



**2018 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS  
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST  
DIVISION 3 – GRADES 9 TO 12**

**CHRISTOPHER KAPUTO, GRADE 11  
CRESCENT SCHOOL  
HONOURABLE MENTION**

**MODERN DAY KUNTA**

An oddity to the masses  
Big lipped and dumb as described by society.  
Have always been compelled to be more than what I strive to be.  
But what's inside of me is self-hate stemming from all the notoriety.  
Hate for not being like the white skin aside from me.  
But aside from me.  
The philosophy behind the hate I am blind to see.  
Evidently is of melanin, how foolish Thee.  
I am repulsed by it, but live it because it's rooted in me.  
A culture of identity dismissive of ethnicities.  
Foreign kid too afraid to eat his lunch at school so he conforms to me.  
A scared.  
Unloved.  
Self-hating. Individual.  
Masked with a facade of pride that he tries to testify to others that share the same  
hurt that he once felt.  
His ego has change but his vision is still the same  
Internal dialogue constantly fluctuating his brain  
Because he is too afraid to speak from his heart.  
His heart is so loud but his heart never speaks,  
And further the identity sinks to a place beyond reach.  
Toby, that's not my name.  
Toby, that's not my name.  
Toby! That's not my name.  
Forget it I guess I'm not important.



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**MARIAM MUMIN, SENIOR YEAR  
RUNNYMEDE CI  
HONOURABLE MENTION**

**THE GATEWAY TICKET TO FREEDOM**

Human life is precious everyone deserves a chance; terms and conditions may apply.  
Turn on your local news station to see if you can apply.  
Arabs, Latinos and Blacks don't stand a chance.  
Many others may not be eligible.  
Do you see people don't sympathize with victims unless they look like them?  
Human right is a gateway ticket. Your class, race, religion and even location determines  
whether you get a spot on the flight to freedom.  
Meanwhile, the marginalized are trapped at the border. Their pleas are so loud you can hear it  
worldwide but their voices are too loud for a world that wants to silence them.  
Their bodies wash up on shores.  
Their towns filled with grey skies and killer airstrikes.  
Their dead bodies become trending hashtags.  
No Aid, no help not even a remorseful national outcry just pity and an increase in airstrikes.  
Airstrikes that can be seen from miles away, voices echoing alleyways where civilian scatter,  
trying to find their family members  
Fadumo he shouts Fadumo... He pleads  
Only to find his daughters bodies trapped under the rubble  
So ask yourself does freedom come with a price? A price you wouldn't care about unless it  
was happening to you but since it's occurring from a distance it doesn't bother you.  
It may not bother you because the pigment of their skin doesn't match yours nor does their  
faith or nationality  
Instead, they come from an under privileged life which means their life does not equate to  
yours  
They're savage animals who ruined their country and now wants to ruin yours too,  
so their passport to freedom is denied.  
They aren't eligible for assistance.  
No more migrants or immigrants  
no more food or aid  
but we do have bombs, would you like some?  
No.  
sorry come again.



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**SARASI WANNINAYAKA, GRADE 9  
FLETCHERS MEADOW SECONDARY SCHOOL  
HONOURABLE MENTION**

**NOW THAT HE'S HERE**

In the dark, a boy watches a house from afar for hours.  
Even though he was far away, he could see every detail of this house:  
The cobwebs on the glassless windows and dents on the walls;  
Everyone whose faces he remembers and names he has forgotten.  
He used to live here, he wants to return.

A woman comes out of the house and balances a bucket on her head.  
It is early morning now, the sun hardly above the horizon.  
She is going to fetch water just as she always does, except  
this time she sees his silhouette. She has been waiting for her son  
ever since the factory shut down, drops the pail, and runs toward him with a limp  
and a smile. She hugs him and he steps back,  
expressionless. "You have grown," she says.

He feels he hasn't. He has worked day and night, tinkering with thorns  
and tapestry, without food or water. He hasn't grown.

"Why don't we go inside?" she asks and watches  
as he shakes his head slowly.  
"I'm sorry," she says, tears welling up. "I didn't have a choice."  
A husband's death, rising debt, and being too sick to work.  
There was no other choice.

He feels betrayed. He was drowned  
in order for them to stay afloat,  
lonely and hurt in a large and overcrowded factory.

Without a word, the boy runs away, leaving his mother in a heap.  
A short distance away, his expressionless face breaks and sinks into tears.