

I Am...The Bully

By Charlene Grade 7

I am the bully,

I wonder what it would be like to be nice,

I hear whispers as I walk by like, "run!" or "hide!",

I see them hurt after I yell,

I am the bully.

I pretend I have friends but I don't,

I feel the meanness push its way out,

I touch my heart and I know it is wrong,

I worry I will really hurt someone one day,

I cry when that day comes,

I am the bully.

I understand that it not only hurts them, but me,

I say, "what's wrong?" but they don't look at me,

I dream I will help someone,

I try to be nice but it's not in my nature,

I hope I don't get into trouble with the teacher,

I am the bully.