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Notes

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Parisa Mosavi (Pavie)

Reflection

Everything started when I met Daphne Morgen from Youth UnMuted back in Greece for the first time, while she facilitated a storytelling workshop that I participated in. Even after she left, we stayed in touch and started talking about our passions. We became friends and found out later we share a lot of beliefs and agree on how to make ourselves and the world better in every aspect. Daphne later asked me to be one of the four founding members of the Youth Advisory Board for Youth UnMuted, an international NGO amplifying the voices of displaced youth. We the four Youth Advisory Board members are all refugees, all women, all young, all activists in our own ways, and all chose to take on this role because we wanted to be louder. We started talking to each other about how we can grow to be better and how frustrated we are with repeating history as the young generation, and we formed friendships and felt seen and heard by each other. We decided to start the Now You Hear Us (NYHU) video podcast, in which we shared our opinions about current world events.

Through this work with Youth UnMuted, I later on started working with great people from Amplifying Sanctuary Voices in California. Amplifying Sanctuary Voices is “a community-based oral history project centering the stories of Bay Area residents who have come to the U.S. seeking sanctuary,” and in this work, they supported the NYHU podcast. I actually wrote this poem, “Notes,” for Amplifying Sanctuary Voices’ annual gala, speaking as a young woman about my journey fleeing from my country to Germany. This whole journey, meeting new people and learning from them, talking out loud about the events that take place around us, makes me hopeful for having better communication with each other as human beings, and that is what we do as a small community in Amplifying Sanctuary Voices and Youth UnMuted.

Notes

These days there is just pain in our hearts
This pain is locking us in a room with these crazy thoughts

And how hard it is to make ourselves believe
What is going on in front of our eyes
Is real, and it takes life

And it is even harder
When you realize
That you can't stop right now, at this time

It is hard to leave your land, but it is even harder

When you watch those who did not survive
Die again, every day and there's no last time

It is hunger, fear, war
It is politics, power, pride
But who is really paying the price?

The people who vote for good, but we find out what our chosen ones are telling us is
all lies

I am tired of knowing the truth and not being able to admit it, not even at my school,
not even at my house

I'm tired of watching kids in blood
I'm tired of seeing the crying faces of the moms, daughters, women
That won't survive this time

These days are full of pain, knowledge, wishes
That have not come true
These days I see myself drowning in thoughts
That will never leave me to live
Until I die

These days I feel powerless, but I can't pause
These days I feel weak and strong at the same time
I feel weak because I can't stop those broken glasses from hurting broken hearts
I feel strong because I have a voice that might change the future of all of us

I am nothing more than a voice
But I'm alive
I am nothing more than a human being
But I will never be shut down for the sake of each one of us

And it makes me hopeful when I realize
I am not alone until you hear us

I am alive and heard by people
Who cared and will care about every one of us
Out here, doing what makes us feel good
Doing what makes sense to us

Life and all its goodness and ugliness
Has brought us to this time
To observe and react

To hear and answer back
To the event that should have never happened
To the wrong that will never be right
To the day I die
I swear to live and not just be alive

Author Bio

I am Pavie. A tree that has roots from Afghanistan but has grown to blossom in Germany. I am 18 years old, and I enjoy photography, painting, and writing poetry. I'm currently a high school student and want to study political strategy after graduating.