



**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.

The cold water was rough and the waves were strong.  
I clung to a life vest though tempted to let go.  
They promised to treat us as more as just pawns,  
But they traded our last dime for a paper boat.

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