

# My Lost Childhood

No one can see trickling tears in our eyes  
No one can understand our hunger and cries



Dying for water and dying for grain  
Please help us to step out of this pain.

My palm have cuts and bruises  
My wounds aren't healing .  
My legs are pricked with thorns and rocks  
No one understands my feelings!

Blood, tears and sweat we shed  
And we even don't get a break!  
This job is our fate  
We have to work if we need a full plate.



We beg, pick up trash  
Work at stalls  
Work as maids  
Is this our fate, in this world, God made?



“Help us!”, we plead  
We are in great need  
Peep into our sunken eyes

See the pain in our eyes.

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