suffering captures control

No longer a need to smile to conceal my guilt
Because people are too preoccupied fighting each other
I am sad and it saddens me to be saddened
On the right path, but I managed to lose my way

I'm infatuated with the melody of darkness more and more
My loneliness makes love to my anxiety
I dream of a dinner with the angel of death
The vision of joining him at his table comforts me

What part of yourself do you see in me?

The Unspoken Barrier

By Imaël Nchoutnsu Nsangou and Charlotte Annis

Charlotte: I just feel like there's something you're not telling me
You've not been picking up calls
And I get you're busy with uni and your projects

Ismaël: I don't care about uni, I don't even care about life
I don't even know what I want, being accepted or some respect

Charlotte: I'm trying to be a source of support
You're always telling me how I'm your best friend
So why don't you talk to me?

Ismaël: Are you kidding me?

Charlotte: Look, I don't want to argue with you,
I just want you to know that I've been feeling more and more like an afterthought

Ismaël: What do you mean?

Charlotte: What do I mean?
Please.
/
For real?
Come on-

We've been dating for – what – 7 months now but I feel like we're not progressing

There's this unspoken, unacknowledged barrier between us

And you're laughing?

Ismaël: Dating?

You're right. There is an unspoken barrier.

As tu déjà eu le dégoût d'être entouré par des personnes qui ne te comprennent pas ?

As tu déjà eu à apprendre une culture étrangère dans l'espoir d'être accepté ?

C'est dans ces moments que tu souhaites que la mort t'emporte dans ton sommeil

Mais tu gardes espoir, car t'as pu t'échapper ou d'autres ont perdu la vie

Tu t'accroches, tu apprends leur culture afin d'être un jour respecté en tant qu'une être humain

Mais dès que tu y arrives , un autre problème fait surface , ta couleur de peau

Je te parle de l'hostilité de ta famille

Je te parle de la haine dans leurs regards ,

Du dégoût dans leurs voix,

Du mépris, à mon égard

Pour eux je ne suis qu'un singe en cage

mais je ne les en veux pas , c'est juste un manque d'éducation

ils n'ont pas des bombardements au petit déjeuner

ils n'ont pas le pillage au déjeuner

il n'ont pas du génocide au dîner

bref ils ne connaissent pas la guerre.

Quelle partie de toi vois-tu en moi?

Ils ont presque réussi à me briser,

Mais j'ai fait la rencontre de belles personnes qui m'ont redonné le goût de la vie

Je te parle de Yvonne, Sally, Victoria, Natali Cristanci, Sam, Grace, Joanna, Jenna and Steve, Julia et merci au Project Europa and Kent Univiserty.

Charlotte: A whole speech and I'm still left in the dark

Ismaël: Exactly. Because you never made the effort to understand

Charlotte: You know I don't speak French-

Ismaël: I didn't need English to understand you.

English Translation: *The Unspoken Barrier*

By Imaël Nchoutnsu Nsangou

Have you ever felt disgusted by being surrounded by people who don't understand you?

Have you ever had to learn about a foreign culture in the hope of being accepted?

It's in these moments that you wish death would take you in your sleep.

But you remain hopeful, because you were able to escape where others lost their lives.

You hold on, you learn their culture so that one day you will be respected as a human being.

But as soon as you succeed, another problem surfaces: your skin colour

I'm talking about your family's hostility.

I'm talking about the hatred in their eyes,

The disgust in their voices,

The contempt for me.

To them, I'm nothing but a caged monkey.

But I don't blame them; it's just a lack of education.

They don't have bombings for breakfast.

They don't have looting for lunch.

They don't have genocide for dinner.

In short, they don't know war.

What parts of yourself do you see in me?

They almost succeeded in breaking me,

But I met some wonderful people who gave me back my zest for life.

I'm talking about Yvonne, Sally, Victoria, Natali Cristanci, Sam, Grace, Joanna, Jenna and Steve,
Julia, Margherita and thank you to Project Europa and University of Kent

In another man's land

By Mia

The journey of being sheltered under venerable conditions aches

It felt like being in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean with no compass

Yet you still have hope of life

Imagine learning how to swim without support in the storm

Remember, no direction to get off to the shore

2023 was the year I saw a University of Kent Rescue boat

I waved to them, and they spotted me in the middle of Manchester Sea

With no one and no support

They rescued me from the waves I was drowning in

They welcomed me with the support of learning how to swim

They gave me shelter

I found beautiful siblings, old and young

Aunties and uncles

Moms and dads

I found my family where I belong

How I wish those with power could see how joyful we are

How I wish they could let us bloom like a spring

How I wish we had our own world

How I wish Kent was a planet on its own

Well,

I believe all this shall pass and we will live in harmony

I believe we will make the world shine again

I believe we will bloom like spring

Letter to the Home Secretary

By Mia

Dear Home Secretary,

Let me take this opportunity to thank the British people and the government for allowing us to seek shelter in their land.

As we continue to seek permanent residence, I would like to highlight a few things in the process:

1. Why are we being treated like criminals?
2. Why do we have to endure more than those who forced us to in this situation?
3. Why is a young person who is energetic and able to help themselves not allowed to work? Why do they have to depend on the government, which is straining the government and preventing that government from fulfilling its other duties?

I believe the money being spent on some of these young people who are able to support themselves could be used to help British people who are not in position to help themselves.

We are such a happy community, yet those in power want to divide with their political agenda. At least if they are talking about us asylum seekers and refugees, let them tell the whole truth and not just pick what makes us look bad. Let them tell why people are being housed and supported by the government, let them not omit the fact that there are conditions that are put on us that limit us from being independent and only able to rely on the government.

Not all of us want to be given money from the government. We want to be on our own. Not all of us want to be in the council houses for free. Not everyone wants to be in those horrible hotels with rude staff. We want to be with our brothers and sisters, working together, paying tax together, building our future and that of our generation.

All we are asking for is for a refuge; somewhere where we feel safe and welcome. The British people have welcomed us, apart from those who believe they are defending themselves due to the misinformation that some leaders are portraying.

Please tell them to tell the whole truth, no matter how bitter it is.

I hope you reflect on the gravity of this letter, find it informative and look forward to holding hands and making Great Britain the Home we all want to have.

Oh, and one final thing, Home Secretary, I just want to pose this question: what parts of yourself do you see in me?