



**2021 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 2 – GRADES 7 TO 8**

**AHMAD SHELLEH, GRADE 7
LYNN-ROSE COLLEGE**

HONOURABLE MENTION

A SECOND CHANCE TO SHAPE MY LIFE

My life is a chamber
With walls made of anger,

They are the hunters
I am the prey
Of their game
And for my one wish
I hope for my life to never be the same.

When the faces look away
And when I become
The darkness to their light
That is when I know
There are people who hate my life.

But let's be precise
I desire to be free
I want to flee.

In my mind, I run away
With bruises on both my knees
Only for it to be a hopeless day dream.

I seek for my shackles to crack
To be unrestrained
To live in the land of the free.

To Canada I wish to go
Where I will thrive
A second chance to shape my life!



**2021 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 2 – GRADES 7 TO 8**

**IMARI LEKAMALAGE, GRADE 8
SIR ISAAC BROCK PUBLIC SCHOOL**

HONOURABLE MENTION

ON STAGE

There's a beautiful dream that repeatedly plagues me
A dawn of hope, a beacon of light that reminds me of the world I aspire to see

It's a constant indication of a world that ceases to exist.
The cloud of darkness that envelopes our atmosphere full of segregation,
oppression, and coercion is what motivates us to resist.

So here I am writing this poem because a fire burns inside of me
As a thirteen-year-old student, friend, and daughter I have one great plea

My ache to live to witness a day where people are arrested not for their will to
start a better life in a new community
Instead, for disregarding human rights and corrupting a tranquil democracy

Sympathize with another and understand their pains
Share with them your friendship and gains.

We are all made of human blood and organs so there's no reason to be vicious to
each other
Being the versatile, resourceful, and intelligent mammals we are we should think
better.

Survivors, immigrants, activists, and diverse people of all the world, think of what
you have overcome and allow pride to swell your face
Because I applaud you on behalf of the whole human race

Let us set our differences aside ranging from race, gender, background, hobbies,
and age.
Because we all deserve our moment to shine on stage



**2021 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 2 – GRADES 7 TO 8**

**JASMIN STAGG, GRADE 8
ALL SAINTS CATHOLIC SECONDARY
SCHOOL (WHITBY)**

HONOURABLE MENTION

BOOM

I sit here alone in the silence of my room, hoping this will be over soon.
Stop picturing pretty pink walls, stop picturing the look on my face when my
mother calls, because *boom*, there it goes again.

My breath curdled in the cold air.

I look around my room and see my gray sheets draped across my bed,
my pale purple pillow where I used to rest my head, and my old cotton curtains
with a small tear, but I know it is not really there,
because *boom*, there it goes again.

I have been sitting here for who knows how long and for how much longer.
My mind slowly begins to wander,
boom, there it goes again.

I thought of my bright sunny sky, how I watched it light up into flames.
I told myself it was a dream, that if I waited here long enough it would all
disappear,
but *boom*, there it goes again.

I used to be just like you living a life of luxury filled with hope of what I could
grow up to be.
But *boom*, there it goes again.

Every time that sound echoes through the wreckage of my room
I lose a drop of hope for another flower to bloom.

I sit here in my room, left pondering one question, one that may forever remain
unanswered . . .

Why? Why must I flee my own country?

Why must I hear another shot? Because of something I am not! I can hardly
bear the thought.

Why do we ignore what matters most?

Boom . . . there it went



**2021 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 2 – GRADES 7 TO 8**

**MATTHEW HILL, GRADE 7
LYNN-ROSE COLLEGE**

HONOURABLE MENTION

Broken Tail

I may not have a tail
I may not have wings...
I may not be purple...
I may not be Pink....
I might not have anything that you have at all
But when I come to you
You push me and let me fall

I fall through an abyss of darkness
That I cannot escape
I am different from you.
But deep down we are the same.
We both live, breathe and talk.
And we both live our own lives
But nevertheless you don't accept me
You don't see me as one of your own
You despise me

Just because I am different from you
You see me as an enemy
Someone that you don't trust
By doing that you make me suffer
I can't follow the tracks that my parents lay out

Wherever I look I can't find them
So instead I try to plant my own stem
And grow my own roots