

1 Limited Control over Consequences



Tibetan Flags

“We always hope for freedom”
Khamsum, Tibetan exile in India

Where should I begin?
because everything said & to be said tomorrow
is not ended by an embrace
nor by a handshake.
It does not repatriate the exile.
It does not bring the rain.
It does not fledge the wind of a lost bird, a fallen bird.
Where should I begin?

Mahmoud Darwish
“Letter from Home”
Leaves of the Olive Tree, 1964

“Exile is predicated on the existence of, love for,
and a real bond with one’s native place; the
universal truth of exile is not that one has lost that
love or home, but that inherent in each is an
unexpected, unwelcome loss.”

Edward Said, *No Reconciliation Allowed*

Oh life,
once you burned me with fire
and I forgave you
for misunderstanding me
judging me unfairly.
The second time,
you banged a drum,
proclaiming with bagpipes:
“Listen to me, oh forgetful one,
happiness is not for you.”
You came to hurt me again:
why choose me from the crowd?
Oh life!
you are so bold
you scream in my face:
“happiness will never be yours.”

Mogib Hassan
“Oh life”
immigrant from Yemen

2 Insecure Alternatives

“...the spectrum of **choice is gravely narrowed**; the alternatives may be no more subtle than death, imprisonment, or a one-way ticket to oblivion.”

Bharati Mukherjee, *Imagining Homelands*

“An exile reads change the way he reads time, memory, self, love, fear, beauty: in the key of **loss**.”

Andre Aciman, *Shadow Cities*

“Exile, and the pain of radical change, do not necessarily lead to a more radical personality structure or greater openness to the world. On the contrary, upheaval and dislocation can sometimes produce some rather more conservative impulses of **self-defense and self-preservation**.”

Eva Hoffman, *The New Nomads*



Worthless Possession

Sama Alshaibi

This photo “refers to the keys to the homes of Palestine held by the refugees fleeing the incoming Zionist forces in 1948 and the locked doors they left behind. My grandmother points out the irony that she has the key, but the Israelis have her house”.

3 Challenged Identities



Headdress of the Disinherited

Sama Alshaibi

“The dowry money headdress is now an artifact lost to our culture. Fashioned after my mother’s faint memory of her grandmother’s, our collaborative effort constructs a memorial to our family’s continual migrations.”

What is a man worth
if he has no homeland,
if he has no flag
& no address?
What good is a man?

Mahmoud Darwish
“Letter from Home”
Leaves of the Olive Tree, 1964

“Immigration, exile, being uprooted and made a pariah may be the most effective way yet devised to impress on an individual the arbitrary nature of his or her own existence...**we ended up being a puzzle even to ourselves.**”

Charles Simic, *Refugees*

Our journey took 24 hours
When we arrived
We had left behind
Our childhood and a wonderland

Hurie Gunes
“Arrival”
Contributor, refugeeweek.org.uk

4 Ambiguous Views and Needs

Where should I release all the fire of my passion?
Who might I take with me in ecstasy?
Whom should I bestow my innocence?
Open heart, wild dreams...
where should I lean my head?
Which embrace should give me consolation?
For who should I glow like a star in the sky?
Who should I kiss with my last breath?

Valbona Voca Bashota
"Passion"
Albanian refugee

I pack two suitcases,
one for myself,
and one for my shadow,
my faithful companion.
Often it's the two of us -
it's better that way.
But when I sleep my shadow
completely disappears.
It's a troubled time.
I just hope the moon is looking out for me.

Moniza Alvi
"Two Suitcases"
Pakistani refugee

"So many people have been displaced in the century, their numbers so large, **their collective and individual destinies so varied...**"

Charles Simic, *Refugees*

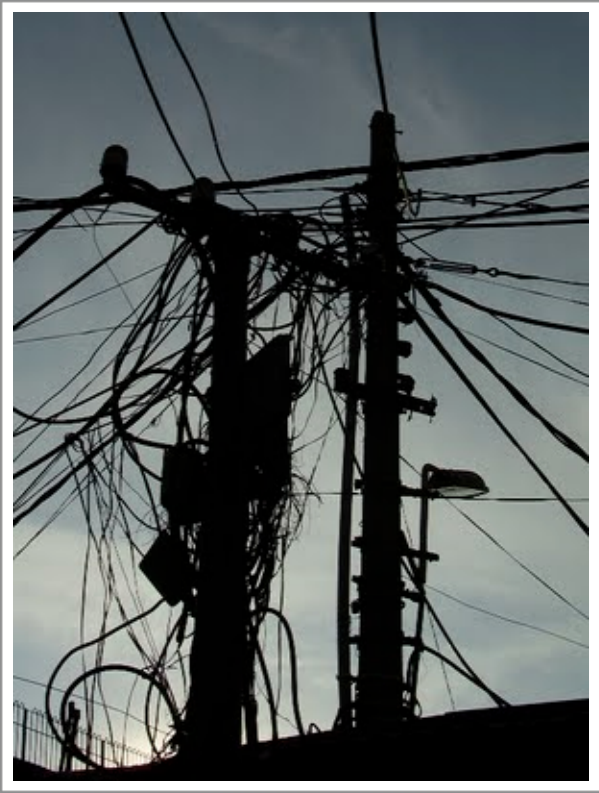


Childhood

Yongdon, Tibetan Exile

"I took this photograph because it reminds me of my childhood. Where I grew up the mountains were covered in beautiful flowers. We never put them in pots because they grew everywhere naturally. I love these flowers because they help me remember home. "

5 Subsumed Accountability



Danger in India
Sopa, Tibetan Exile

“Life in India can sometimes be dangerous. This light post is piled high with all kinds of electrical wires. Many monkeys have been electrocuted on these wires. When the monsoons come they are even more dangerous. Last year three houses caught fire because of them. **Since we are refugees there is little we can say or do about it.**”

“I had a small nonspeaking part in a bloody epic. I was one of the bombed and fleeing humanity.”

Charles Simic, *Cameo Appearance*

Oh foolish judge
don't bang with your crude hammer
your slimy impurity
will decide my death.

Wafaa Abed al Razzaq
“The Judge”
Iraqi refugee

6 Increased Potential for Maladaptive Behavior

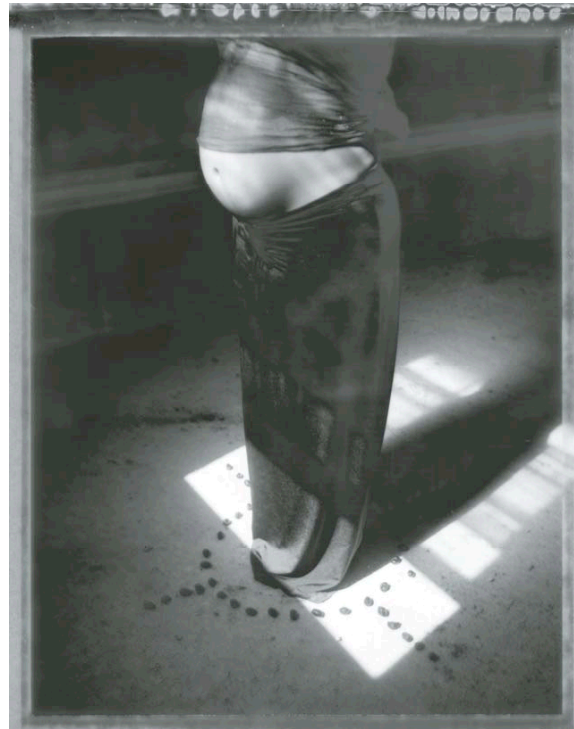


My Country's Embrace
Sama Alshaibi

“The writing on the surface of my skin connects me to the surfaces of our land...graffiti (as art) and vandalism (as a criminal act)...embodies the complexity in defining the perception of resistance.”

All I have in my exile are
a bit of dry bread, & longing
& a notebook sharing something of what I contain.
I spat onto its pages
the hatred I couldn't conceal.

Mahmoud Darwish
“Letter from Home”
Leaves of the Olive Tree, 1964



Target Practice
Sama Alshaibi

“By being both the victim and the victimizer, I am able to cross, once again, the delicate line of perspective. Whose story is it?”

7 Uncertain Futures



Flying Monk
Woser, Tibetan Exile

My slumber has made way for insomnia,
yours is returned to you beautifully,
My spirit is swaying, deprived,
Only God night watches...
My heart is as if troubled by fear
My thoughts are always traveling but never return...
...my life is a big detour...

Jean-Louis N'Tadi
"Insomnia"
Refugee from the Democratic Republic of the Congo

"Regard experiences then as if they were about to disappear: what is it about them that anchors or roots them in reality? What would you save of them, what would you give up, what would you recover?"

Edward Said, *No Reconciliation Allowed*

Where to?
Where is the next destination?
Where is the final destination?
When will this never-ending path end?
When will this non-stop train stop?

Soheila Ghodstinat
an excerpt from "Silent Friend"
