



**2018 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 2 – GRADES 7 TO 8**

**JASMINE CURRENT, GRADE 7
FERN AVENUE PUBLIC SCHOOL
THIRD PRIZE**



A FRIEND FROM LONG AGO

I knew a friend, from long ago, who told me
stories from when his
spirits were low.

The look in his eyes was like a million lost dreams, so I listened,
I listened carefully.

He told me about the boat leaving his home, and how he would never return.
Knowing he could die today or tomorrow, maybe even yesterday.
He is not too sure.

He told me of the camps, and the hunger.
The hunger. A million knives stabbing him in the stomach.
The camps.
The camps were strong, scary, and sad.

He told me of his mother. His mother, the soft blue gentle eyes, like cool
sea foam.
He says he remembers her last words.
He prefers not to say.

I told him of my escape in my dreams, that sweet taste of freedom.
I wish he was here with me.
Oh, I wish he was here with me.
Rest In Peace my friend,
Rest In Peace.

