WORDS HURT

*Tamis Baron*

Hugging my school books close to my chest

My feet remember the path to my class

Eyes to the ground as I pass the popular crowd

Their traveling whispers bark disapproving

Charged with a spark of accusing for nothing I’ve caused or deserve

I wish I could say I’m used to it

I wish I could say I’m immune to it

But words hurt

I run to my seat, the teacher is speaking

Calling the roll, my surname appears

I say that I'm here but wish I wasn't

Freak, filters in from the side

Gossiping girls with mascaraed eyes laugh back and forth

Their painted lips like swords

I slowly breathe in, I don’t turn around

I swallow the clog in my throat back down

I don’t defend it, it isn’t worth it

So I pretend I hadn’t heard it

I wish I could say I’m used to it

I wish the phrase was true that it never can break my bones

But like sticks and stones words hurt, words hurt

Cause words hurt, words hurt