

HOMMOCKS

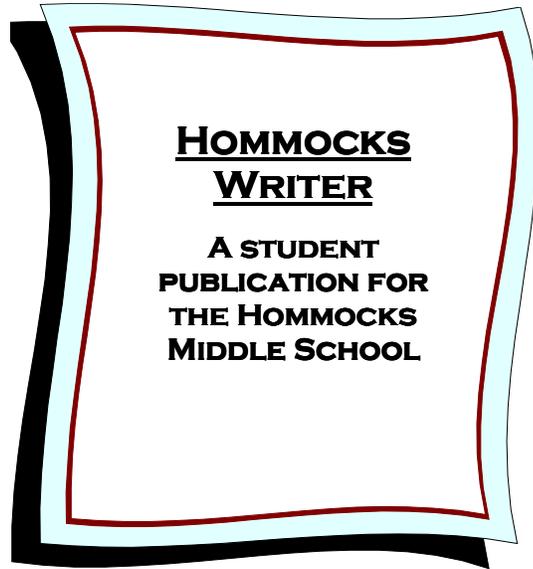


WRITER

Summer, 2014

EDITORS FOR THIS ISSUE

Rachel Barry
Abby Bennitt
Sophia Glinski
Jenna Hart
Natalie Hofstedt
Ava King
Molly Kreisman-Dionne
Clare Lane
Lucas Lee
Rebecca Mancuso
Erin Meador
Grace Meador
Michael Montoni
Danny Regan
Paula Torres
Gabriella Antoinette Tucciarone
Sarah Waring
Audrey Williamson



ADVISOR: Ms. McCURDY-LITTLE

THANK YOU TO:

Cover by: Yeji Han

Summer
 Summer is sweet like cotton candy
 And burns bright, like the sun
 Summer is a lantern
 Guiding us through the dark winter
 Summer is a smile
 Filling us with joy
 Summer is like fireworks
 Colorful and fun and happy
 Summer is a free spirit
 Jumping, singing, twirling, dancing
 Summer is fabulous
 Who wouldn't love it?

Jenna Freidus



Roberta Vasili

“=”
 Gay or straight
 Female or Male
 What you are doesn't define you
 Only you define you

People are cruel
 They call you names
 Make you feel like less of a person
 It's not fair

To be a person is to be who you are
 People can't accept that?
 Then push them aside and do your thing

Aren't "All men created equal?"
 What happened to that?
 You learn someone close to you is gay
 You can't shut him out for being who he is

That just means you are afraid
 to be who you are.

Jalesia Alvarez

Life Is Merely A Dream

Lay down your little head
And go to sleep
Pretend that life is a dream
And your dreams are life
That when you lay your head
And say good night
You're traveling to
Your "Land of Nod"
Where the world is peaceful
And so am I
Where you don't have to hide
From who you are
Or what people think you are
You can play in the flowers
And dance in the rain
While the world outside is on fire
And full of pain
You can listen to the nymphs sing a lullaby
And drift to sleep on a lily pad
All the while knowing you'll come back
To a world where imagination is crushed by the hand
Where the birds cease to sing
Where children starve and live in ditches
Where you're separated by labels like gay and straight
Where innocent men and women are killed
For money, fame, or just a reason to find a lust not yet found
Where life is more of a nightmare
Than anything else
Little child, please lay your head and go to sleep
To a land where your dreams are life
And life is merely a dream
Where you are free to live as you please
And to a land where you can be free
Of this nightmare that is called the world
To you and me

Kailee Paterson



Isabella Valdez

Poetry Live! Winners in April 2014

The Bully's Heart
Inspired by Mark Strand

Blood trickles down his face.
There is no happiness like mine.
He doubles over and lets out a cry.
Another boy glances then looks away,
ashamed.
His eyes, confused, not knowing
What's right or wrong.
A fire ignites inside of me
somewhere deep down and the

power stands tall.
Out of nowhere, I feel this other boy's
hot breath threatening me, telling
me to step down from the power
I wanted so dearly.
I've fallen to my knees begging for-
giveness.
He stares back, looking satisfied.
I look up and see the weak boy still
doubled over and I feel his
pain as my heart opens up.

Carmen Cowles

Inspired by Louise Gluck

Doom in the classroom
This competition is a race with the clock.
A race - where only mere air particles can
block me.
My hands dodge your hurtles,
and secret tricks
Perplexing circles, and backdoor exits
Don't try to restrain me.
Your attempts are in vain,
Or, if anything, entertaining.
What will you do, when I reach the end?
Your ink and paper, at loss again

Numbers will run off the page
In fright of my enormity, and of my rage.
That line, where you write your name
Keep it, as a memory
When I cross that finish line
I want a gold medal
Not a 'have your parent sign.'
Your red pen is your sword
But my will dubs me "lord"
And confidence surmounts
Any test or action of trounce...

Emma Kaneti

Spider of Lies

Inspired by Louise Gluck

She feels a lie crawling up her throat.
She spits it out like a beat to a melody.
Now that the blood stains are covered, her hands
are free to dirty more
As the tip of the whip slashes,
crashes through the air
He feels betrayal through every hit
You have to admit
The truth is being buried in a coffin
It happens too often
It starts with innocence being looked at with
an evil eye
But slowly, hate infects another nation
Good people will grow ill and blind as the cloak of
lies descend upon them.
Now we are all condemned to a life of pain and lies
Sometimes I do try
Not to live the lie
But spinning its web
I get tangled
And I realize life's a bitch,
I have to teach this
Atticus Finch
One day we will die
So why lie?
What's the point in a circle?

You said, "My hands are tied..."
In a knot? Is that the reason why you never fought?
You never fixed what you broke
Those who never spoke
Scars have been made, skin has been broken
Trust has been shattered and you wonder
why does it matter?
For the wrong people, for the wrong reasons
It's everything
It starts small
But it takes control
You look for truth and peace but the world be-
comes a blur of red and black fast
But that's the past
Now he hangs in the summer breeze, his wife cries,
"If you please?"
Tomorrow is another but the melody plays on
The truth will hurt like a knife in the hands of your
cheating wife
Believe me, I know
But that doesn't matter
It's the color of his skin
That's what let her win
So why do I try?
Because I don't want his kids to say good bye

Gabriella Tucciarone

SEASONS

Based on Robert Frost

Outdoors begins with a green bang,
Before you know it, that song already sang.
Green turns to yellow,
Then finishes its symphony dramatically like a cello.
All is gone now,
Nature takes its bow.
Beauty will come soon enough my dear,
Bask in her essence while she is here.
Maddie Silverstein

Poetry Live! Winners in April 2014

Poison
Inspired by Billy Collins

It starts as a mild dose of annoyance
mixed with a tang of jealousy.

Then it is stirred into a pot of
anguish and injustice.

It heats, and simmers, and begins to boil.

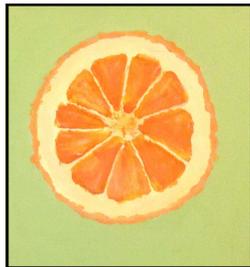
Dumped into a vat of true hatred,
Pure evil is lurking waiting for the one
tempted enough to take a sip
just big enough.

Evelyn Astorina



Yeji Han

Dimitrios
Orfanos



Inspired by “We Real Cool”
written by Gwendolyn Brooks

Forever?

Silence turns into conversation
Only to be silenced again.

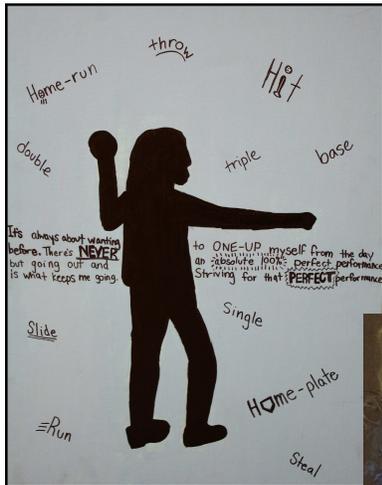
They talk to introduce themselves. They talk
Every night until twelve. They talk

About jokes they made up together. They talk
About how they’ll be friends forever. They talk

Less often because things are complicated. They talk
Barely ever, now they’re frustrated. They talk

Only about summer changing into fall. Now they talk
About nothing at all.

Daniela St. Pierre



Stephanie Torres

Finals
Inspired by
Gwendolyn Brooks

Up and away
The children all play
We stay inside. We
Have no slide. We
Do our work. We
Cannot lurk. We
Stay up late. We
Set our fate. We
Watch the rain. We
Take the pain. We
Look away. For we
Cannot play

Mackenzie Lynch



Max McLaughlin

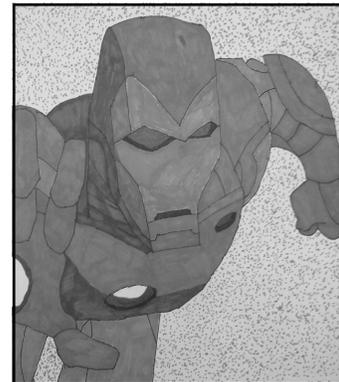
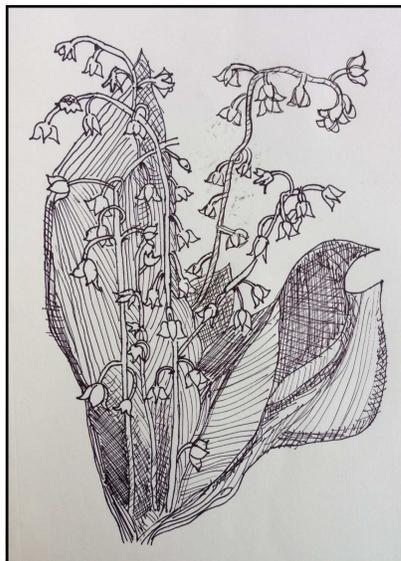
Lily of the Valley

Nestled in the green you lay
Your ivory bells cascade
While others bask in the sun
You ring softly in the shade

As I ponder your
delicate strength,
You sing your glorious song
And I wonder how you stay
beautiful for so very long

Even as the sun sets
And the cold creeps in
Your tiny voice keeps singing
And on your face, a grin

Sophia Glinski



Pijus Kalindra

Swimming
 Inspired by Gwendolyn Brooks

Swimming
 Is a sport
 That doesn't make you feel short,
 That doesn't give you time
 To catch your breath,
 Or talk to Marybeth.
 Swimming
 Is a pain
 Not from a sprain,
 Not from an injury,
 But going to practice,
 And getting the tactics,
 And wanting to be fastest.
 But swimming is MINE
 Isn't that divine?

Fatim Seck

Seasons
 Inspired by Robert Frost

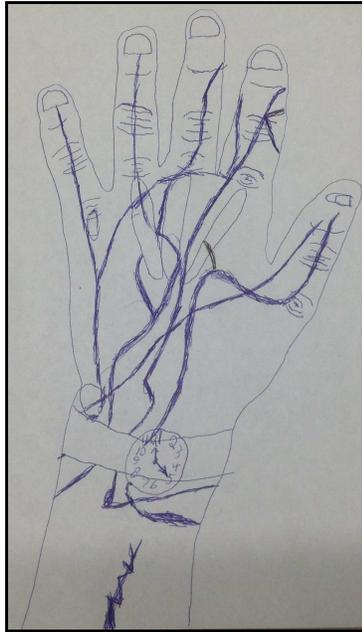
As the darkness
 comes into winter's day
 The sun may never like to stay
 When spring comes, Mother Nature's
 tears turn into showers
 But it will always have a positive out-
 come with small and gentle flowers
 Into summer come the hottest days
 As the trees with the soft cool breeze
 seem to sway
 When autumn's leaves start to fall, it
 may seem like the tree is getting older
 But if you pay close attention you
 might just see the seasons
 Get a little bit colder.

Gabby Delpezo

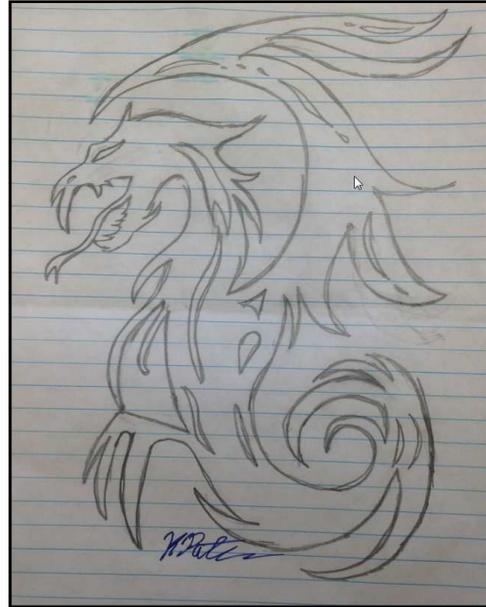
<p style="text-align: center;">Never Doubt a Rainbow Inspired By Robert Frost</p> <p>This wonderful, colorful hue With reds and violets and blue, Its semicircular shape Like it is the cloud's cape</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">A ribbon painting in the sky Looming down from so high</p> <p>Showing the significance of the world All the secrets are unfurled So this just goes to show Never doubt a rainbow</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Ella Nahr</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;">Her eyes are dead, Though her lips draw up In a smile. She's started Wearing long sleeves Again in the summer. Her laugh is</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Colder than a Winter gust. She's still here, And she's still sad. But who's to know?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Katy Reilly</p>
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Aidan
Manning



Kailee Paterson



Terraform: Never Look Back
George Gristina

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.

This was the sound I first heard on the day we fell. *BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.* “Ace, get up!” I heard Dad yell. I get up and get dressed in typical wear. A grey jumpsuit and a green famer’s vest sit in my closet for outings to London. But for today, I put on my blue jumpsuit for comfort if I decide to go swimming. I slide into the padded suit and zip it up.

Dad walks in. “Ace, your friends are here. Say they found something interesting.” I yawn and walk outside to meet Amanda and James. Amanda must have been asleep too.

I yawn, “What is it that I, 1 of the three 19 year olds within two miles have to be woken up for at 5:00AM?”

James replies, “You get up around now anyways, but I found a weird hole - that’s why.”

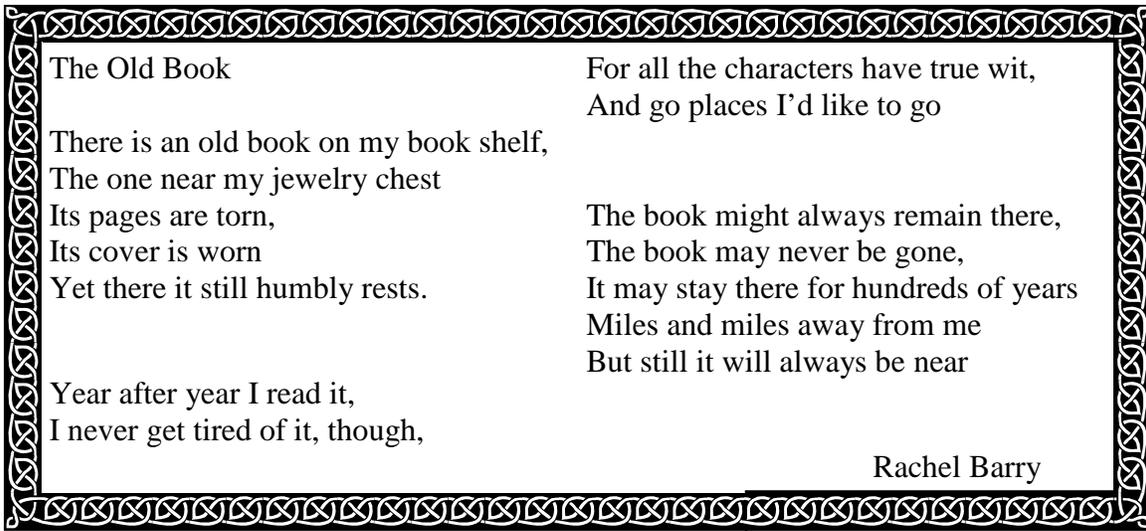
“A hole?”

“Yeah like a tunnel straight down.” Then I see his bungee cords.

“Oh no.”

“Uh huh.”

I knew I was not getting out of this so I walked along. Soon we were at the hole... ready to jump.



The Old Book

There is an old book on my book shelf,
The one near my jewelry chest
Its pages are torn,
Its cover is worn
Yet there it still humbly rests.

Year after year I read it,
I never get tired of it, though,

For all the characters have true wit,
And go places I'd like to go

The book might always remain there,
The book may never be gone,
It may stay there for hundreds of years
Miles and miles away from me
But still it will always be near

Rachel Barry

Words Unspoken

The bitter taste of words unspoken
Choking you
Begging to be said
One day I think
One day they will climb up my throat
into my mouth
So suddenly and I will have a voice
Sitting in silence has given me time to think
Think about what words should be said
When they finally lose patience and
run out of my mouth
They will fall into the air and
crawl into their ears
Tell them to think
To ask them kindly to consider waiting like
I have
Their words run a marathon a day
No wonder they are so tired.

Helen Clarida

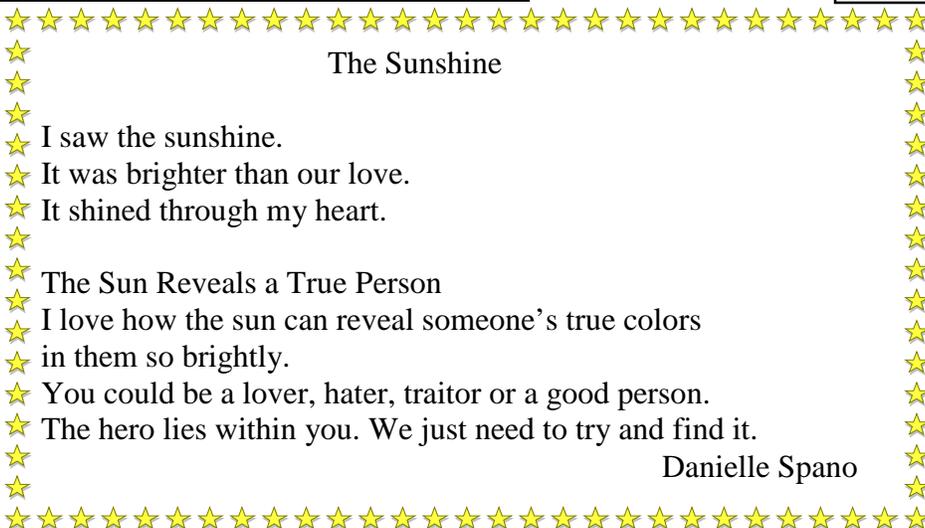
I

I remember
I remember you
I remember you when
I remember you when I
I remember you when I died.

I remember when we ran
I remember when we danced
I remember when we laughed
And loved
And dreamed
And wished
And stayed
I remember when we walked
I remember when we broke everything
I remember when all I saw was gray
I remember when I found you

I remember when we wrote this poem.

Natalie Hofstedt and Jenna Hart



The Sunshine

I saw the sunshine.
It was brighter than our love.
It shined through my heart.
The Sun Reveals a True Person
I love how the sun can reveal someone's true colors
in them so brightly.
You could be a lover, hater, traitor or a good person.
The hero lies within you. We just need to try and find it.

Danielle Spano

What is Home?
Chelsea Finstad

I quickly swallowed the last bite of my warm and gooey ham and cheese sandwich as I was about to board the plane. It was finally summertime and I was going home for the first time since leaving Canada.

“Come on, Chelsea! We don’t want to miss our flight!” my mom exclaimed to me as I was just standing by the garbage can.

“I will be there in a minute!” I replied. “I have to throw out my trash.”

We stood in line to get onto the airplane for what felt like forever. When we finally cleared the gate, we made our way onto the plane and found our seats. I sat down in my seat and gazed out the window. *What would my hometown be like now? What has changed?* I thought to myself as the plane was ascending.

Two planes and a taxi ride later, I was at the house we were residing at for the next few weeks. The house belonged to a friend of my parents. All the furniture was in style and artfully arranged. It looked like a page from a magazine. The seashells, paintings of the beach, and the sand in the backyard were decorated especially for summer. The wooden floor looked as if it hadn’t seen a cat or dog in its life. Of course,

my parents’ friend was a designer. It would be so nice to live here all the time.

Later, I went up to the room which would be mine for the next few weeks, and I put away all my belongings. My limbs were sore and felt like lead. My shoulders and back ached from the uncomfortable airplane seats. I was two time zones away from what I was used to. As soon as my head touched the pillow, I plunged into a deep sleep.

The next morning, I felt revived from a good night’s rest. I would be meeting one of my best friends from my hometown. Her name is Sophie, and we were always so goofy and crazy together. On the car ride to her house, my knees bounced up and down and my fingers tapped the car door idly. I was giddy with anticipation to see her again. We got to her house just after lunch. I bolted out of the car and up the stairs to her front door and rang the bell. She opened the door and we hugged.

“Chelsea, you’re here! I haven’t seen you in ages! What have you been up to?” Sophie asked.

“Not much,” I replied. “What about you? I’ve hardly heard from you since I moved?”

She made an excuse: "Oh sorry, I don't check my emails frequently." Suddenly she changed the subject, "Do you want to go to my bedroom?"

"Sure, let's go," I answered. We climbed up the stairs and went into her room.

The bed was unmade and there were clothes all over the floor. "It's good to know that you haven't got any more organized since I last saw you," I joked.

"Ha-ha, very funny," she smirked. The rest of the visit at her house was pretty decent. We went to the playground, hung out in the bouncy castle in the backyard, and relaxed in her basement. Soon, I had to go. I waved goodbye as I went into the car.

"Bye, Sophie! See you soon!" I cried out.

"Goodbye, Chelsea. Thanks for coming over!" Sophie responded.

Sophie seemed different, I thought to myself. Even though we had fun, we had grown apart. She was more mature and grown-up, but I hadn't changed much since I moved. At least I didn't think so because being goofy and crazy came naturally to me. I wondered why she changed the subject about not being in touch so abruptly before. Maybe she didn't want to be friends with me long distance? I guess I will never know for sure.

"What's the matter?" my friend asked.

"It's not important," I replied. There is no use in complaining about this, I figured. Since my old house was so close to Sophie's, I passed it as I was driving away. It looked mostly unchanged, but it had a different vibe to it. There is a young family who lives in the house now and there were a bunch of toys out front. It didn't seem like the home I recalled. Everything was changing and it caught me off guard. Looking back on that day, I realized now that change is natural. People grow up and your home is where you make it. It is the people inside it that make it a home. I have great friends here and some are even better than Sophie. Every so often, I become nostalgic for my old home, school and life; however, I don't dwell on it. Every revolution in a person's life is an adventure; she will meet new people and experience new things. I understood that. But no matter what happens, I will be fine.



Sophia
Glinski

Painting

My life
is a painting

At first
there is only
a blank canvas

Slowly
the paint brush of life

Fills in
the blanks
and covers it
with colors

It strokes
across the page

Filling my life
with precious memories
and
beautiful
bright days

But it also
brings dark times
and rough moments

For no painting
is perfect

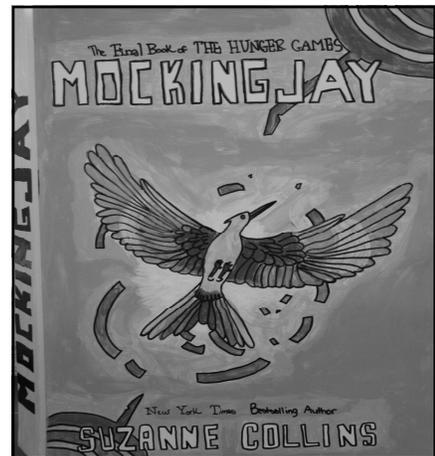


Sarah Larsen

Thalia Ierodiaconou

When the sun comes out,
it is very shy,
it timidly shines its light,
among the tired sky,
warily it goes,
picking up the speed,
poking its powerful rays
into the early morning seeds
which bloom to become
dancing flowers,
vividly colored
with strong powers,
they create the mood
for early goers,
so when the day
leisurely prances in,
they are glad knowers
of the sun's
aura.

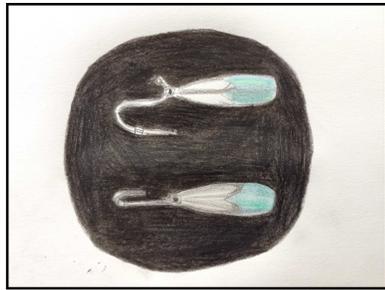
Emma Kaneti



Rita Glazer



Kevin Santos



Sophia Glinski

Earring Back

My mother is an earring back,
 She holds up the family, a shiny and dangling ear-
 ring.
 She's always there:
 To support you and your precious treasure,
 And even when you drop her,
 With yelling and such,
 It puts up with you,
 And she puts up with you too!
 But in the end,
 You pick it back up.
 In the end,
 You love her just fine.
 There is always
 An earring back
 Behind every beautiful earring
 And there is always a mom
 Behind every great child.
 It and she would always be there.
 Though it's seemingly meaningless,
 She and it,
 They are more important
 Than you may think.

Katy Reilly

I.

There are always questions but never answers.
 Like what is the meaning of life?
 There are thoughts of the human mind too complicated to be answered.
 Or maybe we just complicate things by the way we look at them.
 We get so caught up thinking about what's going to happen or what already
 happened that we don't realize what's going on right now.

Broken down.

Lost pieces of my soul are scattered.
 What is left of me is no longer whole.

No longer who I used to be.

Like broken puzzle pieces, never to be put back together again.
 Forgotten in a sea of strangers to be found and discovered.

Aileen Morales

II.



Rotary Winners



To a Bully

You may think I'm tiny
You may think I'm small
You may think I'm
nothing
nothing at all

You may think it's funny
To be so cruel
You may think that I'm nothing but
An utter fool

But everything you're thinking
Is completely wrong
Because though I may look tiny
I can be very strong

So laugh at me, tease me
To your heart's desire
But always remember
It won't get you higher

Rachel Barry

Bullying
I walk a bit faster
Alerting my senses.
Glancing behind me,
Sweat trickles down my neck.
My heart stops.
I spot him rounding the corner.
I'm jogging now.
"Please don't see me,
please don't see me,"
I chant over,
And over.
I'm panting now.
"Almost home,"
I reassure myself.
He spots me.
His dark eyes narrow,
And a smirk creeps onto his face.
I start to panic.
My legs wobbling,

Heart throbbing.
He's creeping close,
"HELP!"
I shriek
To anyone who will listen,
But my words just echo.
He's so close,
Too close.
I feel his
Hot breath.
I won't let him
Beat me up.
He can't
Take my money.
I won't
Do his homework.
I need to escape.
I have to get home.

Abby Bennitt



Samuel Pignalosa

Rotary Winner
Bullying Hurts the Soul
Angelica Santarsiero

She sat in the corner with no one there to listen to her pain or bother to hear her cries for help. She began to shrivel into a ball of nothing, wondering why life was so cruel to her. Her parents dare to tell her to get over it, and they dare to leave her in a void that would soon engulf her inside forever, with no way to get out. She was a waste of space, not fulfilling any purpose. A doormat for everyone to wipe their feet on and walk away: a dish cloth, cleaning up everyone's mess. She was nothing that no one cared about, ignored.

Her life was just a bunch of laughter and scowling eyes that pointed at her. Her life was nothing more than a bunch of rumors and name calling that slowly consumed her heart into the darkness. She would smile and laugh along with all the others, hoping to cover her wounded heart with a smile that could be broken with just one word. She is on thin ice that could collapse at any moment, sending her into the depths of the ocean, never to be seen again, and that was okay with everyone.

She starts to wonder what life would be like without her, if anyone would miss her. She starts to wonder if

anyone loves her, cares for her, and acknowledges her as a human with feelings, not just an emotionless robot that could be easily replaced. She starts to think it would be better off if she was a ball of nothing after all, and she prays that she was never even born into this nightmare of a world that shoots her down every time she tries to get back onto her own two feet. She began to feel it was hopeless as she tightened the rope...

He was a broken down car that no one wanted. He was a TV that was constantly on mute, not able to speak up when he had something to say. He was a beaten down soul that no one cared about. All he hoped for was a friend: someone to love him for who he is. All he hoped for was for someone to look deeply into his heart, and see that it's what's on the inside that matters, not what's on the outside.

His life was full of punches being thrown at his face and legs being jabbed into his stomach for surprises. He would show up for show-n-tell with black eyes and broken teeth, but because he remained on mute, he was forced to say nothing and just remained quiet. He constantly sits in the back,

talking to his one and only friend, the wall. He is constantly drowning in his own problems, trying to untie the anchor off his ankle, wanting to become free of everything and just let go.

He looks at the small blade he held in his hand, twirling it around, hoping that someone would care enough to stop him. No one does, and so he presses the blade to his wrist and lets out a deep breath that seems as if he has been holding it in since the beginning of time. He remembers all the name calling, the bruises that never really healed, as he played with the blade some more, reliving the horrible moments that he called life...

As if in an instant, they remembered a saying that they once heard. It felt like it was decades ago, but the saying was buzzing around in their minds, like a bee that wouldn't go away once it was invoked. Both of them remembered it like it was being screamed at them, and how foolish they felt when they finally took the time to stop and listen. They felt as if they had been blind the whole time, and to this day they remember the saying that was once lost but will now be remembered forever. How lost have they been, searching for something that would have never been able to be found unless they stopped to listen. How lonely they have been, traveling with only a small flame of hope that

they thought has been lost in the darkness along with themselves.

The girl that tightened the rope to her neck remembered her favorite singer. She remembered him saying to her that suicide does not end the chances of life getting worse; suicide eliminates the possibility of it ever getting better. Yes, it was so clear to her now and so she threw away the rope that was going to prevent her from a better life. To this day, she listens to music by her favorite artist that had saved her life, even if he didn't realize it. She now brings that small flame of hope everywhere she goes, and with each day it grows larger and larger, becoming a wildfire with each ounce of confidence she pours into it. She now ignores the kids who call her names and simply drowns out their insults with music, not listening to a thing they say to her because she has moved on and beyond, a different person from whom she was before. And he, who dripped blood from his wrists, dropped the blade and decided to distract his hands with a pen and paper, replacing the ink with all his negativity and filling the page with drawings and stories.

The broken car, and the muted television was no more, it no longer defined the boy who was now able to communicate through writings and drawings with just a stroke of his pen. Now, he

had found something that he cared more about, what's on the inside and less about what's on the outside. To this day, he draws and writes every day, and the scars on his wrists started to fade, only leaving behind a memory, all because of a saying he once heard, "Find something that is a healthy and happy alternative to hurting yourself opposed to taking a razor blade to yourself, because at the end of the day, you're only

hurting the most important person in the world, and that's you." And how true it was. All day, all he was ever hurting was himself, and how could he have seen that if he was walking alone with no guide to tell him which path to take? He couldn't, but now he can with his pen as a light, and that small spark of hope turned into a burst of fireworks so that everyone can see, and everyone did see.

Mother

Nag nag nag
That's all she does.
Shut up, I want to say
But instead I reply, "What is it, Mom?"
Shower
Homework
"Clean your room."
"Don't do drugs
Or drink and drive."
"Yes mom, okay, in a few.
I promise I won't do the latter two."
"Oh, on more thing," she says to me,
"Don't forget that I love you!"

Ronald Trucchio

War Horse

Silence on the battlefield
Guns are up, soldiers down
The enemy crosses the line
The horses' squeal in pain
As the whips slice their skin
Two, only two,
Charge through the enemy line
They scare the enemy away
They are heroes

The battle is not over
The two of them heave
The gun over the battle line
The black stallion is dead
Joey sniffs him, the gunner is shot
Joey runs
He is captured by the British
He is sold, but given back, reunited
With Alfred for a penny
Back to farming at home

Luke Harrington

Why Do I Read?

Why Do I Read?

Sometimes reading is like the last day of school:
Five more pages could feel like an eternity of reading.
Just reading. I sometimes wonder what sorts of books I enjoy, but that's an answer that has been locked in the deepest part of my soul. Irretrievable. But then there is that one book.
The book that jumps from the pages into your heart.
The book that you can't put down.
The book that washes all of your worries and outside thoughts into a safe place in the back of your mind.
The book that transports you into the lives of the struggling characters. Words fly off the pages like doves. They form a never-ending strand of freedom. This freedom is always available. Always open to those who seek it out. Just sit down, relax, and turn the pages that reveal an unforgettable world of words...

Nathalie Morton

We Are One

You can call me names I don't mind,
Call me a shame, but you won't get any fame.
All I do is try try try to fit in, but all you
Do is try try try to make me cry.
I don't know why I try.
All I get is upset.
My pain is not your gain.
We are the same: is that insane?
So please, don't laugh at me.
Don't call me names
Don't gain from my pain.

Natasha Gavara



Samantha_Dorf_

Rotary Winner
The Missing Person

The start of the day
Kids shouting
Lockers slamming
Bells ringing
Everything normal
Except one thing

One person,
Who is only known because of the
Taunts
Rumors
The sounds of crashing when
Being shoved and pushed into
Walls, lockers and doors
That one person is gone
Forever

What has caused this one person to go?
To take her own life?
A rumor?
A “joke” gone wrong?
A threat that shook her to the bone?

Who knows? Only that one person knows,
And the ones who caused it
They don't care
They walk around like nothing
Ever
Happened
Pretending that they never
ruined a person's life
That nothing is wrong with their so-called
Perfect
Lives

But, whose perfect life?
One where they are queen bees with a crowd
clapping for them?
One where they are the stars of the football
game?
Or one where they were never harassed or
Tortured
Where they didn't have to live in fear
Of those specific ones

And now that one person that was
Teased
Called names
Had horrible rumors spread about her
For no reason
Is gone

The ones that caused it have
No
Regret
No
Sorrow
No
Feeling

To a person whose life
They ruined
Well, even if they felt one
Sliver of regret
They can never say the two simple words to
that person:
“I'm sorry”
Because that person
That missing person
In the hallway
Is gone
Forever

Effiana Svarre



Kailee Paterson