

A Refugee Finds Differences

By Barbara Schiff

The drivers are different - don't drive on the right
Pedestrians different mostly they're white
The language is different - such a strange tongue
Though I have learnt some I may get it wrong
It's quite new to me - I'm not fluent yet
And it doesn't help it's a new alphabet
The people are different - some are hostile
But at least some give me a smile
I find it quite hard to know who to trust
But I'll give it time - I know I'll adjust