

Poems for Primary Schools

The works below are written by primary school children in England about children who are refugees.
Originally taken from Refugee Council UK.

Refugees are just like us
People say refugees are dangerous
But they just want to escape from war
Refugees are not harmful
They want to make friends
They had to leave their loved ones
So just think and respect them

R	un, Run, Run!
E	Scape from death, hunger and war
F	ind a new life on Earth
U	nder the Sun, over high walls and barbed wires
G	o: go over hills, mountains and Seas.'
E	nter into closed borders by foot and ^{boats} fragile
E	ncounter rejection or generosity of your hosts

R	unning for Safety
E	Xhausted by their long quest
F	ear of persecution
U	nderstand their experiences
G	athering together with hope
E	ars for compassion
E	motional support

I will rise (tribute to Maya Angelou)*

By Hani Abdile

Hani came to Australia from Somalia via Kenya, Malaysia, Indonesia and Christmas Island about 2013. The Somalian civil war had made her family nomadic, and she was in the greatest danger of all, aged just 17, of forced marriage among other things. Her family sent her to Australia for her own safety. She has also published a book of the same title and her [facebook page](#) has more poetry and information. Her own website <https://abdilehani.wordpress.com> has more information on Hani's life, hope and activities as well as her writings.

* Maya Angleou was an African American woman who wrote many books and poetry, one of the latter being Still I Rise.

You now lock me in detention
and damage my hopes
but it's like dust
and one day I will rise.

You may avoid my sadness
and send me to Manus
but one day I will rise.

You may hide the reality
and break my heart
but one day I will rise.

You may send me to somewhere else.
why can't you help me?

I may be female of under age
who needs assistance from you.

You may send me to other countries
and shoot me with your words
but one day I will rise

You may punish me
by saying lies
but one day I will rise.

You may kill me with your hateful action

but it's like air

and one day I will rise

You may never care about my awful past
and enjoy my tears

but one day I will rise

I may have bad memories
rooted in pain

but one day I will rise

I may have left a fearful life of horror

but one day I will rise

Does my mind upset you
so full of thoughts?

I am an asylum seeker
who seeks for freedom and don't
have anywhere else to go.

Does it come as a surprise to you
that whatever you have done to me

I will forgive you?

Where ever you send me

as long as I see the sun rises and the moon comes
up..

I will rise.....

Home

by Warsan Shire

The full poem is available at the [Genius website](#).

Warsan Shire is a London-based writer, poet, editor and teacher, born 1988 in Kenya to Somali parents. She emigrated to the United Kingdom at the age of one. In 2009, she spent time with a group of young refugees who gave a warm welcome to Shire in their makeshift home at the abandoned Somali Embassy in Rome describing the conditions as cold and cramped. The night before Shire visited, a young Somali had jumped to his death off the roof. "I wrote the poem for them, for my family and for anyone who has experienced or lived around grief and trauma in that way."

no one leaves home unless
home is the mouth of a shark
you only run for the border
when you see the whole city running as well
your neighbours running faster than you
breath bloody in their throats
the boy you went to school with
who kissed you dizzy behind the old tin factory
is holding a gun bigger than his body
you only leave home
when home won't let you stay.
...
you have to understand,
that no one would put their children in a boat
unless the sea is safer than the land
no one burns their palms
under trains
beneath carriages
no one spends days and nights in the stomach of a
truck
feeding on newspaper unless the miles travelled
means something more than journey.
no one crawls under fences
wants to be beaten
wants to be pitied

...

i want to go home,
but home is the mouth of a shark
home is the barrel of the gun
and no one would leave home
unless home chased you to the shore
unless home told you
to quicken your legs
leave your clothes behind
crawl through the desert
wade through the oceans
drown
save
be hungry
beg
forget pride
your survival is more important

no one leaves home unless home is a sweaty voice
in your ear
saying-
leave,
run away from me now
i don't know what i've become
but i know that anywhere