

Letter (20)

Wouldn't you shout, to the world, your total disbelief?

What would you say to the world if, instead of who you are now, you were one of those 20000 thousand homeless refugees in the camp of Moria, that the winter turns into a hell and the summer into the Sahara desert?

Wouldn't you shout, to the world, your total disbelief?

And what would you say if, after days of walking through mountains, forests, plains, deserts and between valleys, without food and water, in cold weather, without blankets and warm clothes, yet full of hope about your reaching Europe, you found yourself, instead, behind Moria's jail door, with your dreams of sleeping in a warm and safe place shattered?

Wouldn't you shout, to the world, your total disbelief?

And what would you say, if, awake at night, feeling cold and afraid, you heard the crying of your very sick child and realised how little you could do to save it – begging for 2 euros to buy a bus ticket to the hospital and, when then, having to wait endless hours for someone to take care of your dying baby?

Wouldn't you shout, to the world, your total disbelief?

And what would you say if, in the winter, you had to endure, with no real shelter, the cold, the rain, the open running sewage, the piles of rubbish, praying for the sun that seemed never to rise? What would you say, if your shoes sank in the mud and you had to pick them up with freezing hands?

Wouldn't you shout, to the world, your total disbelief?

And what would you say if, in spite of your fear of rape, harassment, thieves, you had to go out of your tent, for your daily, natural needs?

Wouldn't you shout, to the world, your total disbelief?

And what would you say if, homeless, without a husband, having lost your son in the waves, your hair white and your body weak, you had to queue, in rainy and stormy weather, together with 5000 more women, for a mouthful of food?

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And what would you say, if you worshiped the sun, pleading that he comes out just for a bit to warm your children's bed and their freezing feet, in the cold of winter?

Wouldn't you shout, to the world, your total disbelief?

And what would you do, if you saw girls selling their bodies for money? Wouldn't you spit on the world? And what would you say, if you had to live in this jail of Moria for more than one year, your only "crime" being your search for safety and for that precious blue stamp that recognises you as a refugee and makes your dream come true.

Wouldn't you shout, to the world, your total disbelief?

And what would you say, if simple things like heating and electricity (necessary to charge your mobile phone and speak five minutes with your family, who want to learn whether you are alive or lost in the waves of the sea), a warm blanket, a shelter, a mouthful of warm food and a cup of tea become an impossible wish to be had only in your dreams?

Wouldn't you shout, to the world, your total disbelief?

And what would you say, if you picked up a fistful of soil from Moria's ground and see it became weaker than ash, because every night more than 20000 homeless people shout their disbelief to the world? Only a heart can warm another heart, the only source of heating for hearts is another heart. What will your action be? What will your words be?

Wouldn't you too, shout, to the world, your total disbelief?