

Poetry Day

THURSDAY 28 APRIL 2016

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  #PoetryDayIRL

www.poetryday.ie

Bully

ENDA WYLEY

You are a sharp pencil
in my side during every class,
a robber of all the homework I do,
a smiling, sweet face for the teacher
but a hissing, green-eyed demon to me.

You are cruel glass in the playground,
a towering wall that blocks my way home.
You push, kick, bruise, taunt, sneer, laugh
at me – there is nowhere you won't find me.
My nights and mornings have your cruel stare.

But there'll come a time when you'll fall down,
when you'll cry out, when you'll be left alone.
Then who will help you up, dry your eyes, brush
dust from your knees, gently wash your cuts clean?
Who will take your hand and walk home with you?