MYM LITERATURE
Awake and Free
by Lana Yassin
Where Muslims come home to reflect

Awake and Free

By Lana Yassin
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My heart has flown to Syria before,
In the realm of dreams,
Smokey grey skies filled the air with fear.

Bombs echoed in the distance,
As we children hid under rubble,
Searching for our mothers.

I awoke in my room,
Miles away and oceans apart,
Praying for change.

But this time, my dream was bathed in light.
The sun glimmered over us,
As we inhaled the sweet jasmine air.

We visited its ancient homes—
Homes of historic geometric limestone
Sipping *chai* by the courtyard fountain.

I awoke in the same place,
The same room, the same distance,
Yet something had changed—*we are free.*

I want to go to the *souk,*
Where voices weave through the market,
And the air hums with sugar and spice.

I want to buy gold like my mother,
Feel its cool weight against my wrist,
See the sun flicker in each curve.

I want to taste the sweets my father once bought,
Syrup dripping from warm creamy desserts,
Pistachios crushed between my teeth.

I want to know the smell of jasmine,
Like my parents, when they close their eyes,
Imprinted in their memory.

From Hama to Damascus,
Ya Suriya, I know you through stories,
One day, I'll write you my own.