Questions Without Answers

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Questions Without Answers

They say that the bullies grow up
But do they remember
The power they held?
The way the words formed us
Chiseling away at our self esteems
The way they would chase us
Calling us names
The way we would cry
And the teachers would tell us
To grow thicker skins
Do they remember how they were punished
By visits to kindly principals
Who asked them if they would do it again
And gave them a treat when they said no
And we were forced to say
“I forgive you”
Every
Single
Time
Do the bullies know they haunt us
That their names are now tainted
How their words were made of stones
Do they know they were bullies?
Or are they the heroes
In the sagas of their childhoods?
What role do we play,
The crying, odd children
With wrong hair, wrong skin,
Wrong smiles, wrong love,
In the tales they spin for their own children?
And will they remember
When their child comes home crying
Will they remember us?
Or will they fight bullying
And never think
Of the consequences of their own actions.
They say that bullies grow up.
I just want to know
If they remember.

-Steph Haeg
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