

Migration poem

By: Lilly Rodney,

Looking around I see you stepping off the boat,
You look small and fragile-over your shoulders-a coat.
I remember when I came to London-oh how scared she must feel,
She gazed around as she could see London's big wheel.

Excited, I ran towards her,
People around me becoming a blur .
She wasn't scared and walked towards me,
I thought she would be scared and flee.

I suggested we could look around,
Really explore London town .
She said yes- I jumped and screamed like a hound,
Down the streets of London we went **down** down down.

After hours of walking;
Chatting and talking .
I decided we should go home,
Back to my cosy, warm dome.

She saw the big red bus ,
When she saw it she made a big fuss.
I told her she would be fine,
She said okay and followed me to the line.

As you walked through the door ,
You were impressed more and more .
My parents asked you questions and ruffled your hair,
I just wanted to show you everywhere.

You settled in just in weeks ,
Then I saw red in your cheeks.
As I looked through your bedroom door I saw tears pour,
I leaped back in sudden surprise!

In the morning we made you a huge traditional breakfast from your country ,
You smiled and that really pleased me.
I didn't see you cry anymore ,
I always check at your door.