



**2020 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 1 – GRADES 4 TO 6**

**ANA CIUREA, GRADE 5
BAYTHORN PUBLIC SCHOOL
FIRST PLACE**



THE PRICE

In these hard times I wish I could fly
Away from the world where so many die
My destination away from this lonely isolation
And the pain and hardships that come from this nation
The sad music of fighting rings in my ears
As I see faces flooding with tears
The rich people above us can roll a dice
As we are scurrying around just like mice
From country to country and nation to nation
We try our hardest to escape from war and starvation
They tried to take away our religious belief
And I can't remember the feeling of relief
Of the pain that just won't stop
Because of the people on the top
Who make us fight for their evil vice
We have no money but we pay their price



**2020 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 2 – GRADES 7 TO 8**

**DARWIN LI, GRADE 7
UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
FIRST PLACE**



I AM A FREE BIRD

Feathers are clipped and claws are tied
Unable to fly, we cannot hide
Trapped in cages by the chains of pain
With despair we cry in vain

My home, once a fruitful land
Now to darkness it feeds on demand
With dust and flame it sprouts the rage
Through shriveled soil it forms the cage

Singing no more, we've lost our voices
Although unspeakable, I must make my choices

Over clouds and under stars,
Away from the wicked, I soar afar
Peace, justice, freedom are all I seek
I chase the Sun, I race the Moon
With hope, I will not stop, I will not break

Then comes a new day,
A dash of red, a hint of blue
Birds of all kinds, so many hues
Rolling hills, white shores, a far green country
A new land, a new home, yet cage-free
Zephyr's warm whisper feel my joy -
I am a free bird



**2020 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 3 – GRADES 9 TO 12**

**ATHENA MA, GRADE 10
ST. BROTHER ANDRE
CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL
FIRST PLACE**



TWO

One lives where fireworks shine bright:
She waits excitedly for the life ahead.
One survives where bombs soar to great heights:
He dreads a fate that may render him dead.

Lucky is she, running free as a bird,
Carefree, and forgetting so many calls for help.
While he will be discovered if he breathes one word,
Heart racing as the crashing door makes him yelp.

For her, safe and sound, there are few fatal errors
For happiness and comfort there is no struggle or fight.
He holds his mother's hand as they flee in terror
Out the back door into the dark night.

Why must he leave a home ripped by war's strife
When these two are equal in every way?
When all humans have two rights: freedom and life
But leaving all he knows, he must run away

To someplace safe where his family is wanted.
So many do not know what they have been through.
From car to train, smuggled and hidden, fear haunted.
In dreams he finds her home, the sanctuary he runs to.

But slowly, barbed wire turns to foreign grass.
She opens the door, and his dream becomes true.
He's found a place he can live, at last.
From one and one, they become two.