

That hurt

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Just a little free verse poem I wrote when I was really depressed. It's mostly about people who are made fun of.

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1. That hurt

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Maybe when there's something about you,
something that makes you different,
people assume that makes you immune,
to their words, their whispers.

It doesn't.

We bleed the same,
feel the same pain,
there's no feeling forcefield,
no protection from harsh misdoings.

Silent laughter echoing,
unthinking names,
rudeness and misdeeds,

leave scars,
on one's heart,

That hurt.