**Home**

Hurriedly sewn into lovingly-stitched petticoats

The last of the family silver came with us

Across the Channel, across the water

To safety.

We left our life on distant shores

To build another somewhere new

Surrounded by strange customs, language, people

We forged a new future

And made our home again.

The years have passed

Time has changed us

But the silver still sits, pride of place, upon the mantelpiece.

* Ella Tighe
* Age: 12-16