

My life in Newry

Newry roads take me home
To the place where I belong,
In Newry city.
Where the Sun rarely shines,
Where the streets are full of cars and people.

I am Polish by birth
And Irish by my heart,
I want to live in Newry forever
For the rest of my life.

My Mommy become an angel
And now she looks at me from the Sky
I will miss you Mommy always
With all the strength of my little heart.

By Milena Palacz, P. 5