

One person can change it all.

That's right, isn't it?

One person can stop bullies.

Right?

I mean that's what you said throughout grade school.

And what's foolish enough,

I believed you.

It doesn't work.

One person doesn't help

At least

Not

For

Me.

Because they didn't have the courage to.

Or they didn't know.

Petty excuses for it, when others recognized it,

When I TOLD THEM.

We all went through the same classes.

I know it's bullying, so they knew too.

They could have stood up,

But instead they laughed.

And joined in,

Tearing down every individual piece of me.

And Gosh forbid something good happened,

They would kill that too.

But hey at least they didn't know I'm panromantic, asexual, or agender.

But they knew everything else.

Nobody stood up for me.

They knew it was wrong.

But they did

NOTHING!

Absolutely Nothing

So I tore myself down too,

Because somebody tells me I'm

Fat.

Ugly.

Stupid.

Unlikeable.

Idiot.

A demon.

A horrible singer.

Worthless.

And No One defends me.

So I thinks it's real.

After all if nobody stands up for me,

Then everyone must believe it,

And it has to be true.

If one person even tried to speak

It wouldn't have mattered

No one would have stopped.

But maybe one person

Could have told me

I was

Beautiful.

Pretty.

Smart.

Lovable.

Bright.

An amazing person.

A strong voice.

Priceless.

Even though I'm not.

Maybe those words would keep me

From my nightmares that haunt me every night.

The restlessness I have.

The not hungry and the stuff your face to keep from thinking.

Probably not, but maybe, maybe even a little bit,

They could have tried to protect me.

They could have tried to stop me

And the blades and the blood at

11 Pm

When the rest of them are laughing

And sleeping.
I sob and
Dig for an answer to why I am the one who wants to die.
Why I feel the need to hide.
Why I CANNOT BE HAPPY.
But I'm a good victim,
I won't scream in pain
As the iron and plasma stains my skin,
Instead I ignore it, put on a sweatshirt,
Even though I know it's
99 degrees outside.
Even though I know,
I look strange.
Because I would look stranger
With scars on my wrists.
Because no one would leave me unpunished.
I step outside, and ignore the pain on
My wrist,
My arm,
My thigh,
My brain,
And my heart.
But no one knows,
Because who would care?
If I died, no one would feel sad,
So why would they care about shredded wrists and bags under my horrible and wet eyes.
And you saying,
One person could change,
Is wrong.
It took one person's silence to bring me here,
But it will take more than that to get me out.