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THE THEME MARGINALIZATION THROUGH THE POEM “LAMENT FOR SYRIA” BY
AMINEH ABOU KERECH

ABSTRACT:

Marginalized literature rummage with the quenched classes who are kept devoid of their paramount rights to chip in the social, religious, cultural, political, educational and economics spheres of their lives and are kept standoffishly estranged mundanely. It is an emanation of ramifications of the postcolonial literature. Their torments are axiomatic through our hackneyed Dalit writers and Refugee writers. Thanks to all the Dalit and Refugee writers for their benefaction. The cramp in their voices implies that they should be the antipodal to have such painful voices. It paves the way for 4th world literature. The voiceless endows a voice here; the wordless endows a word here.

KEY-WORDS:

Troglodytic, Selfdom, Avowal, Laxity

INTRODUCTION:

Over the prior decades and half there has been a disquieting worldwide upsurge in refugees. According through the words of Warsan Shire, “No one decamp home unless home is the mouth of a shark”. The fad crunch in our world is the REFUGEES. They are luxated people who has been contrived to propel from national boundaries. Out of 65.6 million refugees 28 million are children. Syria, Afghanistan, South Sudan, Myanmar, Somalia are the most refugees producing countries. Around 13.5 million people were sent out from Syria as refugees. Among those millions is AMINEH ABOU KERECH, 13 year old Syrian refugee

resolved in UK. Her “LAMENT FOR SYRIA”, penned both in Arabic and English probe the child’s pining for her homeland. She was disclosed as the champ of “BETJEMAN POETRY PRIZE”. Through her words, “when I remember my Syria I feel so sad and I cry and start writing about her” ferry the painful feeling and firm on her homeland. All the refugees has this notion in their heart. The poignant plight of refugees are clearly palpable through the words of Kerech, “In Syria all the time we were scared”. This shows the heart rendering footings of refugees who are anxious to be in a place which is equal to their mother. Their heart sufferings are staggering. Here the paper deals not only with the ordeal of refugees but also with the enlistment. Due to the unrivaled setting they flee their homeland without whole heart. Though their bodies scam their homeland their mind will perpetually endure in their native soil.

In 1990’s the refugees in Syria were about 284,856. In 2016 survey the poll has been bred to 562,811. Not only Syrian refugees but also there are refugees from Pakistan, Tibet, Srilanka, Uganda. The total rises from 1.2 million in 1976 to 6.5 million in 2016. Commonly we think refugees, the Emigrates would cause the dearth of land and water. But their torments are myriad.

“Syrian dove croon above my head

Their call cries in my eyes”

Through kerech’s words it is axiomatic that in Syria even when the dove sings softly it is heeded to them as a lament sobbing which is emulated from the people’s fab. It array the ethos of the people there. It parades the fatigue of their lives. Often the colossal demur is the cast of the refugee. Once we embark thinking of ourselves as being transitory, we will have scrape in alimentation, a median family epoch. Kerech was animus to design a country which is like her notion with wealth and peace. This splashes their forecast towards their homeland.

“And not get in the way when I’m thinking,

Where soldiers don’t walk over my face”

Her words expresses the curb over them and they could not abide their life according to their envy. The woe of refugees and their surmise are evident through her words,

“I am trying to design a city,

Of love, peace, concord and virtue,

Free of mess, war, wreckage and misery”

Here her voice epitomize not only her ingenuity but also the conjectures of all refugees. Refugees could not condone that they left their homeland.

“My wing is broken like your wing”

Here she confesses that their happiness, peace and their mental strength was toppled. She addresses that all of them waited and still waiting for ease. Through this poem we can fathom her desire. This is manifested through her words,

“Can anyone teach me?”

How to make a homeland? ”

We cannot clinch that refugees would impel us to paucity of money, land and food. The most regnant drift in our mind is that they will accord nothing for us. There are some refugees who coerce an aisle to our life such as Sir John Houblon, 1st governor of bank of England, Alexander Alekhine, chess world champion. They all thrive in their life because they were inclined a fortuity to assay themselves. Each of us are good and equal. Everyone need is a squeak to assay ourselves. Dr. Erdogan said, “They cannot peep themselves as chunk of their new country, because it only peep them as interim”. In modern world a person is discerned only with their demeanor. There are around 195 countries in our world. But the refugees are probing place only in 7 countries. We should give them a path. The words, “In the middle of difficulties lies opportunity” was uttered by a famous scientist, Albert Einstein who was a German Jewish refugee. He proposed many theories which aid us to live in our neoteric life. We are not apt to give way to the people from whom we got this jaded scientific world. All think the marginalized are muted but the fact is they cannot remain mute. Albert Einstein quoted that,

“The world will not be destroyed by

Those who do evil, but by those who

Watch them without doing anything”

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