



**2020 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 2 – GRADES 7 TO 8**

**RYKAA SHETTY, GRADE 8
LYNN ROSE COLLEGE
THIRD PLACE**



COLOURS OF SOULS, NOT SKINS

My father left me
My mother nowhere in sight
I crouch below the ground, suffering from another day's freight

Beaten, used, my strength is worn out
All this because of the colour I'm not!

I'm all alone, without a place to call my own
Weeping about my scars, behind the brutal bars
But where shall I flee?
As I am nowhere to be

I close my eyes gently
And wish upon a star
That I will reach the promised land
We all dream about

Today is the day,
I escape it all
The torture, the fear, the pain to exist at all
To a land
The name
Canada.

A place where everyone is equal
A place where I won't be judged

A place where I can be free
A place where it's about the colour of souls, not skins