

## I Am...The Bully

By Taylor Grade 7

I am the bully,

I wonder why I can't stop,

I hear the cowardly whimpers,

I see the tears streaming down their faces,

I want some friends,

I am the bully.

I pretend I'm cool and not hurting,

I feel the damage I do,

I touch the ground with my feet as I walk around lonely,

I worry I will hurt someone,

I cry myself to sleep,

I am the bully.

I understand I hurt,

I say, "you're weird",

I dream people will talk to me,

I try to ignore the posters that say, stop!

I hope I get a reaction of sadness,

I am the bully.