

**1<sup>st</sup> Prize**  
**Division 2 – Grades 7 to 8**  
**Megan Scarlett**  
**Grade 8**  
**St. Clement's School**



**Sherina Was Sick, So She Wrote Poems.**  
**Sherina Died. Her Mother Finished the Poem.**

**Sherina Was Sick, So She Wrote Poems.**

Mama said to write.  
After all, my words won't die  
Even though I will.

Something in my chest  
Doesn't work. I cough,  
And wheeze. Mama cries.

I can't see a doctor.  
We do not have the money.  
Nor can we travel.

Doctor Nawabi  
Lives too far away from us.  
We can't walk that far.

Land mines line our streets  
Like the flowers Mama braids  
Into my long hair.

So I say home,  
Drawing strength from Laughing Doves  
Singing songs for me.

I am older when  
Things get worse. I'm not angry.  
Just sad because –

**Sherina Died. Her Mother Finished The Poem.**

My daughter is gone.  
She died of something easily  
Fixed in real hospitals.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Prize**  
**Division 2 – Grades 7 to 8**  
**Rebecca Bugeya**  
**Grade 8**  
**St. Edmund Campion**



## **A Refugee's Questions**

How would you feel if you were driven out of your home  
Or worse, the country that you're from?  
How would you feel to see your flag burning  
And feel your head spinning as the world is turning?

Who would you turn to if your home was destroyed  
And if they turned you away because they were afraid?  
Who would you blame if your family was gone  
No parents to love, no children to dwell on?

Where would you run if all doors were shut  
And the media says it'll be fine, but it's anything but?  
Where would you go if your escapes were locked with a loaded gun  
And your soul died a little more each time you were forced to run?

When will they come, you'd ask yourself  
Though you're starting to doubt all the optimistic things that they tell.  
When did they step in to save the day, after all,  
As you watched your hope and your childhood heroes fall?

What a horror, you might say to yourself as you read this  
But you can't really feel their pain in your sheltered bliss.  
What then, you ask, can I possibly do?  
Well, this world is a stage play, and this poem is your cue.

One person alone might not be able to end this fight  
But together, we can be the refugees' light.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Prize**  
**Division 2 – Grades 7 to 8**  
**Veronica Brizuela**  
**Grade 8**  
**Bishop Strachan School**



## Daydream

I woke up,  
To realize it wasn't worth it.  
I woke up,  
to another stormy day.  
I woke up to suffering and oppression,  
I woke up to crime,  
to another unjust life that passes by.

Now that I'm awake, this is what I see:  
I see respect and justice  
I see people finally wanting to leave.  
I see humans rising  
but then I realize it was only a dream.

So I just had a daydream,  
where all that I could see,  
was hope and a new beginning  
So I left, to make that daydream come true.

Do you know how hard that is?  
to stand up to be pushed down,  
to try to move on but stay stuck in the past,  
to give up your life in vain,  
when no more hope remains.  
But there is still some hope,  
Believe me when I tell you – there is a chance for you to move on.