

I Am ...

I am the bullied,
I wonder why they do it
I hear them hurting me
I see blood dripping down and tears
I want this to stop
I am the bullied.

I pretend like it does not hurt
I feel that i just melt
I touch my face and feel the tears
I worry that no one will help
I cry like this is the end of my life
I am the bullied.

I understand my pain and that it
hurts badly
I say " PLEASE STOP"
I dream to make this gone one day
I try back away
I hope that they will go away
I am the bullied.

By Greta Perri