



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

**KIRAN BENTLEY, GRADE 7
FERN AVENUE PUBLIC SCHOOL
FIRST PRIZE**

AS THE RAIN FALLS

I stare out the window
decorated with the drops of rain
falling softly, from the dark clouds above

the quiet, patter of the falling raindrops
and the soft, deep mumble of the bus engine below
quiets the pain, at least for awhile

As the rain falls
the memories, they replay in my mind
like a child's swing, falling back, but soon returning
with more of a strong, heavy, power, each time

I quietly wipe away my tears
the sky, it feels my pain
it cries gently
it must have lost someone

the bus will stop soon
I'll have a new beginning
I hope that they are kind
I hope that I can spread my wings once more

As the rain falls
as the bus slowly comes to a gentle halt
I reach to the heavens, with a heavy back
praying for a second chance