1<sup>st</sup> Prize
Division 1 – Grades 4 to 6
Emmanuelle Brindamour
Grade 6
Branksome Hall



## The Innocent Forest

Same hearts, same souls, We sprout, and grow old, Our leaves illustrate new stories and wisdom, But for the forest, our stories remain untold, We followed the course, life as we knew it, Sun, night, air, earth, everything has a spirit, Growing, thriving, losing, dying Until a storm shattered our roots, a fire was lit, Despair and heartache echoed through our woods, Our beloved home crumbled with our brotherhood, Obscurity and grief consumed every unspoken word, Growing deeper roots, no one could, These branches were peaceful, were our open arms, But the words and actions ailed us, meant for much harm, This fire was agony, turning our grove to cinder, We suffered too many storms, and no signs have come to warn, We pulled our deep roots from the earth below, With the savage winds we wished to flow, Sent our leaves and seeds for new beginnings, The flight of the blood that runs in us is now to glow, Welcomed with sun, the tragedies decline, Every ray filled with love, our new branches and leaves shine, We grow taller and deeperinto our new ground, The wind from the past breezes by, this is our time.

2<sup>nd</sup> Prize
Division 1 – Grades 4 to 6
Laila Hampson
Grade 5
Queen Victoria Public School



## **The Whispering Willows**

I run through the fields.
I run through the snow.
I run through the whispering willows.
The willows tell me to hide.
They tell me to hide in their softness.
THUD! THUD! THUD!
I hear them.
I hear them coming for me.
I drop to the ground as I was told
I hear them say "Where is she?"
"Probably in the forest," another says.
I feel a cold shiver run down my spine.
I see them stomp off.
I run again.

3<sup>rd</sup> Prize
Division 1 – Grades 4 to 6
Harveer Kaur Kalirai
Grade 6
Ecole Munn's Public School



## The Life of a Refugee

No one knows danger and fear, better than a refugee.

No one knows false hope and never ending worry, better than a refugee.

No one knows.

The world hasn't changed.

From past to present, from Anne Frank to K'naan.

There is still suffering,

There is still pain.

We need to do something together to stop this crisis.

We as community have to step up together to make a difference.