

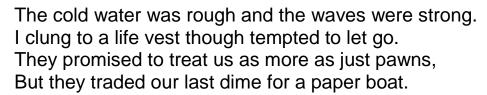
2018 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST

DIVISION 2 - GRADES 7 TO 8

TUULA FREIR, GRADE 7 FERN AVENUE PUBLIC SCHOOL SECOND PRIZE

A WORLD THAT DOESN'T WANT ME

I am a girl from the cradle of the revolution.
I had to leave when sounds of bombs replaced music,
They approached us with a promised solution,
And left us with nothing but scars and bruises.



My heart was beating slower the more I would wait
Just hours ago, I watched my family drown
Though I was freezing, beads of sweat gripped my face
I wanted to scream but couldn't make a sound

Out there, I wanted to escape the calm chaos But like a soldier, I clung to survival, I could not succumb to the cold or exhaust, They're not the judge or jury in my trial.

I couldn't swim, but had been adrift for days merchants found me, my existence threatened They cured my sickness, not the memories engraved Out of five hundred only eleven remained

I was a girl from the cradle of the revolution
Death had me at his door, trying to leave my country
Others made heroes. We were met with pain and prosecution
I am just a girl from the world that doesn't want me

