



**2021 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 3 – GRADES 9 TO 13**

**FELICIA LIANG, GRADE 12
RICHMOND HILL HIGH SCHOOL**

HONOURABLE MENTION

THE ONE LUCKY CLOVER

fence chippings of toxic paint and greenery rooted in chlorosis
the seeds are not safe here;
for where can they go?
ruins

the soil is nourished with opportunities in the land away
in what garden shall they go
will the gates open for them?
sanctuary

iris says “we need bigger pots to continue to grow”
we must wait till the war of the clouds ends
we take shelter under the leaves as the rainstorm pounds
hope

news has come. winds are blowing to take us away
we drift through the garden I am abandoning
bittersweet
sun-baked

where are we going, i asked?
i saw a look on my Mother's face i'd never forget
she wiped a tear off her face
“Home”.

we landed in the soil; fertilized
i remember the day i was planted like it was yesterday cultivating me
to grow, flourish, bloom
Home.



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**MICHELLE LY, GRADE 9
FATHER MICHAEL MCGIVNEY CATHOLIC
ACADEMY**

HONOURABLE MENTION

WILL I BE FREE?

All I want is to be free
But how will I be able to flee?
And when I'm finally free will they just come and get me?

At last, I am finally free!
But why is everyone watching me?
The glares and the stares from left to right
Am I not welcomed here?
Where will I go?
What will I do?
Are thoughts that roam my mind

All I wanted is to be, is free
As I watch other children smile happily
And why can't that be me?
Why am I treated so differently?
Will I ever be free?





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**THEA AUCOIN, GRADE 12
GEORGETOWN DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL**

HONOURABLE MENTION

BADGES

Courageous be the badge refugees are forced to wear.
To understand swirling oceans may be safer than homes and memories
To face evils not only material, but of spoken word and harsh touch
To stare ahead at red and maple and hold faith in a thin promise
To bear the burden of survival.

Weak be the badge observes dawn easily.
To watch war's wage over bodies and currencies as though it is fiction
For destruction is not caused by the bomb
But by those who let it drop.

Revolutionary must be the badge the next generation claims.
Must allow the fear of never making noise
Never taking action
Never bringing about a new dawn
Set the present into motion.

Who has yet to cause the uproar needed.
But knows that waking is an accomplishment in itself
For the greatest volumes are often a whisper
In one brilliant future
The sun will shine on all shades of faces for no will one feel the need to
hide
And the stars will twinkle in all ranges of eyes for no one will fear the dark.

Badges we all wear.
Fight we must all
For justice to prevail
Peace be the badge we all should want.