



**2018 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 1 – GRADES 4 TO 6**

**MILENA BORYCZKO, GRADE 5
ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND
FIRST PRIZE**



I WILL BE BACK

I heave my determination onto my shoulders,
I feel the weight of sadness, the weight of a heavy boulder,
As I venture further, I miss you more,
So before I go I will make my promise, I shall someday return,
I now must join the snake of people who shall make the journey,
My stomach churns, my heart aches, tears prickle my eyes,
As I look back at you, my home, one last time.
But I will be back! I wish I could stay, but no!
I swear with all my heart! The time will come, when this war will stop,
If only I survive...And if I don't...I will take you with me to heaven...
And if I do live...I will be back!
I don't know when, I don't know how, but I will return...Someday...
I dread thinking about you all alone in these somber days of war.
My shoulders heave with determination, my heart sags with sadness,
I know I must go, but my feet won't carry me all the way...
I don't want to go, I want to stay. But I know I must leave my happy place.
With only the hopes I bring with me, and the memories I brought from home.
The clock is ticking, I must hurry.
It won't be long until the shadow of death following everyone strikes my way,
Killing me mercilessly as I moan in defeat, it's now or never...
My heart beats. It is time. I know it hurts, you are my everything; the country
I call home.
Fear creeps up my spine; Where will I go? But hope makes it go;
I will be fine.
It isn't easy, yet I am full of fear, but hope.
I am a refugee, on the run, but I promise; I will be back.