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*Narrative of the Displaced!*

I write this to raise awareness of an inhumane situation and the awful plight of people forcibly displaced. We have spent more than 42 repulsive months living in the corner of a locked cage.

It is difficult to express the suffering of the displaced, the pain is hard to bear. The anguish of displaced people has completely engulfed me. There are so many obstacles to overcome before I can put pen to paper and describe these hardships.

But I continue to write. I write so you can read. So you realise the life we live. So that you absorb something of it.

This is a refugee camp in Balikpapan. It is on an island in the southern part of Indonesia, in the famous region called Kalimantan. The term Kalimantan means “the hot and scorching land”—this place has burned the souls and spirits of the refugees. Nearly 300 people are held in this camp, most of them Hazaras from Afghanistan. They have been imprisoned for 42 months even though they have not committed any crime. From a child of 12 years to an old man of 65 years. All of them lumped into the one prison.

They want nothing else but freedom. They are not terrorists. They are not smugglers. They are refugees. They are seeking protection from the Taliban, from Daesh, they are seeking protection from the UN. And they

have been thrown into a prison run by the organisation that claims to uphold human rights. Their crime: being refugees. Yes, that's right!

Being forced to become refugees is the worst crime they have committed. They have been denied the most basic of human rights. Looking out from the prison they see nothing but high prison fences closing off the open spaces, they see nothing but barbed wire circling them. Barbed wire connected to electricity so they could never escape.

This camp is by the seashore (Java Sea). The humidity of the nights restricts out vision of the stars. The people held in this camp cannot even look at the stars.

Over here we are alienated from all that we have ever known. Life here has stood still. But life here in this place will one day come to an end.

The people imprisoned here are even forbidden from gazing up at the stars in the night sky.

Life ... goes on.

Translation: Omid Tofighian