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## **Arrowhead**

Ibraheem Abdi

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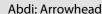


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braheem Abdi is a junior at Syracuse University, studying to become a social worker. He is a former Kenyan refugee who fled from war with his family. After settling in Kakuma for ten months, Ibraheem and his family were given the opportunity to come to America. Syracuse has become a second home. He has found a sense of belonging through service with Interfaith Works and the Islamic Society of Central New York. He wants to dedicate his life to social work as a way of giving back to the community.

His poem "Arrowhead" tells a story of remaining strong and resilient when hardship strikes. He sees himself as "a man on a journey to give back to the community that has raised him and taught him what he knows today."

The Arrowhead, pictured right, is from Gallery 404 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is a cast bronze arrowhead with a triangular head, raised midrib, and shaft that is typically square or rectangular.

To learn more, visit www.metmuseum.org/art/collection/search/327443.

## Arrowhead Ibraheem Abdi

Someone shouts: War has come! War has come!

Young boys are running, mothers are crying, sisters are hiding.

Protecting and being protected, unclear which is which.

Fathers are on the front lines.

War has come! War has come!

If you encounter the enemy, do not run away and show them your back.

Horse galloping, shields clanking, swords clashing, slash slash.

Someone lost a father, someone lost a brother, someone lost a son.

The arrow is shot.

Its head penetrates the ribs.

Red is the new color of the *thawb*, the uniform.

I lost my father, they lost a brother, Grandma lost her son.

Stand my sons, stand tall—arrows cannot penetrate the will.