

Everything is different now

He's not the same

He's not the same as he was before.

Mama says it was the war.

He doesn't smile like he did before.

The way he walked through the door.

I hear him every night,

the screams that ruin my mother's smile.

Draining it of the happiness before the war

And now my happiness has begun to dry

I try so hard not to cry.

I wish I could go back to before.

I wish my big brother never went to war.

Gabrielle Breau

Grade 9

École acadienne de Truro