

Home

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Photo - Brickstone

Honorable Mention - Poetry

Home is the place
Where I can be me.
I feel safe.
Nobody makes fun of me.

So-called 'friends' invite me to go bowling with them.
An hour goes by and no one has to come.
I go home then
Thinking that they wanted to bowl with me was dumb.

The bully lurks
Pretending to be my friend
And makes fun of my quirks,
Again and again.

I look forward to attending school,
Like my teachers, classes and learning.
Definitely, do not like when the bullies are cruel
And I am hurting.

Stressful at school during lunch times,
No one will let me sit at their table to eat.
Alone, I dine
While the bullies tell me to leave my seat.

The crowd huddles together and points at me.
One bully says, "look how he walks."
They laugh and laugh at me.
And another bully shouts, "why doesn't he talk?"

What is wrong with me?
Why won't they leave me alone?
Please let me be
I want to go home.

Here comes the school bus.
I take my seat.
Hope there will be no fuss
Because I can't wait to get home to eat.

Name calling,
“weirdo,” “retard,” butt-head.”
The bullies are applauding
On what was just said.

Pushed down into mud that splashes
Snowballs thrown at me.
I am sad; they broke my glasses.
Why are they so mean to me?

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