3rd place Junior Poetry

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***Refugee Outreach***

Stepping through the door

I hear children playing

Adults sharing gossip

Normal people going about their day

But some say that they are not like us

That their Muslim faith makes them different

That they are manipulative and violent

Murderers and job-stealers

A little girls walks up to me

Handing me a paper heart

She sits in my lap

As I read her a book

Pointing to the pictures

She names every animal

Soon the story is over

I hug the girl tight

And she hugs me back

These refugees have shared with me

Their homes and stories

They tell of long journeys

Of loved ones left behind

Despite their kindness

We still shun them

But by closing our borders

We close our minds

Become blind

To the rich hues

Of other cultures

Seeing only black and white