

Reconciliation Poem

Imagine being taken away,
No home, no family, no name,
50 k, taken away
Stolen right out of your home,
with nothing to live for,
In an orphanage
no freedom,

We are trying to put these years behind us,
The prime minister said sorry, but
Where is our family tree,
So much has been lost.
Our kids, our hope, our trust.

We live unlike who we are,
We don't believe in who you call christ, it's our
land.

We believe in the spirits and dreams,
This is us.
Let's make the past right and live together

By Jaden