“Hurt”

In this poem, I noticed that the author…

When you have to move

From the place you can remember

Having lived the longest in your life,

And you have no say about it, (kids adjust, right?)

It hurts.

When it’s going from a very small town

To a medium city for the state you’re in

And the social stuff going on

You don’t really understand,

It hurts.

When the school counselor on the first day of school

Says over the loudspeakers

Not to cry if you get confused

And you can’t help it, and get labeled a “cry baby,”

It hurts.

When one of your “friends”

Tells you she can’t be

Your friend anymore

Because another friend doesn’t like you,

It hurts.

When you’re teacher really doesn’t get

What’s going on with kids your age

And wants to know why

You’re making HER life harder,

It hurts.

When your dad tries to help you

With your math homework

And he ends up mad, and you’re crying

And he accuses you of fueling your tears by drinking water,

It hurts.

That’s what I remember of my first year

Of what’s now called “middle school.”

I don’t’ want to think about what it’d be lie

To be subjected to a cyber-bullying attack!

Unimaginable hurt.