



Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

111

DREAM OF A REFUGEE

Dream, we own it ourselves

losing it all, my soul ignited with want -

a want to gain back what I've lost.

does I owe my dreams anymore? or do I owe it to someone else?

Two paths he diverged in front of me,

either, give up, step back like a coward or -

stand up, rise high, dream the impossible

To me, I'm blessed, chose to fight, not to die in pity and mercy.

As I chose the latter, the path doesn't felt any bit easy

the more I stepped forward, the rainstorms stood lessocious o'er me

wanting to crush me under it,

It emerged from the shadows, loud and wild.

Like butterflies, my dreams flew in front of me,

Harder to catch, yet the beauty left me wanting

The forbidden fruit is the most desired, the sweetest

As it is, dreams for a refugee

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But nothing is experienced, without the urge to try

With fear, but a barrel of hope inside

I walked with tremendous something in me

It told me "hiding behind shadows won't help you,

Thin words should be naked, stronger than a bone,

resilient than steel, sensitive than a nerve."

I learned in a hard way, dragons are protectors,

Humans are uglier, love tastes different for all

And life is not stationary, it's a journey.

Often I despise life, often I hold it close,

between the spaces in my heart.

Never once I stopped dreaming, After every loss,

After every failed attempt, I stood,

tear-streaked, not wanting to give up, I stood.

The rain was hard on me, I danced with it.

Sandstorms hugged me, I played with it.

Oceans, deep, drowning and dark - I learned to swim.

Met varied people, some would empty your whole existence,

stain thou with their crude poison.

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Some breath life into thee, whose presence we yearn again..

In golden letters, I saw dreams on every wall,

Through streets, I saw broken dreams on drained life,

I don't want broken dreams, I don't want them written on walls.

I want them encrypted in the hearts of people lacking hope.

It's easy to feel alone in a world of many things,

to take the train to success, thou must learn to be alone,

Roaring thunder failed to frighten me,

For I'm not sure to reach the other side,

I covered my ears, drowned the sounds;

In hope to see my dreams, a refugee's dream bright as the sun's beams,

emerging from the clouds, eating the darkness.

The cold breeze fustered me, my legs were strong,

For miles I could walk, for I'm not afraid to give up,

The journey continues, until this refugee's dreams see light....

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