

The Only Bully

By Ameena Hollyer

She stepped out in the morning, head held high
She greeted the sun as she touched the sky
A smile-filled face and a heart full of song
She played with the clouds as she skipped along

She breathed the breeze and was the light
All was good, and all would be right
Happy, sweet, at the world's very top
Here she came, if you liked it or not

Hugging her books, through the doors of the school
She entered straight to the face of a duel
"Well if it isn't Miss-Better-Than-Us-All!"
She smiled and proceeded throughout the hall

In her first period, her second clash
Writing poems, in English class
"Hey, dummy, your piece sucked!"
She winked back. "Jealous, much?"

Second period, the making of art
"What's that, a misshapen heart?"
She smiled with pity. "Love that's banned—"
"It's an abstract concept, you wouldn't understand."

Then twelfth hour, time for lunch
The girls stood in a gawping bunch
"Hey, chubby, go starve yourself!"
She sighed. "Can't, it's bad for the health!"

Science class, her third time slot
She loved her chem but her brain did not
"I'm sorry, sweetie, science is for males"
She kept silent; she would not fail

Her last period, ball in the gym
"Hey, shorty, need some wings?"
"Can you even reach? I think not!"
She just laughed as she sunk a shot

When the bell went off, her head was high
She took no spite and believed no lie
But turning for home, her step was altered
Her breath shortened, and her heart, it faltered

Her shoulders slumped, pressed by fear
The bully was coming, ever near
The breeze turned grey, steely, cold
Slitting her skin and kissing her bones

Trembling, shaking, praying for change
But drawing yet closer, in the range
She could sense, and already hear
The familiar voice, deep in her ear

Now, the whispering, it grew loud
And her head, it dipped, farther down
Struggling, drowning, trying to fight
Those harsh words, that blackened the light

“Coming home, you little creature?
Too bad your future’s ever bleaker
Than it was; but, oh well
Come to my arms; I’ll show you hell!”

“No,” she whispered. “Please mercy, please—”
But the barrage forced her heart to its knees
“You know it’s pointless, stop your pleading
You’re worthless, with your heart bleeding

“You’re so useless, now tell me why?
You deserve just to be left to die
Stupid, disgusting, ugly, fat
So tell me—can you argue with that?”

She entered her home, heaving, sobbing
Her spirit broken, her heart throbbing
Mind so full of pain and fear
But her feet drew on, stumbling, near

The voice grew louder, familiar, the same
And still she followed the malicious names
She’d once again have to look in the face
Behind that cruel and cutting hate

She staggered to her room, and opened the door
Dropped her bag and books on the floor
She crawled over to the farthest wall
Drawn with a leash to heed the call

Now the voice ripped her mind apart
“Oh, you have such a filthy heart
Stop crying, you deserve this hurt
You’re a dirty animal who has no worth!”

She gasped in pain and lifted her head
The daily sight still filled her with dread
The eyes of the bully she couldn’t stand against
Peeked out of the mirror, from her own face.