



**2019 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 2 – GRADES 7 TO**

**EVI SCHIEMAN, GRADE 7
FERN AVENUE PUBLIC SCHOOL
FIRST PRIZE**



MY DREAM

I looked through the foggy window.
The rain was coming down hard.
I heard the gunshots and screams.
This was what war was like.

I ran towards my mom.
I felt her warm hug.
For a moment there I felt safe.
My worries washed away.
I dreamed of our beautiful home.
Grandma's quilt and the lamb shawarmas.

A strange man talked to my mother.
Tears streaming down her face.
My mom sat me down on the single bed.
My worst nightmare had come true.
My dad,
Was gone.

Time slowed down.
Eternity.
Silence was our friend.

Then news of Canada accepting refugees.
Our time at the camp was done.
The chosen few.
My dream had come true.