

Poem stolen generation (Child) ADAM 7A

They took me from my home one day,
I didn't get a choice or say.
I wondered as the car drove far,
If Mum watched from the door

Did she whisper, "*Please don't take my kid?*"
Did she fight them harder than I did?
Or did she cry when I was gone,
Still hoping I'd come back at dawn

They gave me clothes that weren't my own,
A brand-new name, a colder home.

But every night I'd pray and say.
Did my parents give me away

But still, I keep their love inside
A little flame they could not hide

Sometimes I dream of faces clear,
A gentle laugh, a voice so near.
I reach for them, but they fade away
Like shadows at the end of day.

And though they took me far apart,
They couldn't take them from my heart.
I know one day I'll find my way,
Back to the love they couldn't take away.