

Bullying Poems

Shame

There's a girl at school
We teased today
Made jokes, called her names.
My friends all laughed,
Called it harmless fun.
Said it was just a game.

Now I'm at home
Feeling horrid inside,
Long gone that thoughtless grin.
How will I face her
Tomorrow at school?
I wish I hadn't joined in.

Tracey Blance

New Girl

Have you seen the new girl?
First-day -at-our-school girl
Not-sure-what-to-do girl
No-partner-in-the-queue girl
Mouth-stuck-down-like-glue girl
Looking-a-little-blue girl
Needs-a-friend-or-two girl
So what you going to do girl?

Danielle Sensier

It Hurts

It hurts when someone makes remarks
About the clothes I wear,
About the foods I refuse to eat
Or the way I cover my hair.

It hurts when someone laughs and jokes
About the way I speak.
Ignore them says my bad, but it's hard
To turn the other cheek

It hurts when someone calls me names
Because of the colour of my skin.
Everyone's different outside
But we're all the same within.

John Foster

Bullied

Bullies get you.
I don't know how but they do.
The seem to have some
Secret inborn radar
Tuned into loners
Quiet ones
Different ones

You don't have to
Do anything, say anything
Seems you just have to be you

Grown-ups think they know
Bullies? Just cowards, they say,
Unsure of themselves,
Needing to act big.
But its hard to believe
When jeering faces
Zoom up to yours.

When they are hassling you.
Calling you names
Leading the chanting
The whispering
Urging others on,
A relentless horde
Of nagging, peaking birds

Then there's the 'in-betweens',
The waiting, the not knowing
Just sure that
Sooner or later
It's going to come
The worst times;
The thinking times

Don't ask me the answer
I don't know but -
I'm getting there.

Keep my eyes skinned
Find a crowd to vanish into
Before they see me

Cornered, I know I cant look at them
In the eye - but I've learned
Not to look at the floor,
try to walk tall.

Mostly I've learned
To talk in my head,
Tell myself
Its not me, I'm all right -
They're the idiots, the misfits
Eventually
It begins to sink in

I'm getting tougher inside
It's working
Just don't give in

Try anything, anything
But don't let them win

Patricia Leighton

Dream Team

My team
Will have all the people in it
Who're normally picked last.

Such as me.

When it's my turn to be chooser
I'll overlook Nick Magic- Feet-Jo-nes
And Supersonic Simon Hughes.

And I'll point at my best friend Sean
Who'll faint with surprise
And delight.
And at Robin who's always the one
Left at the end that no one chose -
Unless he's away, in which case it's guess who?

And Tim who can't see a thing
Without his glasses.
I'll pick him.

And the rest of the guys that Mr Miller
Calls dead legs but only need their chance
To show what they're made of.

We'll play in the cup final
In front of the class, the school, the town.
The world the galaxy.

And due to masterly leadership shown
By their captain, not forgetting
His three out-of -this-world goals,

We'll WIN.

Frances Nagle