

# Poem

Natoschia Scruggs

## My Present State is Fleeting

This existence in exile, I wish on no other  
It's an emptiness the heart dares instruct the mouth to expose

This burning pain represents ongoing struggles  
It lingers, arresting my creativity and my words

This awkward anonymity drapes my sorrow  
In Damascus, I'm a stranger; in Amman, an outsider

This desire to take my past and tomorrows  
I bear blueprints, maps of violations, constant reminders

This spirit of survival nurtured in Iraq  
I am a child of the Tigres and the mighty Euphrates

This refusal to surrender, strong, won't relapse  
My present state is fleeting...impermanent...transitory

This exile  
This pain  
This anonymity  
This desire  
This spirit  
This refusal

Emptiness  
Struggles  
Outsider  
Tomorrows  
Nurtured  
Strong

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