

Anti-Bullying Poems

What have I ever done to you?

Roses are red, nasty words make me feel blue,

Why are you so mean, what have I ever done to you?

What starts as a laugh,

Leads to a shove,

Your punches leave bruises,

And your hurtful words leave scars,

You're a bully,

A nobody,

Because you're so insecure,

You will never beat me of that I am sure,

Next time you see me keep your words and hands to yourself,

I'm better than you,

What more can you do,

You have made me much stronger,

You matter no longer.

By Phoebe-Jane McDonald-Conlon.

Bullying

Sorrow,

Words that hurt,

They treat me like worthless dirt.

They really don't care,

Do they not understand that it's not fair?

Do they not understand that these words cut like knives?

I'm stressed, depressed, messed.

I'm worn inside

I'm torn outside.

I feel like a bird that's lost flight

Glued to the floor

Numb and stranded.

I could sail to success and be shining star

But these words are keeping me depressed and happiness is afar.

By Khadija Ahmed Yr 8

Untitled

You should know, bullying hurts.

It starts with one word, one word you blurt.

Fat, ugly, worthless. These are the words they hear.

Did you know, your their biggest fear?

Day by day you torment them,
it takes so long for their hearts to mend.

All they ask for is one true friend,
but you make them want their lives to end.

Everyday they wake up with regret,
all they want to do is forget.

It's not just hitting and punching, it's the words you say,

they hurt so much, they want to fade away.

This is when enough is enough,
they're sick of playing strong, sick of playing tough.

But they know they can make it through,
you may not have known, but they always knew.

They put on a fake smile and pretend they're okay,
they believe they can make it all the way.

Of course your words still offend,
but they have been pieced back together again.

You see, all they ever needed was a friend,
someone to stand by them when the bullying came again.

Now they are free,
the insults barely sting, don't you see?

But one more thing before you go,
did you enjoy the little show?

Remember, words can hurt more than the punch,
Believe me now? Cause this was just a hunch.

By Rebecca Cockburn