

The Perfect Day.

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What I hoped to be a perfect day,
Turned to one only of dismay.
I hoped that they would just leave us be.
Now this day in history will always be feared by me.

I was washing the dishes with a bar of soap,
Forcing myself not to be a mope.
The kids were out in the garden playing,
And I wasn't listening to what they were saying.

What I hoped to be an okay day,
Wasn't so great by the way,
I hoped that it would be okay for me,
But so far it hasn't been.

I was cleaning the shelves with bottles of old spray,
My husband reading his paper like any other day,
Then there were the screams of young voices,
And I looked at my husband rethinking all of my choices.

What I hoped to be a pleasant day,
Only turned to one ill pray,
That will never come back to haunt me.
The thoughts leave my mind and let me be.

When I ran outside to see them grabbed,
It felt as if my heart had been stabbed.

They were taking my babies and I couldn't do anything,
And that thought made every wound sting.

What I knew would be a horrible day,
But I forced myself to feel okay.
It turned to be one I'll always remember,
And I think I will remain forever.

I cried myself to sleep every night,
Hoping and praying I could win this fight.
My husband told me that they'll soon come home,
But I can't help thinking that they out there, scared and alone.

What was probably the most horrible day,
Is one I don't like to resay.
That day I will never forget,
No matter how much money you can bet.

The words replay in my mind,
'we'll offer a better life and they'll be just fine,'
But how could what they say be right?
When they're not safe with mum and dad for the night.

What will forever be the worst day I had,
Will forever make me scared and sad.
Seeing the feared faces from my kids I've always known,
Their usual smiles were nowhere to be shown.