


Loss and Damages in Nacamaki Koro, Fiji.



The background image shows a desolate landscape after a storm. In the foreground, there is a sandy area with some debris and a large, broken concrete block. The middle ground is filled with a dense pile of driftwood, branches, and other debris. In the background, several palm trees are visible, some of which appear to be damaged or stripped of their fronds. The sky is overcast with dark, heavy clouds.

**The wind intensifies as it hovers over our beloved home
The dark clouds eerily stare down at us
As the heavens unleash upon us wrathful rain and thunder
Our spirits are shattered as we hear cries
Of neighbouring families;**

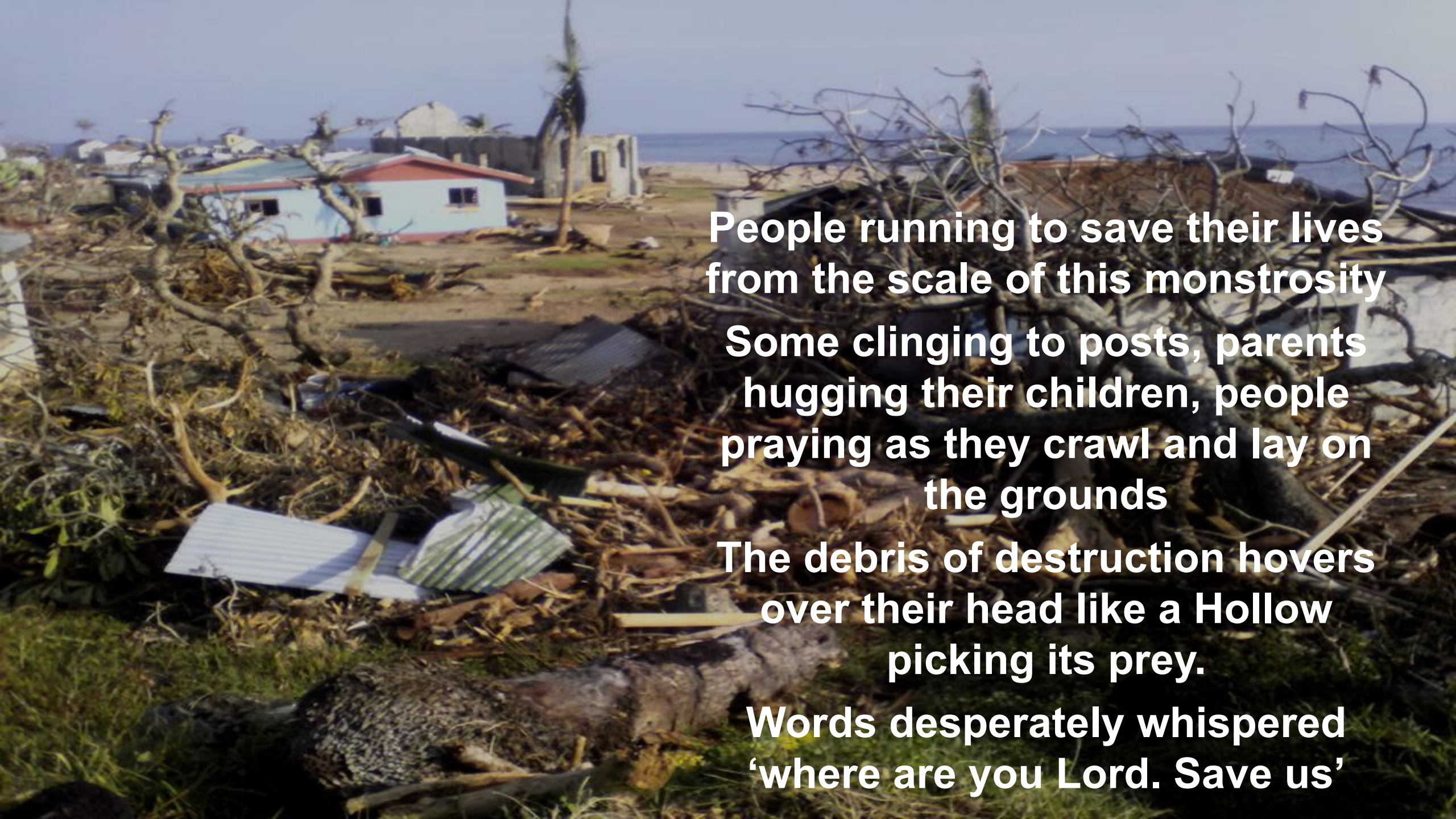


**Cries of scared innocent children echo the
deserted village green.**

Possessions uplifted

**Houses lifted from its foundations and
helplessly thrown into the air like sheets of
paper.**

**Iron concrete, crops and animals thrown into
the debris of the wind**



**People running to save their lives
from the scale of this monstrosity**

**Some clinging to posts, parents
hugging their children, people
praying as they crawl and lay on
the grounds**

**The debris of destruction hovers
over their head like a Hollow
picking its prey.**

**Words desperately whispered
‘where are you Lord. Save us’**

**Morals crushed as we no longer see our
home**

**The home dark in despair longs for a
glimmer of light**

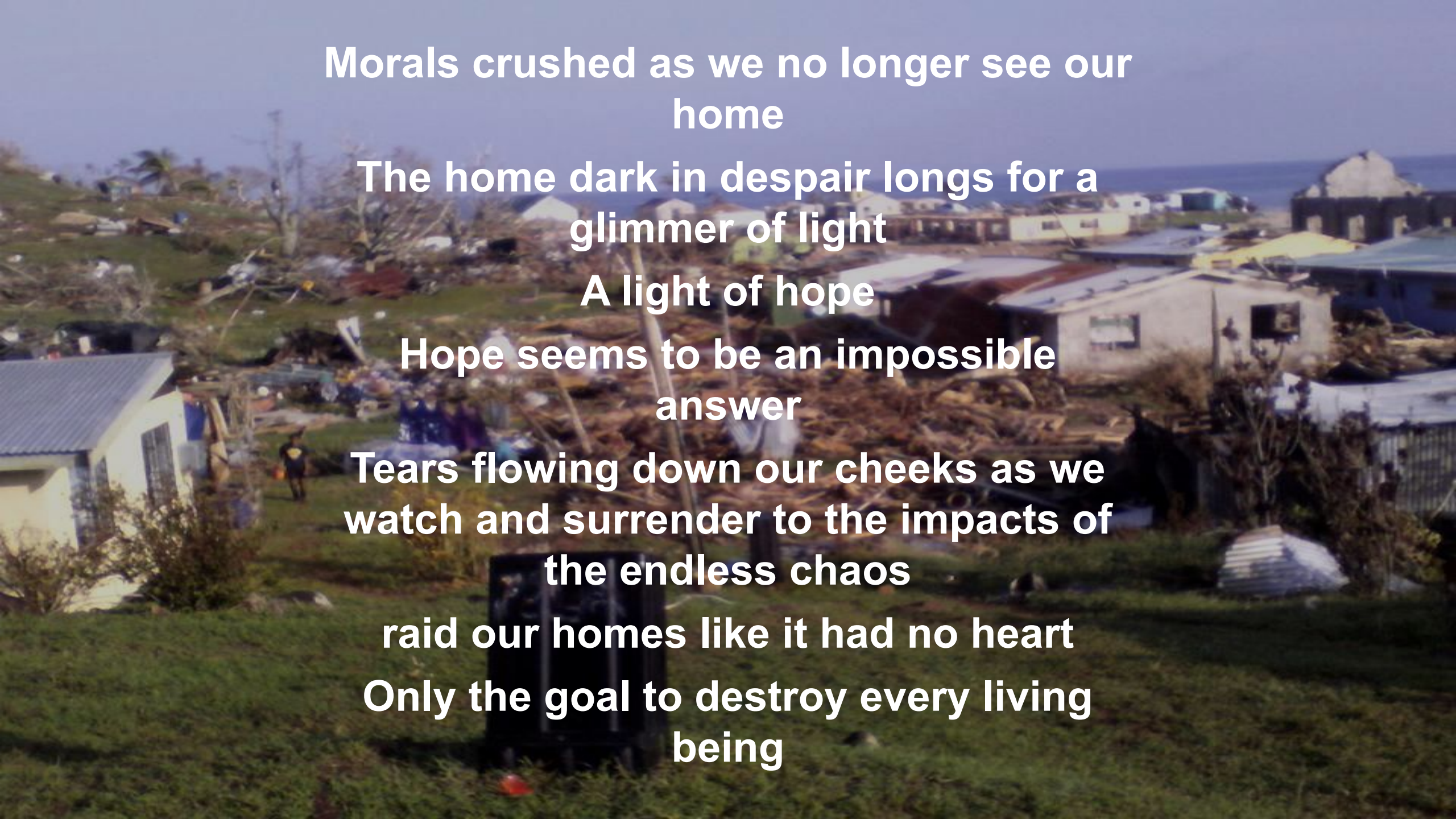
A light of hope

**Hope seems to be an impossible
answer**

**Tears flowing down our cheeks as we
watch and surrender to the impacts of
the endless chaos**

raid our homes like it had no heart

**Only the goal to destroy every living
being**





When the cyclone passes the sense of relief
takes over

But is met with the monster of the sea that
engulfs the land,

Breaking everything that stands in her path

Unleashing her wrath, she rises;

And brushes everything from the ground like
dust

She crushes the surface of our land squeezing
the remaining life out of it

A photograph showing the aftermath of a disaster, likely a typhoon or hurricane. The foreground is filled with a dense pile of debris, including broken branches, leaves, and pieces of corrugated metal. In the background, several buildings are visible, some of which appear damaged or partially destroyed. A light blue building with a red roof is prominent in the middle ground. The sky is a clear, pale blue, and the ocean is visible in the distance on the right side.

**Home withstands this experience and still shelters
us**

Still holding families together

Communities in one heart shelter each other

**Aiding each other to survive the waves as it flows
into our land**

The hope of light finally dies.



Questions wandering in my head

How are we going to survive?

How long are we going to suffer?

Where is my family?

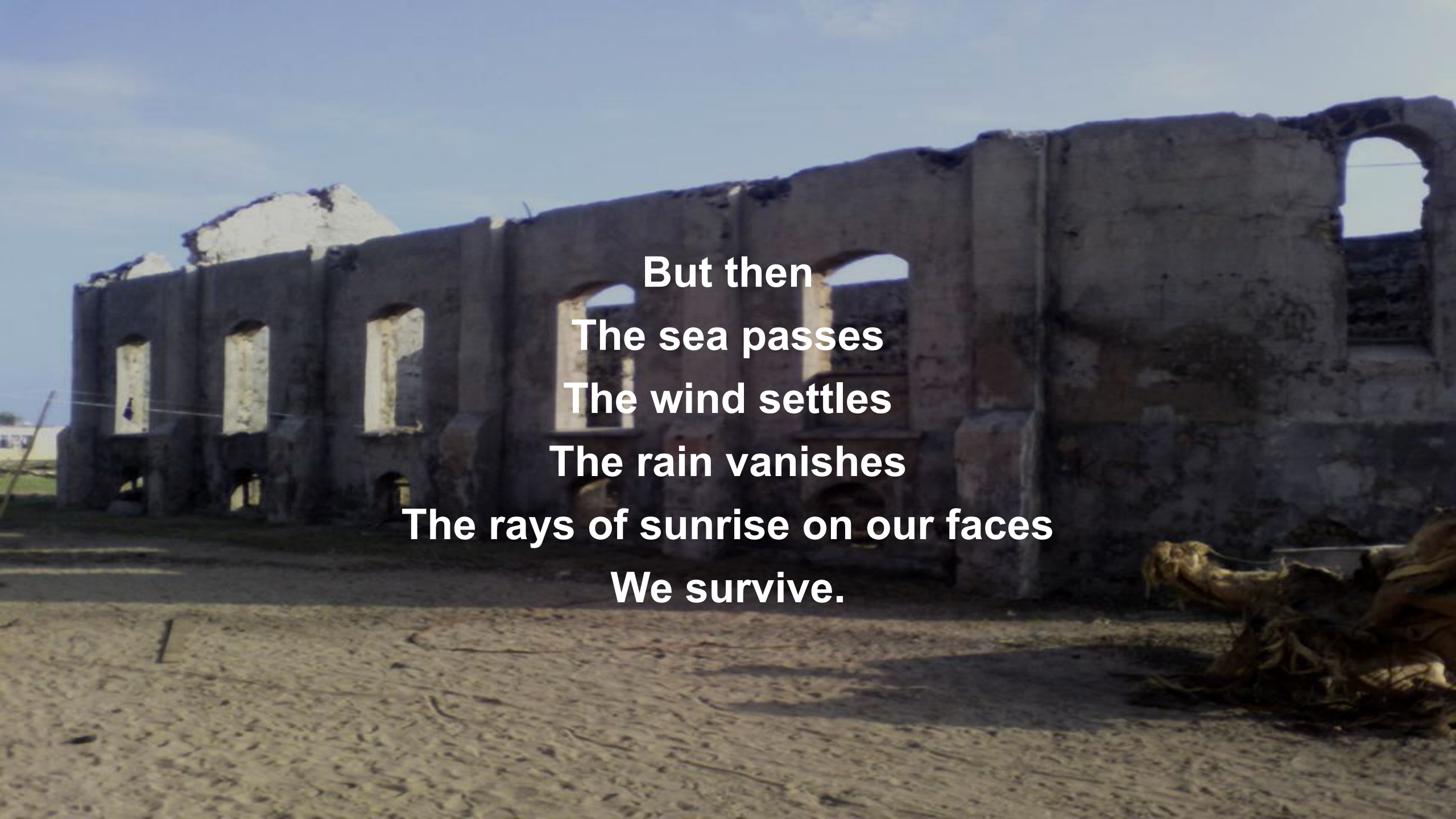
Where are my belongings?

Are we born to suffer?

Who will pay for these damages?

Is it worth the compensation?

Is resilience worth living for?



**But then
The sea passes
The wind settles
The rain vanishes
The rays of sunrise on our faces
We survive.**

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