Bully

I walked through the alley way,

You see me with your hawk like eyes,

I try not to cry,

You come nearer,

I try to run,

You grab me by the shoulder,

You look into my eyes,

As I cry,

You stop,

I say “why me?”

“Why not?”

You the bully,

Why do you torture?

What about your daughter?

When you go home,

What are you going to say to her?

That you bullied a kid like me,

Innocent, alone, scared,

Huh?

By Isobel Fitzgibbon