

## **Refuge - by Christyvie 10R**

Refuge.

The feeling of being free,  
Of shackles and of oppression  
It's truly a divine thing to be.

In the darkest chapters of history's page,  
Lies the haunting story of human plight,  
A tale of anguish, sorrow, and rage,  
Of slavery's chains and the fight for light.

Whipped and tortured,  
We suffered the consequences  
Our silent cries  
Resulted in our lost defences.

A network of heroes, both known and unknown,  
They sought refuge in the arms of the brave,  
Risking their lives, their compassion shown.  
In the depths of forests, a clandestine enclave.

My ancestors died horrible deaths,  
All because of their skin complexity,  
How vile could someone be?  
Because this is my identity.

May this poem be a solemn reminder,  
To honour the past, and strive for a day,  
That humanity's spirit can blaze like a fire,  
When all find refuge, where hearts can stay.