Why Me?

Why me?

Why tease me?

Why kick me?

Why box me?

Why knock me down?

Can’t look back, please just cut me some slack,

I say it’s not fair you don’t even care,

Verbal, physical, cyber, everywhere I turn it’s getting higher,

When you torture me you stare into my eyes,

Are you jealous, insecure, lost, sore,

Even any of those four?

Just help me, save me from this never ending war.

The school does not tolerate, but no-one even tries to relate.

I bleed, I plead,

Are you really that cruel?

Am I the fool?

Do I not see the joke?

Why do you revoke?

You make fun of my Mum, my tum,

It’s never ending “fun”

When I cry, you pry.

But tomorrow as you chase me,

I’ll stand up to you,

You will be the one that feels blue,

It’ll finish,

I’ll pull out the stops,

It’s gone too long,

But thanks for making me strong.

By Caoimhe Burke

6th class