

## **The Door Slowly Opened**

**By Mirren Shaw, Year Three, Engadine Public School**

I was in my hut asleep.

The fire was dying,

The embers were flying.

Strange hands grabbed me from my dreams,

I yelled out and began to scream.

I saw my mother cry,

Her fears making her feel like I might die.

It turned to darkness, as I was thrown

Into a truck making me moan.

I didn't know where I was going, I suddenly felt alone,

Minutes and then hours passed, I really wanted to go home.

I hit my head as I came to a stop,

I was exhausted and I fell asleep,

I had lots of memories to try and keep.

When I woke up I saw people like me,

They all stared and started to walk,

Then I went over and started to talk.

Someone came over and clapped his hands,

And all I did was wonder and stand,

What have I done? Should I sit on a chair?

There was silence.

The person towered over me, just like a bear,

He clearly did not care.

I was told we couldn't talk about where we were from,

As I got carried away, I didn't know what to say.

The man dropped me on the floor,

He walked out and slammed the door,

As he told me this was my room and then walked away.

I was taught the white man's ways,

Talk about our culture, land or family – nobody could,

We were told to forget but I never would.

I still remember it all, in my dreams...

30 years later, my family I wanted to find,

I was one of their kind.

I finally found where I was taken from, and meant to be.

*The door slowly opened* and finally it was back to my family and me.