

Poems by Y6 based on the poem Refugees by Brian Bilston

Year 6 have rewritten the poem Refugees to fit in with their class novel 'Kensuke's Kingdom'.

When Michael first arrives on Kensuke's island, he is not pleased about it and resents the presence of Michael. As the story progresses they become friends. If you read these poems from top to bottom they will have a negative meaning and if you read them from the end to the beginning, in reverse, the meaning is reversed, echoing Kensuke's change of attitude.

Here is the original poem

Refugees by Brian Bilston

They have no need of our help
So do not tell me
These haggard faces could belong to you or me
Should life have dealt a different hand
We need to see them for who they really are
Chancers and scroungers
Layabouts and loungers
With bombs up their sleeves
Cut-throats and thieves
They are not
Welcome here
We should make them
Go back to where they came from
They cannot
Share our food
Share our homes
Share our countries
Instead let us
Build a wall to keep them out
It is not okay to say
These are people just like us
A place should only belong to those who are born there
Do not be so stupid to think that
The world can be looked at another way

And here are the poems by the boys

Sam:

He has no need of my help
So do not tell me
His foreign face could belong to you or me
Should time have dealt a different hand
I need to see him for who he really is
A chancer and a scrounger
With hate in his eyes
An intruder and a trouble-maker
He is not
Welcome here
I should make him
Go back to where he came from
He cannot
Share my food
Share my island
Share my cave
Instead let me
Draw a line to keep him out
It is not okay to say
He is just like me
A place should only belong to those who got there first
Do not be so stupid to think that
The world can be looked at another way

Spencer:

Michael has no need of my help
So you can't tell me
His weary face could belong to me
Should time have dealt a different hand
I need to see him for who he really is
Stealing and begging
Angry and furious
With fire in his eyes
Stupid and dumb
He is not
Welcome here
I should make him
Go back to where he came from
He cannot
Share my food
Share my cave
Share my island

Instead let me
Draw a line to keep him out
It's not okay to say
He is just like me
A place should only belong to the people who found it first
Don't be stupid to think that

Jack:

He has no need of my help
So do not tell me
His scared face could belong to me
Should time have dealt a different hand
We need to see him for who he really is
A chancer and scrounger
Layabout and lounge
With trouble up his sleeve
a threatening rule-breacher
He is not
Welcome here
I should make him
Go back where he came from
He cannot
Share my food
Share my home
Share my island
Instead let me
Build a wall to keep him out
It is not ok to say
He is just like me
A place should belong to who go there first
Do not be stupid to think that
The island can be looked at another way