

Belonging, Piece by Piece

I crossed a distant, wide blue sea,
Now two bright homes live inside me.
It wasn't easy—not a breeze!
Some days felt tough, like climbing trees.

I missed my friends, my old street's song,
My grandparents' hugs, where I felt strong.
But little by little, the light came through—
New laughs, new games, and something new grew.

We found a house and made it shine,
Hung fairy lights and painted signs.
I found new friends, began to play,
Won silly prizes—hip hooray!

I feel so safe when I'm at home,
With those I love—I'm not alone.
Their hugs are warm, their hearts so wide,
Their goofy jokes make tears subside.

My sister giggles, Dad sings loud,
Mom tells stories—I feel proud.
I care for pets, both shy and small,
And wonder why some have none at all.

You don't need to shrink or wear a mask,
Or change yourself for every task.
True belonging starts inside—
Be who you are, with heart and pride!

Belonging doesn't bloom in a blink—
It grows with glitter, glue, and ink!
It's built like a quilt, stitch by stitch,
With every game and sandwich switch.
Each friend you meet, each dance you make,
Adds one more patch for your heart's sake.

Then in my dreams, I zoom up high,
Through story clouds and star-splashed sky.
I write, I read, I close my eyes,
And twirl beneath the moonlit skies.

I belong in nature's song—
Where rainbows shine and hearts grow strong.
Where trees give hugs and skies feel wide,
And every trail brings joy inside.
It's where I find new chances too—
The world is full of "me and you!"

When kids are lost or feel alone,
Or hunger gnaws and hearts have grown—
When borders break the ties that bind,
I wish I had the world to find—
To say, "*You matter. You belong—
You've had a place here all along.*"

Belonging isn't just a place,
It lives in love, in every face.
Though I came far, across the sea—
With hearts that see me, I belong, I'm free.

-Dia Kalra