

# Hurt...

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*This poem is about me...*

# 1. Hurt...

Hurt...

As I look around and see a sad face

Why do some people hate the human race?

If we humans are so bad then why did God create us?

Our lives aren't so bad!

Two of my friends have lost their fathers

And they still smile cause they have their mothers!

Her mother mentally abuses another friend,

But she knows that I am still there for her in the end...

No one knows the true me

Because I hide it with a smile that no one seems to see.

People say they know me when they shouldn't!

For I've tried to talk to them before for help but they just couldn't...

There's a side of me that everyone has seen.

But on the inside all I do... is bleed!

Most people believe I am happy and sometimes that is the truth!

But it makes me so mad when most people do!

It makes me even angrier when they judge who I am!

Like how some people don't even know about Sam!

She stabbed me in the back and acts like I'm not even there!

And I know that she does not care!

But I still find reasons to live and get through the days.

And I know I have friends that give me praise!

All of my friends are always right there

But sometimes all I see is a blank stare...

By: Justine Tovsen