



**2021 REFUGEES & HUMAN RIGHTS
CHILD & YOUTH POETRY CONTEST
DIVISION 3 – GRADES 9 TO 12**

**AALIYAH JALEEL, GRADE 12
DUNBARTON HIGH SCHOOL
FIRST PRIZE**

STEP BY STEP



I walked home today
My lips were sealed like a gate
My mother tongue intrusive in a sea of voices exclusive, humiliating her
for her confidence to abate
But only envy churned as their plainer accents yearned to achieve the
twists and turns of her lips' weight

I stumbled home today
My mind scattered and muddled
With my house a pigsty and my education dry, the thick numbers
callousing our bills left me befuddled
Frantic to understand the laws rooting our land, I sought clarity from my
man, but dead limbs cannot cuddle

I staggered home today
Confusion tattooed my face
Discrimination disguised in the whites of people's eyes though this
country screams equality for religion and race
My attire lacks appeal, I consume alien meals, we've peculiar prayer
kneels- yet they're offered with utmost grace

I limped home today

My ideas thick and dumb

Unable to comprehend the homework my sons lent, I blindly directed them and prayed knowledge an outcome

I pleaded to anyone that middle class they'd become - seeing them still stagger poor would turn me narcotic numb

I crawled home today

My daughter a wealth of moans

Her dark eyes shone with the titles she was thrown; desolate, desperate, freakish and unknown

We struggled for this "safe" place, but when staring into it's face, safety is but an unsure heir to be overthrown

I stayed home today

A darkness loomed bout my head

My prayer mat well abused by my knees, bloodied and bruised, and my kids' names on my lips as my final tears were shed

Will they claim joy that they had fled from their country, a deathbed, and speak not of refugees but of citizens instead