

If the World Was 30 Continents

AFRICA

ASIA

NORTH AMERICA

SOUTH AMERICA

MIDDLE EAST

EUROPE

CENTRAL AMERICA

OCEANIA

If the World Was 30 Wealth

WEALTH Australasia 1

WEALTH Asia 3.5

WEALTH Europe 7.5

WEALTH Latin America 1.5

WEALTH Africa 1.5

WEALTH North America 15

If the World Was 30 Displaced People

DISPLACED PEOPLE Australasia -

DISPLACED PEOPLE Asia 4

DISPLACED PEOPLE Europe 2

DISPLACED PEOPLE The Americas 3.5

DISPLACED PEOPLE Africa 8.5

DISPLACED PEOPLE Middle East 12

Refuse, Rethink Ranking

REDUCE

REUSE

RECYCLE

REPAIR

REFILL

RECLAIM

REPURPOSE

RETHINK

REFUSE (SAY NO!)

RECHARGE

REFUGEES Brian Bilston

The world can be looked at another way

Do not be so stupid to think that

A place should only belong to those who are born there

These are people just like us

It is not ok to say

Build a wall to keep them out

Instead let us

Share our countries

Share our homes

Share our food

They cannot

Go back where they came from

We should make them

Welcome here

They are not

Cut throats and thieves

With bombs up their sleeves

Layabouts and Loungers

Chancers and Scroungers

We need to see them for who they really are

Should life have dealt us a different hand

These haggard faces could belong to you or I

So do not tell me

They have no need of help

DREAM OF A BIRD

You ask me, what
did I dream?

I dreamt I became
a bird.

You ask me, why did I
want to become a bird?

I really wanted to
have wings.

You ask me, why did I
want wings?

These wings would
help me to fly back to
my country.

You ask me, why did I
want to go back there?

Because I wanted to
find something
I missed.

You ask me, what
do I miss?

I miss the place where
I lived as a child.

You ask me, what was
that place like?

The place was happy,
my family was close
together.

You ask me, what I
remember best?

I still remember my
father reading the
newspaper.

You ask me, why I
think of him?

I miss him and
I'm sad.

You ask me, why
I am sad?
I'm sad because all my
friends have fathers.
You ask me, why does
this matter?

Because my father is
far away.
I want to fly to him like a bird.
In my dreams, I walk among the ruins
of the old part of town,
looking for a bit of stale bread.
My mother and I inhale
the fumes of gunpowder
I imagine it to be the smell of pies, cakes and kebabs.

Nga Bach Thi Tran

SORRY

Sorry that we are here
That we take your time
Sorry
Sorry that we breathe your air
That we walk on your ground
That we stand in your view
Sorry
Yes sorry
Sorry that we look like we do
Sorry that we disturb your rest
You do enough for us already
Sorry that we are not grateful and happy
Not grateful enough
And that my name is not David
Or Catherine
Or May
But Rashed
Holta
And Ardita
Sorry that we sit in your trains and buses
And on your benches in the sun
And sorry that we brought nothing
And the only thing we have is a story
Not even a happy story ...

Poem by a boy from Bosnia

Home

By Warsan Shire

no one leaves home unless
home is the mouth of a shark
you only run for the border
when you see the whole city running as well

your neighbors running faster than you
breath bloody in their throats
the boy you went to school with
who kissed you dizzy behind the old tin factory
is holding a gun bigger than his body
you only leave home
when home won't let you stay.

no one leaves home unless home chases you
fire under feet
hot blood in your belly
it's not something you ever thought of doing
until the blade burnt threats into
your neck
and even then you carried the anthem under
your breath
only tearing up your passport in an airport toilets
sobbing as each mouthful of paper
made it clear that you wouldn't be going back.

you have to understand,
that no one puts their children in a boat
unless the water is safer than the land
no one burns their palms
under trains
beneath carriages no one spends days and nights in the stomach of a truck
feeding on newspaper unless the miles travelled
means something more than journey.
no one crawls under fences
no one wants to be beaten
pitied

no one chooses refugee camps
or strip searches where your
body is left aching
or prison,

because prison is safer
than a city of fire
and one prison guard

in the night
is better than a truckload
of men who look like your father
no one could take it
no one could stomach it
no one skin would be tough enough

the
go home blacks
refugees
dirty immigrants
asylum seekers
sucking our country dry
niggers with their hands out
they smell strange
savage
messed up their country and now they want
to mess ours up
how do the words
the dirty looks
roll off your backs
maybe because the blow is softer
than a limb torn off

or the words are more tender
than fourteen men between
your legs
or the insults are easier
to swallow
than rubble

than bone
than your child body
in pieces.
i want to go home,
but home is the mouth of a shark
home is the barrel of the gun
and no one would leave home
unless home chased you to the shore
unless home told you
to quicken your legs
leave your clothes behind
crawl through the desert
wade through the oceans
drown
save
be hunger
beg
forget pride

your survival is more important
no one leaves home until home is a sweaty voice in your ear

saying-

leave,

run away from me now

i dont know what i've become

but i know that anywhere

is safer than here

I'm cool like that, I'm proud like that and I'm African like that

Sojourner Ahebee (14)

Not a bloated stomach, not a face encircled by flies, not a beggar's hand
I am part of a billion people, with a million dances and thousands of tongues
to tell not only stories of tears, to play not only in the mourning band
I have a direct link to the origin of all humanity and shout this fact with my
lungs
filled with the sands of the Sahara and the Kalahari.

I'm cool like that, I'm proud like that and I'm African like that.

You place me in your books and newspapers as one mass face
of AIDS and Malaria and T.B. – always the loser of the human race
I am one piece of a mosaic of 53 countries full of resources and grace
I dream, when you come to arm the hungry and take our wealth out of its
place
that the Mediterranean and Red Seas, the Indian and Atlantic Oceans would
give chase
to drown your greed and let the waters be its burial place.

I'm cool like that, I'm proud like and I'm African like that.

You dare to rescue Africa with aging rock stars and uninspired actors
with agendas that do not include using us as our own benefactors
Listen to our voices filled with wisdom and experience and not be only our
detractors
Listen to Kofi Annan, Nelson Mandela, Wangari Maathai, Wole Soyinka, Ellen
Johnson Sirleaf

Listen to Africa.

Because we're cool like that, we're proud like that and we're part of humanity
like that.

